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Harper's Magazine

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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

UP TO NOW, you may not have given the matter much thought, but we have a feeling that shortly after our February issue appears, you will be trying to classify yourself—and your closest friends and enemies—in terms of ***Russell Lynes'*** scintillating (a word we practically never use but which seems appropriate here) article, "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow." Mr. Lynes' look at American intellectuals (or non- or anti-intellectuals) will make some people laugh, others scowl, and will interest everybody.

Bernard Taper, who recently returned from Germany, writes about what happened in a German town where a really democratic election was held; the results were not encouraging, and, appropriately, Mr. Taper calls his article, "Heil Democracy!" ***Fletcher Pratt,*** who is both prolific and sound, discusses some of our more fantastic new submarines; ***John Chamberlain,*** Harper's one-time book reviewer, talks about the personalities in the background of figure skating; and ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** gives us the third of his series, this time on "The Regal Life of Pierpont Morgan."

ON THE fiction side, there is ***Ralph Kaplan's*** story, "The Artist"; this will be Mr. Kaplan's first published story, and *maybe* we'll have ***Maxence Van Der Meersch's*** "No Boat for Four Months," a distinguished piece of prose we've been threatening to publish for at least six months now. It ages well, though. Also there'll be ***DeVoto, Brother Harper,*** and whatever other articles there's space for. And, since we ended that last sentence as we did, these may include a study by ***Norman Lewis*** called "How Correct Must Correct English Be?"

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Personal & Otherwise

WE'VE been consuming every available scrap of the vast, untidy literature which has accumulated in the wake of Harry's return to the White House, and (as those of you who read P & O last July will understand) it has been a whale of a lot of fun. For one thing, the enterprises of Messrs. Gallup, Roper, and Crossley have been the subject of much soul-searching and figure-juggling since the great day. (It reminds us of Miss Emily Kimbrough's favorite sign in Los Angeles—a huge, neon affair announcing "SOUL ANALYSIS AND HIGH COLONIC.") If we had any sense we'd let it go at that; by the time you read this you'll have heard enough about it. But really, we *know* why the polls were wrong, and if you stick with us we'll tell you.

The straight dope is that Truman was elected by four great groups of Americans: (1) people who own their own washing machines; (2) people who live upstairs; (3) people who carry packages; and (4) people in a hurry.

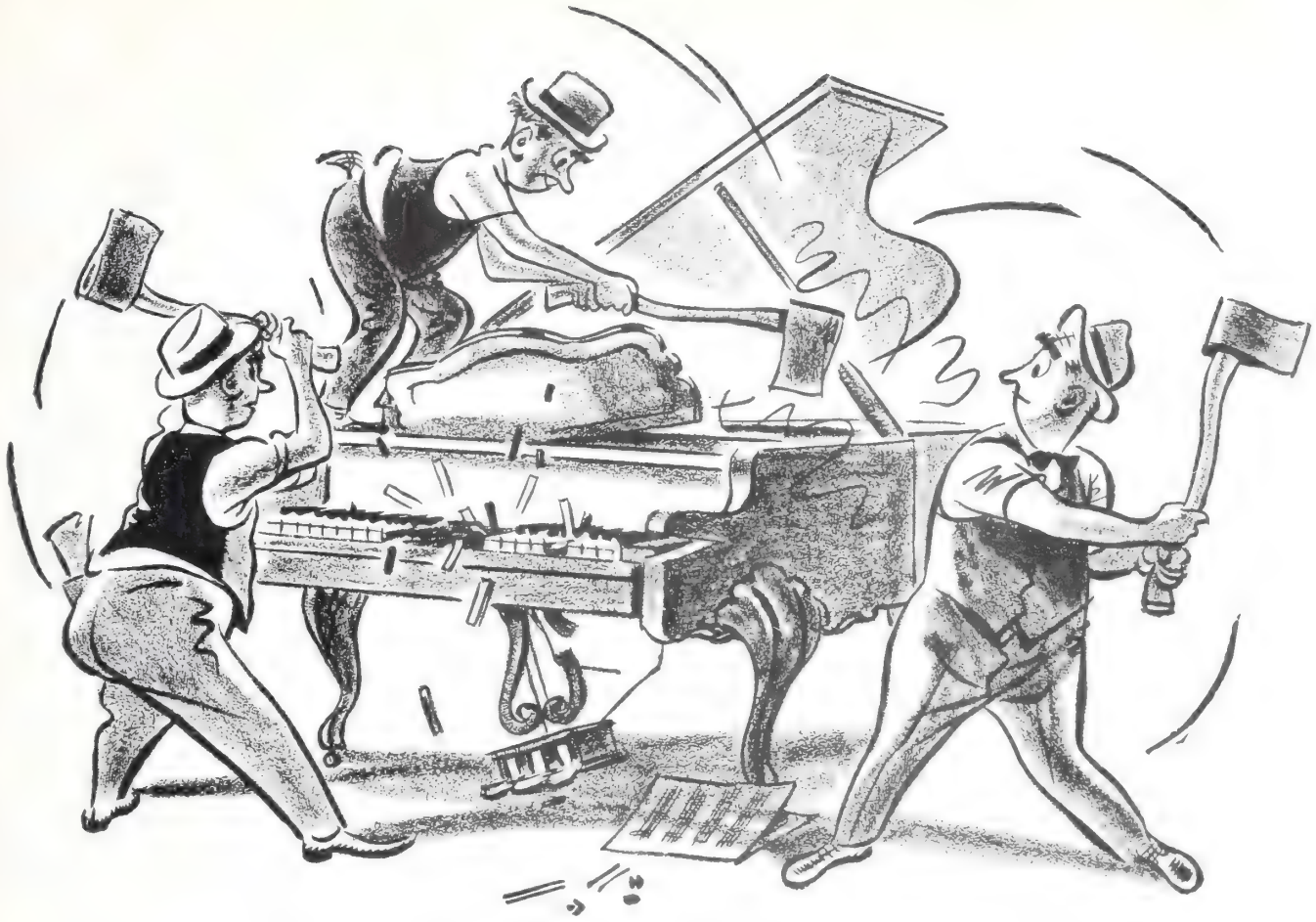
You ask how we know this. Well, we read all about it in Mr. Luce's newsmagazine—an old copy that was lying on top of a pile in the cellar waiting for the Salvation Army truck. We happened to glance at the pile on our way to the preserve-closet, day after election, and there was George Gallup staring dustily up from the cover.

If you have the May 3 *Time* lying around, you'll find that the cover story on Gallup—Dr. Gallup, that is—begins by following a couple of his interviewers around—one in Los Angeles, one in Chicago. That's all you need to read. Mr. Nathan, in Chicago, "concentrated on first-floor apartments and people waiting in self-service laundries," and Mrs. Kadlec in Los Angeles "was careful to avoid anyone in a hurry or anyone carrying packages." On May 3 that sounded reasonable enough; no sense annoying people who were in a rush. On November 3 it sounded silly; if you leave out all Americans who are in a hurry, what have you got—besides Republicans?

The pollsters, however, hardly came off any worse than the newsmen. And newsmen is the proper word, not reporters. The plain truth is that there are almost no reporters left. Everybody in the business wants to get into the pundit racket, wants to be like the *Times'* Arthur Krock, who ruefully admitted after a good stiff dose of Trumanity: "I used to go to Chicago and around the country every election, to see for myself. This time, I was so sure, I made no personal investigation." As the assistant managing editor of a Midwestern paper wired to *Time,* "A good deal of our press reporting has strictly gone to hell; there is too much thumb-sucking, too little pavement-pounding."

This is probably not the place for extended comment on the present state of American journalism. But it is perhaps worth mentioning that by and large, up to now, American journalism has been distinguished from that of other lands by the fact that it was founded upon legwork rather than brainwork. In Europe the journalist tended to view a local election against a background of Aristotle's *Politics* and world history since the Peace of Westphalia; in America, against a background of Tim O'Brien's payroll in the 8th Ward and Pop Van Deuzen's record in the "Fighting 67th."

In recent years, at least partly as a melancholy result of the Nieman Fellowships for journalists at Harvard, the pavement-pounding reporter has been disappearing in this country. In the same issue of *Time* that wrote up Dr. Gallup there was a small item which illustrates the trend. A year or so ago City Editor Joseph Herzberg wrote a book, *Late City Edition,* about the *Herald Tribune,* in which he said that the foundations of good coverage were the district reporters, stationed in grubby "shacks" near local police stations, who covered everything from murders to treed



How to tune a piano!

The piano's out of tune. So we'll chop it up. Then we'll get a tin horn instead.

Sure, these men are crazy.

But they're using the same kind of thinking a lot of people have been using on the American economic system lately.

Our American way isn't perfect. We still have our ups and downs of prices and jobs. We'll have to change that. But even so, our system works a lot better than the second-rate substitutes being peddled by some countries we could mention.

It works better because of a few simple things. We are more inventive, and we know how to use machine power to produce more goods at lower cost. We have more skilled workers than any other country. We believe in collective bargaining and enjoy its benefits. And we Americans save—and our savings go into new tools, new plants, new and better machines.

Because of this, we produce more every working hour . . . and can *buy* more goods with an hour's work than any other people in the world.

We can make the system work *even better*, too: by *all* of us working *together* to turn out more for every hour we work—through better machines and methods, more power, greater skills, and by sharing the benefits through higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours.

It's a *good* system. It can be made *better*. And even now it beats anything that any other country in the world has to offer.

So—*let's tune it up, not chop it down.*

Want to help? Mail this!

I want to help.

I know that higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours and larger earnings can all result from producing more goods for every hour all of us work.

Therefore, I will ask myself how I can work more effectively every hour I am on the job, whether I am an employee, an employer, a professional man or a farmer.

I will encourage those things which help us produce more and add to everyone's prosperity—things like greater use of mechanical power, better machines, better distribution and better collective bargaining.

I will boost the good things in our set-up, and help to get rid of the bad.

I will try to learn all I can about why it is that Americans have more of the good things of life.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Miracle of America," which explains clearly and simply, how a still better living can be had for all, if we all work together.

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cats and telephoned the facts to the rewrite men in the main office. Last May, *Time* reported, Joe Herzberg had changed his mind. "He called in seven of his ten district reporters and fired them. The district man, he told them, was obsolete."

Yes sir, as obsolete as Harry Truman. Or, as our favorite new adage has it, "Give a newsman enough Roper and he'll hang himself."

Lux et Veritas

P & O's acquaintance with elementary physics is just as deficient as press reporting, apparently. In the October issue, clinching our argument that Mrs. Wieselman could have seen the flash of the atomic bomb's test explosion at two hundred miles' distance, we said we had seen the light of a safety match a mile away one dark night, "and the bomb's flash was certainly two hundred times brighter than that."

The first to hop on this one was Dr. Berton Lattin of Scarsdale, followed briskly by William P. Biedelman of the Yerkes Observatory. Mr. Bidelman's letter put it this way:

> Gentlemen:
>
> It can be easily seen from a remark in the October P & O column (page 10) that you are badly in need of a scientific adviser to assist your editorial board.
>
> In discussing the question of visibility of the atomic bomb flash, you are giving the mistaken impression that the intensity of light decreases as the first power of the distance, whereas it actually decreases as the second power, as any high-school student of physics could tell you. Thus the bomb flash would have had to be forty thousand times as bright as your match. It was, of course, much brighter even than this, so there probably is no question, even allowing for curvature of the earth and absorption of light by the earth's atmosphere, that Mrs. Wieselman did see the flash!
>
> I admire your magazine very much, and especially appreciate your independent attitude on subjects which are generally the pets of special-interest groups. Were I not a full-time faculty member of the Chicago Astronomical Department, I'd apply for a position which you really ought to fill.

So, Mrs. Wieselman is still in the clear, P & O is crestfallen, and Mr. Bidelman and Dr. Lattin can move in any time—if they're willing to go on working for nothing.

The Means and the End

The flat Hoosier sincerity of ***Elmer Davis's*** voice has during the past ten years identified itself in the minds of millions of radio listeners as the trademark of honest, unpretentious, and wise commentary on current affairs. Just as, during the early years of the war, his CBS reports on military setbacks and military successes maintained rational balance in the midst of considerable reportorial hysteria, his day-by-day commentary since his return to the air on ABC has been in refreshing contrast to the blatting of some of his colleagues. All the opinions we've heard or read about the radio coverage of the November election list Mr. Davis as one of the few cool-headed interpreters.

Those who have read his articles in *Harper's* over the years (there have been sixty of them since his first appearance in 1924) know that the same qualities of honesty and cool-headed wisdom are so evident in his writing that you can almost hear the familiar tone of his voice as you read. Who else, for example, could write a piece like "What Are Wars For?" (p. 23) without giving the slightest comfort to the let's-fight-Russia-now faction? And that's quite an accomplishment, because those fools can extract comfort from almost anything.

Not long after Mr. Davis was made the head of OWI we ran a piece about that agency's gigantic assignment and Mr. Davis's first few months as its boss. ("Davis and Goliath," by Michael Darrock and Joseph P. Dorn, February 1943).

The pseudonymous authors of that piece posed the problem of OWI thus:

> OWI cannot inform the American people about war aims until there are war aims; it cannot tell the Negro this war is his war until events here justify telling him that; it cannot explain a manpower policy that does not exist.

What Davis wanted to do, and what he knew OWI should do, was to tell Americans not only how the war was going but also (in his own words at the time) "what besides national survival our Government hopes to get out of victory." But he couldn't tell them that because the government simply had not made up its mind.

Clearly he hasn't forgotten the stly and sometimes nearly demoraling dilemma in which we found urselves then. There is a chance ow, however long or short it may , that we will have to fight again. s our old friend Mr. Dooley put you don't *have* to lend a man oney, or amuse him, or take care him; "ye don't have to do anying f'r him but wan thing." "An' hat's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy. f he wants to fight ye, ye've got to commodate him," said Mr. Dooy.) No one knows better than Mr. avis how important it is that, if e have to accommodate in this way, e know what we want to gain by it id be sure that we plan all our ctions with that in mind.

Western Union, Please

Several weeks after ***J. Kenneth albraith's*** article, "Europe's Great ast Chance" (p 41) was in type, the *ew York Times* carried a dispatch om Michael L. Hoffman in Holnd which confirms one of Mr. Galraith's most challenging observaons on the European Recovery rogram.

"Do you want to know why the European Recovery Program won't work?" a Danish timber merchant asked this correspondent. It was on a Copenhagen-Amsterdam plane flying over Germany. He had just been to the Danish National Bank about some licenses.

"It is because the people running our countries are crazy—all crazy," he went on without excitement. He then gave the following example:

In northwestern Germany, with Danish personnel living on food supplied from Denmark, this small merchant is cutting timber, one of the key commodities in European recovery. His shipping base is twenty miles from the Belgian frontier and thirty miles from the Dutch frontier. He sells pit props for mines to both countries.

Recently he offered the Dutch state mines some pit props. They named a price of fifty guilders a cubic meter. "I told them they were mad," the Dane said. "They could buy my pit props from the Belgians for twenty guilders, same pit props and a shorter haul. I asked them why not just pay me twenty guilders."

The upshot was the Dane got fifty guilders. "Do you know what they told me?" he asked, still somewhat incredulous. "They said that because I was Danish they could pay in Danish crowns and get the difference from the Dutch Government as a subsidy so what did they care about the price. I tell you they are all crazy."

It is things like this which give urgency to Mr. Galbraith's argument.

Mr. Galbraith has the kind of background in scholarship, public affairs, and journalism which might, but in his case certainly does not, induce dogmatic certainties in the mind. He admits that he is unsure about most problems of foreign policy *except* the urgency of the union of Western Europe, and on that subject we urged him to set forth the evidence.

He is an economist, born in Canada, trained at the Universities of Toronto and California (where he took his doctorate), and at Cambridge in England. He has taught at California, Harvard, and Princeton, and is lecturing this year at Harvard.

For the first two years of the war, Mr. Galbraith was an administrator in charge of the Price Division of OPA. Thereafter, as a member of the Strategic Bombing Survey, he directed investigations of the effect of the air attacks on the German and Japanese economies, and later, with the Office of Economic Security Policy of the State Department, he was in charge of economic affairs in those two countries.

For several years he was a member of the board of editors of *Fortune*, and he is the author of *Modern Competition and Business Policy* (1937), and *Public Works Expenditures* (1940).

Paul Arlt, who has done the illustrations for "Europe's Last Great Chance," developed an interest in the subject during the two years when he was a graphic-designer for the State Department and became involved in the visual presentation of the Marshall Plan to the Eightieth Congress.

He recently returned to the New York area after fourteen years in Washington and, during the war, other parts of the world, including Bougainville, the Philippines, Okinawa, and Japan, where he went as a combat-artist with the U. S. Marines. Now living with his wife and six-

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year-old daughter in Rowayton, Connecticut, he has done editorial art for *Fortune, Holiday, Freedom & Union,* and *Script.*

The Author as Detective

On a gray Thursday afternoon, October 17, 1678, the body of a tall, lean man, dressed in black, was found in a ditch at the foot of Primrose Hill, a patch of country wasteland some three miles outside of London. Six inches of sword point protruded from the back just under the right shoulder blade—it was the victim's own sword—and he had been strangled by his own neckband. His name was Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, magistrate of London in the time of the Popish Plots, when the revelations of a renegade priest named Titus Oates created a public stir many times greater than any caused recently by Elizabeth Bentley or Whittaker Chambers. The murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey was a sensation, it brought passionate loyalties into play, and it was never solved.

Unless, perhaps, it was solved in 1936 when a detective-story writer named ***John Dickson Carr*** wrote a book about it. *The Murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey* can be read either as a history or as a detective story, and it is equally good either way. For Mr. Carr, under the obligations of his profession, found a murderer —a man who had figured prominently in the story, who was never officially accused, and whose guilt was suggested by a number of clues as telling as any in fiction. It has since occurred to P & O, in fact, that it would do historians no harm if more of them had learned their trade at the hard school that nurtured Mr. Carr. In his own name and under the pseudonym "Carter Dickson"—he writes so fast that it takes two publishers to keep up with him—he has written some thirty-seven detective fictions—all of them readable, most of them superior in characterization and suspense, and some of them very good indeed. It is his particular skill to provoke shudders by drawing a chill breath out of the past, and here his historical investigations have reinforced his fiction; the faculty of imagination is thoroughly exercised by the effort to reconstruct what *did* happen on Primrose Hill nearly three centuries ago.

Mr. Carr is therefore the ideal man to write about the time "When Conan Doyle Was Sherlock Holmes" (p. 31). He has just finished *The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*—the *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine* hails it as "the authorized biography of an Old Master by a New Master" —which Harper & Brothers will publish in February and of which his article will form a chapter. Mr. Carr has been working on the book for over two years; it took him nine months merely to read the material sent to him by the Doyle family—fifteen enormous metal trunks packed with fifty notebooks, sixty scrapbooks, 1,500 letters from Conan Doyle to his mother alone, and the stacks of memorabilia and correspondence of a man who seemed to be interested in everything and everybody. Mr. Carr's biography is itself the proof of what he says Conan Doyle proved: "that the spinner of fancies could beat the realist all hollow at his own game if only (if only!) he had the knack of inventing just the right detail"—except that in the story of neither of the two knights, Sir Arthur or Sir Edmund, did Mr. Carr have to invent a thing.

John Dickson Carr was born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in 1906, the son of Congressman Wood Nicholas Carr. He was taken to Washington at the age of eight and at fourteen was employed on a newspaper, writing sports, murder trials, and sometimes editorials. He was subsequently sent to Hill School and later spent two years studying law, but eventually he decided that writing about crime was more interesting than defending criminals. After college he went to study in Europe and he and his family lived in England for twenty years; during the war they were bombed out three times. In the spring of 1942, when he was writing nearly one radio script a week for the BBC, he was called back to this country for military service; he was almost immediately sent back to England to work for the BBC. During the war, with this full-time radio work, he found time to write "only" four novels, but he hopes to do better now.

Still More

•••That a Nieman Fellowship doesn't necessarily spoil a good reporter (see item one, above) is eloquently demonstrated by ***Charles Edmundson*** in his account of the downfall of Boss Crump and the rise of Estes Kefauver (p. 78).

A newspaperman seldom gets a chance to cover a big story in which he has first-hand knowledge of so many of the principals as Mr. Edmundson has in this one. He has known Estes Kefauver ever since he served with him on the Student Council at the University of Tennessee back in 1924, and he got to know "Mistuh Crump" and practically everybody mentioned in his article during his years as a reporter on Memphis papers.

In the mid-thirties Mr. Edmundson moved to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* as an editorial writer and has been there ever since except for his year as a Nieman Fellow and four years as an associate editor of *Fortune.* When he went back to Memphis to interview Boss Crump for this story, the boss parried his questions for a while and then acidly inquired: "Young man, you learn a lot in one day in town, don't you?" When Mr. Edmundson explained that he had once been one of the boss's constituents, things looked up some. Except that he had a lot of pointed questions to ask, it would have been like Old Home Week, he tells us.

•••In "The Middle East over the Wing Tip" (p. 85) ***Wolfgang Langewiesche*** brings to a close his four-part diary of a ferrying flight to the oil fields of Sumatra. Besides being a professional research pilot for the Kollsman Instrument makers and an experienced reporter on flying for *Harper's* and other magazines, Mr. Langewiesche is a licensed pilot of gliders, land and sea planes, and (what is rare) helicopters.

Mr. Langewiesche tells us that in Providence, R. I., where he learned to fly one, the local newspaper hires a "utility" helicopter to cover, say, a big fire. The pilot returns, keeps "machining" the plane—just touching the wheels on the newspaper plant roof—lets the photographer

t, then goes back to the field, here he is on call for emergency scue work, especially skaters and hermen in distress.

The maps which he used on the ght to the Orient belong to his e covering most of the world. By dying these beautifully-made and curate maps before making a ght, he says, you can visualize what u will find and not be surprised the lakes, peaks, and caravan ails which you see from the cock-t. These maps, which are made the scale of sixteen miles to the ch (one to a million) are the joint rk of the United States Geological rvey and the Army Air Forces. he illustration accompanying his icle is survival advice taken from e back of a flight chart prepared the Army Air Forces. You, or yone else, Mr. Langewiesche ad-es, can get these maps at forty nts each through Hammond's, who y them from the U. S. Superin-ndent of Documents.

ut Not Least

•"The Man Who Walked hrough Walls" (p. 49) is the first ort story by ***Marcel Aymé*** to be blished in this country. In France, ere he was born at Joigny in 1902, e son of a blacksmith, he is distin-ished and successful as a novelist, aywright, and author of short ries and books for children.

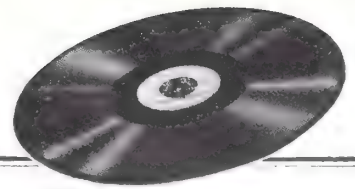
When he arrived in Paris at the e of twenty-one, he tried his hand bank clerking, bicycle racing, and rnalism; within the year his first k, *Brulebois,* was published, but reputation was made in 1929 h *La Table-aux-Crevés,* which re-ved the Théophraste Renaudot ze. His work now includes fifteen vels, six collections of short ries, and fourteen juveniles. The ry which we present this month eared in France as the title story the collection called *Le Passe raille.*

M. Aymé's play, *"Lucienne et Le ucher"* has been one of the hits the season in Paris; another, ogue La Galère," has been sched-d for early production.

One novel, *Le Chemin des Ecoliers,* s published here last year by A. Wyn under the title, *The*

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Washington, D.C. — OLNEY INN
Miami Beach, Fla. — STEAK HOUSE

Transient Hour. Another, *Uranus,* will appear some time in 1949. Before that, we hope to have printed another of his stories in *Harper's.*

The affinity between M. Aymé's story and the illustrations by ***Adolf Hallman*** must come from the bond of Paris as well as the artist's skill. Though he was born in Gothenburg, Sweden, Mr. Hallman lived from 1919 to 1931 in Paris, where his work was exhibited and where he did illustrations for de luxe editions of *Les Fleurs du Mal, Candide, Boule de Suif,* and other classics. He has done text and drawings for three books about Paris.

In 1946 Mr. Hallman came to New York for a visit, and, liking what he found, decided to become an American citizen. He is now writing and illustrating a book about New York for publication in Sweden and Denmark as well as in this country. He has done work here for book publishers, magazines, commercial advertisers, and the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

•••"A Million Unknown Diabetics" (p. 55) is by ***C. Lester Walker,*** who has written a great many articles for *Harper's* since his first, "The Fire Front" (March 1942), which dealt with fire-fighting as a necessity of civilian defense. Many of Mr. Walker's twenty pieces in *Harper's* concerned technical problems of the war; some grew out of his earlier experience in China, where he was an English teacher at Yale-in-China; one, "Arthritis, the Unseen Enemy" (April 1943), took up another disease, like diabetes, yet unconquered in our time.

Aside from his work for magazines, Mr. Walker is currently engaged in a short book on the world's food and population dilemma, to be published by the Foreign Policy Association as a Headline Book. His article on this subject, "Too Many People" (February 1948) brought a remarkable response by mail.

•••The idyllic quality of "Arma Virumque Cano" by ***Jessamyn West*** (p. 72) contrasts strikingly with her recent satire published in the October 1948 issue, "Public Address System." The Western background is part of Miss West's life, for though she was born in Indiana and spent short period in Paris, she has live mostly in California, was graduate from Whittier College, and did grac uate work at the University of Cal fornia. Her first book, *The Friendl Persuasion,* published in 1945, dre on her own family tradition for i sketches of an Indiana Quake family about the time of the Civ War. Both of her grandmothe were Quaker ministers. Miss Wes is reticent about her writing plan but from the variety of her wor till now, we guess that anything ca happen.

She taught short-story writing las summer at the Universities of Ind ana and California. *Harper's* ha published five of her stories, an others have appeared in *Harper Bazaar,* the *Atlantic,* the *Ne Yorker, Mademoiselle,* the *O. Henr Prize Stories,* the 1948 *Cross-Sectio* anthology, and elsewhere.

If you think you detect a genuin nostalgia for the land of Dido i ***Marvin Bileck's*** drawings for "Arm Virumque Cano," it may be the re sult of the artist's sojourn in Nort Africa with the Army Engineers. M Bileck is a graduate of Cooper Unio who majored in architecture an spent four years with the Army. H lives in New York and has con tributed work to *Print, Look, To morrow,* and other magazines. Thi is his second appearance in *Harper's*

•••We have been wondering hov long "The No Man's Land of Asia," by ***Christopher Rand*** (p. 98) woul hold up under the impact of th news out of China, but we are con soled journalistically by the though that the regions he discusses all li outside the Great Wall of China Though Mr. Rand is now a Harvard as a Nieman Fellow (tha makes two this issue) and a studen of Asiatic affairs, he became ac quainted with Asia by visiting al of the areas mentioned in the article During the war he was in Chin with the Office of War Information and he remained there as corres pondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* from 1946 to 1948. Befor the war he went to Yale and worke on the San Francisco *Chronicle* an other West Coast newspapers.

The three maps of the Far Eas

which accompany Mr. Rand's article were made by the firm of Sigman-Ward, Inc., New York. Their draftsmen have frequently helped us illuminate technical and geographical discussions with diagrams and maps.

•••***Frederick Lewis Allen,*** author of "Morgan's Billion-Dollar Adventure" (p. 61), has been editor-in-chief of *Harper's* since 1941 and has been on the editorial staff of the magazine since 1923. Before that he was associated with the *Century* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Born in Boston, he has A.B. and A.M. degrees from Harvard, was for two years after his graduation an assistant in English there, and recently completed a term as an Overseer of the University.

The book about J. P. Morgan the Elder, on which the *Harper's* series of three articles (this is the second) is based, will be published this spring. (Note: Mr. Allen's Mr. Morgan is not the Morgan with the midget. *That* was J. P., Jr.) It is the fourth volume in the field of American social history which Mr. Allen has written during his editorship of the magazine, following *Only Yesterday, The Lords of Creation,* and *Since Yesterday*. He has also written the text for several picture histories, produced in collaboration with his wife, Agnes Rogers.

The first entry for F. L. Allen in the card file of authors in the *Harper's* office records "A Bird in the Handbook," an item of 1,557 words which appeared in the now-defunct department, "The Lion's Mouth," in October 1920. Thereafter, "The Lion's Mouth" was full of Allen, some forty pieces having been contributed by him during the decade following the first bit. He graduated into the body of the magazine with an article on Radio City in April 1932, and he has managed to hold his own with occasional articles ever since.

Poets and Poetaster

•••***Lloyd Frankenberg's*** "A Paper Rose" (p. 40) is his second in *Harper's;* "That Tiny Little Bird" appeared in July 1948. Readers may remember his article, "Conscience Free" (November 1947) illustrated by his wife, Loren MacIver. The Frankenbergs have just returned to New York after spending several months in Europe. His discussion of modern poetry, *Pleasure Dome,* which he says is intended "to provide a bridge to modern poetry for readers brought up on prose," will be published by Houghton-Mifflin in June.

•••***Julia McGrane's*** poem "Eden" (p. 30) is her third in *Harper's.* She has had verse published in *Harper's Bazaar, Poetry,* the *Atlantic,* and the *Saturday Review.* A North Carolinian by birth, she writes, "I am living quietly at my home in Jamaica, Long Island. That is often the best situation in which to write but doesn't make for interesting statistics."

•••The only communication P&O has received recently from the pseudonymous author of "After Hours" (p. 108) co-incidentally concerns a former contributor. ***Mr. Harper,*** who complained last month that instructions on how to cook fried rice at Wah Kee's restaurant had left him none the wiser, has passed on the following letter from Clem D. Easly, whose poem, "My Thumb is Out," we ran in April 1948.

Dear Mr. Harper:

I am moved by your distress over the fried rice recipe to reveal to you a treasure from my kitchen secrets.

Put 1/3 cup of olive oil in a large frying pan. Add a good sized onion diced and a minced toe of garlic. Fry until onion is lightly colored.

Add one cup dry, white rice. Stir constantly until rice is golden brown.

Add three cups of chicken broth and simmer twenty minutes.

Prepare separately bite-sized chunks of pork by searing them in their own fat. Add these to the rice.

Cut up two cupfuls of celery and add to the accumulating mixture in the frying pan when the pork seems nearly done. Note you may have to add extra moisture (water) but do so carefully, keeping the mixture dry enough for fork vittles all the time after the rice has swelled.

Put a lid on the pan after the celery has been added and cook until the celery is fully heated, but not limp.

Add one can of bean sprouts, replace lid and cook only long enough to heat the sprouts.

With this I serve a sauce made of water, corn starch cooked to transparency, heavily flavored with soy sauce. . . .

Culinarily yours,

CLEM D. EASLY

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LETTERS

Sermon on Thurman—

To the Editors:

To my wife and me, Thurman Arnold's article . . . is offensive. If there is a repetition our recourse will be to discontinue reading *Harper's*, Bernard DeVoto notwithstanding.

Your selections generally suggest a broad understanding of the subject matter by the author. When articles have been emotional, the emotion has been tempered with logic. This one of Arnold's misses on both counts. With most of us losing our grip, don't you lose yours too.

GEORGE E. MARTINDALE
Albuquerque, N. M.

To the Editors:

. . . Thurman Arnold's article ["How *Not* to Get Investigated," November 1948] has me in a panic. I happen to be the owner of a Russian wolfhound. Is there any practical way of disguising the pooch as, say, a French poodle or an Irish terrier, or had I better shoot him?

If my having read Arnold's piece is likely to get me investigated, please burn this letter—but gosh! what a fix you are in for having published the stuff.

BASIL DICKEY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Drink to me only—

To the Editors:

On page 44 of the September 1948 *Harper's Magazine*, which we understand you publish, there appears the following paragraph in an article by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, entitled "Airliner to Europe":

> . . . Soon we wouldn't be able to put the nickel in the slot and get out anything. But this—this was America. It was all here. Put your nickel in, press the button, the lily cup drops down, the grape juice flows after—like heaven." (Underlining ours)

Since the word "Lily" has, since 1912, been a registered trademark of this company for paper cups, we are naturally concerned about any descriptive usage of the word "lily" in conjunction with the word "cup" in the singular or plural form to connote the type of article in question, to wit, a cup or cups made of paper, as such usage might prejudice our trademark. Accordingly, we request your co-operation in avoiding any such usage. If the word "Lily" is used at all in conjunction with the word "cups" such usage should be accompanied by a statement to the effect that "Lily" is a registered trademark of the Lily-Tulip Cup Corporation.

RICHARD S. WECHSLER, *Counsel*
Lily-Tulip Cup Corporation
New York, N. Y.

Unwritten rules—

To the Editors:

Mr. John Fischer's article, "Unwritten Rules of American Politics" [November 1948], was a rather weighty superstructure to be supported by John Calhoun's transparent "Concurrent Majority."

Any precinct captain would smile. Log-rolling simply has very little to do with the extinction of third parties in this country. The answer will take Mr. Fischer all the way across history, economics, sociology, and the enormous power of the contending interests. The ethos of American politics is not log-rolling. Mr. Fischer could have asked himself, "Concurrent majority against whom?" "Unity against what?" He finds the wreckage of such majorities strewn across the pages of political history, and the people who did it never were dues-paying members of those groups.

The prolonged tenure of a "Concurrent Majority" is followed by a political convulsion that has nothing to do with log-rolling, and this can't be explained by clamping the same label on the new regime. The contending interests, who actually contend very little against each other, occassionally get knocked goofy by the national interest, which is not the sum of the various lobbies operating in Washington. The expert on this particular phenomenon, the other unwritten rule, is Harry Truman, who just got through wallopin' hell out of all comers. As for Mr. Fischer—Ah ye of little faith!

KENNETH LOWE
Oklahoma City, Okla.

We gave this letter to Mr. Fischer and asked him if he would like to answer Mr. Lowe. This is his reply:

Dear Mr. Lowe:

. . . I am afraid that you have misinterpreted either my piece in the November *Harper's* or the results of the election. It seems clear to me that Mr. Truman—for whom I voted myself—succeeded in putting together a most successful coalition of many different sectional interests and pressure groups, just as Mr. Roosevelt did before him. The results considerably strengthened my faith in both the intelligence of the electorate and the American political system.

JOHN FISCHER
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Allow me to express my very great admiration for Mr. John Fischer's article on "Unwritten Rules of American Politics" in the November *Harper's.* It is an exceedingly penetrating analysis. . . .

As an anthropologist, familiar with the political structures of hundreds of simple societies, I am repeatedly amazed at the provincial superficiality of much that is written by the professional political scientists, so-called. They are repeatedly put to shame by lay writers like Mr. Fischer who sometimes penetrate the complexities of modern political societies to reach conclusions that accord with the comparative evidence. What he says about the American political tradition is essentially that we have discovered what countless simpler peoples have learned through experience, namely, that all important interests must be reconciled in political decisions if unity is to be maintained. This is commonly achieved by the requirement, incomprehensible to most political theorists, that complete unanimity be achieved in councils and assemblies. This is accomplished, of course, through social controls and informal pressures which gentle down the extremists and prod along the laggards as he has noted our system does. In primitive as in complex societies the turbulent governments are those in which interests fragment along ideological or narrow factional lines and resort to force rather than to compromise to achieve their aims.

GEORGE P. MURDOCK
New Haven, Conn.

Recount—

Gentlemen, Gentlemen:

In all due respect to the high quality of your publication, I would comment that the title of the advertising column, "Unusual Literary Items," is correct.

The first advertisement beneath that title in the November edition began, "The Oldest Writer's Service. Literary agent established 25 years. . . ." The next ad was entitled "Literary Agents 28 years. . . ."

CARL E. HAYDEN
Idaho Falls, Idaho

To the Editors:

Because the fact is very important to a great number of people throughout the United States, I would like to correct an inaccuracy in the article "Priests, Workers, and Communists" by Jules Weinberg in the November issue of *Harper's.*

The first Catholic Labor School in the United States was established and maintained by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, an international organization whose headquarters is at 226 Lafayette Street, New York City. The establishment of this school antedated any other Catholic labor school by at least one year.

ROGER K. LARKIN
Association of Catholic
Trade Unionists, New York

Mr. Weinberg said in his article: "Xavier is the largest and oldest of the schools."

Unlocked Gift—

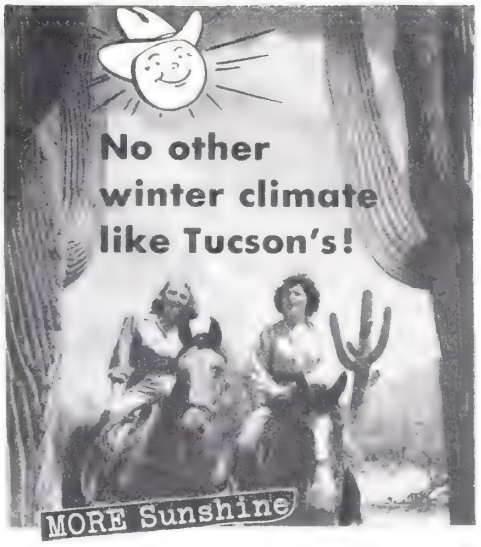
To the Editors:

Please accept for *Harper's* my sincere congratulations for publishing "How to Unlock Gifts" by Robert W. King [October 1948]. In one brief page he points to the dire need of all privately endowed colleges and universities for an Aladdin's lamp with which to augment their rapidly dwindling income, and at the same time he offers a solution which appears at once simple, practical, and free of monetary support by the federal government. Perhaps more than in any other sector of present-day society, the teachers of America should be on guard against subjugation of their traditional freedoms by any minority group operating through established political channels. . . .

WILLIAM H. CREW
Dayton, Ohio

To the Editors:

. . . Why doesn't Mr. King suggest, as any clear-thinking, intelligent person would, that the government support our institutions of learning, science, and health? Why, that would be communistic; it would socialize medicine, standardize education, it would, etc., etc.



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N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

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The situation grows steadily worse, the solution plainer. If we would only open up our minds and not be so afraid to make any progress. We, the American people, should provide for our own welfare and share equally the responsibility of supporting our institutions of science, medicine, etc., the real and only democratic way.

JEANNINE SHERBELL
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Horseperson—

To the Editors:

As a reader of your magazine I have always enjoyed the "Easy Chair" and consider Mr. DeVoto a very erudite contributor. However in the November issue I take violent exception to Mr. DeVoto's sweeping statement that refers to the horse as "Nature's stupidest animal." Such an erroneous conception proves to me that the author has had little or no acquaintance with "man's noblest animal."

. . . I only hope that there are enough red-blooded men and women who love their horses . . . who will take violent issue with the author. I know that I can never again peruse the pages of Mr. DeVoto's articles without questioning and distrusting every word, if indeed I read them at all.

FRANCES COLBY
Washington, Conn.

We don't know about the color of their blood, but there have been a number of other "horsepersons" who have taken "violent issue" with Mr. DeVoto's disrespectful remarks about the horse.

Whyte's Wash—

To the Editors:

"Scientific Thought in the Coming Decades," if the prophecy of Lancelot Whyte proves correct, will have a totalitarian cast. His Dewey-decimal system for organizing the various sciences might result in a new theology administered by a scientific elite from a Fourth Rome. . . .

It seems that some scientists, too, are going overboard to clutch at an illusion of security in a distraught world. If they ever do discover those universal truths, one task will still remain — manufacturing common sense in test tubes.

SAM LAMBERT
St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors:

I suppose that you will be lambasted somewhat by the pious for publishing Lancelot Whyte's article on "Scientific Thought in the Coming Decades." Let me set down at once, therefore, that this article answers my long-cherished desire for just such an article. Though I am not a scientist, my underlying thought has been that some such movement is necessary. I have little patience with those who wish to return to an Age of Faith, priest-rid den, dirty, and horrid.

But the author has only begun; he has but done the preliminary plowing. What I want is another article—or more than one—that will more thoroughly develop the subject, especially in greater specific detail. When I read at the beginning of the second section, "It is not possible to set down the evidence here," I am restive and feel like saying, "All right, then set it down somewhere else, for I must have it set down." When I further read on page 47, middle of the right-hand column, "undermined religious and traditional attitudes without replacing them by any new conviction of adequate power," I wish to ask the author to show wherein his ideas will have adequate power. Finally, in the last sentence of the article, the author says that his purpose has been "to suggest that this process is already under way," and I am left wondering just where and how.

All this leads to the request for another article. I suppose it will have to wait for several months, even supposing that the author would gladly write it, but I can control my impatience if I know it is coming.

We have not for some time examined the innards of birds to see how our ventures on the stock exchange will come out, but we still hide behind an iron curtain of sentimental religious obfuscation. This article, more than anything I have


NORMAN ROCKWELL


BEN STAHL


JOHN ATHERTON


PETER HELCK


ROBERT FAWCETT

and

AL PARKER

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AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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read for years, if not forever, suggests that we stand on our own feet and face the future and our fate with courage and intelligence. . . .

I ought to have known that *Harper's* would send me this article; but somehow I had not thought where it might come from. . . .

(Name withheld)

Split and Ruin—

To the Editors:

If there ever was an effort on the part of our friends the Communists to split and ruin a good working union which they had not been able to dominate, it was the case of the famous Missouri highway strike, led by the "Cotton Patch Moses" whom Cedric Belfrage so glorifies in your November issue. How ironic that you should run with such innocence this story of undercover Communism in the same issue in which Jules Weinberg shows, in "Priests, Workers, and Communists," how hard and how necessary it is for ordinary workers to resist Communist tactics!

I worked for the Southern Tenant Farmers Union for four summers. I watched them develop Whitfield as their most brilliant union organizer—a fact omitted from Mr. Belfrage's account of his life—and he is undoubtedly a brilliant speaker and a powerful personality. I visited Whitfield in his home on the Laforge project. I also supped with Thad Snow and observed the beginnings of Cropperville.

But I also watched the Southern Tenant Farmers Union grow from its small indigenous beginnings. I lived for weeks in the homes of its members, attending their work, their play, their union meetings. I remember the hope with which that small proud group of very poor American workers, Negro and white, who had always been used to being walked over, voted to join the CIO. Here they hoped to get national interest and protection for their rights, the strength that comes from a union covering every section of the nation. I remember the first dim suspicions that came over the Southern union leaders as their wishes were consistently opposed by the national officers of the United Cannery, Agricultural, and Packing Workers of America, one of the two genuinely Communist-dominated unions in the CIO. . . .

The officers of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union firmly believe that the highway strike, far from being spontaneous, was planned at the convention at San Francisco to which Mr. Belfrage makes a passing reference. But he did not say that the reason for meeting in that city was that hardly any of the STFU delegates could afford to make the trip, so it was easy to dominate the convention. . . . Only one carload of SFTU delegates drove out, including Whitfield, who was taken into secret meetings, flattered, and made much of. There it was that the highway strike was worked out, months before it actually occurred.

When Whitfield got his Missouri followers actually out on the highway, the legitimate officers of the union to which most of the strikers belonged were appalled. The main purpose of the demonstration, according to Mr. Belfrage, was publicity, but this was sought with characteristic Communist callousness toward the people involved. Newspaper stories were cheap, but no one had bothered to plan for the feeding of the poor folk in the highway camps. As a matter of fact, a great part of what relief they got was from supplies gathered in desperate haste by the officers of the union in Memphis.

Nevertheless, the tactic was undoubtedly gratifying to the Communist leaders. The Missouri members followed Whitfield and never returned to the SFTU fold. Weakened by this loss—for Missouri had been one of their strongest sections—the union pulled itself together only slowly. Now, however, renamed the National Farm Labor Union, it is again doing valiant work for Southern labor and civil rights. Its struggle with Communism is not over, for every year the Communists run some new form of interference against the brave little union that dared to defy them. But the National Farm Labor Union members know now what the fight with Communism is like and are not likely to let it tear them from within again. They are the true heroes of the cotton patches.

PRISCILLA ROBERTSON
Anchorage, Kentucky



Famous Author Praises Palm

"I'd have started ten years soon on a literary career, but there w no Palmer Institute then. A writer—would-be or experienced would certainly find help in t Palmer course."—Katharine Ne lin Burt

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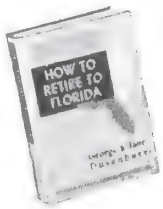
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Harper's
MAGAZINE

What Are Wars For?

Or, How Not to Do It Next Time

Elmer Davis

No, brother—I don't want a next time any more than you do; even less indeed, unless you also live in Washington, a city which would be the first target of an enemy air attack, if it could get that far. But whether there will be a next time does not depend on us, nor in more than trivial degree on our elected representatives. It depends on the Russian government—which would undoubtedly prefer to get what it wants without a shooting war, but may presently have to make up its mind whether it would rather have a shooting war, or not get what it wants. And since there is a considerable possibility that it may, sooner or later, elect the former alternative, it is no more than common sense for us to be making up our minds what we should want to accomplish in that case. We want to win the war, of course. But what do we want to do with victory after we have won it? Almost equally important, how do we propose to get it? Ineptitude in the choice of means sometimes makes it hard to attain your ends. The means, as well as the ends, ought to be thought out beforehand, if we hope to get out of a war that may be forced upon us results at all compensatory for its undoubtedly terrific cost.

What are wars for? Clausewitz, a soldier, said that they are only an instrument—the continuation of national policy by other means, the endeavor to enforce by arms the acquiescence of another nation in your national objective, an acquiescence you have been unable to obtain by milder pressures. But to do that you must have a national objective in the first place. You must know what you want; you must clearly see the end you are fighting for—the end to which military victory, whether limited or total, is only a means. We have not always done that. In 1918 we helped our allies win complete military victory, and then refused to help them consolidate the political objectives which

Elmer Davis, radio newscaster and former head of the OWI, brings his experience and wisdom to bear on a topic that we all approach unwillingly, but that must not be left wholly to the military.

would have made victory lasting; and in the past war we sometimes seemed to regard military victory as a sufficient end in itself.

The late President Roosevelt took care to avoid the mistakes of Wilson, but he could not help making some of his own. They were minor, by contrast with his achievement; Colonel Stimson, who has known more Presidents and has had far more experience with government than I, thinks he was our greatest war President; and so far as my competence goes, I concur. Still he made mistakes, and the next war President might usefully study to avoid them; indeed he might usefully consider whether some of Mr. Roosevelt's successful policies would be equally successful next time. One of the mistakes, and one of the successes, have been lately and brilliantly analyzed by Wallace Carroll, director of American propaganda to Europe in 1944 and 1945, in his book *Persuade or Perish;* they are both worth some examination since neither, in my judgment, should be repeated if we should have to fight the Russians.

THE failure was our Mediterranean policy—first in North Africa, then in our dealings with the King of Italy and Marshal Badoglio. Writes Mr. Carroll:

> The United States was unprepared to cope with the terrifying political problems which the war was bringing forth. We had entered the war without a clear national policy and without clear political objectives. North Africa brought the inevitable result. Military success became an end in itself, and the United States sacrificed its long-range interests to obtain short-range military results.

What were those long-range interests? Above all our reputation: the confidence of the peoples of the world and particularly of occupied Europe in America, and in Roosevelt. His speeches had made us seem the bringers not only of liberation but of liberty and democracy—speeches reinforced by the tradition of what America had always meant, at least to Western Europe. People who had heard those speeches and knew that tradition could not understand our dickers with demi-Fascists, or ex-Fascists who professed to have undergone sudden conversion. Mr. Carroll does not criticize, nor do I, the original deal with Darlan; in that case the military advantage was so immense and urgent that it outweighed the political drawbacks, serious as these were. Furthermore General Eisenhower —a soldier pitched headlong into political complexities of which he had never dreamed—kept his head; he intended, as Darlan accurately perceived, to "squeeze him like a lemon," then give him a million dollars in gold and tell him to go away and live anywhere on earth outside of French jurisdiction. Darlan's assassination removed that necessity; but unfortunately the policy of doing what was immediately most convenient continued to be followed—too long in North Africa, and later in dealings with Italians who were more concerned with getting Mussolini out than with getting liberty and democracy in. For that, thinks Mr. Carroll, there was much less excuse. The Darlan deal was made when we desperately needed a victory; and made on the spur of the moment, by a soldier dealing with an emergency completely unforeseen. The deal with the gentlemen who, by grace of Mussolini, were the Emperor of Ethiopia and the Duke of Addis Ababa was made after cool calculation, when we had already won a series of brilliant successes.

These two episodes convinced most of Europe that America, to beat one set of reactionaries, was quite willing to support another set of reactionaries. The conviction was encouraged by the propaganda not only of our enemies but of some of our allies—notably the Gaullist French; and we still suffer from the impression then created. Now if we had intended to support reaction, with full appreciation of the cost, that would have been a deplorable policy but still a policy. But there was no such intention, no such policy at all; that there seemed to be one was due only to a series of measures taken for immediate advantage, with nobody stopping to consider their later adverse effects.

The next time we had better make sure that what we are doing is what we want to do; and that we know why we want to do it.

For the failure to make sure of that, last time, Mr. Carroll blames military officers; and particularly General Marshall, who by his force of intellect and character committed the nation to policies, when he was Chief of Staff, whose consequences he is now, as Secretary of State, trying to undo. Our diplomatic service,

Mr. Carroll notes, had become impotent and discouraged in the long years of isolation; the Army in those years was almost equally unpopular, equally starved for appropriations; but "by some miracle" it managed to produce a group of brilliant generals. (Was it a miracle? Eisenhower ascribed it to the system of military education, as developed by Pershing.) It was the generals' business to win military victory, and they did it. It was not their business to consider what victory was for; they came to consider it as an end in itself, and too often they dragged the civilian government along with them.

II

THERE is something in that, but it is far from the whole story. Mr. Carroll has since modified his views on General Marshall's responsibility. As for another general, consider Eisenhower's report (*Crusade in Europe,* p. 284) on Churchill's opposition in the summer of 1944 to the invasion of southern France, for which he wanted to substitute a move into the Balkans. Says Eisenhower:

> Although I never heard him say so, the Prime Minister may have thought that a postwar situation which would see the Western Allies posted in great strength in the Balkans would be far more effective in producing a stable post-hostilities world than if the Russian armies should be the ones to occupy that region. I told him that if this were his reason for advocating the campaign into the Balkans he should go instantly to the President and lay the facts, as well as his own conclusions, on the table. *I well understood that strategy can be affected by political considerations,* and if the President and the Prime Minister should decide that it was worth while to prolong the war, thereby increasing its cost in men and money, in order to secure the political advantages they deemed necessary, then I would instantly and loyally adjust my plans accordingly. But I did insist that so long as he argued the matter on military grounds alone I could not concede validity to his arguments. [The italics are mine.]

The President happened to be in the Pacific at the time; Churchill took up the argument with Harry Hopkins, who, so far as can be gathered from Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* did not bother to pass on the messages, since he knew that Roosevelt had made up his mind. Some people now argue that if we had invaded the Balkans, letting our strategy be influenced by political considerations, we should be better off. I doubt it. The "soft underbelly of the Axis" proved tough and scaly in Italy; the Balkans would have been tougher and scalier—worse terrain, worse communications, and farther from the enemy's vital spots. Such peripheral operations would have delayed final victory; if the Germans had had six months more to build jet planes and schnorkel submarines, six months more to batter London with V-1's and V-2's, we might be fighting yet; in which case our political objectives would have become materially altered, if not irrelevant.

But the point of the Eisenhower statement quoted above is its clear recognition that the choice between the militarily and the politically desirable objective lay with the man who was both head of the government and Commander-in-Chief. If on the whole he aimed—as he did—at the military objective first, it is difficult to criticize his decision in view of the divided public opinion on which he had to rely for support. Pearl Harbor in a sense united the nation; but even after that there were many people in the United States who were willing to fight for victory but wanted it understood that they were not fighting for any principles. Some of them merely wanted it understood that they were not fighting for Roosevelt's principles; others seemed to take pride in not fighting for any principles at all. They would fight for victory; but not for any ends that victory, after all its cost in human suffering, might achieve.

I have sometimes suspected that people like that did not constitute as large a percentage of the population of the United States as they did of the membership of the Seventy-eighth Congress—a body elected in a mood of impatience and frustration, four days before the landings in North Africa and ten days before the naval victories off Guadalcanal. It is possible that if Mr. Roosevelt had neglected the direction of the war to exercise all his powers of leadership on the home front, he might have got the great majority of the people united in a fight for principles. But he apparently thought otherwise, and he knew more about public sentiment than I do. He knew

that unless we won the war, it wouldn't matter much what we had fought for; so he called it the War for Survival—which it was—without much emphasis, in public, on what we were to do after we had succeeded in surviving.

Nevertheless he did have one major political objective; and, learning from Wilson's mistakes, he succeeded in carrying the nation with him in supporting it—the creation of a world organization which, after the aggressors of the moment had been overthrown, might keep the peace thereafter. That organization is now in difficulties because one of our allies, in the course of the war, became so strong and remained so voracious that it is now a danger to everybody else. I do not see how that could have been prevented without risking the survival of German power, which would have been far more dangerous. It may be that Mr. Roosevelt bet too much on a single card—the United Nations; but this major decision, when there were dangers in any course he might have chosen, can with propriety be criticized only by someone of equal stature and equal responsibility. Mr. Churchill's views on that will be worth reading.

IT HAS also been complained that we made military victory needlessly difficult, and needlessly destructive to Western Europe, by insistence on unconditional surrender. Wallace Carroll has thoroughly analyzed this argument and pretty well destroyed it. The evidence that has become available since the end of the war offers no reason to believe that unconditional surrender appreciably delayed military victory; and it had very healthy political consequences. On that point Mr. Roosevelt stood firm against the military commanders, who over and over again asked him to soften, or at least to define, unconditional surrender, in the belief that it would make victory easier. It would certainly have made life easier for those of us who were conducting American propaganda; but most of us never doubted that unconditional surrender was sound policy.

For one thing, as we not only announced it but stuck to it, all our allies were gradually put on notice—the British, the Russians, above all the occupied nations—that there would be no German or Japanese Darlans, that we were in there to the finish. This went far to efface the impression created by our Mediterranean policy; it did not efface it altogether. So recent an episode as the abortive proposal to send Chief Justice Vinson to Moscow revealed in many Europeans a still latent fear that America would run out on the rest of the world, if running out seemed advantageous. But the unquestionably good effect of unconditional surrender—an effect which was its primary purpose—was on the Germans. It forever prevented them from telling again the story they told after 1918, so incessantly that they finally came to believe it themselves—that they had never been defeated but had capitulated on terms, and had then been betrayed. This time they were licked, and they know it.

But unconditional surrender, useful as it was last time, would probably not be at all useful next time.

III

WHAT would be useful? What lessons can we draw for the future from the experience, successful or unsuccessful, of the past?

Well, the first thing is to make up our minds what we want; the next is to make sure that all our weapons—military, diplomatic, economic, and not least the weapon of propaganda—are synchronized and co-ordinated to that predetermined end. I emphasize propaganda because it would be pre-eminently important in a war against Russia, and the world religion that has its headquarters in Russia—a war whose outcome might possibly, and whose duration would certainly be determined by the sentiments of other nations; by the amount of support, and the degree of enthusiasm of that support, which we or the Russians would get from the other nations of the world. But propaganda is only an instrument; the most brilliant propaganda in the world cannot make a bad policy look good for very long; though it is unfortunately easy for inept propaganda to make a good policy look bad. The policy is what we must start out with.

In that the next war administration—if there must be one which (I repeat, if necessary) I hope there need not be—would have one great advantage over Mr. Roosevelt. The American people are far better educated in world politics than they were eight years ago; far more ready—or at least resigned—to doing

whatever may need to be done in the national interest. Few of us any longer believe that the fact that we do not want a war necessarily means that we could keep out of it, or that what happens in other continents makes no difference to us. The next war administration, if there must be one, could count on a greater unity against Russia than we ever displayed against Germany. But to win such a war so that it would stay won might require something we did not have the last time, even in the war against Japan; unity not merely against somebody but for something.

Unity for what? Well, in one sense the result of the late election made the answer to that much easier. America is no longer an island of conservatism in a left-of-center world; we shall probably have, for the next four years at least, a Third Force government not too unlike those of England, France, Italy, and most of the smaller nations of Western Europe. Nevertheless even such a government should make up its mind now what kind of world we should like to see at the end of a successful war; and—an important part of that question—what kind of Russia we should like to see, if we had defeated the Russians.

In a sense those answers are easy, for the objectives of a shooting war would be the same as the objectives of the cold war in which we are, at this writing, engaged. If we are lucky we can get them this way; if not, they are still what we want to get. One objective is so widely and continuously entertained, by the American people and indeed by all the peoples of the world, that any President would try to achieve it. We all want peace—world peace, and an end to aggression. And most Americans seem convinced that that end can best be attained by some sort of world organization—provided all the great powers try to use the machinery of that organization for getting along with one another rather than for tripping one another up. Minor issues of the past three years—Palestine, Pakistan, Indonesia—could all have been settled, or at least carried along on some not too impossible modus vivendi; the insoluble major issue was the antagonism between Russia and the rest of the world.

But how to get a Russia that would get along with the rest of the world? I wish I knew. The one thing of which I feel pretty sure is that it would not pay us to insist again on unconditional surrender. That was a sound policy in dealing with enemy countries of relatively small area, which could be occupied when their governments were overthrown; so that Hitler, for instance, would not immediately be succeeded by seven other devils worse than himself (if that be possible). But suppose we fought a war with Russia through to unconditional surrender; would we undertake to occupy eight million square miles and reeducate two hundred million people? The question answers itself.

What we want is a Russian government that will behave itself, develop its immense unsettled areas, and let the rest of the world alone—stay on its own side of the garden wall, as Ernest Bevin put it. Internal reforms—democracy and civil liberties—would be highly desirable; they might follow on a decision to quit trying to overrun the rest of the world, but that would be uncertain. Men who have dealt with the present government would be extremely reluctant ever to trust it to behave itself; and a government which might succeed it after a military revolution might be just about as bad. Still that is perhaps our major aim—a Russian government that would let the rest of the world alone.

Which has a bearing on military strategy; it suggests that we should aim, not at an all-out victory such as we are used to in total war, but at the kind of victory which ended most wars before 1914—a victory that merely convinces the enemy that he had better let you have what you want, rather than go on fighting. Military operations must be a means to that end, not the end itself; measures which might promise an earlier end to the war must be discarded if the advantage seems to be outweighed by the ultimate political drawbacks.

I DO not know how our Joint Chiefs of Staff would propose to fight a war against Russia; that is none of my business; and if I did know I could not tell. Still, since there has already been a good deal of speculation on this subject, it seems permissible to discuss ways in which we should not, and probably would not, fight it. It seems fairly obvious that we would not attempt an overland march to Moscow. The best armies of three successive centuries all tried that, and all came to grief—the Swedes in 1708, the French in 1812, the Germans in 1941—all

starting with geographical and logistic advantages which we should not possess. We should have to win the war some other way.

What way? The present popularity of the Air Force seems to have given currency to a belief which I am sure responsible Air Force commanders would not endorse—that a war could be decided by the dropping of a few atomic bombs. It would not. The atomic bomb is a useful deterrent and instrument of delay; but it would not decide a war that might break out now (I cannot see twenty years ahead); and it would have to be used carefully if it were not to backfire. If war broke out now, the Russians might overrun Western Europe. That is by no means so certain, in competent military opinion, as some laymen think; still it could happen. Suppose the Russians did, and made of some French, or Dutch, or Belgian city a great military base. Would we drop an atomic bomb on it? Not if we wanted any occupied nation to support us with much enthusiasm thereafter. The bombings in occupied countries during the late war had a bad enough effect on public sentiment, even though there was then an attempt at precision. But the atomic bomb is not a precision weapon; it is a saturation weapon.

It is a weapon of little value against ground forces, in which the Russians are strongest. Used against cities it could destroy industries, and many of the inhabitants; those who were not destroyed would be angry. We expect our enemies to be angry with us? Yes—but here lies one of the critical problems of a war with Russia.

The Russian people have nothing to say about it. From such information as is available they do not want a war—or at least did not, till their government began to whip them up with incessant war-mongering. The Russian government has often been defeated in war; but whoever was foolish enough to turn a war against the government into a war against the people—as Hitler did, over Goebbel's protests—has got the worst of it; not because the Russians are more patriotic than other nations, but their patriotism is reinforced by the vast extent of their country and their vicious climate. It would serve our political interest to make such a war, if we could, a war against the government, not the people; which would incidentally also serve the interest of human decency, and of the long-term hope for peace.

Very likely we should try to do that; it would be easier, if we refrained from mass invasion of Russian territory. But it would be pretty hard to persuade the Russian people that we love them, if every now and then we blew a hundred thousand of them to pieces with an atomic bomb.

I am not impressed with the argument that the atomic bomb is an uniquely inhumane weapon, repugnant both to military honor and to Christian ethics—though I have heard that argument from men with plenty of brass on their sleeves and shoulders. I cannot see much difference, except in economy and brevity, between an atomic bomb and a fire raid which might kill as many people, and kill them just as unpleasantly—as happened at least once in the late war. But postwar interrogation in Japan discovered that the victims do see a difference. Fire raids, the Japanese seemed to think, were, however horrible, the sort of thing that happens in war; the atomic bomb was more like dealing off the bottom of the deck. The moral objections to its use would apply to most of the methods of modern war; but there are evidently psychological and political drawbacks, which would have to be carefully balanced—beforehand—against its military efficiency. And these considerations would apply, *a fortiori,* to what might prove a still deadlier weapon—biological warfare.

Reliance on the Russian people might be misplaced. It is much talked of by Russian exiles, who naturally love their kinfolk and hate the government from whose clutches they escaped; it is advocated by Americans who know Russia well, but may not make enough allowance for the cumulative effect of years of indoctrination. It looks like the best bet, at least at the outset of a war; but the men responsible for national policy would have to calculate carefully its advantages and disadvantages. If it worked it would be wonderful. If it didn't—well, we should still have to win the war.

IV

How? I am no military expert; and if I knew I couldn't tell. The tactics would in any case be different if the Russians had the atomic bomb or biological

weapons. Pending that, such a war might be fought around the edges—in Iceland, in Alaska and Kamchatka, on the Bosphorus; in Eastern Europe, where many millions are waiting for liberation—provided we didn't have to liberate Western Europe first. (And China? God knows; I don't.) But I do know something about the political implications of such a war; and I know that military operations, whatever they might be, should aim at the realization of an essentially political objective.

One of those objectives, perhaps the chief one, must be the liberation of Europe—of Eastern Europe from bondage, and of Western Europe from fear. There again, fortunately, we start out with a general national agreement; we have no imperialistic aspirations; as Senator Vandenberg says, all we want is to give Europe back to the Europeans. But what Europeans? Not the Darlans and Badoglios; we must give it back to the majority of Europeans—a majority which in almost all free countries has roughly the same ideology, compounded of democracy, civil liberties, and varying degress of socialism (with a small *s*); and we must give it back to them to do what they like with it, even if it is not what we might like.

This is not so hard a saying as it would have seemed before the election. Mr. Dewey in the White House might have fought for substantially this policy, but he would have had to fight hard against powerful elements of his own party; those elements can now, for some time at least, be disregarded. But such a policy would imply that we were fighting for principles; indeed for somewhat the same principles as many people, in the late war, were unwilling to fight for. If Mr. Roosevelt did not feel it advisable, or prudent, to put out the effort that would have been required to bring the nation to support those principles, it might be quite a strain on anyone else. Yet just that might make the difference—if not between victory and defeat, at least between, say, a five-year and a ten-year war. And it might be done; as a nation we have, after all, learned a good deal since 1942.

Politically, the policy that could bring victory is fairly simple. It was the American example of 1776 that first brought liberty to Europe; it was mainly America that brought back liberty to Western Europe in 1945. We can have Europe with us next time if we come—and take care to make it clear, by acts as well as words, that we are coming—as bringers of liberty, as champions of the freedom of the mind and the liberties of the individual. There are some men among us who seem not too enthusiastic about the freedom of the mind and the liberties of the individual; at this writing they are somewhat throttled down, but we shall have to see that they are kept throttled down. There are also men among us who believe quite sincerely that the first freedom of all is free enterprise. Whether that view is correct or not, most people in Europe do not share it. If we fought a war for free enterprise—which enemy propaganda would probably call a war for American economic domination of the world—we could count on only limited and lukewarm support. If we fought for the freedom of the mind, the freedom of the individual, the freedom of nations to manage themselves in their own way even if it is not our way, we could have practically everybody on our side.

A WORLD of free nations composed of free citizens—that should be our war aim as it is our peace aim; if it came to war, every instrumentality of our war effort should be devoted to that end—as it should be now, when we can still hope to avoid war. If it cannot be avoided, measures which might bring—or might look as if they would bring—an earlier military victory should be rejected if they threatened a political disadvantage outweighing their military benefits. An instance is the recent flurry of propaganda to persuade us that we ought to clasp General Franco of Spain in our forgiving arms. I am very dubious about even the military advantages of such a connection; a man who could not conquer his own people without German and Italian help might not be worth much against a foreign enemy; and politically it would be pure folly. Quite apart from Franco's considerable anti-American activities in the past, there would be no quicker way to undermine Europe's confidence in us. At the mere whisper, the ghosts of Darlan and Peyrouton and Badoglio walked again.

If it came to shooting we should have a still more serious problem in Germany, and per-

haps in Japan. Here are two nations at present disarmed but full of veteran soldiers, many of whom see no future except in fighting again. It would be a grave illusion to suppose that if we armed them they would fight for us; or that more than a few of them would fight for principles like ours. They would be fighting for themselves—for what they as individuals, and their nations, could get out of it. To arm them might bring a short-term military advantage; the political disadvantage would be calamitous. Yet if we didn't arm the Germans, the Russians might; indeed they have already armed two or three hundred thousand of them, and with no serious political disadvantage, since nobody any longer expects the Russians to be respectable. These Germans have been indoctrinated in Communism; even so, it is not quite certain what they would do if it came to shooting. Germans whom we might arm with little indoctrination would be even less predictable.

THESE are not easy problems; they were not easy last time, but if there should be a next time whoever might have to deal with them would at least have the advantage of the lessons of past successes and failures. He would have the further advantage that our war aims would be, substantially, the same as the present aims of our peacetime diplomacy; war, if it came, would be the continuation of national policy by other means. It would be fought to attain a national objective—to make the Russians let not only us but the rest of the world alone—which we still hope may be attained in some other way; but which, if there is no other way to attain it, would still be the objective.

With that objective determined, all our instrumentalities must be concentrated and co-ordinated to achieve the end. The objective is more important than the military operations which are means to its accomplishment; and except in most unusual cases, it should not be endangered for the sake of immediate military advantage. We could win a war if we kept these things in mind—and one more thing. We should have great difficulty in winning it, if through whatever blunderings we allowed ourselves to appear as champions of reaction. But we could win it, and win it to the benefit of the entire world, if we proved by every word and every act that we were champions of liberty.

Eden

JULIA McGRANE

"FRIENDS." Single as Eden may that syllable
  Wall us a garden. Will to world
Utters a paradise. Tendril, and grass,
  Leaf, root and vine obediently unfurled

Are ours to name anew in the first hour
  Of together seeing. All trees, all streams
And falling waters, all unstartled creatures
Await our thought like figures born in dreams.

You speak. Our footfalls press upon the earth.
  A twig is broken. To perfection grown
The crimson apple bleeds upon the bough.
  The dazzling serpent sleeps upon a stone.

When Conan Doyle Was Sherlock Holmes

The Case of George Edalji

John Dickson Carr

In Staffordshire, from the potteries on the north to the mining districts on the south, they were trooping to work on that smoky August morning. The village of Great Wyrley, less than twenty miles from Birmingham, lay in an area partly agricultural and partly mining. The Great Wyrley Colliery, whose morning shift began at six o'clock, stood some distance away amid fields and slag-heaps and coal-tips.

The night before had been stormy, with heavy rain-squalls which began half an hour before midnight and ended at dawn. The field near the colliery, its yellowish-red soil a mixture of clay and sand, was slimy underfoot. A boy named Henry Garrett, on his way to work at 6:20 A.M., stumbled over what had been done in that field.

In a morass of blood, still alive, lay a pony belonging to the colliery. The pony had been ripped up the belly with some very sharp blade. It had not been disembowled; the cut, though sharp-slit, had not gone deeply enough. The pony moved feebly, and blood still trickled from the wound.

"Blood," young Henry Garrett testified, "was dropping pretty freely."

Meanwhile, he yelled for help. That yell brought a horde of other miners hurrying to see the pony. It also brought the police. Twenty constables and plainclothesmen, drawn from all districts, had been patrolling these lanes all night as they had been doing every night for some time. It was the eighth case of animal mutilation in six months.

Between February and August, in that year 1903, horses and cows and sheep died at the hand of some adroit maniac who seemed all but invisible. At the same time, the police received a spate of jeering letters. The letters were signed by various forged or false names. But the most important of them, with which we have to deal here, bore the "signature" of a lad at Walsall Grammar School, six miles from Great Wyrley; and this boy was proved by all sides concerned to have had nothing whatever to do with them.

The anonymous letters did not make pleasant reading. A sort of jumping-jack mania danced through them. In his first letter the writer made several glowing references to the sea; and he smacked his lips, with gluttonous relish, over the details of the mutilations. He said he was the member of a gang, wrongly accusing a number of people as accomplices; and how they enjoyed ripping up cattle! Of one of them: *"He has got eagle eyes, and his ears is as sharp as a*

John Dickson Carr, author of many detective stories under his own name and the pseudonym "Carter Dickson," has now completed a biography of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, of which this article will later form a chapter.

razor, and he is as fleet of foot as a fox, and as noiseless, and he crawls on all fours up to the poor beasts. . . ." Or again, chortling:

> There will be merry times at Wyrley in November when they start on little girls, for they will do twenty wenches like the horses before next March.

This last threat added horror to wrath in the seething community. Then, on the morning of August 18, the pony was found dying in the field. Somebody had done it again, although twenty alert policemen had been patrolling the district and three of them were actually watching the field.

It was like Jack the Ripper in the countryside, a Jack the Ripper with skill in handling animals before he slashed. Inspector Campbell, of the Staffordshire County Constabulary, examined the pony and made up his mind.

Inspector Campbell quite honestly believed, as did all his colleagues up to the Chief Constable, that he knew who was guilty. He believed he had known it all along. Half a mile away from the field—beyond the raised line of the London and North Western Railway—lay the vicarage of Great Wyrley. Inspector Campbell set out for the vicarage with several of his men. If he found any evidence, he meant to arrest the vicar's son.

Now the Reverend Shapurji Edalji, who had been for nearly thirty years vicar of the parish, was a Parsee. That is, he was born of a sect from India; he was, in popular parlance, a Black Man; and therefore alien and sinister. How had a Parsee come to be a Church of England clergyman? Nobody knew. But the Reverend Shapurji Edalji had married an Englishwoman, Miss Charlotte Stoneman, and the eldest of their three children was the twenty-seven-year-old George Edalji.

II

George Edalji, with his dark skin and his curiously bulging eyes, practiced as a solicitor in Birmingham. Each morning he took the seven-twenty train to his office there; each evening he returned to the vicarage at half-past six. George Edalji had grown up small and frail, nervous and reserved, a brilliant student. At Mason College, later the University at Birmingham, he had passed his final examinations with honors; he had taken prizes from the Law Society and written a well-known handbook on railway law. His very virtues made the young Black Man, with the goblin eyes, seem far more terrible than his father.

"'E's *funny*," ran the muttered comment. "Don't drink or smoke. 'Ardly seems to notice you, even, when 'e looks straight at you. And what about last time?"

It was "last time" which had started all the rumor.

Years before, between 1892 and the end of 1895, beginning at a time when George was at Rugeley School, there had been an outburst of anonymous letters and ugly hoaxes. Some of these missives went to outsiders, including one to the headmaster of Walsall Grammar School. But for the most part the persecution was directed at the Reverend Shapurji Edalji. Letters cursing his wife and his daughter and in particular his elder son were slipped under door-sills or through windows at the vicarage. The vicar was also deviled with practical jokes.

Bogus advertisements signed with his name were inserted in newspapers. Postcards also signed with his name were sent to various other clergymen. One clergyman, far away in Essex, was astounded to receive, from "S. Edalji," the following:

> Unless you apologize at once and by telegram for the outrageous hints you gave in your sermons concerning my Chastity, I shall expose your adultry and rape.

Now this sort of thing might have been merely funny. But anonymous malice is seldom funny to the man who experiences it. Under cover of darkness, somebody strewed the Edaljis' lawn with old spoons, old knives, the refuse of dustbins. On one occasion a large key, stolen from Walsall Grammar School, was left on the doorstep. And the malignant amusement went on for more than three years.

But the Chief Constable of Staffordshire, Captain the Honorable George Alexander Anson, kept a stolid face. Captain Anson was one of those people who thought Black Men less than the beasts. Captain Anson believed that the culprit was none other than young George Edalji, hounding his own family. The

vicar protested that this was a manifest absurdity, because letters had been pushed under the door of the vicarage at a time when George (as his father's and mother's eyesight bore witness) had been in the house. The Chief Constable remained adamant. About the key left on the doorstep he wrote: "I may say at once that I shall not pretend to believe any protestations of ignorance which your son may make about the key." Later Captain Anson declared that he hoped to get for the offender "a dose of penal servitude." Still the hoaxing antics continued.

Abruptly, at the end of December 1895, the persecution ceased. There was a last bogus advertisement, signed S. Edalji, in a Blackpool newspaper. Afterwards a great balm of silence descended on Great Wyrley—and it lasted for seven years without a break, until 1903.

THEN somebody began ripping horses and cattle. Each animal bore a long, shallow wound which caused a spurting effusion of blood, but did not penetrate far enough to pierce the gut. Who attacked the cattle?

"George Edalji," thought the authorities. Special constables swarmed into the district. Captain Anson's instructions were to watch the vicarage and see whether anybody left it at night. They did this before their receipt of the second outburst of anonymous letters, from which we have quoted with, *"He has got eagle eyes, and his ears is as sharp as a razor. . . ."* These letters, finally, repeatedly accused George Edalji of being a leading member in the cattle-slitting gang.

> Mr. Edalji is going to Brum . . . about how it's to be carried on with so many detectives about, and I believe they are going to do some cows in the daytime instead of at night.

Who wrote these letters, according to the Chief Constable?

George Edalji himself. (Presumably he wanted to wreck his own career as a solicitor.)

That was the position, on the morning of August 18, when Inspector Campbell went to the vicarage after the maiming of the pony. Inspector Campbell arrived there, with several constables, at eight o'clock. George Edalji had already left for his office in Birmingham. But George's mother and sister were downstairs at breakfast. As soon as they saw the policemen's shadows across the colored-glass panel of the front door, Mrs. Edalji and her daughter knew what to expect.

"I must ask you," said Inspector Campbell, "to show me your son's clothing." (There were bound to be wide-spread bloodstains.) "Also," he continued, "any weapon that might have been used in this."

The police found nothing more in the nature of a weapon than a case of four razors, belonging to the vicar, which razors were proved chemically to be free of bloodstains. But they did find a pair of George Edalji's boots, wet and stained with black mud. They found a pair of blue serge trousers, stained with black mud round the lower edges. They found an old house coat, whose sleeve bore whitish and darkish stains which might prove to be saliva and blood from the dying pony.

"This coat," declared Inspector Campbell, "is damp."

The vicar, who by this time had joined the others downstairs in his study, passed a hand over the coat and denied that it was damp. The Inspector further asserted that he saw horsehairs adhering to the coat. Shapurji Edalji, holding the coat close to the window, hotly denied that there were any horsehairs, and challenged his companion to produce any. This protest had already been made by Mrs. Edalji and Miss Maud Edalji.

"It's a roving!" insisted the latter, meaning a thread. "I'm sure what you saw is a roving!"

IN ANY EVENT, as Arthur Conan Doyle was later to point out, the police did not secure any specimens of this hair and seal them in an envelope. The house coat, together with a waistcoat belonging to it, was removed from the vicarage without further comment. Meanwhile, the pony had been killed to put it out of pain. A strip of its hide was cut off, and then—very carelessly, to say the least—packed in the same bundle as George Edalji's clothes. Not until four o'clock did a disinterested witness, Dr. Butter, the police surgeon, examine the clothes. Whether or not there had been horsehairs on the coat at a previous time, there were certainly horsehairs on it now. Dr. Butter found twenty-nine of them on the coat, and five on the waistcoat.

It was as well to have this ace of trumps, since the other evidence dwindled badly. Dr. Butter reported that the whitish and darkish stains on the coat were food stains, with one possible exception. On the right-hand cuff were two spots, "each about the size of a threepenny-bit," which showed traces of mammalian blood. These might have come from a pony, or they might have been splashes from the gravy of underdone meat. In any case, the spots were not fresh.

III

THEY arrested George Edalji late in the same day. They found him at his office in Birmingham, looking ill when they arrived. Edalji, conscious of his physical disabilities, felt himself penned in a corner. He was alternately sharp-tongued and sunk in utter despair.

"I'm not surprised at this," he said on his way to the police station. "I have been expecting it for some time." These words were noted down and used at his trial as evidence of a guilty conscience.

"Will you give an account of your movement's on the night of August 17, when the pony was mutilated?"

George Edalji's testimony, then and at various times afterwards, is easily gathered together in a summary.

"I returned home to the vicarage from my office," he said, "at half-past six in the evening. I transacted some business at home. Then I walked along the main road to the bootmaker's at Bridgetown, and got there a little later than half-past eight. I was then wearing a blue serge coat." This was confirmed by John Hand, the bootmaker. "My supper wouldn't be ready until half-past nine. So I walked round for a while. Several persons must have seen me. It had been raining during the day, though it was not raining then."

(And thus, noted Conan Doyle, accounting for the mud on the trouser legs and on the wet boots. It was the black mud of the roadway. Surely they could make an elementary distinction between the black mud of a village road and the yellowish-red soil, a mixture of sand and clay, in the fields roundabout?)

Meanwhile:

"I returned to the vicarage," persisted Edalji, "at nine-thirty. I had supper, and went to bed. I sleep in the same bedroom as my father, and I have been sleeping there for seventeen years. I did not leave that bedroom until twenty minutes to seven on the following morning."

That night of August 17 had been wild and wet, blowing with rain from before midnight until dawn. Shapurji Edalji, a light sleeper, racked with worry and lumbago, had been restless all night. "And," he added, "I always keep my bedroom door locked. If my son had left at any time, I should have known it. He did not do so."

WHEN news spread of George Edalji's arrest, after all these months of nocturnal cattle-slitting, popular fury boiled over. The young Black Man was in danger of being lynched. The police carried him in a cab to appear before the magistrates at Cannock; a crowd in the street attacked the cab, and tore the door from its hinges.

"Many and wonderful," said a reporter from the Birmingham *Express and Star,* "were the theories I heard propounded in the local alehouses as to why Edalji had gone forth in the night to slay cattle, and a widely accepted idea was that he made nocturnal sacrifices to strange gods."

On October 20, 1903, Edalji was brought to trial. He was tried at the Court of Quarter Sessions, before a county justice so lacking in legal knowledge that a barrister was hired to advise him. At the trial, too, the prosecution altered its whole line of attack.

The original theory of the police, as presented before the magistrates at Cannock, was that Edalji had committed the crime between eight and nine-thirty in the evening: that is, during the time covered by his visit to the bootmaker's and his walk before supper. But this theory had holes in it. Witnesses had seen him during that walk. The pony, when discovered next morning, was still bleeding; and a veterinary surgeon, who saw it afterwards, testified that this fresh wound could not have been made at any time before two-thirty in the morning.

Thus the case—as actually and finally presented to the jury—did a complete about-turn. Edalji, it was claimed, had acted between two and three o'clock in the morning. He had slipped out of the vicar's bedroom into the

rain. Escaping the lurking police, he had walked half a mile, crossed the fenced line of the railway, mutilated the pony, and returned home by a more roundabout way through fields and hedges and ditches.

Well, hadn't the police been watching the vicarage on the night the crime was committed? The answer of the police, in effect, was, "Yes and no." On the previous night, stated Sergeant Robinson, there had been six men watching it. But, on the night in question, they could not be sure. There had been no specific order to watch the vicarage; only what might be called a general order. Then a powerful impression was made on the jury by the evidence (not mentioned before the magistrates) of Footprints on the Scene of the Crime.

A constable, it was stated, compared one of George Edalji's boots with footprints going to and coming from the place where the pony had lain. True, the whole ground around had already been trampled in all directions by the footprints of miners and sightseers. (Here the author of Sherlock Holmes was to utter a groan.) But the constable had found some likely-looking prints. Taking Edalji's boot, he pressed it into the soil *beside* one of these prints—thus making an impression and, incidentally, getting yellow-red mud on that single boot. He measured these impressions, together with other impressions, and judged them to be the same.

"Were these footprints photographed?"

"No, sir."

"Was a cast made of them?"

"No, sir."

"Then where is the evidence? Why didn't you dig up a clod of earth, so as to get a perfect impression?"

"Well, sir, the ground was too soft in one place and too hard in another."

"But how did you measure the footprints?"

"With bits of stick, sir. And a straw."

But it is time to end this tragicomedy of the trial. A handwriting expert, Mr. Thomas Gurrin, went into the box and gave it as his opinion that Edalji had written the letters accusing himself of cattle-maiming. Mr. Gurrin was the same authority whose expert testimony had helped send an innocent man, Adolf Beck, to prison in 1896. In this case the jury found George Edalji guilty. The layman-judge, emphatically denying that justice would have been served better by transferring the case to London out of a prejudiced area, then sentenced Edalji to seven years' penal servitude.

"Lord have mercy on us!" cried the prisoner's mother.

That was late in October 1903. It was true that there had been another case of horse-maiming while Edalji remained locked up awaiting trial, but counsel for the prosecution explained it as being more work of the "Wyrley gang" to confuse the issue over Edalji's guilt. In November arrived a further anonymous letter, and another horse was killed. Edalji had disappeared into prison, serving his time first at Lewes and then at Portland. As a last unconscious stroke which would have pleased M. Anatole France, his prison work at Lewes was the part-making of feed bags for horses.

Late in 1906, when he had served three years of his sentence, there was an occurrence as mysterious to him as any in the case. He was released from prison.

He was not pardoned. Nobody told him why he was released. He remained under police supervision, as a discharged convict. His friends, headed by Mr. R. D. Yelverton, formerly Chief Justice of the Bahamas, had never ceased to urge the weakness of the evidence against him; at the time of his conviction, a petition to the Home Office for reconsideration was signed by ten thousand people, including several hundred lawyers. The petition had no effect. Recently Mr. Yelverton had taken it up again, strongly aided by the magazine *Truth*. But the Home Office, whatever the reason for the action they took, offered no explanation. The gates of Portland clanged open; that was all.

"And what," asked the convict," am I to do now?" It was a bleak prospect. "I have been struck off the roll of solicitors, naturally. In any case, I could hardly practice my profession while still under the supervision of the police. But am I innocent, or am I guilty? They won't tell me."

IV

"THEY WON'T, EH?" said Conan Doyle. For one evening Conan Doyle had found in his mail an envelope of press-clippings dealing with the case, now

three years old. He had begun to read the clippings idly. The case was mysterious, it was sensational, it was as complex with bizarre clues as any of his own detective stories. But what had caught and held his attention was the fact that the clippings had been sent to him, with a cry for help, by the man most deeply concerned in this business. If this man's statements were true, then the case needed further investigation.

To this case Conan Doyle devoted eight months' intensive work, between December 1906 and August 1907: doing no work of his own during that time; paying all the expenses involved; and, incidentally, solving the mystery of who was guilty. To fight the case, he considered, was a matter of simple justice.

"Either this man is guilty," he wrote, "or he is not. If he is, he deserves every day of his seven years. If he is not, then we must have apology, pardon, and restitution."

Sending for all available evidence, and writing to everyone who could testify in the matter, he studied the results over many ounces of tobacco before arranging an interview with George Edalji. Early in January, 1907, he met the young man in the foyer of the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross.

"The first sight which I ever had of Mr. George Edalji," wrote Conan Doyle, in the bombshell he exploded a week later, "the first sight which I ever had of Mr. George Edalji was enough to convince me of the extreme improbability of his being guilty, and to suggest some of the reasons why he had been suspected.

"He had come to my hotel by appointment; but I had been delayed, and he was passing the time by reading the paper. I recognized my man by his dark face, so I stood and observed him. He held the paper close to his eyes and rather sideways, proving. . . ."

At this point, still watching, the newcomer crossed the foyer and extended his hand.

"You're Mr. Edalji," he said, and introduced himself. "Don't you suffer from astigmatic myopia?"

We have no indication of the young lawyer's feelings on being greeted in this way; but we know his replies as the newcomer went on:

"It's only that I once studied to be an eye surgeon. The astigmatism is marked, and I think there's a very high degree of myopia. Don't you wear glasses?"

"I never have, Sir Arthur. I've gone to two ophthalmic surgeons, and they can't fit me with glasses that are any use. They say . . . ."

"But surely this point was raised at your trial?"

"Sir Arthur," replied the other with desperate sincerity, "I wanted to call an optician as a witness. You can verify that. But my legal advisers said the evidence against me was so palpably ridiculous that they wouldn't trouble."

Edalji, Conan Doyle reflected, would be more than half-blind in full daylight, would have to grope his way at dusk through any locality with which he was not perfectly familiar, and at night-fall would be helpless. The idea of such a man constantly scouring the countryside at night—to say nothing of the fatal night, in pouring rain, when Edalji had to make a circular tour of a mile without *any* of his clothes being sopping wet—this idea, he decided, lacked elementary good sense.

Could Edalji be shamming blindness? He did not believe so. But every step must be made secure. He sent Edalji to a well-known eye specialist, Kenneth Scott, who reported eight diopters of myopia: a worse case than the investigator had thought. He was already in correspondence with Edalji's father. He went down to Great Wyrley so that he could investigate and question witnesses on the spot. The details he now had in his hands.

On January 11, 1907, the first installment of his eighteen-thousand-word statement, "The Case of Mr. George Edalji," appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*.

First he held up the evidence against Edalji, and carefully tore it into small pieces along lines which have been indicated. Then, hating color prejudice as much as he hated racial or religious prejudice, he cut loose. It was easy, he said, to excuse the feelings of uneducated countrymen towards the strange-looking Edalji. It was not so easy to excuse that English gentleman, the Chief Constable, who had cherished his dislike since 1892 and infected the whole police force.

This, said Conan Doyle, was a kind of

squalid Dreyfus case. In each affair you had a rising young professional man ruined by authority over a matter of forged handwriting.

Captain Dreyfus, in France, had been made scapegoat because he was a Jew. Edalji, in England, has been made scapegoat because he was a Parsee. England, the home of liberty, had cried out in horror when such things happened in France. What did we have to say when it happened in our own country?

And what had been the attitude of the Home Office, under two administrations, when a legal authority like Mr. Yelverton presented evidence that Edalji had been wrongly sent to prison?

"Evidently," he wrote bitterly, "the authorities were shaken, and compromised with their consciences." After three years they turned the victim loose; but without pardon. Serenely they cried, "Go free," while adding, "You're still guilty." But the matter could not rest there. Who had made this illogical decision? And on what grounds? He, Conan Doyle, deprecated a public outcry:

"But the door is shut in our faces," he concluded. "Now we turn to the last tribunal of all, a tribunal which never errs when the facts are laid before them, and we ask the public of Great Britain whether this thing is to go on."

IT WOULD be unnecessary to write, "Sensation." George Edalji, overnight, became the talk of the country. The columns of the *Daily Telegraph* bulged with controversial letters. Another legal authority, Sir George Lewis—students of criminology will remember him in the Bravo poisoning case and the Hatton Garden diamond robbery—agitated for Edalji's innocence. "Who," the query rose to a roar, "was responsible for making the decision of free-but-guilty?"

The Home Office did not explain this; or, indeed, explain anything. The Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, son of the late Grand Old Man, courteously said that Edalji's case would receive full investigation. Unfortunately, there were difficulties. There was as yet no such thing as a Court of Criminal Appeal, though the need for such a court had been under consideration since the affair of Adolf Beck. The question, therefore, was how to get the case re-opened.

"Do you mean," demanded the man in the pub, "that Edalji's sentence has got to stand because there's no legal machinery for dealing with it?"

As regarded a re-trial, yes. But this (the Home Office quite agreed) was an exceptional set of circumstances. They were prepared to appoint a Committee of three unbiased men: this Committee to meet in a secret session, to examine all data which should be presented, and to recommend what course should be taken by the authorities.

"EXCELLENT!" said Conan Doyle. He did not mind delay, because he believed he could name the guilty person. Occupied with heavy correspondence, and with secret visits to the Wyrley neighborhood, he was gathering proof which he could put before the Committee.

"The case I have against my quarry," he wrote to his mother as early as January 29th, "is already very strong. But I have five separate lines of inquiry on foot by which I hope to make it overwhelming. It will be a great stroke if I can lay him by the heels!"

Then *he* began to receive wild letters from the merry joker–cum–cattle-slasher of the Wyrley district. They dropped into his letter box like feebly-venomed snakes.

> I know from a detective of Scotland Yard that if you write to Gladstone and say you find Edalji is guilty after all they will make you a lord next year. Is it not better to be a lord than to run the risk of losing kidneys and liver. Think of all the ghoolish [*sic*] murders that are committed why then should you escape?

There could be no doubt these letters were from the joker. Aside from any question of handwriting, there were too many intimate local references, too much harping on exactly the same themes which had obsessed and tortured the joker for years. As an example:

> There was no education to be got at Walsall when that bloody swine [name given] was high school boss. He got the bloody bullet after the governors were sent letters about him. Ha ha.

Always the joker screamed that Edalji, Edalji, Edalji had written all abusive letters.

> The proof of what I tell you is in the writing he put in the papers when they loosed him out of prison where he ought to have been kept along with his dad and all black and yellow faced Jews. . . Nobody could copy his writing like that, you blind fool.

More than malice breathed out of it. This man, Conan Doyle had long ago decided, belonged in an asylum. But he was eager to get each scrawl, so that he could compare them with specimens of all the other letters dating back to the beginning of the whole affair.

"On the evidence of handwriting," he said, "I have come to one conclusion. I contend that the anonymous letters of 1892 to 1895 were the work of two persons: one a decently educated man, the other a foul-mouthed semi-literate boy. I contend that the anonymous letters of 1903 were nearly all written by that same foul-mouthed boy, then grown into a man in his twenties. On further evidence I contend that Foul-mouth not only wrote the letters, but did the mutilations.

"But to say this is to put the end at the beginning. Let us go back. Let us take the facts in the Wyrley mystery as they are presented to us, and see what inferences we can draw from them.

"At the beginning, one point is so obvious that I wonder it has escaped notice. This is the extraordinary long gap between the two sets of letters. Letters, childish hoaxes, abound up to late December of '95. Then, for nearly seven years, *nobody* gets an abusive letter. To me this did not suggest that the culprit had changed his whole character and habits overnight, reverting to them with equal malice in 1903. It suggested absence; that someone had been away during that time.

"Away—where? Look at the very first letter in the outburst of 1903. In it the writer makes no less than three glowing allusions to the sea. He recommends an apprentice's life at sea; his mind is full of it. Taken in conjunction with the long absence, may we suppose that he has gone to sea and recently returned?

"Note, too, that the final hoax against the Edaljis in '95 is a bogus advertisement in a Blackpool paper. This is perhaps coincidence; anyone may go to Blackpool for a holiday; but it is also the pleasure-resort of Liverpool—a seaport.

"Suppose, for the sake of argument, we take this line as a working hypothesis. Where are we to look first for traces of this hypothetical person? Surely in the records of Walsall Grammar School!

"Walsall Grammar School, clearly, is the connecting link between the two sets of letters. In Group A, a scurrilous message is sent to the headmaster of that time. A large key, stolen from Walsall Grammar School, is left on the Edaljis' doorstep. In Group B, the false signature on the letters is actually that of a pupil at Walsall. I myself, in 1907, receive a letter which breaks out into irrelevant ravings against the headmaster of fifteen years ago.

"My first step in the enquiry lay at Walsall. I must inquire whether there had been at the school, during the early nineties, a boy who (a) had a particular grudge against the headmaster, (b) was innately vicious, and (c) subsequently went to sea. I took this obvious step. And I got on the track of my man at once."

Such was his own explanation to the Home Office; the above deductions, omitting the final paragraph, he later published in the *Daily Telegraph*.

V

MEANWHILE, between February and April, his five lines of inquiry tightened. He was able to give the Home Office Committee, with the testimony of each witness appended, the following dossier:

At Walsall, from 1890 to 1892, there had been a boy named Peter Hudson.* Hudson, expelled at the age of thirteen because nobody could handle him, showed peculiar tastes even then. He forged letters, very clumsily. His particular taste was for using a knife. In a railway-carriage, on the way to school, he would turn over the cushions and rip up the underside, so that horsehair should emerge.

*This, of course, is a compound name derived from two seafaring characters in the stories. The real name of "Peter Hudson," who may still be alive, will be found in a copy of Conan Doyle's Home Office dossier, pasted into the scrapbook labeled *The Edalji Case, 1907*.

More than once Peter Hudson's father had to pay compensation when his son cut the straps on railway-carriage windows. At Walsall there was one boy, Fred Brookes, with whom Peter Hudson had a bitter feud; and this boy's family were deluged with anonymous letters during the period of 1892 to 1895. After expulsion from school, Hudson was apprenticed to a butcher, thus learning to use a knife on animals.

At the end of December 1895, he was sent to sea as an apprentice. His ship [name of ship, captain, and owner given] sailed from Liverpool. Early in 1903 he returned from the sea permanently, and was living in the neighborhood of Great Wyrley during all the time of the attacks on animals.

Furthermore, for ten months of the year 1902 he had served aboard a cattle ship. He knew how to handle animals: a vital necessity, Conan Doyle pointed out, for the approach of the deft, nimble horse-slasher. "Compare this man," he wrote, "with the studious and purblind Edalji." But from Hudson's service in the cattle ship emerged clinching evidence.

In July 1903, a certain Mrs. Emily Smallking visited the house, its back to the open fields, where Peter Hudson lived. Both Mrs. Smallking and her husband had long been friends of the family. On this occasion the fever over the cattle-maiming had grown high. Mr. Smallking spoke of it to Peter Hudson, who grew gleefully confidential. He went to a cupboard, took out a horse lancet of unusually large size, and held it up.

"Look," he said. "This is what they kill the cattle with."

Mrs. Smallking felt a trifle sick. "Put it away!" she said. And then, hastily: "You don't want me to think you're the man, do you?"

Peter Hudson put away the horse lancet. Conan Doyle later obtained possession of it. How he managed this we had better not inquire; but here is the continuation of his dossier to the Home Office.

"Now the wounds in all the outrages up to August 18," he wrote, "were of a very peculiar character. In every case there was a shallow incision; it had cut through skin and muscles, but had not penetrated the gut. Had any ordinary cutting weapon been used, it must certainly in *some* instance have penetrated far enough to pierce the gut with its point or edge. Note that the blade of the lancet is very sharp. Yet it could never penetrate more than superficially. I submit this very large horse lancet, obtained by Peter Hudson from the cattle ship, as being the only kind of instrument which could have committed all the crimes."

Up and up he built his case, demonstrating that John Hudson, Peter's elder brother, had collaborated in the letters of 1892–1895; and that the Edalji family had long been the butt of both Hudsons' dislike. In fact, some of his strongest and most damning points cannot be quoted here, because they would too closely identify "Peter Hudson." But officialdom read them.

WHILE he waited for the report of the Committee-to-Examine-Evidence—consisting of Sir Arthur Wilson, Sir Alfred De Rutzen, and Mr. John L. Wharton—Conan Doyle's confidence grew. Justice *would* be done. He felt certain of it. Besides, this was to be his miraculous year, his year of fulfillment: in September, he would be married to Jean Leckie.

"And," he wrote, "we will ask Edalji to the wedding."

Late in May the recommendation of the Committee, and the decision of the Home Secretary, were made public. A Government publication, "Presented to both Houses by Command of His Majesty," set forth their findings. Mr. Yelverton, Edalji's first defender, read it thunderstruck.

George Edalji, said the Committee, had been wrongly convicted of horse-maiming; they could not agree with the verdict of the jury. On the other hand, they saw no reason to doubt that Edalji had written the anonymous letters. "Assuming him to be an innocent man, he had to some extent brought his troubles on himself." Therefore he would be granted a pardon, but denied any compensation for three years in prison because he had brought his troubles on himself.

In other words, they compromised again.

THIS was too much. In the House of Commons, questions flew at the Home Secretary like poisoned darts. The Law Society, demonstrating the opinion of the legal profession, immediately re-admitted

Edalji to the roll of solicitors with leave to practice. The *Daily Telegraph* raised a subscription of three hundred pounds for him. And Conan Doyle, with murder in his eye, stalked into the Home Office.

"Do you maintain," he demanded, "that George Edalji is raving mad?"

"There is no indication to that effect."

"Has there ever been any suggestion that he is mad?"

"No, there has not."

"Then do you seriously suggest that he sent *me* seven violent letters threatening my life?"

"We can do no more than refer you to the Committee's report, page six. 'These letters,' they state, 'can have only a very remote bearing on whether Edalji was rightly convicted in 1903.' We regret that this must be final."

It was not final. Again Conan Doyle charged into battle, first with *Daily Telegraph* articles called "Who Wrote the Letters?" and then letters of his own through June to August. "I won't leave the job half finished!" he wrote. He secured, by means best known to himself, specimens of Peter Hudson's and John Hudson's handwriting. These, with the anonymous letters, he submitted to Dr. Lindsay Johnson, Europe's foremost authority on handwriting, who had been called by Maître Labori in the Dreyfus trial. By means of internal evidence, backed up by Dr. Lindsay Johnson's verdict, he demonstrated that Peter Hudson was the principal author and John Hudson the secondary author.

Officially, this did not matter. The authorities, sticking together, announced blandly that there was no case against Peter Hudson either as writer or cattle-maimer; and there could be no further investigation. It is only necessary to add that the merry joker, when Edalji had long been forgotten, was still writing an occasional mad threat in the Midlands in the year 1913.

On September 18, 1907, Conan Doyle was married to Miss Jean Leckie, and at the wedding George Edalji was a welcome and honored guest. In that same year, largely owing to the case of Adolf Beck and the case of George Edalji, a Court of Criminal Appeal was at last established. It mingled with other modern portents: Signor Marconi bridging the ocean with wireless, and Mr. Farman staying for nearly an hour in the air with a biplane flying-machine. But, as we look back on Conan Doyle's detective work in the case of George Edalji, we can ask a question to which the answer will be self-evident.

Who *was* Sherlock Holmes?

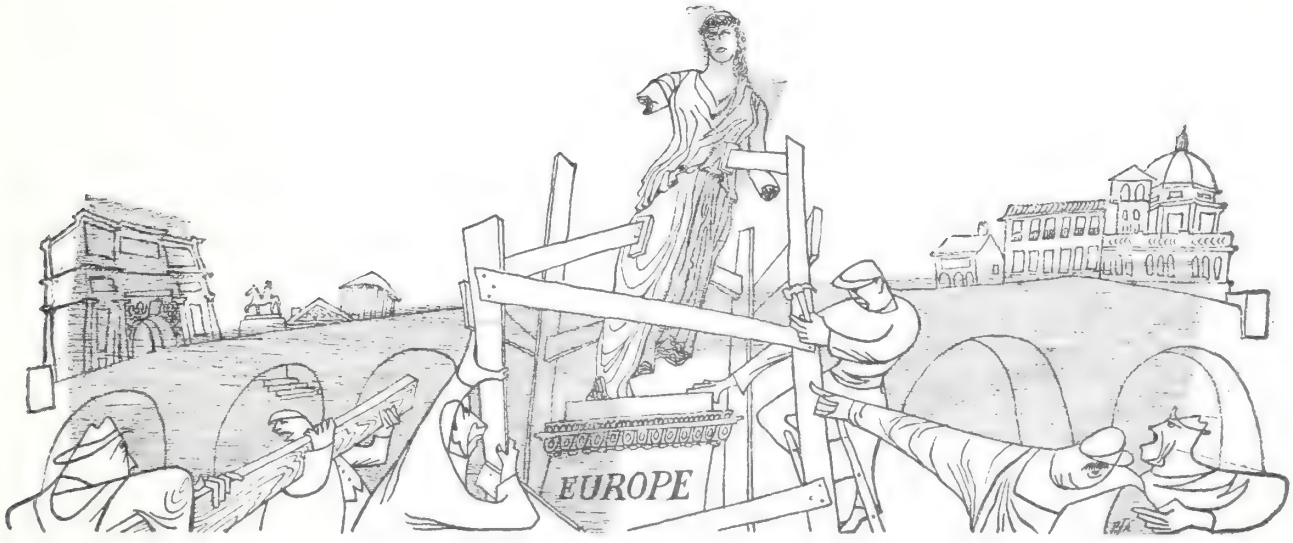
The Paper Rose

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

For you
a little poem
so small
no one can hear it at all
so bright
it's beyond the pale of light
so wide and high
earth can't hold it
or sky
so true
no one believes it but you

Europe's Great Last Chance

J. K. Galbraith



Paul Arlt

LAST August and September, as the greatest wave of American tourists since the twenties receded from Europe, a good many people must have found themselves with a puzzling problem in reconciling what they had seen with what they had heard. Obviously Europe—apart from Germany which only the specially-documented elite was allowed to enter—looked good. Streets were busy and shops were full. The resorts were crowded and not exclusively by Americans. New buildings were going up, factories were busy. Here was the impoverished, stagnant, and down-at-the-heel continent that the Marshall Plan was supposed to rescue and from all outward evidence it seemed to be doing very well. Hence the question: Why does this busy and even superficially prosperous community need so much help?

The answer to this question is certainly one of the most-needed pieces of economic intelligence of our time. There is no doubt as to the facts. Western Europe has been recovering—and it does need help. There is even a possibility that further recovery, so far from ending Western Europe's dependence on outside aid, will leave it nearly as dependent on assistance as at present. Western Europe, in short, may be incapable of self-support. Why?

The experience of the past three years as it bears on Europe's ability to pay its way, though far from conclusive, is far from encouraging. Except in Germany and Italy, industrial production is now generally higher than before the war. Agriculture, though far less vulnerable than industry to the modern arts of destruction and to the even more serious disorganization that accompanies war, has recovered much more slowly from the wounds it did receive. However, last year's good crops have brought basic bread-grains

An economist who is lecturing this year at Harvard, Mr. Galbraith has been an editor of Fortune *and an official of the OPA and of the State Department.*

production nearly back to normal. The United Nations Economic Commission for Europe (the ECE) recently concluded, to the surprise even of those who had been in close touch with European economic affairs since the war, that recovery this time has been substantially more rapid than after the Armistice in 1918.

Yet Europe's deficit—the difference between income from exports, tourists, and services, and outgo for food, materials, and other imports—has actually increased since the war ended. In 1946, the first full year of peace, Europe received about $2.5 billion in loans and credits, mostly from the United States and Canada, it received another $2.3 billion worth of UNRRA assistance, and it spent another billion from its own reserves of gold and dollars. Thus it fell short of paying its own way by about $5.8 billion. In 1947 the first frigid breath of cold war froze most of Eastern Europe out of American assistance, but the deficit, nevertheless, mounted to $7.5 billion.

The figure for last year is still uncertain but the official working estimates for the fifteen months ending next July—that is, the first fifteen months of the Marshall Plan—range from just over $7 billion to just over $9 billion.

The experience of the United Kingdom, which in 1947 accounted for about a third of the total deficit, is especially instructive. The British recovery has been the most rapid in Europe and it is possible that the British efforts to balance income and outgo—and to accept hardship in the process—represent the greatest single achievement in self-government (and self-restraint) the world has yet seen.

Since 1946 industrial production has increased by a quarter and it is now well above prewar levels. The volume of Britain's exports is now a third higher than it was before the war, and in July of last year their value was the highest in Britain's long history as a trading nation. The British merchant fleet has grown from 13.5 million tons in 1946 to 16 million tons at present. More than half of all the ships now being built in the world are being built in British yards.

In 1946 Britain spent about $1.5 billion more for food and raw materials, for feeding the British zone of Germany, and for military commitments in Greece, the Middle East, and elsewhere than she earned from exports, shipping, and other services. In 1947 this deficit was nearly doubled. It will be smaller for 1948, partly because exports have grown and imports have been cut, but also because German occupation costs and aid to Greece have been shifted to the United States and other military commitments have been liquidated. But it will still be about as large as in 1946.

The sad truth is that Europe, since the war, has borne a discouraging resemblance to an industrial concern that is expanding operations but losing a little more money with each increase in business. To shut down the plant would be unthinkable—there would be unemployment, unrest, and probably violence. The Communists would surely go to town. But the sad fact remains that the plant can only keep operating as long as someone pays the bills.

"But surely," someone will want to ask, "the Marshall Plan provides a guarantee that Europe will become self-supporting. Did not the sixteen nations assemble at Paris a year ago last summer and formulate a plan for achieving this goal? Wasn't such a plan a condition of American aid?"

Such a plan *was* made. But it involved, unhappily, the planning of things over which the planners had very little control. The representatives of the sixteen nations did conclude that by increasing production, reviving trade with Eastern Europe, and expanding exports they could, beginning in 1952, pay their own way. (There was a further and vital assumption that the prices of the things they imported would not continue to rise.) Unfortunately they had no choice but to reach this conclusion. There was no chance whatever of getting American aid if they seemed to need help indefinitely. Not even God is more devoted than the United States to the principle of helping only those who show capacity to help themselves.

In any case the conclusion that Western Europe could become self-supporting depended on *estimates* of future production, future imports, future exports, and guesses as to what prices of imports and exports would be. One man's guess as to what the world

price of wheat will be in 1951 or how much French wine can be sold in the United States that year is a good as another's. Inevitably the assembled experts used estimates and guesses that gave the pre-ordained result. There was nothing mendacious about this. They could hardly have done otherwise.

Not even the framers of the *gosplan* are more fascinated than the people of the United States by efforts to blueprint the economic future. It is not surprising therefore that the Paris plan for self-support, somewhat scaled down as to the amount of American aid required, was hailed as an important achievement in this country. Even the Pre-Cambrian statesmen who fought the European Recovery Program in Congress concentrated on the narrow issue of whether so much American assistance was really needed to consummate the plan. That an effort had been made to plan the unplannable and that nothing had been proven as to Europe's capacity for self-support was scarcely mentioned.

II

It will be suspected that the trend of this argument already shows signs of by-passing the vital point, which is that Europe has just had a war, that some of its worst troubles are clearly temporary. There is a presumption, surely, that the Marshall aid will get Western Europe over the hump, that it will buy the necessary time.

The importance of Europe's temporary misfortunes must be conceded. Three and a half years of peace is not a long time. Within a similar period after the Civil War, as Geoffrey Crowther of the London *Economist* recently reminded an American audience, Grant had not been inaugurated and the Reconstruction had not begun. Also the winter of 1947 was exceptionally severe—over nearly all of Europe transportation and power supply were disrupted and factories closed down. It was followed by poor crops.

There has also been the partition of Germany, a piece of major surgery with drastic shock effects. In the past three years American and world prices have also played a devastating trick on Europeans, especially on the British. Each increase in prices has increased the drain of dollars for the food and raw materials that Europe must buy. In 1947 Europe's deficit would have been cut nearly in half had it been possible to do business at 1938 prices. Britain has had the further misfortune that the prices of her particular imports have risen much more rapidly than those of the staple manufactured products she sells. In June of last year, prices of British exports were two and a half times higher than in 1938 while prices of imports were only a fraction under three times as high.

Finally, in a number of European countries, part of the deficit is to be explained, paradoxically enough, by the zeal with which the tasks of recovery and reconstruction have been tackled. The repair and modernization of industrial plant, the building and equipping of new mills and factories, and the housing programs have all exaggerated the demand for imports and have used manpower that might otherwise have produced goods for export or products that would replace imports. The British government's investment program, in spite of severe cutbacks, has come in for especially energetic criticism.

Could it be shown that Western Europe's temporary misfortunes or miscalculations explain all or the worst of its economic troubles, it could be assumed that time and further recovery would bring a cure. Unfortunately nothing of the sort can be shown. The far more fundamental problem of Western Europe is that it possesses a system of divided administration that is incapable of performing its task. Worse than that, as Western Europe is now managed, each individual government has assumed responsibilities that it can only discharge with damage to the community as a whole. *Europe's most serious problem is a system of government that is no longer tolerable.*

III

Partly because it is an industrialized area with a relatively high standard of living, partly because it is a small area, Europe west of Russia is a closely interdependent community. Nearly all of it depends for thermal energy on three major coal basins. It draws on common sources of iron ore, non-ferrous metals, ferro-alloys, and lumber. The Continent proper is served by a closely integrated network of rail and inland waterways; all of it is linked by cheap coastal and intercoastal transport. Since Western Europe is much

more heavily industrialized than Eastern Europe, and industry brings reliance both on foreign raw materials and foreign markets, the degree of interdependence increases as one moves from east to west.

Apart from Russia and the postage-stamp principalities, this interlocked area is now administered by no fewer than twenty-five governments. West or south of the Curtain, counting Western Germany as a single country and Turkey as a European power, there are seventeen governments. The increased interdependence of the European economy as one moves west, accords broadly with an increased diffusion of responsibility for its administration.

The politics of Europe's many sovereignties —that of maintenance of the balance of power and the temptation that has been offered to adventurers and despots—has been well understood for a century. The *economic* consequences have never been so well understood, for one reason because they have been constantly changing. Until the first world war it is possible that Europe did not suffer too acutely from its divided administration. Germany and Italy were still profiting from the consolidation of yet smaller states and agriculture was still relatively important. Farms, unlike steel mills or chemical plants, do not reach out imperatively for raw materials on the one hand and for markets on the other. Mixed farming areas such as Maine or rural Maryland even today could be divorced from the United States and survive. No industrial state would be so fortunate. If everything that Pennsylvania buys from other states were subject to the export licensing regulations of the United States Department of Commerce and if all of its exports were made subject to the United States tariff, grass would surely grow in the streets of Pittsburgh and Chester.

Before the first world war, moreover, mass-production methods had not yet given an overwhelming advantage to manufacturers who had access to huge markets. The American producer enjoyed no great advantage over the Belgian, French, or Italian manufacturer. It is worth recalling that British, French, and German inventors and engineers played a notable part in the early development of the automobile. It became an American industry not because American workmen were more skilled, American engineers more talented, or American management more intelligent and virile, but because the American industry alone had a market that could absorb the output of a fully-engineered assembly line.

IV

However, neither industrialization nor the developing need for mass markets has been the chief factor in making Europe's organization obsolete. The critical event has been the most comprehensive, subtle, and worst-described revolution in modern history—one that no Western country has escaped. In the simplest terms it has consisted in the assumption by governments of the responsibility for providing a minimum standard of living for their people.

The character and even the fact of this change—which has affected the United States no less than Europe—has been disguised by a vast semantical confusion associated with the terms socialism and capitalism. Journalists, politicians, and scholars alike have searched for differences between governments which find it fashionable or politic to call themselves socialist and those which, for similar reasons, assert the purity of their devotion to free enterprise. In fact, all Western governments, regardless of ideological billing, have committed themselves to minimum guarantees of what their citizens shall have. Before last autumn's election every political party in the United States promised minimum farm prices and abundant jobs, the practical equivalent of a secure standard of living for the ordinary citizen. No avowedly socialist government has promised much more.

In the United States it is a commonplace that the new responsibilities of government have made public administration more elaborate and complex. Only eccentrics and the hopelessly romantic ever expect to see again the simple and comprehensible bureaucracies of the age of McKinley or of Coolidge. But in the United States the revolution only made administration more complex. In Europe it made it impossible.

There could be no more dramatic evidence of the effect of this revolution on Western Europe than the simple fact that, before it occurred, it was not even possible for a country to have a deficit in its balance of payments. Then, if imports exceeded exports for any

period of time, people simply ran out of the means with which to buy imports. So they went without; and if the imports so sacrificed consisted of food, they went hungry. In the process, which was slightly more subtle in mechanics but not different in principle from that just described, imports and exports were brought into balance. Even after World War I a good many million Europeans went hungry and some millions in Eastern Europe starved as an incident to maintaining this balance. There were no deficits in the modern sense.

When governments have assumed responsibility for the standard of living there will be a deficit whenever income from exports and other services to foreigners is not big enough to buy the food and raw materials called for by the government's guarantee to its people. The deficit can always be eliminated by lowering or eliminating the guarantees. Prior to the passage of the Foreign Assistance Act, the British had in reserve a highly-unpublicized plan for use in case the Act failed of passage or if the conditions attached by Congress proved too insulting. It provided for a further cut in rations and an especially drastic slash in raw-materials imports. As a result of the ensuing shortage of materials, several millions would have become unemployed and their consumption would have been further reduced as they moved on to the dole. Housing and most other construction would also have come to a standstill and a large number of consumer goods would have disappeared entirely from the shops. In the process imports would have been sharply reduced (exports, also, though not so much) and the balance of payments would have been brought into balance. But few moderate governments could hope to survive such Draconian remedies. They must meet the minimum guarantee their people demand or perish.

This guarantee not only makes a deficit possible but it is likely to mean that it will be covered with some difficulty. Even in prosperous times in the past, a good many English, Dutch, or French working-class children suffered and died from malnutrition. It is no longer possible to single out any group for this fate. If there is milk for any children an effort must be made to provide some milk for all. So with meat. So with housing. Accordingly, once governments have guaranteed a minimum standard of living, a good deal of leveling up is inevitable. This has happened in some degree in nearly all Western European countries since the end of the war, although it has gone farthest in Britain where standards of consumption are now, *on the average,* nearly as high as ever in history.

Along with this leveling up go some highly consequential measures that are necessary to insure that the guarantee is covered. If there is any serious risk of insufficiency the government must ration food to make sure that the available supply goes as far as possible. Obviously, it must prevent food from being exported. Fuel, steel machinery, and equipment must also be used to produce essentials, not luxuries. There must be exchange control to insure that dollars or other scarce currencies earned from exports are pooled for the purchase of needed food and raw materials. It is equally necessary to keep too many goods from being sold for soft currencies—for currencies of those countries which are themselves short of goods and where, as a result, it is hard to spend money.

In short, if there is any problem about meeting the minimum guarantee, a government, whatever its ideological preferences, must go in for comprehensive controls. The American-dominated government of Western Germany has provided a fascinating demonstration of this compulsion since the war. There, as in socialist England, a minimum guarantee of food, fuel, and a few other essentials has been made to the people. There, as in England, it has been necessary to place elaborate controls over production, distribution, and foreign exchange. Any number of American business men have advised General Clay in the past two years that his elaborate regulations are a sin and a crime against free enterprise. He has almost certainly been uncomfortable about them. But free enterprise or not he has been a captive of his promise to keep Germans—or most of them—alive.

Controls and their concomitant questionnaires, forms, requisitions, and red tape may or may not be as stifling to enterprise and degrading to the human

spirit as has been commonly rumored in the United States. But not even the freewheeling adjectives of the N.A.M. do full justice to their effect, when applied by sixteen separate, individual, and highly interdependent governments. Their most devastating consequence has been to make each European country a small autarchical island more or less divorced, as to trade relations, from its neighbors. Ports of entry were once places where customs duties were collected or circumvented; now they have become the focus of the whole system of internal regulation. Here the exports of essentials and the imports of non-essentials must be controlled and sheafs of trade regulations interpreted in the process. Decisions must be made as between admissible and inadmissible currencies as well as between admissible and inadmissible travelers, and the former must be equipped with the ration books and gasoline coupons needed for life and movement.

The urge to exchange goods is capable of surmounting extraordinary resistances, but it is severely curbed by such obstacles as these. While European *production* has been climbing back to prewar levels or above, the *exchange of goods* between European countries has remained at only about half of prewar levels. Even between Belgium and the Netherlands which, with Luxembourg, have negotiated the Benelux customs union, the internal regulations have proven a far more serious barrier to commerce than the old-fashioned tariffs.

Moreover, the trade that has developed has been badly warped by the universal struggle to sell only for good currencies and to keep essential products at home while unloading non-essentials on the neighbors. On the authority of a United Nations economist concerned with European trade, it was possible a few months ago to buy a Swedish-made vacuum cleaner (a non-essential) in Norway but not a Norwegian one. It was possible to buy a Norwegian but not a Swedish vacuum cleaner in Sweden. In both countries vacuum cleaners are made by subsidiaries of the same American company.

Further recovery, which means that it will be easier to maintain living standards, will ease some of the restrictions on European trade. ECA will also be able to help, and it is now urgently at work on the trade snarl. But full recovery of production will also bring surpluses; governments will then have no alternative but to impose new regulations to safeguard employment. As Western Europe is now organized, governments have responsibilities which they cannot escape and which they cannot discharge except at cost to the community as a whole. It would be hard to imagine a worse way of managing a continent. And neither time nor the Marshall Plan is, of itself, a remedy.

V

IT MIGHT still be possible to make out a case for Western Europe's capacity for independent survival, were it not the victim of three further misfortunes, all of which also have a strong flavor of permanence. In ascending order of importance, these are (1) colonies and investments, (2) the United States, and (3) Eastern Europe.

Colonial areas were once an important source of dollars for Western Europe. Apart from shipping and tourist services and a few specialized commodities like wine, whisky, and woolens, Europe did not sell heavily in American markets. It did supply capital, management, and goods to Malaya, Indonesia, Indo-China, Africa, and other dependent areas which in turn sold rubber, tin, sugar, copper, copra, and other materials for dollars. Except for the African colonies—an exception that goes far to explain Belgium's comparatively happy financial condition since the end of the war—all of the areas just mentioned are in a more or less chronic state of revolt. Moreover the war aims of the Indonesians, Malays, and others include the privilege of spending themselves the dollars they earn or believe they earn. Only the most obtuse of imperialists could suppose that pacification would restore the old dollar harvest. Other investments are also gone. Before the war Europe received about $1.4 billion annually in interest and dividends. This has dwindled to a bare $400 million.

The problem of the United States is partly that it is an exceedingly inconvenient country to have on the same globe, much as a supermarket is an awkward neighbor for a group of independent grocers. But the problem of the United States is not exclusively one of superior competitive power—indeed in be-

coming, as the late Lord Keynes once predicted it would, "a high-cost, high-living country," it is probably in process of surrendering some of its competitive advantage. The much more important difficulty is the number of products where technological leadership, experience in supplying its own mass market, or the imitative tendencies of mankind have given the United States a near or absolute monopoly of supply. The construction of a big hydro-electric installation or a modern oil refinery or even a modern highway or hospital anywhere in the world brings an urgent demand for American equipment and technique. No long-distance airline can be operated safely and economically without American planes. There is an equally imperative demand for a wide variety of industrial machinery. And only American goods are relevant to the universal longing, never completely repressed, for nylons, Camels, intricately supported breasts, and Arrow shirts.

Someone has suggested that in the second half of the nineteenth century there was not a country in the world where Scottish engineers were not at work building British railroads. True; but when American leadership superseded that of Britain, it did so with a difference. The demand for British coal, steel, ships, railway equipment, and the yearning of a masculine century for English suitings and London tailoring were balanced by an equally urgent demand by Britain for food and raw materials from the world at large. While selling to the world, Britain in order to live, was compelled to distribute the sterling to the world. She found it an easy currency to manage for it nearly managed itself.

The United States, by contrast, is under no similar compulsion to distribute dollars to the world. It has the world's most efficient agricultural plant and is uncommonly well supplied with raw materials. Before the war a mere half-dozen items—rubber, sugar, coffee, tin, pulp and paper, and silk—accounted for roughly a third of all imports; and two of these, silk and natural rubber, are now semi-obsolete. While the world is terribly dependent on the United States, the United States is not terribly dependent on the world.

This does not mean that Western Europe or other areas trading with the United States face a permanent dollar shortage—the phrase is somewhat meaningless, for any shortage can always be eliminated by not buying American goods. It does mean that countries will have a continuing problem of getting all the American goods they want and the question is whether the sacrifice of doing without can be afforded. For thirty years—the years of American industrial pre-eminence—the issue has been finessed. Europe has either used its gold reserves to buy American products, or—via the Treasury Loans following 1918, the Dawes and Young loans, the great Wall Street lending spree of the late twenties, and since 1945 via UNRRA, the British Loan, Export-Import Bank loans, Interim Aid, and now the Marshall Plan—the United States has managed to discover new justifications for the unnatural act of giving away money.

If the United States continues to find new formulae for *largesse,* then Western Europe, while it will not be self-supporting, will not be in trouble. But it would hardly seem wise to count on this possibility, in which event Western Europe's misfortune is engraved on both sides of the coin. Not only does it have to live with its own obsolete organization but it must contend with the dramatically more effective organization of the United States.

VI

THERE is a further and final chance that Western Europe will also have to compete and contend with a much more effective management of Eastern Europe. In this age of spy hunts and saliva tests for loyalty it has become unfashionable and perhaps dangerous to think rationally about Communism. Otherwise Americans could hardly but be impressed by the achievement of the Communists in converting several million Europeans (a minority but a large one) from a parochial nationalism to a militant faith in supranational, if Russian-dominated, order. This has been mainly accomplished, in the most practical of political traditions, by organizing from the bottom up—by persuading men and women at what we choose to call the grass roots.

Moreover, Communism has captured Eastern Europe under circumstances that, all things considered, are auspicious. Because it has more agriculture than Western Europe and is accustomed to a lower standard of living, the Molotov area is inherently more

manageable than the Marshall area. Tito's insurgency notwithstanding, there is evidence of close integration of the trade and industry of the region. Even the Czechs and Poles, under what amounts to a common Communist government, have teamed together for the joint exploitation of the Upper Silesian and Teschen industrial regions. In Poland, Yugoslavia, as well as in undamaged Czechoslovakia, recovery appears to have proceeded as rapidly as anywhere in Europe—and without a Marshall Plan.

If by ridding itself of petty nationalism, Eastern Europe should succeed in eliminating economic instability and distress, its chances for capturing all Europe would be excellent. That would be a misfortune of unparalleled gravity for the liberal world. But the Marshall Plan itself is based on the shrewd notion that people who are insecure, hungry, and without hope are not ardent defenders of liberal institutions or discriminating in the political systems they embrace.

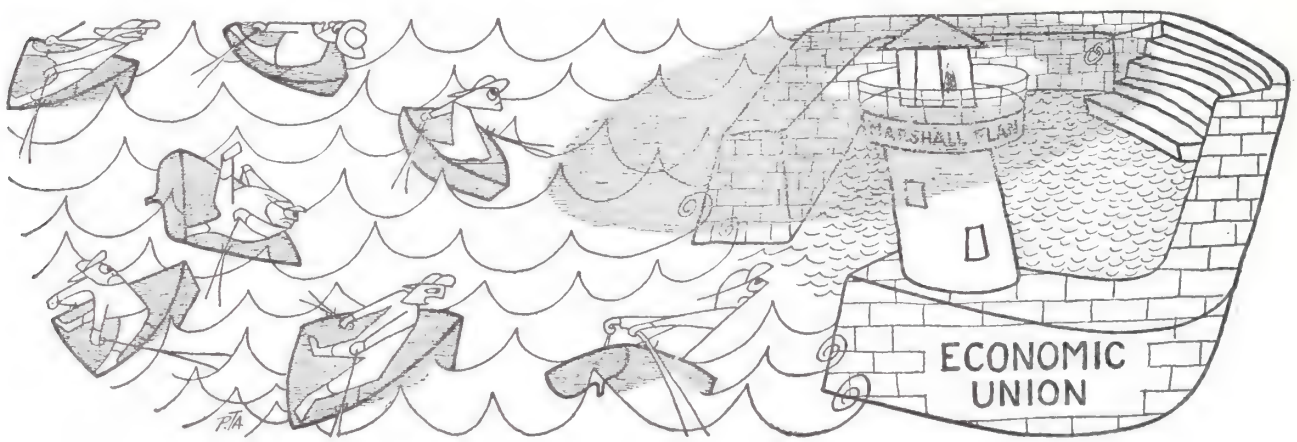
VII

WESTERN Europe quite obviously has one way out. That is to use the three and a half years during which the Marshall Plan makes American assistance reasonably certain, to exchange its obsolete constitution for one under which it can survive. Although the Marshall Plan, of itself, holds out no promise of an independent Europe, it could be indispensable in financing Western Europe to this goal.

The great hope for the Marshall Plan, in fact, is that the world may come to look upon it as a rather secondary event of our time. *The prime event of current history must be the union that the Marshall Plan helped bring into being.* Only that will insure a management for Western Europe that is competent for the tasks of twentieth-century government and offer prospect for survival between the vast economic monoliths to the West and East.

If the diagnosis in this article is valid it must be a union that conforms to definite and, on the whole, rather difficult specifications. For, if it is agreed that the principal cause of Europe's obsolescence is the new responsibility which governments have assumed on behalf of their citizens, the only reorganization that will do much good is one that establishes a central authority with both the power and the means for discharging this responsibility. The need for union arises not from any inherent virtues of the large state but from the exigencies of survival. There can be no quarrel with a federation that leaves to constituent states the greatest autonomy in cultural affairs, in exercise of the police power, and in the whole range of welfare activity and community enterprise and experiment. But on economic policy there can be no compromise. Voluntary collaboration, customs unions, committees for economic cooperation will not do—in fact they are dangerous booby-traps for the undiscriminating believer in union. Unless Western Europe is to return to the *laisser-faire* patterns of the nineteenth century—in which event no union is necessary—there must be a single organ of economic administration. Otherwise individual governments will assume responsibility on behalf of their people because they have no choice but to do so.

It is useless to talk of a union which leaves individual governments with the tools out of which disunion is made, in an age when their citizens will demand that they use them.



The Man Who Walked Through Walls

A Story by Marcel Aymé

Translated by E. and M. Teichner and Illustrated by Adolf Hallman

In Montmartre, on the third floor of 75A Rue d'Orchampt, there lived a good man by the name of Dutilleul who was gifted with the singular ability to walk through walls, without being inconvenienced in any way. He wore a pince-nez and a small black goatee, and worked as a clerk at the Ministry of Registration. In winter he went to the office by bus, and when the weather was kinder, he walked the distance under his derby.

Dutilleul had just turned forty-three when this power was revealed to him. Caught one evening, by a brief electrical breakdown, in the foyer of his small bachelor apartment, he groped about for a moment in the darkness. When the current was restored, he found himself on the third floor landing. The fact that his front door was locked on the inside made him pause and reflect. Reason notwithstanding, he decided to return the way he had come; going straight through the wall. This strange faculty, apparently gratifying none of his aspirations, was a source of annoyance, and, as the next day was Saturday, he took advantage of the five-day week to visit a neighborhood doctor and explain his troubles. The doctor ascertained for himself the truth of Dutilleul's story, and after a thorough examination, discovered the cause of the affliction in a hardening of the helix of the strangulary wall of the thyroid. He prescribed a very active life and pills compounded of pirete powder (tetravalent), rice flour, and centaur hormones, taken twice a year.

Dutilleul swallowed the first pill, put the medicine away in a drawer, and thought no more of the matter. As for living a very active life, his bureaucratic existence, bound by routine, precluded excesses of any kind. Nor did his leisure-time occupations oblige him to any unreasonable expenditure of energy, taken up, as it was, with the reading of the daily paper, and his stamp collection. So, at the end of a year he had kept intact his faculty to pass through walls, without putting it to any use. This was not by way of inadvertence, but, rather, because of a lack of curiosity and a mulish resistance to the force of his imagination. It never even occurred to him that he might enter his rooms by any means other than the front door, after duly turning the lock. He might have aged in the peace of his daily routine, without being tempted to put his gifts to the test, had not this existence been suddenly turned upside-down by a disconcerting event.

His immediate superior at the Ministry of Registration, M. Mouron, was called to other duties, and was replaced by a certain M. Lécuyer, a man of few words and a clipped mustache. From the first day his new boss looked askance at Dutilleul's pince-nez hanging on a chain, and his black goatee. Lécuyer treated him like an old and slightly unclean nuisance. But what was most serious was that the newcomer aspired to introduce certain reforms calculated to disturb the complacency of his subordinate. For twenty years Dutilleul had begun his letters with the following formula:

"Referring to your esteemed letter of such and such date, and for your knowledge, to our previous correspondence, I have the honor to inform you . . . ."

For this, M. Lécuyer wished to substitute another introduction with a more American turn of phrase:

"In response to your letter of such and such date, I wish to inform you . . . ."

Dutilleul was incapable of adapting himself to these epistolary fashions. Despite himself, he returned to the traditional mode of address, and the mechanical obstinacy with which he accomplished this gained him the growing enmity of his superior. The atmosphere of the Ministry of Registration seemed almost oppressive. In the mornings he set off to work with apprehension, and in the evenings, in his bed, he often meditated for a whole quarter-hour before falling off to sleep. Disgusted by this negative attitude which compromised the success of his reforms, M. Lécuyer had relegated Dutilleul to a dark hole next to his office. Entrance was by a low, narrow door, opening on the corridor. It still bore in capital letters the inscription: STOREROOM. Dutilleul resigned himself to this unprecedented humiliation, but once at home, while reading in his paper the story of some bloody incident, he caught himself dreaming of M. Lécuyer as the victim.

One day his superior burst into the cell brandishing a letter, and began to bellow:

"Do this damn thing over! This stupid nonsense which dishonors my department!"

Dutilleul tried to object, but M. Lécuyer treated him like a low order of cockroach, and before leaving, crushed the letter and threw it in his face. For all his diffidence, Dutilleul was a man of spirit. Left alone in his little office, his temperature rose, and suddenly he felt himself inspired. He got up from his chair and entered the wall that separated the two offices. But he entered prudently, so that only his head emerged on the other side. M. Lécuyer was seated at his desk, still upset, relocating a comma in the text of some underling, when he heard a cough in the office. Raising his eyes, he discovered, with indescribable panic, Dutilleul's head, stuck on the wall like a hunting trophy. And this head was alive. Through the pince-nez, it pierced him with a look of hatred. Better still, the head spoke. "Sir," it said, "you are a cad, a scoundrel, and a knave."

Agape with horror, M. Lécuyer was incapable of taking his eyes off this apparition. Finally, he tore himself from his armchair, rushed into the corridor, and ran into the storeroom. Dutilleul, pen in hand, was seated at his usual place in a peaceful and hard-working pose. His superior scrutinized him carefully and at length, mumbled a few words, and returned to his office. Hardly had he seated himself, when the head reappeared on the wall. "Sir, you are a cad, a scoundrel, and a knave."

In the course of that one day, the dreaded head appeared on the wall twenty-three times, and it reappeared as often in the days that followed. Dutilleul had acquired a certain ease at this game, and no longer restricted himself to invective directed at his superior. He uttered vague threats; for instance, he declaimed, in a sepulchral voice, punctuated with truly demoniacal laughs, a nursery rhyme which began with the words, "Garou! Garou!" and conveyed a sense of overpowering menace.

Hearing this, poor M. Lécuyer paled still further, gasped a little more than usual; his hair stood straight up on end, and a horrible sweat of agony flowed down his back. The first day he lost a pound. In the week following, aside from melting away almost to the point of transparency, he took to drinking his soup with a fork and saluting policemen. At the beginning of the second week, an ambulance came to his door and took him away to an asylum.

Rid of M. Lécuyer's tyranny, Dutilleul was able to return to his cherished introductory sentence:

"Referring to your esteemed letter of such and such date . . . ."

Nonetheless, he was dissatisfied. Something inside clamored, a new and imperious need, which was nothing less than the urge to go through walls. Undoubtedly, he did not lack of facilities. At home, for instance, he indulged himself. But the man who possesses such brilliant gifts is not long content to exercise them on such mediocre objects. Besides, going through walls cannot be considered an end in itself. It is the beginning of an adventure that provokes a sequence, a development, and, inexorably, a retribution. This Dutilleul understood well. He felt a need for expansion, a growing desire to fulfill and outdo himself, and a kind of nostalgia, which appeared to be something like the call from beyond the wall. Unfortunately, he lacked a goal. He sought inspiration in the newspaper, particularly in the political and sports sections. These seemed like honorable pursuits, but he finally decided that they offered no outlet to people who could go through walls, and he fell back on the one field that showed promise.

DUTILLEUL'S first burglary took place in a large banking establishment in the financial district. Having gone through a dozen or so walls and partitions, he entered several vaults, and filled his pockets with banknotes. Before leaving, he autographed his crime, under the pseudonym Garou-Garou, with an extremely elaborate flourish that was reproduced in all the newspapers the next day. By the end of a week, the name Garou-Garou had attained an extraordinary fame. The public gave its sympathy without reservation to this wonder-working thief who so mystified the police. Every night he made his presence known by some new exploit, at the expense of a bank, a jewelry store, or some wealthy person.





There was no dreamy-eyed woman, whether in Paris or in the provinces, who did not desire ardently to belong body and soul to the terrible Garou-Garou. After the lifting of the Burdigala diamond, and the looting of the Municipal Bank, both in the space of a week, popular enthusiasm reached delirious heights. The Minister of the Interior was forced to resign, and in his fall pulled along the Minister of Registration. While all this was transpiring, Dutilleul, now one of the wealthiest men in Paris, was always punctually at his office. He was even spoken of for academic palms. His pleasure, in the mornings, was to listen to his colleagues' comments on his exploits of the previous night.

"A genius, this Garou-Garou," they said, "a remarkable man, a superman."

Hearing such praise, Dutilleul blushed with confusion, and under his pince-nez, his eyes shone with friendship and gratitude. One day this sympathetic atmosphere put him in such an expansive mood that he felt no longer capable of keeping the secret to himself. The remnants of a shy personality made him first apprise his colleagues, clustered about a newspaper telling about the robbery of the Bank of France. He said in a modest voice:

"You know, this Garou-Garou, that's me."

An enormous and interminable laugh assailed his ears, and Dutilleul, by way of scorn, was nicknamed Garou-Garou. At quitting-time, in the evening, he was the butt of endless scoffing from his comrades. Life seemed less beautiful.

Some days later, Garou-Garou had himself nabbed by a night patrolman in a jewelry store on the Rue de la Paix. He had inscribed his signature on the cash register and was singing a drinking song, while shattering show-cases with a massive gold goblet. It would have been simple to bury himself in a wall, and thus to escape the patrolman, but everything leads one to believe that he wanted to be arrested, probably with the sole aim of confounding his colleagues, whose skepticism had been so mortifying. And indeed, Dutilleul's photograph on the front pages of the papers the following day caused great surprise amongst them. They regretted bitterly having so misjudged their genial comrade, and rendered homage to him by growing goatees. Led on by a combination of remorse and admiration, some of them even tried to snatch the billfolds and watches of friends and acquaintances. Undoubtedly, the fact that he allowed himself to be captured by the police in order to astound a few colleagues, will be taken as evidence of a frivolous turn of mind, unworthy of so exceptional a man. But such temptation overwhelms the will. In renouncing his liberty, Dutilleul thought he was merely yielding to an arrogant desire for revenge, while, in fact, he was really accomplishing his destiny. For a man who can go through walls, no audacious career is complete if he has not, at least once, been imprisoned.

DUTILLEUL felt that he was being spoiled by fortune as soon as he entered the premises of the Santé. The thickness of the walls was a real treat. On the second day of his imprisonment, the guards were stupefied to discover that the prisoner had hammered a nail into his wall, and had hung thereupon a gold watch belonging to the warden. The prisoner was either unwilling or unable to tell how the object had come into his possession. The watch was returned to its owner, and was found on the morrow at the head of Garou-Garou's cot, alongside a copy of the first volume of *The Three Musketeers,* borrowed from the warden's

bookshelves. The staff of the Santé was on edge. Besides, the guards complained of being kicked in the rear by an unknown agency. The walls seemed to have sprouted feet, as well as ears. Garou-Garou had been imprisoned at the Santé for a week when the warden, one morning, was greeted by a letter on his desk:

My dear Warden:

Referring to our talk of the 17th inst., and for your reminder, to your overall instructions of the 15th of May of last year, I have the honor to inform you that I have just finished the second volume of *The Three Musketeers,* and that I plan to escape tonight, between 11:25 and 11:35.

I beg of you, my dear sir, to accept the expression of my profound respect.

Garou-Garou.

Despite the strict surveillance under which he was placed, Dutilleul escaped at 11:30. This news, published the next morning, aroused enormous enthusiasm everywhere. In the meanwhile, having brought off a new robbery, which capped his popularity, Dutilleul appeared unconcerned about hiding, and circulated freely in Montmartre. He was arrested three days after his escape at the Café du Rêve, Rue Caulaincourt, a little after midday, while drinking a glass of white wine and lemon with some friends.

Returned to the Santé, and imprisoned under triple lock in solitary confinement, he escaped that very night, and went to sleep in the guest room of the warden's apartment. The next morning, just before nine, he rang for the maid to bring his breakfast, and allowed himself to be plucked, without resistance, from the bed by the alerted guards. Incensed, the warden established a guard post at the door of his cell, and put him on a diet of dry bread and water. At noon, the prisoner went to eat in a nearby restaurant, and, after drinking his coffee, phoned the warden:

"Hello, Warden? I am terribly embarrassed, but just a little while ago, when leaving, I forgot to take your wallet, and now I'm stuck at a restaurant. Would you be so kind as to send someone to pay the bill?"

The warden rushed over in person, and lost his temper to the point of threatening and cursing. His pride touched, Dutilleul escaped the following night, never to return. This time, he took the precaution of shaving off his black goatee, and replaced his pince-nez glasses with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. A sports cap and a loud checked suit, with plus-fours, completed the transformation. He set himself up in a small apartment on the Avenue Junot, where, before his first arrest, he had sent part of his furniture and his most treasured possessions. The tumult and fame surrounding his name had become tedious, and since staying at the Santé, his enthusiasm for going through walls had become jaded. The most massive and pretentious now seemed mere screens, and he dreamed of penetrating to the heart of some great pyramid. While this project of a trip to Egypt was taking form, he led a most uneventful existence, dividing his time between motion pictures, his stamp collection, and long strolls about Montmartre. So complete was the metamorphosis that, with shaven face and horn-rimmed glasses, he brushed against his best friends on the street without being recognized. Only the painter Gen Paul, observant of the slightest changes in the physiognomy of old Montmartre residents, penetrated his disguise. One morning, finding himself face to face with Dutilleul, at the corner of the Rue de l'Abreuvoir, he could not refrain from saying in his vulgar way:

"I see you got yourself rigged up like a plush duck to dodge the cops."

"Ah!" murmured Dutilleul, "you recognize me."



He was worried and decided to hasten his departure for Egypt. But on the afternoon of that very day, he fell in love with a blonde beauty whom he saw twice in the space of a quarter hour on the Rue Lepic. All thoughts of stamps, Egypt, and the Pyramids vanished from his mind.

For her part, the blonde looked him over with considerable interest. Nothing strikes the fancy of modern young ladies like a loud checked suit and horn-rimmed spectacles. They see stardom, and dream of cocktails and California nights. Unfortunately, so Gen Paul informed Dutilleul, the beauty was married to a brutal and jealous husband. Besides, this suspicious spouse led a life of pleasure and license. Regularly, he deserted his wife between ten in the evening and four in the morning, but, before leaving, he took the precaution of locking her in her room and barring the windows. In the daytime, too, he maintained this strict supervision, even following her through the streets of Montmartre.

"The old rascal's always on the watch," said Gen Paul. "He won't stand for any muscling in on his territory."

But Gen Paul's warning served only to inflame Dutilleul. The next day, running across the young woman in the Rue Tholozé, he ventured to follow her into a dairy. While waiting his turn to be served, Dutilleul declared his respectful passion, adding that he knew everything—the wicked husband, the locked and barred room—but that he would visit her that very night. The blonde blushed, the milk pitcher trembled in her hand, and her eyes became dewy with tenderness. She sighed weakly and said:

"Alas, Monsieur, that is impossible."

AT TEN O'CLOCK in the evening of that joyful day Dutilleul was on duty at the Rue Norvins, inspecting a robust garden wall. Behind it stood a small house, of which only the chimney and weather vane were visible. A door opened in the wall, and a man after carefully locking it behind him, set out down the hill toward the Avenue Junot.

Dutilleul waited until he had disappeared from view, turning a corner at some distance, and counted to ten. Then he jumped like a gymnast into the wall, and going through all subsequent obstacles, finally entered the room of the beautiful recluse. She greeted him rapturously, and they made love until a late hour.

The following day, Dutilleul had the misfortune to suffer severe headaches. He judged the matter to be of little importance, and did not intend, because of it, to miss his rendezvous. Nevertheless, by chance discovering a few scattered pills at the bottom of a drawer, he swallowed one in the morning, and another in the afternoon. By evening, the pains were tolerable, and they were forgotten in his exaltation. The young woman awaited him with an impatience rekindled by the memory of the previous night, and they made love until three in the morning.

After leaving, while going through the partitions and walls of the house, Dutilleul had the impression of an unaccustomed friction about the hips and shoulders. However, he did not at first give it much attention. Be sides, it was only in penetrating the garden wall that he had the clear sensation of resistance. He felt that he was moving in a still fluid medium, but one that was coagulating rapidly with each of his movements. Having succeeded in lodging his whole body in the thickness of the wall, he noticed that he could not advance further, and remembered with horror the two pills he had taken during the day. He had thought them aspirins, but, in reality, they were the tetravalent pirete powders the doctor had prescribed the previous year. The effect of this medication, on top of a very active existence, manifested itself suddenly.

Dutilleul was, as it were, congealed in the interior of the wall. He is still there, solidly ensconced. The evening strollers who walk down the Rue Norvins when the rumble of Paris has abated, hear a muffled voice that appears to come from beyond the grave. They take it to be the wind whistling through the square at the Butte Montmartre. It is Garou-Garou, who laments the end of his glorious career, and regrets his love cut short. Some winter evenings, the painter Gen Paul takes his guitar down from the wall, and in the sonorous solitude, wanders down the Rue Norvins in order to console the poor prisoner with a song. The notes, winging from his numbed fingers, penetrate to the heart of the stone like drops of moonlight.

A Million Unknown Diabetics

C. Lester Walker

"PRETTY good shape, eh, doc?" Jackson said, cocky. He was a former all-American halfback. Now forty-nine, he played squash and polo and prided himself on his "condition."

"Yes," the doctor said, "all good so far. Heart, lungs—all that." He put a small, black plastic box and Jackson's specimen bottle on the laboratory table. "Now this sugar test and I'm through with you."

"Sugar!" Jackson laughed. "Imagine me diabetic."

In the doctor's outer office the phone rang.

"Jackie, start this test yourself while I answer that." He shoved the box across the table. "Just follow the directions."

Jackson followed them. He took the eye-dropper, put ten drops of water in the tiny test tube, from the bottle five drops of urine. Then he dropped in the tablet supplied. While it fizzed he got out the little color chart. It was three by four inches, with eight color plaques on it, ranging from blue (negative) to orange (positive). He shook the test tube, held it to the light, then to the chart.

He blinked, shook himself, looked again, then became, suddenly, a little panicky. Impossible! Why, the color showed right over on the orange side! Could *he* have—well—diabetes, maybe? Could he have diabetes and *not even know it?*

The doctor, returning, told him that he certainly could. And a double check (a blood-sugar and a glucose-tolerance test) proved that he had.

A unique case? Not at all. In fact, these days, a rather commonplace one. For Jackson is just one of a million Americans who today have diabetes and are unaware of it.

However, they and Jackson are only a part of the present diabetic picture. There are another one million Americans with *known* diabetes. And the disease now kills off about 26,000 of us a year. And, further, there is disturbing evidence that it is on the increase.

In 1900, the medical statisticians tell us, diabetes as a cause of death in the United States stood twenty-fifth. By 1940 it had climbed to ninth. Today some doctors believe that if all the figures were in, it would place seventh on the "killer" list.

Nor does the trend at this date give any promise of reversing itself. Forecasts of the future from medical sources, are discomforting. It is predicted that by 1950 we shall see that the number of diabetics in the United States during the nineteen-forties rose 18 per cent; and on the basis of these percentages it is feared that the increase of diabetes by 1985 may be as high as 74 per cent.

"Today," declares Dr. Elliott P. Joslin, of Boston, the country's leading authority on diabetes, and no alarmist, "one fourth of our people carry a diabetic strain." Another

C. Lester Walker, one of whose many articles for Harper's *was "Arthritis, the Unseen Enemy," is now working on a book based on the population problems he discussed in "Too Many People."*

diabetes expert looking at the future has asserted that in the United States today, this very moment, there are three million unsuspecting persons who will develop diabetes unless, haply, they are guided to safety by preventive measures in time.

Such is the over-all prospect that the United States Public Health Service has set up a special "Office of Diabetes" to spearhead an attack on the problem. Other medical circles are likewise aroused; and one of them, the American Diabetes Association, leading organization of diabetes specialists in the country, has just launched a campaign throughout the United States and Canada—the first of its kind on such a scale—to take the facts about diabetes to the people.

II

As MANY of us already know, diabetes is a disorder of the pancreas, which is a pink-colored, tongue-shaped organ lying behind the stomach and rather near the liver. It is a small organ—only about four inches long.

It is the job of the pancreas to manufacture secretions—two in number. Of these it turns one into the intestinal canal. The other it pushes into the blood stream. This second secretion is known as insulin, which is where diabetes comes in.

Digestion, among its other accomplishments, takes your latest meal and, by a very involved and tricky chemical process, turns its sugars, starches, and some of its fats and proteins into glucose. Glucose is a sugar of a special kind, the special kind that the body must have for fuel. Glucose is "burned," that is, oxidized (as wood when *it* burns), and if there is any extra it is put away as a reserve as fat or as glycogen, an altered glucose, in your liver or your muscles. But a curious thing is that neither the burning process nor the storing away can happen without the assistance of that second secretion from the pancreas—insulin.

"Take away insulin," as one doctor puts it, "and you shut tight the draft of the stove."

Why is insulin necessary? That is still a mystery. Nobody knows.

Scattered about through the pancreas are some groups of special cells—small ones—in one pancreas there are probably a million of them—which are called, from the name of their discoverer, the islets of Langerhans. These cells, the physiologists know, make the insulin. One day, Langerhans' little islands get out of kilter or lie down on the job, producing little insulin, or at most an insufficient quantity. Why do they get out of kilter? That too is a mystery. But it is no mystery what soon happens to you.

You begin to get the symptoms and signs of diabetes. You have a great thirst, drink a lot of water, constantly. You are troubled with frequent and excessive urination. Fatigue attacks you easily. Perhaps you cut yourself by accident and find that the wound is slow to heal, and infects easily. And you are hungry most of the time, but, with all you eat, you are losing weight.

What is going on is that for lack of insulin the body is unable to burn its food. Your glucose-sugar—much of it—is being wasted, unused, and your system, in desperate straits, is drawing on its fats for fuel. *Naturally* you are losing weight. Actually you are in the process of starving to death.

If the process runs on unchecked, the diabetic one day collapses into a state of coma, a condition from which nothing will revive him but insulin.

Insulin *will* revive him however (if given in sufficient quantity in time); and insulin today, over twenty-five years after its discovery, is still, with diet, the *only* diabetic remedy. (As the American Diabetes Association campaign is forcefully warning all Americans, any other "medicine" for diabetes is a piece of sheer quackery.)

THAT, however, is not all the news about insulin. Although still fundamentally the same substance which its Canadian discoverers, Banting and Best, gave to the world in 1921, it comes today in new forms. A product of the research chemists, these new insulins have so advanced the treatment of diabetes that now they enable diabetics to lead a practically normal life.

The first insulin was a gray-brown fluid which Dr. Banting extracted from mashed-up cattle pancreas from the slaughter house. Animal pancreas is still the only source. All the wiles of all the chemists have as yet been unable to synthesize this hormone in a test tube. They have refined and purified it, how-

ever, and today simple or "unmodified" insulin comes as a clear watery liquid or as crystals.

This insulin, as from the beginning, works fast. Injected, it acts at once to lower the diabetic's blood sugar. However, it is effective for only five to six hours, when, without fail, it has to be taken again.

But there are two new insulins which now get around this shortcoming. They are called Protamine Zinc Insulin and Globin Insulin. Both are combined with proteins (the Globin, for instance, with beef hemoglobin) which, metaphorically speaking, change their firing time.

They begin to act later and keep going longer. Depending on dosage and the individual, Protamine will work over a period of 18 to 72 hours. Globin is good for 15, and doesn't start to act for one hour. And Protamine won't begin to get to work until four to six hours have passed.

Observe, therefore, what can now be done. The diabetic can have a sort of insulin "cocktail"—a mixture of types, in one dose. "Tailored," as one doctor has put it, "to his individual blood-sugar situation." The slow-working and fast-working complement one another. So the fact is that often a diabetic need take his insulin now but once in a twenty-four-hour day.

New knowledge of diet has also improved the technique of diabetes treatment. Before the discovery of insulin the diabetic's meals were a tasteless nightmare: high fat, starchless, sugarless foods. "Spinach—cooked three times," old-time diabetics still reminiscently moan.

Today the diabetic person has to watch what he eats, but if he will adjust his weight needs, his meals can include satisfying amounts of carbohydrates, fats, and even sugars. A "liberal" specialist will even permit his patient to eat "as usual," provided he keeps that weight down. And the most rigorous diet today permits a liberal amount of even sugars and starches to diabetics whose daily job calls for strenuous exercise.

Even alcohol is now not entirely tabu. "For my patients sweet wines, beer, and champagne are not countenanced," one New York specialist has summed it up, "but clarets, burgundies, whiskies, and brandies are allowed."

PERHAPS the most spectacular result of the new insulins and the ever increasing dietary knowledge is that persons afflicted with the disease can now lead not only nearly normal lives but also long and vigorously active ones.

At one time if you had diabetes your life-expectancy average was only five years—and grim and wasting-away years they were, too. Today your chances are excellent of living as long with diabetes, under proper treatment, as you might reasonably have expected to live without it. And it is news to most Americans, probably, that a person with diabetes now can take out insurance. Upon a physician's statement that the disease is under control, it is now available, at last report, in forty-five insurance companies.

Moreover, the diabetic today can now live *really* strenuously. And there are plenty of modern instances of the fact.

Absenteeism was less among diabetics than among non-diabetics in war factory work in the late war, and some of the most exacting top-bracket jobs in the country today are being filled by diabetic Americans, and with so little fuss that usually the public is unaware of the situation. Clinton Anderson, the former Secretary of Agriculture, and John Prescott, Treasurer of General Foods, are diabetes cases. So for years was New York's Mayor La Guardia. So was H. G. Wells.

Perhaps the most amazing current example of diabetes and the strenuous life, however, is the champion tennis player William F. Talbert. Talbert has been national indoor singles champion and Davis Cup Team member, and has had severe diabetes for over twenty years. Yet he has played in 500 tournament matches, traveled over a quarter of a million miles to do so, and taken 10,000 shots of insulin. At one stretch Talbert played over 100 consecutive days of tennis without any ill effect from his diabetes. Once, one morning, he failed to wake up, owing to insulin shock, which is caused by over-supply, in this case brought on by his having forgotten to eat something before retiring the night before. "Out" for thirty-six hours, during which time doctors unaware of his diabetes "tapped" his spine for meningitis, he then spent five days in the hospital. Three days later this case of diabetes walked on to the courts and played the French ace Borotra.

III

It is a well-established fact today that diabetes prefers fat people. Take a group of a thousand diabetics and the chances are that 90 per cent of them have at some time in their lives been obese. It is only as the disease advances that they begin to lose weight. In one group of 5,000 adult diabetics more than half were as much as twenty per cent over normal weight. A quarter of the women were forty per cent or more over the line. But the exact cause and effect relationship of overweight and the disease is something which the doctors do not yet completely agree upon. In fact, one authority, Dr. I. Arthur Mirsky, believes that obesity is not a cause of diabetes but a *phase*.

We know too that nowadays diabetes strikes more women than men. Among Americans the death rate in 1940 was 34.4 women per 100,000, and 20 for the men. The reason for the difference is attributed to a number of things, some doctors claiming it is due to pregnancies and the glandular disturbances which then often work on the body's sugar-and-starch-using abilities. Others blame the menopause and its endocrine changes. In more prosaic fashion some authorities just say, "The diabetic death rate for married women is twice that for single women. Reason: married women are overfed and underexercised."

Another highly interesting fact about the disease is that it has a higher incidence among some peoples than among others. The rate among the Irish is low, although presently rising. Its occurrence is notably high, probably highest, among Jews. Many authorities now believe that for the latter the cause is assignable to the frequently sedentary life of Jewish people, their love of fatty foods, and their tendency to intermarry and thus pile diabetic inheritance upon diabetic inheritance.

For the disease, we know today, is definitely inheritable. It is what the geneticists call a Mendelian recessive—that is, it follows the same inheritance path as baldness and color blindness and may skip a generation. Although it then seems to have disappeared, the taint is still present, lying latent within the genes of the human germ cell.

Hence, although one may not have diabetes oneself, if one has a diabetic heredity, it is better not to marry a partner who has the same. Children of the marriage will very likely develop diabetes. Another fact in the inheritance picture: the records show that if both parents have *active* diabetes, *all* the children will have it, inevitably, if they live long enough.

However, love which laughs at locksmiths also laughs at diabetes. And diabetics *will* marry. This always raises the question: "What about diabetes and women—pregnancies?"

Formerly the facts about a diabetic mother bearing children were grim in the extreme, but they tell a different story today. Before insulin, women with diabetes could seldom become pregnant at all. And if they did, five out of ten pregnancies were failures. Now, thanks to new prenatal treatment techniques, the diabetic mother has a better than twenty-five-to-one chance to bear a live and healthy child.

The new techniques have come about through the work of a woman doctor, Priscilla White, of Tufts College Medical School, of Massachusetts. Doctor White in her researches observed that there was an imbalance in the female sex hormones of the pregnant diabetic mother—hormones necessary for the development of the fetus and for its birth. In her out-of-balance cases fifty per cent of the babies died. Another cause for these pregnancy failures, she found, was the tendency for diabetes to harden the arteries, that is, induce arteriosclerosis. The pelvic arteries of a diabetic mother were, therefore, often constricted, which prevented sufficient blood—that is, nourishment—from getting to the unborn child. Stillbirths were then frequently the tragic result.

Dr. White experimented, giving the diabetic mothers the missing hormones—estrogen, stilbestrol, and corpus luteum—by pill and hypo. Ninety per cent of the mothers then bore live and healthy babies. Hence it can be safely stated today that the diabetic pregnancy problem is now being conquered.

Some other diabetes problems, however, haven't lent themselves to any solution, and there remain many tantalizing riddles. *How* does insulin control the blood-

sugar, for instance? Even that fundamental question is still unanswered. And *why* do the islets of Langerhans fail to produce sometimes? And is the pancreas the sole miscreant? Or may other organs—the liver, the pituitary gland—perhaps be involved?

There is even a strong suspicion rising that insufficient insulin may not be the only cause. Post mortems have revealed diabetics with a perfectly normal pancreas. Then, may the trouble be not lack of insulin but some mysterious inability of the body to utilize its insulin?

Some researchers are now wondering if such inability (where it exists) might be tied up with the pituitary gland. This organ from its seat at the base of the brain is a sort of natural antagonist of the pancreas. Their secretions inhibit one another. An extract from the anterior lobe of the pituitary, if given to dogs in the laboratory, produces genuine diabetes. And from a researcher at the University of Michigan, Dr. Jerome Conn, comes news that he has injected animal pituitary extract into normal human beings and brought on (although he did not allow it to continue for more than ten or eleven days) sure-enough diabetes. Which makes one wonder, of course, whether the key to the No. 1 diabetes riddle may be in the pituitary gland and—contrary to what has been usually assumed—not in the pancreas at all!

Another top-drawer research problem is the quest for an ideal insulin, or even for an altogether different substance which will be superior to insulin. By "ideal" is meant an insulin which would work only in response to demand, That is, it would stay in the system and act over a long period, but act only *if* sugar were present and in the degree necessary. An insulin, in other words, which would be a sort of automatic pancreas.

A blood-sugar-control substance which could be taken by mouth is another ideal. Insulin, of course, always has to be taken by hypo. It must go directly into the body tissues since if it is taken into the digestive tract the digestive juices destroy it. Some while ago a drug appeared which seemed to be the answer. Called synthalin, it raised high hopes, then flopped dismally.

"We thought we had it," one diabetic specialist has reported, "but then the stuff turned out to be a liver poison!"

But for the average American the most interesting diabetes research problem today is undoubtedly that of diabetes and hardening of the arteries. Before insulin most deaths from diabetes were due to diabetic coma. Today this causes only three per cent of them. But arteriosclerosis now brings on sixty-six per cent of diabetic deaths.

About this situation there are some well-established facts. The diabetic, for instance, is much more susceptible to arteriosclerosis than the non-diabetic. A diabetic child of twelve will sometimes have the arteries of a man of seventy. And arteriosclerosis induced by diabetes seems to be able to strike anywhere: the heart, the brain, the kidneys. When it works in the extremities, hands or feet, circulation is impaired and gangrene often develops. Attacking the retina of the eye, it brings blindness. Proper treatment of the diabetes does not always insure against it, and the doctors believe that diabetics have more progression of arteriosclerosis than can be attributed solely to a person's aging. So in such cases diabetes can be pretty definitely labeled as the cause of hardening of the arteries.

This fact leads many physicians to hope that one day we shall see the riddle of arteriosclerosis solved by successful research in diabetes. Dr. Joslin goes so far as to say:

"Solve arteriosclerosis for the diabetic and you solve it for all mankind."

IV

WHAT is to be done about the one million Americans who have diabetes and are ignorant of the fact? In its current campaign the American Diabetes Association hopes to find them, by the thousands—through publicity and through enlisting the aid of the general practitioner in every community. An after-meal blood-sugar and urine-sugar test will be offered free of charge to any one who has a diabetic heredity or is obese. But the offer has one condition: the taker of the test must agree to designate some physician or clinic to which the test results may be forwarded for proper interpretation.

In addition, in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service, special concentrated screenings of individual towns are being made, following the procedure suc-

cessfully used by the Health Service in a diabetic survey made late in 1947 in the town of Oxford, Massachusetts. On that occasion a whole community was, for the first time, taken over by a diabetes survey team. (It consisted of eight people: a physician, a public health nurse, a nutritionist, a health educator, and four laboratory technicians.) This group established headquarters in the Town Hall and set out to make every citizen of knowledgeable age diabetes-conscious; and also, if possible, to induce everyone to submit to a blood-sugar and urine-sugar test.

Before this survey was over the campaigners were soliciting blood and urine samples from school children, hospital patients, and housewives—in many cases actually ringing doorbells. And for the too old or the too busy to come to Town Hall headquarters a mobile laboratory went the rounds, collecting samples of blood and picking up, in the mornings, specimen bottles set out next to the milkman's empties on the back stoop.

By the end of the campaign over seventy per cent of Oxford's folk had been tested—and found to have three unknown diabetics for every four known. No diabetes survey like this had ever been conducted before, and the method proved so effective and so dramatic that in this winter's national campaign it is being used again upon a number of other towns.

In its search for the diabetic unknowns, the Association is trying to drive home hard one cardinal precept:

> Have a blood-sugar test made, (a) if you are over forty and overweight, (b) if any one of your ancestors ever had diabetes.

The importance of this to America's one million unknown diabetics is pretty nearly incalculable. Dr. Charles H. Best, the colleague of Banting, expresses the situation succinctly:

"It is the *unknown* diabetic, like the mild or neglected diabetic, who suffers from a lack of treatment and is consequently subject to the worst complications, of eyes and blood vessels. Let us find him, teach him, treat him, before it is too late."

Every Prospect Pleases

No Congress of the United States ever assembled, on surveying the state of the Union, has met with a more pleasing prospect than that which appears at the present time. In the domestic field there is tranquility and contentment, harmonious relations between management and wage-earner, freedom from industrial strife, and the highest record of years of prosperity. In the foreign field there is peace, the good will which comes from mutual understanding, and the knowledge that the problems which a short time ago appeared so ominous are yielding to the touch of manifest friendship. The great wealth created by our enterprise and industry, and saved by our economy, has had the widest distribution among our own people, and has gone out in a steady stream to serve the charity and business of the world. The requirements of existence have passed beyond the standard of necessity into the region of luxury. Enlarging production is consumed by an increasing demand at home and an expanding commerce abroad. The country can regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism.

—Calvin Coolidge, Message to the Seventieth Congress, December 4, 1928

Morgan's Billion-Dollar Adventure

Frederick Lewis Allen

DURING the summer and autumn of 1897 there came a change in the economic weather. It was something like the change which comes when, after many a day of rain and wind and fitful sunshine and renewed storm, suddenly the wind veers into another quarter, the clouds begin to break and scatter, patches of deep blue sky appear, and men and women walk with a fresh briskness. For more than four years following the Panic of 1893 America had been beset with depression, unemployment, unrest, and uncertainty; brief recoveries had been followed by renewed distress; now, all at once, men began to look ahead with lively hope. On this new tide of confidence J. Pierpont Morgan, the mightiest banker in America, was to rise to the crest of his power and prestige.

Up to this moment Morgan had been an important figure in international finance, the most powerful of all bankers in United States government finance, the greatest railroad reorganizer in the United States, and—as a result chiefly of the many reorganizations which he had undertaken during the hard times of the mid-nineties—a potent, if not determining, influence in the management of many of the most important American railroads. Partly because his financial operations were so successful that bankers, brokers, and investors were eager to ally themselves with him, and partly because his personality was so commanding, his very glance so piercing, that men stood in awe of him, he occupied a position unrivaled in Wall Street. But only in a limited way had he been concerned with the financing of manufacturers. He was now, at the age of sixty, about to move into a new domain.

The prospect in the fall of 1897 was heartening for business men. The sober and conservative William McKinley, having demolished William Jennings Bryan the preceding autumn in a political campaign of unprecedented bitterness, now sat in the White House, with Mark Hanna, the friend of the corporations, at his elbow to guide him. The silver heresy was no longer a menace; the government's gold reserve was once again adequate; the world supply of gold was increasing and helping to lift prices the world over; a bumper wheat crop on the Plains was bringing good prices for export; and as the revenues of railroads and manufacturing companies and all manner of other businesses began slowly to swell, confidence at last returned. Plans for new enterprises were taken off the shelf where they had lain year after year because of the uncertain prospects for trade; men began to sense that a new era of

This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Allen, who is editor-in-chief of Harper's and *author of* Only Yesterday, The Lords of Creation, *etc.*

growth and activity for American business was beginning. And now, all at once, among shrewd and well-heeled business proprietors, the idea spread like a wild epidemic that there was a national market awaiting them if only they could expand or combine to exploit it.

YES, but how could a business or group of businesses grow so big as to capture the whole American market? The chief obstacle was not the Sherman Anti-trust Act, for although this act, passed in 1890, forbade combinations "in restraint of trade," the government had been singularly lax about enforcing it and the Supreme Court had shown considerable uncertainty as to what constituted restraint of trade. Apparently it was all right for a group of companies to join forces and achieve a near-monopoly in a given industry (provided their methods of eliminating their competitors were sufficiently discreet) *if* they could find a legal way of joining forces. Years before, Rockefeller had combined a lot of oil companies by getting the men who held stock in these companies to turn over their shares to a group of trustees to vote as a unit; hence the term "trust." But court decisions had made it clear that trusts in this strict, or Rockefeller, sense would no longer be permitted. How, then, could the thing be done?

As a matter of fact the answer to this question had already been found—found, indeed, before the Sherman Act was even passed. The machinery for combining businesses had already been invented by a cheerful, rosy-faced New Jersey lawyer named James B. Dill.

On being asked in 1889 by the Governor of New Jersey how the state's revenues might be increased, Dill had suggested passing a New Jersey law permitting one corporation to hold the stock of another corporation—a thing previously considered grossly improper, and only rarely sanctioned by special legislation. The law was accordingly passed, and New Jersey's revenues swelled as business men began to discover that now the door was wide open to perfectly legal combination. Did you want to combine ten companies into one? All you had to do was to go to New Jersey, incorporate a holding company under the New Jersey laws, make a series of agreements by which this company would buy the stock of the ten companies, giving its own shares in return—and the thing was done. The ten companies had now become in effect mere subsidiaries or departments of one big boss concern—which now might be big enough to capture the whole national market.

By the time the business tide turned in 1897, Dill's invention had become very well known. Lincoln Steffens tells in his *Autobiography* how, when he was a financial reporter in New York, he was shocked to hear that all sorts of outrageous things could be done under the shelter of the New Jersey Holding Company Act, and went to see the author of the Act, James B. Dill. Somewhat to his surprise, Dill appeared to share Steffens' dismay, told him that such abuses must be exposed and stopped, and provided him with even more scandalous facts than he had already gathered. Steffens wrote a detailed story and it was published. Not until some time later, when Steffens had got to know Dill really well, did the rosy little lawyer explain to him, with vast amusement, why he had been so helpful. "You thought that the things you were describing were dreadful," said Dill in effect. "But I knew that to a lot of business men they would look mighty inviting. I was advertising my wares and the business of my state."

The possibilities of the New Jersey law were certainly wonderful. How, you may ask, could anyone persuade the owners of, say, ten businesses to sell out to a new holding company? Well, suppose each of these businesses represented an investment of one million dollars. The promoter of the new holding company would offer the owners of each of them *two* million dollars' worth of the shares of the new company; that would bring them in all right. Yes, but would these new shares actually be *worth* two million dollars? Possibly not—but to the eye of optimism the advantages of monopoly or near-monopoly, plus the gain in efficiency that should come from integrating all these concerns, plus the appeal of a big and forward-looking scheme, would be very persuasive. What the promoters of the new holding company were doing was capitalizing, at one fell swoop, the prospects for the long future. Crazy? Perhaps. But was not America coming of age, and was not the future something to conjure with? As soon as the shares of the

new holding company were launched on the stock exchange, the public swarmed to buy them; and the man who had sold his control of the Podunk Street Railway Company to a new Consolidated Traction Company, accepting stock in the latter as his payment, found he could sell this new stock at a fat price—and would be suddenly a rich man.

Not only that, but if the promoter, merging ten companies into one, was increasing their total capitalization from ten million to twenty million, why not increase it still more, say to twenty-two million, and award the additional stock to himself for his services in bringing the boys together and organizing the syndicate that would launch the new shares on the market? The idea began to get around that there was nothing so remunerative as promoting New Jersey holding companies. You could become a promoter without even learning much about the businesses you were combining; did not the Moore Brothers, within the space of a few years, organize a combination of match companies, a combination of biscuit companies, and a combination of tin-plate companies, and profit preposterously thereby? What Dill had invented might well have been described as a device for the manufacture of millionaires.

Yet it was also a device for expanding and co-ordinating the industries of America to meet the conditions of a new day. A mature and united country offered a field for business operations on a national scale. And Dill's invention made such operations abundantly possible.

II

It was in the late summer of 1897 that Pierpont Morgan got his first real glimpse of the possibilities of combination in the great steel industry.

His life that year had been full of opportunities to do things in the large way that he enjoyed. First, philanthropy: early in January he had given a million dollars to the Lying-In Hospital for a new building, and in March he had promised to build a new rectory for the Church of the Holy Innocents at Highland Falls, of which he was senior warden (as he was also of St. George's Church in New York). Then, collecting: from late March until June he had taken his annual trip abroad, not only supervising the affairs of his London banking house, J. S. Morgan & Co., and relaxing comfortably on the Continent, but also making heavy purchases of objects of art, for himself and for the Metropolitan Museum, in which he was now taking an expanding interest. Then, the promotion of his favorite sport: returning from Europe in June, he had divided his summer attention between financial affairs and his plans for the annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, of which he had recently been elected Commodore.

The plans were characteristically big. The yachts were to assemble at Glen Cove, Long Island, proceed to New London and then Newport and then Vineyard Haven, and thereupon go on the longest jaunt in their history—a race round Cape Cod and all the way to Mt. Desert, Maine. Morgan offered gold and silver cups for the winners. And at the beginning of August he filled his 204-foot black steam yacht *Corsair* to capacity with guests and set out upon the festivities of regatta week.

The Yacht Club had never had such a gala cruise. When on the afternoon of August 4 the schooners and sloops and steam yachts slipped by two and threes into Newport Harbor past the gleaming white warships of the Atlantic squadron, there was "a constant coming and going of launches and gigs filled with gay people, sunburnt yachtsmen and pretty women, carriages and traps bringing down favored ones for dinners on the yachts, and other favored ones driven off for dinners on shore"; after dusk fell, the harbor glittered with moving lights and on the shore there was a grand show of fireworks. And when, days later, the yachts had finished their long deep-sea race at Mt. Desert Light (*Vigilant* leading, followed in turn by *Colonia, Navahoe, Emerald,* and the rest of the long procession), they sailed round the lovely island to Bar Harbor, where Commodore Morgan gave a big dinner aboard the *Corsair* in honor of the winning captains; and again the night skies were bright with fireworks—furnished, of course, by the Commodore himself, who had arranged to have a bargeload of them brought from New York.

It was not long after this regatta that Morgan was waited upon at his office in Wall Street by Judge Elbert H. Gary, a Middle-

Westerner who had himself been vacationing that summer, in a somewhat less spectacular way—taking his first trip to England and dutifully doing the cultural round there, from Bunyan's grave and Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" to the British Museum and the Tower of London. Gary—whom Morgan had met before—had now come to New York on behalf of John Warde Gates, a rising manufacturer of barbed wire who had already, with Gary's help, combined a number of steel and wire companies into one, and who now wanted to combine a great many more—to form an eighty-million-dollar American Steel & Wire Company.

MORGAN talked with Gary, was favorably impressed, and said he would consider launching and sponsoring the new combination; and Gary and Gates thereupon went to work trying to line up the numerous manufacturers of wire for the great merger.

Morgan was dealing now with two quite different men. Gary, born and bred in an Illinois farm town, had become a leading Chicago lawyer, had been mayor of Wheaton, Illinois, had served two terms as a county judge, and had been president of the Chicago Bar Association; recently, as legal adviser for Gates, he had become an expert match-maker among corporations. A shrewd, diplomatic man with the ability to frame a compromise which would satisfy both parties to a deal, Gary was aptly described by Herbert N. Casson as resembling, in appearance and manner, "a Methodist bishop—benign, suave, cordial, and earnest." But there was nothing about Gary's friend Gates that remotely resembled a bishop. Gates was a plunger, a gambler, a large, genial all-night poker-player, once described by his secretary as a "great boy with an extraordinary money sense annexed." He had made his start in business as a barbed-wire salesman; had gone to San Antonio, rented a tract of land there, built a corral of his barbed wire, and challenged the ranchers to find a steer that could get out of it; and had triumphantly accumulated so many orders for wire that he abandoned his employer, went to St. Louis, raised some capital, and went into the wire business himself to fill those orders. Now he had become a bigshot in the wire industry and was ready to become a bigger one. They called him "Bet-a-Million" Gates; he was said to have spent a rainy afternoon on a way train betting with a companion on which of the raindrops coursing down the window pane would reach the bottom first—at a thousand dollars a race.

All that fall and early winter the negotiations over the proposed wire combine went on, but in February 1898 Morgan would go no further. What he said was that he was disturbed by the financial showing of one of the companies that were to be included in it. But there may have been other reasons. The American battleship *Maine* had just been sunk in Havana Harbor, and there was a threat of war with Spain; perhaps that fact contributed to Morgan's uncertainty. Or the main factor may have been distaste for Gates and the "Waldorf crowd" of speculative plungers who surrounded him. At any rate, Morgan would not say yes—whereupon Gates and Gary went ahead without him. The result was the formation, first, of a small combination, and then, a few months later, of a larger one called the American Steel & Wire Company, put together without aid from 23 Wall Street.

BUT Morgan had had his initiation into the steel industry; he had found Gary both able and reliable; and he saw a chance to do big things with Mr. Dill's holding-company device. So in the summer of 1898—while the brief Spanish War was being won by the United States with one hand tied behind its back—he willingly embarked with Gary upon another combination scheme; a scheme for tying together the Illinois Steel Company, and an ore company, and several other concerns, to form what was to be known as the Federal Steel Company. And when, by September, the job was done, he called Gary to his office and said, with his customary brevity, "Judge Gary, you have put this thing together in very good shape. We are all very well pleased. Now you must be president."

Gary was amazed. He had had no inkling of any such plan. He said he couldn't think of it.

"Why not?" said Morgan.

"Why, Mr. Morgan, I have a law practice worth $75,000 a year and I cannot leave it."

"We'll take care of that," said Morgan. "We must make it worth your while."

"But I must think it over," said Gary desperately.

"No, we want to know right now."

"But who are the directors to be?"

"You can select the directors, name the executive committee, choose your officers, and fix your salary."

Gary begged for a week to think the matter over. Morgan gave him twenty-four hours. Gary accepted.

And so, the following month, the Chicago lawyer came East at the behest of the New York banker to become the head of what had become the second biggest steel concern in the country. He was not a steel master, knew little about steel manufacturing. He was there because the banker trusted him.

Now Morgan was free to proceed to Washington, where, with a number of bishops as his guests at the Arlington Hotel, he spent several weeks attending the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church, at which there was especially vehement debate over the question whether a bishop, under certain carefully guarded conditions, might take "under his spiritual oversight" a "congregation of Christian people not theretofore in communion with this church."

III

So contagious did the idea of combining steel companies become during the next two years that it was as if a giant magnet had moved over the surface of the industry, pulling together into compact groups the innumerable separate particles of which it had previously consisted. Morgan himself helped to bring together two more groups—the National Tube Company and the American Bridge Company. And as for the Moore brothers, they worked with such diligence as to produce the National Steel Company, the American Tin Plate Company, the American Sheet Steel Company, and the American Steel Hoop Company. Each of these constituted a merger of a number of hitherto competing businesses; and each, as it acquired a partial monopoly of the operations in its special field of steel manufacture, lifted its prices sharply—and the profits accordingly rolled in.

Inevitably, now, a new notion popped into many minds. *Why not combine the combinations?* Why not make them into a mammoth super-corporation, the biggest and most powerful thing of its kind in the world? Since the Spanish War, America had suddenly become conscious of being at last a world power; could not such a colossus of American steel capture the market not only of its own continent but of other continents, too?

But there was one thing which stood squarely in the way of such a dream. The biggest, most efficient, and most fabulously successful unit in the industry was the Carnegie Steel Company, the control of which was held tightly in the hands of that twinkling little genius, white-bearded Andrew Carnegie. And while the new combinations which had been put together by Gary and Gates and Morgan and the Moores concentrated almost without exception upon making finished articles—wire, pipe, rails, girders, steel plate, etc.—Carnegie dominated the making of the crude steel from which they fashioned these things. Obviously any super-combination must include Carnegie's company, or its life would be precarious indeed. Carnegie, who was in his middle sixties, was known to be looking forward to retirement. Perhaps he would sell. The trouble was that his company had become so incredibly prosperous, as the business boom of the late nineties continued, that men gasped at the size of the sum of money which would be required to buy out the principal stockholder. It would run into hundreds of millions.

Two of Carnegie's colleagues, Henry Clay Frick and Henry Phipps, toyed with various plans for buying Carnegie out. They engaged in a flirtation with the Moore brothers in the early months of 1899; the scheme failed because too many other people distrusted the capacity of the Moores to manage such an undertaking. Morgan was among those who were approached for financial backing, and he would have none of any such deal: he would not go into partnership with the Moores. Later, in the spring of 1900, Carnegie's chief aide, the brilliant Charles M. Schwab, went to Gary to propose that Federal Steel should buy Carnegie out, and Gary consulted Morgan. "I would not think of it," said Morgan; "I don't believe I could raise the money." He was well aware that so many

New Jersey holding companies had been launched during the past two or three years—not only in steel but in other industries—with lavish issues of stock, that the stock market was suffering from what he called "undigested securities." Thus the matter rested. A super-combination seemed impossible.

WHEREUPON, in the summer of 1900, there began a ferocious struggle within the steel industry. The various new combinations which made finished steel products were conscious of the need for "integrating" their businesses—for producing *their own* crude steel and even acquiring if necessary their own sources of iron ore, so as not to be dependent for their very existence upon the whims of Andrew Carnegie. They were so prosperous that they could save or raise money for the installation of blast furnaces or the leasing of ore fields. And so they began to make themselves ready to go into the manufacture of crude steel, in the hope of thus achieving independence. On behalf of American Steel & Wire, John W. Gates sent word to the Carnegie Company that he was canceling his contract for crude steel; in the future he would make his own. The Moore brothers sent identical notices on behalf of Steel Hoop and Sheet Steel. And word came that National Tube and American Bridge expected likewise to stop ordering from Carnegie.

Carnegie was idling that summer at Skibo Castle in Scotland, but there was nothing idle about his reaction to these rebuffs. He had noted for several weeks that the orders from some of these concerns had been dwindling, and had written to his colleagues in Pittsburgh that if the Steel Hoop people stopped ordering crude steel, the Carnegie Company should reply by going promptly into the manufacture of steel hoops. Now, when the full scope of the impending crisis became clear, he decided on a full declaration of war. The Carnegie Company would go into making finished products of all sorts.

"No use going half way across a stream," Carnegie wrote; "should aim at finished articles only; it is coming to this in all branches." And again he cabled: ". . . Urge prompt action essential; crisis has arrived, only one policy open: start at once hoop, rod, wire, nail mills; no halfway about last two. Extend coal and coke roads, announce these; also tubes . . . . have no fear as to the result; victory certain. . . ."

Schwab, who was Carnegie's right-hand man, went over to Scotland to visit him, bringing plans for a great new steel works to be constructed at Conneaut on Lake Erie. "How much cheaper, Charlie, can you make tubes than the National Company?" asked Carnegie. Schwab said he could save at least ten dollars a ton. "Go on and build the plant," ordered Carnegie, the fire of battle in his eyes.

The prospect that this decision opened up was staggering. All the steel combinations that had been effected during the past three years were in deadly peril. For Carnegie could produce steel more cheaply than any one else on earth. He had immense resources. And he didn't mind stopping dividends entirely in order to pour the prodigious earnings of his company into new construction. If there were a lethal price war, could he not cut and cut his prices until his heavily capitalized rivals were doomed?

Morgan was uneasy; and not on the score of Carnegie's steel operations alone. For Carnegie had declared war on the Pennsylvania Railroad too. The Pennsylvania had raised Carnegie's freight rates, and now in answer to this move the little warrior was negotiating with George Gould for the building of a new railroad link to connect the Western Maryland with Pittsburgh, thus destroying the Pennsylvania's monopoly of freight traffic between Pittsburgh and the seaboard. This new threat dismayed Morgan, who believed in peace and order among the railroads, and hated to see the territory of a prosperous going concern invaded. "Carnegie," he was heard to say, "is going to demoralize railroads just as he has demoralized steel." Morgan tried to get Schwab to come and see him for a talk, hoping that thus somehow Carnegie could be induced to be reasonable. Schwab did not come. Carnegie drove ahead with his plans. Apparently there was no stopping him.

IV

BUT ON the evening of December 12, 1900, two New Yorkers, J. Edward Simmons and Charles Stewart Smith, gave a dinner to Schwab at the University Club; Mor-

gan accepted an invitation to attend, and was seated next to Schwab; and after dinner Schwab, who had a fine voice and was something of an orator, made an extraordinary speech on the future of the American steel industry. He told how the demand for steel was growing, and how America could dominate the steel trade of the entire world, if only the industry could be fully integrated for complete efficiency: if inadequate or badly situated plants could be abandoned, new plants could be built in the right places, every unnecessary mile of transportation could be eliminated, and every cost-cutting measure could be taken. Only a single corporation which could carry the manufacture of steel through every stage from the mining of the ore to the completion of the finished product could achieve this, said Schwab. And so great would be the economies that such a company could achieve, that it would not have to hoist prices to prosper, as had the recent combinations; it could even cut prices and still make millions.

Morgan was vastly impressed. The picture that Schwab had drawn was of an orderly and disciplined industry, at peace with itself; how much better than this crazy, wasteful warfare! And the idea was big, very big indeed. Morgan liked things big. "After the cheers had subsided"—I quote from Burton J. Hendrick's life of Carnegie—"he took Schwab by the arm and led him to a corner. For half an hour the two men engaged in intimate conversation. The banker had a hundred questions to ask, to which Schwab replied with terseness and rapidity." Then Morgan went home and Schwab took the night train for Pittsburgh. But in the days that followed it was clear that Morgan was thinking long and hard about Schwab's idea, and was wondering how it could be turned into a reality. He would have to negotiate with Andrew Carnegie. How could this best be done?

He sent for Bet-a-Million Gates, who even if unreliable surely knew his way around, and asked whether Gates thought there was a chance that Carnegie would sell. Gates thought he might. Morgan suggested that perhaps the first thing to do would be to talk with Frick. Gates, surprised that Morgan did not realize that Carnegie and Frick were then on bad terms, said this would never do; Schwab was the man to work through. All right, said Morgan; can you arrange this? Gates thereupon called up Schwab on the long-distance telephone and suggested that he come on to New York for a talk with Morgan.

Schwab didn't like the idea of talking with Morgan without telling Carnegie in advance; but Gates persuaded him that there would be no disloyalty to Carnegie if he, Schwab, were to happen to go to Philadelphia on a certain day and Morgan just happened to be there—say at the Hotel Bellevue. The date was accordingly set, and Schwab went to Philadelphia—only to find, instead of Morgan, a message to the effect that Morgan was laid up with a cold, and wouldn't Schwab be so good as to go on to New York and talk with Morgan that evening at his house at 219 Madison Avenue? Schwab politely agreed to do so, and took the train to New York.

Whereupon there began, that very evening, a four-man conference in the high-ceilinged, mahogany-paneled library at No. 219 that lasted until daylight. Four men took part in it: Morgan; his handsome and substantial partner Robert Bacon; the knowledgeable, easy-going Gates; and the young, self-made, energetic Schwab. They discussed what companies ought to be included in a merger, what companies omitted. Gates, who knew the whole map of the industry, explained why certain concerns such as Bethlehem and Cambria and Jones & Laughlin should remain independent. Gradually the picture of a new giant steel company began to take shape. Morgan asked Schwab whether he thought Carnegie would consent to sell; Schwab said he couldn't be sure, for the Scotchman was changeable, unpredictable. But Morgan had made up his mind to try. When the night-long session came to an end, Morgan asked Schwab to convey a firm proposal of purchase to Carnegie and to ask his price.

SCHWAB was a little uneasy at the prospect of confronting his chief with such a proposal, and asked Mrs. Carnegie's advice as to how to proceed. She suggested that a game of golf might put her husband in the most approachable humor; and so Schwab challenged the older man for a match the following morning at the links of the St. Andrews Golf Club in Westchester County.

The two men played round the wintry links, and adjourned for lunch afterward to Carnegie's stone cottage on the hilltop above the Club. There Schwab broke the news of Morgan's offer.

Now it must have occurred to the reader—it has occurred to a great many people—that possibly Carnegie had all this time been playing an elaborate game with a view to inducing just such a result as the Morgan offer: that his announced invasion of the territory of the other steel companies, and his threat to do battle with the Pennsylvania Railroad, had been conceived to this very end, and that he had concocted the idea of the Simmons-Smith dinner, and of getting Morgan to attend, and of turning loose upon him some carefully contrived oratory of the sort at which Schwab excelled. Perhaps; but there is no evidence of anything quite so Machiavellian. Like many men who one moment dream of retiring and then the next moment are filled with the lust of activity, Carnegie wanted to be bought out and yet didn't. And so when, after the round of golf at St. Andrews, Schwab finally broke the news, Carnegie at first was dismayed. But presently he realized that the time had at last come. This was it—the inevitable and desirable end of his years as a steel master—the moment when he could satisfy his long-standing wish to stop making money and begin making a career of giving money away.

On a slip of paper he jotted down in pencil a few figures. He gave the slip to Schwab and asked him to present it to Morgan.

What Carnegie proposed was that for every $1,000 in bonds of the Carnegie Company there should be exchanged $1,000 in securities of the new corporation which was yet to be formed; that for every $1,000 in stock of the Carnegie Company there should be given $1,500 in securities of the new corporation; but that he would take his own personal payment wholly in bonds. (Carnegie distrusted the stock of these new super-corporations; he thought there was much too much of it. And besides, if he were really to retire, it would be better not to have any responsibility for the new concern, but to be simply its creditor.) To Carnegie himself, who owned some 58 per cent of Carnegie Company stock, this would mean a payment in bonds to the amount of no less than $225,639,000 (par value). For all the bonds and stocks of the Carnegie Company, it would mean a payment of bonds and stock to the amount of $400,000,000—later increased by throwing in some extra common stock for Carnegie's partners, so that the total reached $492,556,766 (par value). A huge transaction.

Schwab took the slip of paper to Morgan. Morgan glanced at it and said, "I accept."

Not only was there no bargaining over terms, but it was not until weeks later, when Morgan was drawing contracts with the other concerns in the deal, that he suddenly woke up to the fact that he had no signed agreement from Carnegie at all—nothing but those penciled figures on a slip of paper. Suppose Carnegie should drop dead? Or utterly change his mind? Hurriedly Morgan sent for Stetson, his lawyer, and for Carnegie's lawyer, and they prepared a suitable letter which Carnegie obligingly signed.

During this interval of time it occurred to Morgan that he and Carnegie had not met for a long time and that perhaps they should have a friendly chat. Being accustomed to meeting people on his own ground, he called up Carnegie and suggested that he come down to 23 Wall Street for a visit. Carnegie replied that since the distance from Wall Street to Fifty-First Street was no greater than the distance from Fifty-First Street to Wall Street, and since he, Carnegie, was the senior of the two, perhaps Mr. Morgan would care to call upon him. Morgan at once went, and the two men talked together in a closed room for just fifteen minutes; after which Morgan departed, saying as he shook his host's hand, "Mr. Carnegie, I want to congratulate you on being the richest man in the world!"

To this remark there is a postscript to be added. A year or two later the two men met on shipboard. Said Carnegie, "I made one mistake, Pierpont, when I sold out to you."

"What was that?" asked Morgan.

"I should have asked you a hundred million more than I did."

"Well," said Morgan, "you would have got it if you had."

V

MATTERS now proceeded at a rapid pace. The heads of one big company after another were called into conference and the terms worked out for its acquisition.

There were, of course, difficulties. John W. Gates proved to be one of them, though he had been present at the four-man conference at which the basic plan had been worked out. All the stockholders of the various constituent companies were going to be paid at a high rate in stock of the new company; but Gates, representing American Steel & Wire, demanded what seemed an altogether impossible sum. According to Gary's subsequent account of the negotiation, Gates held out through hour after hour of fruitless bargaining in a room at 23 Wall Street. Morgan was not present at this session, but was sitting outside, at his desk in the front office; and as the afternoon wore on, he sent word in to Gary that he wanted to go home. Gary asked him please not to, and he remained. Finally Gary slipped out of the conference, went out to Morgan, and suggested that presently he should come into the conference room and issue an ultimatum. Whereupon in due course Morgan entered the room and said sternly, "Gentlemen, I am going to leave this building in ten minutes. If by that time you have not accepted our offer, the matter will be closed. We will build our own plant." And he left the room.

Said Gates, uncertainly, to a colleague, "Well, William, I don't know whether the old man means that or not." Gary assured him that Morgan did mean it. "Then I guess we will have to give up," concluded Gates.

Morgan was sent for and was told that his proposition had been accepted. "Now let's go home," said he, and—according to Gary's description—went uptown "as happily as a boy going home from a football game."

THE Rockefellers were difficult too. It had been decided that the new supercorporation ought to acquire also the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines, which controlled the largest deposits of ore in the great Mesabi range; this concern was owned by John D. Rockefeller. Carnegie had leased these properties from Rockefeller—but with Carnegie out of the picture, would not ownership of them be safer? Gary felt sure of this. Morgan at first was doubtful. "We have got all we can attend to," said he. Gary insisted, outlining his reasons in full, and Morgan was impressed. "How are we going to get them?" he asked finally.

"You are to talk to Mr. Rockefeller," said Gary.

"I would not think of it," said Morgan.

"Why?"

"I don't like him."

"Mr. Morgan," argued Gary, "when a business proposition of so great importance to the Steel Corporation is involved, would you let a personal prejudice interfere with your success?"

"I don't know," said Morgan.

But the next morning—according to Gary's account—he met his right-hand man excitedly, throwing up his arms in exultation as he cried, "I have done it!"

"Done what?"

"I have seen Rockefeller."

"How did he treat you?"

"All right."

"Did you get the ore lands?"

"No. I just told him that we ought to have them, and asked him if he would not make a proposition."

ROCKERFELLER had proved very coy. When Morgan had asked to see him, he had replied that he was quite out of business but would be glad to have a purely personal chat with Morgan at 4 West Fifty-fourth Street, his home. When Morgan got there and began to talk business, Rockefeller told him that the man to see on business matters was his son. But not long afterward the son—young John D. Rockefeller, Jr., then only twenty-seven years old—showed up at 23 Wall Street accompanied by Henry H. Rogers, one of the head men of Standard Oil.

When they came in, Morgan was deep in talk with his partner Charles Steele and seemed entirely oblivious of their arrival. When the conversation was completed and Steele left the room, Rogers introduced young Rockefeller.

Said Morgan in a stern voice, "Well—what's your price?"

Rockefeller mustered courage to say firmly, "Mr. Morgan, I think there must be some mistake. I did not come here to sell. I understood you wished to buy."

For a moment Morgan glared. Then, as usual when his brusqueness was boldly met, he thawed, and the negotiations began in a more friendly vein.

There was disagreement over the price to

be paid for the mines; Frick had to be called in as intermediary; and the price which was finally set seemed to Gary beyond all reason. A few days earlier it had been Gary who had insisted on the purchase of the mines; now, when the issue had become merely one of price and not of dealing with a man he didn't like, it was Morgan who was insistent. "Judge Gary," said he, "in a business proposition as great as this would you let a matter of five million dollars stand in the way of success?" And he accepted the Rockefeller price. Clearly the amount of capital stock which the new concern would have to issue to take care of all these payments would be enormous. But he would rather drive ahead than haggle.

And so there appeared in the newspapers of March 3, 1901—less than three months after the Simmons-Stewart dinner—a large advertisement announcing that under the laws of New Jersey there had been organized the United States Steel Corporation, which would acquire not only the outstanding stocks and bonds of the Carnegie Company but also the preferred and common stocks of Federal Steel, National Steel, National Tube, American Steel & Wire, American Tin Plate, American Steel Hoop, and American Sheet Steel. To these, a little later, were added the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines and the American Bridge Company. This new concern would embrace under a single management and control roughly three-fifths of the steel business of the entire country; and its total capitalization would reach—at par value—the altogether astonishing, altogether unprecedented figure of $1,402,846,817—nearly a billion and a half dollars!

VI

At the news there arose a great outcry of wonder and dismay—with the dismay at first predominating. Some newspaper editors expressed the fear that such concentration of power in Wall Street would lead the public to welcome socialism as the lesser of two evils. President Hadley of Yale said in a speech in Boston that unless trusts were regulated by an effective public sentiment, there would be "an emperor in Washington within twenty-five years." The London *Chronicle* was especially sharp in its comment. "It is little less than a menace to the commerce of the civilized world," said the *Chronicle;* "it sets the seal to the triumph of the millionaire." And as usual Finley Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" put into the mouth of an Irish saloon-keeper sentiments which suggested what millions of people were vaguely feeling:

> Pierpont Morgan calls in wan iv his office boys, the' prisidint iv a national bank, an' says he, "James," he says, "take some change out iv th' damper an' r-run out an' buy Europe f'r me," he says. "I intind to re-organize it an' put it on a paying basis," he says. "Call up the Czar an' the' Pope an' th' Sultan an' th' Impror Willum, an' tell thim we won't need their savices afther nex' week," he says. "Give thim a year's salary in advance. An', James," he says, "ye betther put that r-red headed bookkeeper near th' dure in charge iv th' continent. He doesn't seem to be doin' much," he says.

Assuredly the new corporation represented a very large gesture of faith. For not only did it issue its own stock on a lavish basis to the owners of the constituent companies in order to induce them to come in, but almost all of these constituent companies had already issued their own stock equally lavishly to the owners of still smaller concerns. According to the Bureau of Corporations, the Steel Corporation's investment in tangible property alone, indicated by historical analysis, was $676 millions; the value of all property, tangible and intangible, as indicated by market values of prices of constituent concerns, was $793 millions; and yet the total capitalization amounted to all of $1,402 millions. Even making due allowance for the integration, increased efficiency, and increased bargaining power which such an enormous corporation supposedly could command, how on earth could it expect to pay dividends upon such a mass of securities? And, for that matter, would the investing public be able to digest such a great issue of stock?

This latter question was soon answered. James R. Keene was engaged by the Morgan syndicate to make a market in Steel Corporation stock; and so actively did this skilled operator keep the market churning, and so mightily did the chance to invest in the biggest company on earth appeal to buyers' imagi-

nations, that the preferred stock, starting on the Stock Exchange at a price of 82¾, soon went to 101⅞, while the common stock, starting at 38, rose to 55—amidst a burst of speculative enthusiasm which astonished the the elders of Wall Street.

A great many of the chief beneficiaries of the mighty prices paid for the stock of the constituent companies were Pittsburgh steel men, and now Pittsburgh witnessed a carnival of spending such as it had never known before. According to Herbert N. Casson, one of the sudden millionaires in Pittsburgh "ordered a special brand of half-dollar cigars made in Cuba, each with his name and coat of arms on the wrapper"; another "had his wife's portrait painted by every obtainable foreign and American artist"; the city became "a Klondike for artists, book agents, curio dealers, and merchants who had expensive gewgaws for sale. A young [Carnegie] partner would say: 'See that painting? Cost me $22,000; but I could get $28,000 for it. Have a cigar. Fine brand. Seventy-five cents apiece wholesale.' "

The Morgan syndicate, for that matter, did very well indeed; here, too, Mr. Dill's device for the manufacture of millionaires worked beautifully. The syndicate had been paid for its services in launching the new combination with a big block of stock, amounting to nearly 1,300,000 shares. When this stock had been "distributed"—sold on the Exchange during the speculative excitement—the syndicate's profit, including the managers' fee, came to $57,515,000, plus some preferred stock and the right to participate in a subsequent U. S. Steel Retirement Syndicate, which increased the total to $60,000,000 or more. The House of Morgan's share in these profits —its fee for managing the syndicate—came to $11,505,000, again plus stock and participation in the news syndicate; this enabled the firm, at the close of the year 1902, to transfer to profit and loss the sum of exactly twelve million dollars. It had been an enormous and highly risky operation, completed with rich success.

MORGAN himself remained in New York for a month after the great announcement. By that time he felt assured that all was well. The reliable Gary was going to be chairman of the board of the Steel Corporation; Schwab was going to be president; Bacon, head of the finance committee. He felt he could trust them all; Gates he vetoed even for membership in the board of directors. Whatever the future might hold for the new corporation, it was off to a very favorable start. On April 4, well satisfied, he sailed for Europe on the *Teutonic,* accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Burns.

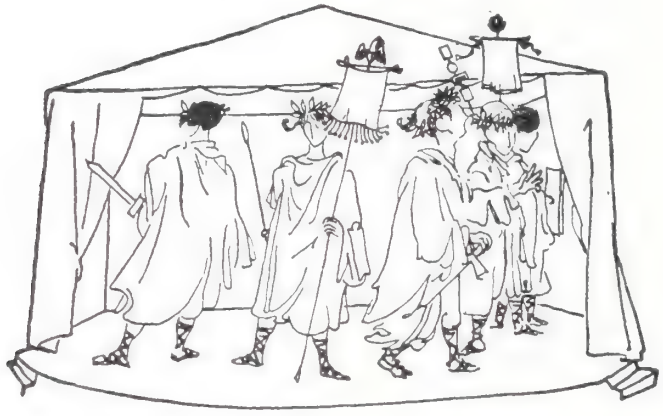
Wherever he went, now, crowds gaped at him. He slipped aboard the *Teutonic* by the second cabin gangway to outwit the reporters and photographers; when he reached Euston Station in London there was another small army of them and another great crowd of the general public. He forced his way through them, hating their curiosity and their interference with his privacy. He could not learn to stomach the staring and crowding and reportorial inquisitiveness that must now be the lot of one of the mightiest personages in the world. It was said that certain English brokers were taking out insurance policies on his life, paying premiums at the rate of £30 on the £1000 for three months to protect their American investments if he should die while overseas. And why not? Was there not much truth in what John Brisben Walker had written in the *Cosmopolitan* (which was then a magazine containing much serious political discussion) for April: that "the world, on the 3rd day of March, 1901, ceased to be ruled by . . . so-called statesmen," and that now "the world's real rulers" were "those who control the concentrated portion of the money supply"? Perhaps; but Pierpont Morgan was tired, and he wanted to settle down quietly in his great house at Prince's Gate and enjoy the beautiful things that the dealers would bring him to see.

And so he did. Within a very few days he had bought Gainsborough's famous portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire.

[*The third and final article of this series, next month, will deal with Morgan's regal manner of life during the years which followed the Steel Corporation promotion.*—The Editors]

Arma Virumque Cano

A Story by Jessamyn West



Illustrations by Marvin Bileck

It was early spring. In the arroyo, a quarter of a mile south of the Kinsman ranch, cactus was already blooming. Meadow larks sang their liquid, worldly songs. Butcher birds, rich in insects, impaled their surplus stock on suitable thorns. Road runners ran for pleasure and without pursuit. Ground squirrels, bereft of what little caution they possessed at other seasons, frisked at great distances from their burrows. Buzzards floated low, their shadows dark on the grass which the sun, almost down, was gilding. But the air was still warm, the day still lovely, and the arroyo continued to echo, as it had for the past hour, with the stateliest measures ever moulded by the lips of man, the long rolling periods of Virgil.

"Ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes," Paul concluded, taking his eyes from his invisible audience and looking inquiringly at Kate Kinsman, who sat across the ravine from him on a large, sun-warmed boulder.

"Begin at the beginning and say it all over again," Kate urged. "Not that I don't think you're perfect right now," she added frankly.

Paul relaxed somewhat, but still looked worried. "Perfect means incapable of improvement," he reminded Kate.

"Well, *I* don't see how you can improve it," Kate protested, her fair, freckled face flushed with sunlight and her pleasure in Paul. "You know every word by heart and you pronounce every word right. What more *could* you do?"

Paul scowled across the narrow arroyo as if its smallness hampered his imagination. "If I was good enough," he said slowly, "I could put the whole spirit of Virgil in it." He paused and looked earnestly at Kate. "If I was good enough I could put the whole spirit of the ancient world in it."

"Well, okay, then," Kate said enthusiastically. "Let's do that. Let's be absolutely terrific."

Paul replied a little stiffly, "I wasn't joking."

"Me either," Kate exclaimed, surprised. "Wasn't that what you meant, Paul?"

"I wasn't thinking about being terrific or anything like that."

Kate, who had been, said, "I'm sorry, Paul."

"You kind of always overstate things, Kate."

"Paul," Kate asked leaning forward, "do you think I'm impetuous?"

Paul removed his steel rimmed spectacles and cleaned them on an oblong of white canton flannel neatly feather-stitched in blue

around the edges. Kate took note of it, thinking she might make Paul a like present for his birthday if she could learn to feather-stitch in three months time, which she doubted.

"Do you, Paul?" she repeated.

Paul resettled his spectacles. "I think you're pretty hasty sometimes, Kate."

Hasty was not the same as impetuous and Kate returned to Virgil. "Go on, Paul," she said. "Say your part through from the beginning again."

"It's your turn to say your part," Paul told her.

"My little two lines," Kate scoffed.

"A chain is no stronger than its weakest link," Paul said honestly, "and your lines have their place in the play."

The play, "Scenes From the Aeneid," was was to be presented in one week's time by the Latin department of Tenant High School. Each spring, wearing togas and huaraches, garlanded with chaplets of eucalyptus leaves and carrying short swords carved from Sunkist orange boxes, the Latin classes demonstrated to assembled parents their mastery of the language. This year's demonstration was unusually ambitious and Paul, as narrator, was, after Aeneas himself, its most important male personage.

•

Looking at Paul now Kate thought that, with his dark hair falling in a jagged line across his high white forehead and his eyes lifted to the rim of the arroyo, he looked like a great, tragic actor, or perhaps, except for his glasses, Hamlet himself. It was easy to imagine that the battlements of Elsinore had been of the same smoky gray green as the tall cactus which now served him as a back-drop and that the problems which he pondered had to do, not with a high-school play, but with love and death and guilt and madness.



"Paul," she asked, "would you like to play Hamlet?"

Paul shook his head. He had no illusions about his qualifications as an actor nor about the problem he had presented to Miss Freitag, Latin teacher and director of the play. He was the best student in Miss Freitag's classes and he could memorize Latin verse more easily and deliver it with greater sonority and conviction than any other of her pupils. But his appearance was woefully unclassic and he knew it. And not only did he have a non-Virgilian look, but in some unfortunate manner, he communicated a non-Virgilian look to all which, until he came upon the scene, appeared authentic.

Paul seemed to be a touchstone of reality. The minute he stepped on the stage, chaplets, which, until that time had been easily recognizable as of the true laurel became nothing more than circles of wire incompletely covered with eucalyptus leaves. And the short swords, for all their aluminum paint, immediately reverted to the soft pine of orange boxes. Worst of all the toga, which on the other boys was a picturesque and dignified garment, obviously appropriate for poets and statesmen, appeared on Paul to be a costume downright unsuitable for public wear.

Miss Freitag had tried putting Paul into a short tunic, but that had been even worse. Atlas Peake, the Aeneas of the play, took one look at him, thus scantily covered, and said, "You're sure lucky to be living today, Skinny. The Romans would've exposed you at birth."

Miss Freitag, while considering this statement untactful, thought it probably true, and was proud of her final solution of the problem posed by Paul. She developed the part of narrator for him, kept him off the stage entirely and clothed him in a manner intended to suggest a professor of the classics: thin legs, hidden by striped gray professorial trousers, narrow shoulders incased in a frock coat, necessary spectacles given the appearance of scholarship by a length of dangling, black gros-grain ribbon. These make-shifts, which Paul saw truly enough as occasioned by his own deficiencies, appeared to Kate to be nothing more than a tribute to his uniqueness. Ignoring his reluctance to talk about himself as an actor she said again, "I bet you could play Hamlet if you wanted to."

"Well, I don't want to," Paul answered shortly.

"Okay," Kate persisted stubbornly. "You don't have to, but you could. Go on," she said hurriedly before Paul had a chance to



contradict her, "say your part through once again. I can say mine on the way home."

PAUL straightened himself as if about to begin, then lowered his chin and looked about. The arroyo while narrow, was deep, a sandy, golden, cactus-filled waste, lonely, strange and, at this time of the day, a little mysterious.

"This probably looks a good deal like Africa," he said.

"Africa?" Kate asked, her thoughts far from there.

"Where Aeneas met Dido."

"Oh! It's a good place to be practicing then, isn't it?"

Paul nodded. "It's funny, isn't it, Kate? Here we are reciting Virgil and Virgil didn't even know the new world existed. Let alone the United States."

"Let alone California."

"Let alone this arroyo and you and me in it," Paul said, and he and Kate both laughed.

"Maybe he does know," Kate said. "Maybe he's alive some place and listening."

"Do you believe in life after death, Kate?" Paul asked seriously.

Kate sighed with pleasure. Perhaps they would now have a philosophical discussion. That was one of the things she liked so much about Paul; he was interested in everything and would talk about everything: life, death, honor, immortality, transubstantiation. Did everyone see the same chair? If you could hear the intervals of silence in music, would they be music, too? At what minute did a bird swallowed by a cat cease to want to chirp and begin to want to meow, instead?

Now she replied judiciously, "Yes, I do Paul. Don't you?"

Paul didn't reply. Far off in the Santa Ana valley Kate heard a train whistle. A hummingbird dropped into the arroyo, whirred disappointedly about the wild tobacco blossoms which were still too green for honey. A lizard ran half way up the boulder she sat on, looked at her, then ran down again. "Don't you, Paul?" she asked again.

But Paul only shook his head. Evidently he was not in the mood for a philosophical discussion this afternoon.

"You got time to hear me through once more?" he asked.

"Of course," Kate said. "That's what I've been waiting for. Begin at the beginning. Begin at, 'Arms, I sing, and the man'." Kate imitated somewhat Paul's polished, declamatory style. But without the Latin words the imitation was rather flat.

"Arma virumque cano Troiae qui primus ab oris," Paul began, his r's liquid as water, his m's and u's like trumpet notes. Kate settled back comfortably on her boulder to listen. If Paul didn't look like a Roman he at least came nearer than anyone else in Tenant to sounding like one. He had gotten as far as Dido's curse, *"Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras,"* when glancing at the bank above Kate's head he broke off.

"Hi, there!" he said in a flat voice.

KATE turned about. There, above her, was Clarence Rambo—known, because of his red hair and ability to cover ground, as the Crimson Rambler. The Crimson Rambler now stood, legs wide apart and hands in pockets, regarding her and Paul curiously.

"The Rambler himself," Kate said without enthusiasm. She and Clarence were not on good terms. He had passed her a note in study hall which she, after seeing the first few words, had taken up to the waste paper basket and ostentatiously torn into a thousand pieces without further reading. Now, as Clarence dropped down into the arroyo Kate looked with renewed distaste at his red, good-natured face and his small, reddish-brown eyes.

"Nice hide-out you two got here," he observed.

"Hide-out!" Kate exclaimed.

"Yep, hide-out. What you two do down here, anyway?"

"Do? We're practicing," Kate told him with dignity.

This struck the Rambler as being very funny and he laughed immoderately. "Practicing!" he was finally able to say. "What you two practicing down here in your hide-out, Kate?"

"We're rehearsing for the Latin play," Paul said. He pulled his copy of "Scenes From the Aeneid" from his pocket as if to prove it. "Scenes From the Aeneid," he explained.

This also seemed very funny to the Rambler. He laughed so hard that the skin was drawn tightly across the two bony protusions above his eyes and the eyes themselves were narrowed to the merest slits.

"Scenes From the Aeneid! Say did you ever hear this?" he asked them.

> "Latin is a language,
> Least it used to be
> First it killed the Romans
> Now it's killing me."

"We've heard it," Kate said. "It's very, very funny. Also very, very old."

"I know some more," Clarence said. "New. Want to hear some more? Also in Latin."

"Beat it, Rambo," Paul said. "Get out of here. We're busy."

The Rambler looked at Paul very coolly. "Drop dead, Skinny," he advised, "and save the doctor's bill." Then he turned again to Kate. "You want to hear some more, Kate? I can make up poetry. Latin poetry."

"You and Virgil," Kate said lamely.

"Sure, me and Virgil. I sing of arms and the woman."

"Shut up, Rambo," Paul said.

"I'm not talking to you, Skinny. You go off some place and practice. Practice acting alive. This poem's about you, Kate. *Amo, amas, amat,* Kinsman's plenty hot. How d'you like that Kate? More truth than poetry, huh?"

Paul threw "Scenes From the Aeneid" to the ground. "Cut that out, Rambo."

"Oh hell, Skinny," Clarence said easily, "don't let it worry you just because it didn't come out of a book. You'd be surprised what ain't in books. Besides that's just the beginning. *Amo, amas, amat,* Kinsman's——"

Clarence stopped suddenly and Kate, who had been watching him, too amazed and shocked to speak, turned toward Paul. Paul was holding threateningly aloft a large and very spiny section of the cactus plant beside which he stood.

"Don't that hurt, Skinny?" Clarence asked finally, a little uncertainly.

"You shut up," Paul told him, "or you'll soon find out."

"Why, Skinny," Clarence said, "don't you know that's just like pulling a gun on an unarmed man?"

"Okay," Paul said. "I've got a gun and you're unarmed. And you better shut up and get out of here or I'll fire it. And another one right behind it." Paul extended his free hand in the direction of the cactus plant at his side.

"Two-gun, Skinny!" Clarence's voice was heavy with sarcasm.

"Three-gun, four-gun, if you don't beat it," Paul said, unmoved.

"I was only making a little joke, Kate don't ——"

"Shut up about Kate," Paul told him, lifting the cactus section menacingly, "and beat it."

"You don't have to keep saying it," Clarence said. "I got no desire to hang around where I'm not wanted. Where all people can think of to do is to bop each other over the head with pieces of cactus." He climbed the embankment slowly and unconcernedly. At





the top he turned around. "Any time you get brave enough to meet me without a gun, Skinny, just let me know. Things'll be different then."

WHISTLING loudly to show his indifference to the entire affair, Clarence disappeared. When he could no longer be heard Paul dropped the cactus, walked over to the boulder which Kate had vacated and sat down. He leaned forward, shoulders hunched, looking at the ground.

"Does your hand hurt, Paul?" Kate asked.

The hand with which he had held the piece of cactus was red, full of spines and already swelling, but Paul shook his head.

"I guess you're pretty ashamed of me," he said in a low voice.

"Ashamed!" Kate exclaimed.

"Pulling a gun on an unarmed man that way. I guess that was pretty tricky, all right. And cowardly."

"Cowardly," Kate repeated vehemently. "Why, he'd have beaten you to nothing, Paul, if you hadn't. And said anything he wanted to about me."

"A brave man would've fought him on even terms," Paul said dejectedly. "Knuckles to knuckles."

"Knuckles to knuckles!" Kate cried in disgust. "Why, you did fight him on even terms. He's got muscles and you've got brains. You fought his muscles with your brains."

"I've got some muscles," Paul said.

"Of course you have. But Clarence Rambo's got ten times more muscles than anybody I know. It would be like David's throwing away his sling-shot and going out to wrestle with Goliath. It would be stupid. Knuckles to knuckles," she said again scornfully.

"Is that the way it seems to you, Kate?"

"Yes, it is. And besides it didn't hurt David any to use his sling-shot and it must have hurt you terribly to pick up that cactus. In fact, it was the most courageous thing I ever saw. Or heard of."

Kate hurriedly lifted Paul's hand and began to examine it. "I can pull out these big ones now," she told him, "but I can't do anything about the little ones without tweezers."

When most of the large needles were out Paul said, "You never did get to say your part, Kate."

"I don't care," Kate told him. "Anyway, I think the Aeneid's silly, really."

"Silly!" Paul sounded shocked.

"The men are all right, I guess. But Dido! Building herself a funeral pyre because Aeneas was sailing away from her."

Paul was silent while Kate worked on a final needle. Then he said, "Dido *loved* Aeneas."

"Well, of course," Kate answered. "But building herself a funeral pyre because he was leaving her!"

"What would you have done, Kate?"

"*I* would have built myself a boat and sailed right after him."

Paul said nothing. "Which would *you* want a woman to do, Paul?" Kate asked.

"I don't think any one's going to jump on a funeral pyre for me or sail after me in a boat, either one," Paul said.

Kate finished her work on Paul's hand before she spoke again. "Of course in this day and age that's just figuratively speaking. Funeral pyres and sailing away in boats and so forth."

Paul stood up and with his good hand pushed back his hair which had fallen further than usual over his forehead.

"Figuratively speaking," he said, "I wouldn't like *you* jumping on any funeral pyres, Kate." He examined the remaining cactus needles closely for a second or two, then looked up. "That is if I were sailing away, which I wouldn't be."

Kate's heart gave a sudden deep throb, so that there seemed to be no room left in her chest for lungs or breathing. She walked over to where "Scenes From the Aeneid" lay, picked it up and returned it to Paul. The sun, just setting, filled the arroyo with a flood of gold and crimson and the meadow larks, as if aware that day was ending, sang with a kind of sad sobriety. Kate, able to breathe easily again, looked about. It's a thousand times more beautiful here than Africa ever was, she thought and started to say so. But remembering what Paul had said about overstatements contented herself with, "I bet Africa's not half this beautiful, Paul."

Election Post-Mortem—1946

I AM one of the millions of Americans who gave the GOP its tidal wave victory last November . . . . We Republicans won a glorious victory. We swept the country above the Solid South. We took over the House, the Senate, a majority of Governorships. We were so overwhelming that a number of our devastated opponents agreed with Senator Fulbright that President Truman ought to appoint Senator Vandenberg as Secretary of State, resign the Presidency, and let us begin running the country without waiting for 1948.

I ought to be very happy about all this, but I'm not. I'm plumb scared. I wish we had just squeaked through. . . . I'm afraid we are going to think we have some sort of mandate. I'm terrified by the certainty that our success gives me, and others, that the GOP can win in 1948 with a Chinaman . . . .

I doubt that the Republican Congress can or will do enough harm to prevent a GOP victory in 1948. I suspect that any Republican candidate who is remotely conceivable can and will win. But my party is on probation. The people haven't forgotten our past errors . . . .

As a lay Republican of progressive views and independent voting habits, I hope my party's bosses will realize what my straight vote meant, what I'm afraid about now—how they can keep me and millions like me in the party, or how, if they get swelled heads out of this election, they can drive us away again, maybe forever.

—S. Burton Heath in
Harper's, January 1947

How Kefauver Beat Crump

The Story of a Southern Victory

Charles Edmundson

DESPITE all the forces now working for tolerance and political maturity in the South, it has sometimes seemed to outside observers as if in professional politics the reactionaries were unbeatable. In Georgia and Louisiana, dynasties of demagogues—the Talmadges and the Longs, respectively—have hooked their talons firmly on the state capitols. South Carolina furnished the Presidential and Mississippi the Vice-Presidential nominee on the "Dixiecrat" ticket, dedicated to the perpetuation of white supremacy below Mason and Dixon's line. In Alabama the outcry against President Truman's civil-rights program was so furious that a normally progressive Senator like Lister Hill felt compelled to march side by side with such a seasoned Kluxer as Horace Wilkinson of Birmingham. In the Mississippi hill country Representative John Rankin, one of the most aggressive baiters of racial minorities in the whole of Congress, was renominated by a landslide majority, although two years ago he squeaked through by the narrowest of margins.

In the face of these events, it would seem clearly a miracle if the voters of one Southern state had elected for Senator in 1948 a man who, say, had opposed the poll tax and denounced the filibuster as political "buccaneering" and "freebootery"; who had rapped the smear tactics of the Dies and Thomas committees; who had advocated federal laws to insure an honest franchise for whites and Negroes; and who had publicly advocated a constitutional amendment to make the electoral vote reflect the popular vote, so that the Democratic monopoly in the South might give way to the two-party system.

For good measure let us suppose that this maverick had also voted against the Taft-Hartley Act and enjoyed the enthusiastic support of the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the Political Action Committee. As a final test of credulity, let it be assumed that he won his victory over the all-out opposition of one of the most powerful state bosses in the country. To people who brand the whole South as reactionary such an event would seem incredible.

Yet this story is not supposititious. The place is Tennessee. The successful candidate is forty-five-year-old Representative Estes Kefauver of Chattanooga. The defeated boss is goggle-eyed old Ed Crump of Memphis, who lost his first political battle since 1928, when Tennessee Democrats revolted against the nomination of that minion of Popery, the late Al Smith, and threw the state to Herbert Hoover.

Mr. Edmundson, formerly an associate editor of Fortune *and now on the staff of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch, *knew Mr. Kefauver and other principals of his story when he was a Memphis reporter.*

Kefauver's hardest test came in the Democratic primary early in August, and that is the race which will receive the most attention here. In the regular election in November he faced B. Carroll Reece, until last June the national chairman of the Republican party. Kefauver downed Reece by a majority of about two to one, indicating that he could have won handily even if this had been the Republican landslide season which the deluded dopesters had predicted it would be.

Kefauver's remarkable performance has impressed not only Tennesseeans but outlanders as well. Two New York publishers have invited him to write a book on his campaign methods, which were based on the novel idea of carrying his case directly to the people, and no truck with the politicos. Kefauver probably will write the book. For a title one of his aides has suggested, "How to Win an Election, and to Hell with the Politicians."

II

KEFAUVER broke all the old rules. He announced for the Senate a year in advance of the primary election, inviting attention to every vote he would cast and every speech he would make in an exceedingly controversial session of Congress. "I had to start early," he says, "because I was known only in my own district and I had to allow time for people to get used to my [French Huguenot] name." For his campaign lieutenants he picked young men. His campaign manager is thirty-two and his most trusted assistant manager is only twenty-two. The object was to get the benefit of youthful enthusiasm and to reach the young and young-minded voters to whom he thought his ideas would appeal.

Above everything else, however, he made an emphatic appeal to women voters. "I take no stock," he says, "in the idea that women vote just as their menfolk say. I think there are about as many cases where the men vote the way their wives want them to. Women have political courage and independence, and these are qualities I like." As his women's chairman he picked Mrs. Thomas Ragland of Chattanooga, who resigned as an officer of the League of Women Voters to take the assignment. A vice-president of the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs resigned her office to become Mrs. Ragland's assistant. Soon Mrs. Ragland was sending Tennessee women a form letter, which began:

> Here it is spring again, and the jonquils are in bloom, and no one seems to be thinking much about politics. But I have two children and I am very much interested in the worsening world situation. . . .

There was a hint that women with sons or grandsons should take time to think of whom they would send to the Senate to guide the nation through a troubled period. There was more than a hint that Congressman Estes Kefauver might be the right man. The letter received a surprising response, with many requests for advice as to ways to help.

The replies revealed that Kefauver was not as unknown as he had imagined. Some voters remembered him as president of the student body at the University of Tennessee, star of the track team, varsity tackle, and editor of the college weekly. Some Yale men remembered him as an honor graduate of the Yale Law School, which he attended after completing his undergraduate work at Tennessee. At Yale he had helped pay his way part of the time by waiting on tables. Others remembered that he had been named by *Collier's* magazine as one of the outstanding members of Congress. Others had read his book, *Twentieth Century Congress,* a widely-recommended study of congressional procedures. Still others had been attracted by his long fight for repeal of the poll tax or by his bill to plug loopholes in the anti-trust laws.

Kefauver had two opponents in the primary. One was the incumbent Senator, Tom Stewart, whose chief claim to fame was his prosecution of John Thomas Scopes, the high-school biology teacher, in the Dayton, Tennessee, "monkey trial" in 1925. Stewart had acquired a halo when he stood side by side with the sainted William Jennings Bryan in opposing the imp of darkness, Clarence Darrow, attorney for the defense. The other candidate for the Democratic nomination was Circuit Judge John Mitchell of McMinnville, picked by Boss Crump. Stewart and Mitchell, between them, had about all the city machines, courthouse rings, and cracker-barrel politicians in the state. Kefauver did not contest much for this support

but built his corps of workers chiefly from people who had never been active in politics before.

His technique was so simple and natural as to seem almost naïve. He got together the University of Tennessee annuals for the years he attended there and made an inventory of the people he knew and of the towns in which they lived. Armed with this, he made a preliminary tour of the state last winter. Upon arriving in a town he would try to find an acquaintance of his college days. Failing this, he introduced himself to some intelligent-appearing merchant or doctor, explained his mission, talked national affairs for a while, and then asked if his new acquaintance would mind introducing him to other people around town.

If the man happened to be pledged to one of the other candidates, he usually was still willing to introduce Kefauver up and down Main Street. Kefauver talked to the cobbler, the shade-tree mechanic working under an indisposed automobile, the woman clerk in the post office, to lawyers, lumbermen, farmers. Before leaving a town, Kefauver usually had selected his local campaign manager and obtained his acceptance. In most cases it was somebody he had never heard of before.

While he chatted with the voters, his wife or some friend took names and made notes of particular interests or affiliations. Usually Kefauver managed an invitation to address a local luncheon club or the high-school assembly, or both. Speeches at this stage were simple expositions of issues, with no campaign politics. For practically every town in Tennessee with a population of more than two hundred, Kefauver accumulated a campaign folder. The folder contained the names of every person he had met in the town, with a notation of the interests and political inclinations of each. All letters received from a town went into the folder, and all were answered even if they explained that the writer was supporting somebody else.

In mid-spring Kefauver began his campaign proper. He used his own car and borrowed his father's. He equipped both with loudspeakers; while he spoke in one town, using one auto-borne amplifier, the other car moved on to the next town to drum up a crowd. The voters listened and were impressed. Yet when June came around, with the primary only two months away, the general feeling in Tennessee was that Kefauver was the deserving candidate who ought to be nominated but probably wouldn't be.

But as it happened there was one man, probably shrewder than the rest, who thought otherwise. That was Edward Hull Crump of Memphis.

Kefauver up to this time had run on his record, talking issues rather than personalities. Crump was not willing to let it go at this. He attacked Kefauver, using full-page advertisements in every daily newspaper in the state and buying time on major radio stations. From then on the campaign was a personal duel between Estes Kefauver, who was runing for the Senate, and Ed Crump, who had made the mistake of throwing into the ring his title of political dictator of Tennessee. Kefauver took on heft in the eyes of the voters and his campaign shifted into high gear.

III

"Mistuh Crump," as he has been reverently known in Memphis, is a product of the Old South. He was born seventy-three years ago on a war-impoverished farm at Holly Springs, Mississippi, not far south of Memphis. Crump's father was a captain with Morgan's Raiders, and his mother, soon to be widowed in a yellow-fever epidemic, came from the Southern seaboard. Young Crump worked hard, as most Southerners did in the post-Reconstruction period. He had a flair for dealing with Negroes and with white people of a less imperious background; and moving to Memphis as a young man, he soon became active in politics.

He was elected Mayor of Memphis in 1909, and with one or two minor interruptions he has run the city and surrounding Shelby County ever since. Partly by charm and efficiency, but mostly by imparting a feeling of fear and futility, he soon came to wield the vote of Memphis and Shelby County almost as a solid block. This block of votes, constituting a fifth of the total cast in a state Democratic primary, gave him the balance of power in Tennessee.

Over the years the Boss and his lieutenants coined many aphorisms. "Most people don't know how to vote—that's why I'm here to help." "If you put Judas Iscariot on the ballot in Shelby County he'd get a thousand votes." "Negroes don't vote in Memphis; they are voted." "Make money first and make it last."

The machine was so powerful that only a little overt intimidation was required to keep the restless in line. An ambulance operator who spoke out against the Boss found his drivers harassed and arrested in a way that threatened to destroy his business. A Negro druggist who wanted the Negroes to vote independently saw his business fall toward zero—policemen stationed outside his door searched customers as narcotics suspects. A county-wide mass meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association was called and expelled a woman leader who questioned the wisdom of one-man government in Shelby County. An outstanding high-school principal who refused to paste on his car stickers of the Crump candidate for governor was banished to a position as instructor in a remote school.

The national House of Representatives impeached a federal district judge at Memphis and censored him for conduct grossly unbecoming a judge. Mistuh Crump liked the jurist, and the grievance committee of the local bar association sat on its hands. A Memphis editor dared oppose Boss Crump and for his pains was made the object of a false and scurrilous accusation adopted as a resolution by the City Council.

The Boss took care not to let anybody else take the political spotlight too long. When Police Commissioner Clifford Davis showed the possibility of becoming more popular than Mistuh Crump, he was shunted off to Washington to represent Memphis in the House. Conversely, when another Congressman, Walter Chandler, began to get nation-wide recognition, Mr. Crump brought him home and made him Mayor. To make his point inescapable, the Boss ran for Mayor himself, was elected almost without dissent, and then resigned and told the City Council to appoint Chandler in his place. "I was simply an elector acting for the people," he explained, comparing himself to the electors who name the President of the United States.

For several years the Boss barred CIO organizers from Memphis by simple edict. In this period a stranger was occasionally hauled into police headquarters on suspicion as a subversive character because the masthead of the *New Republic* or the *Nation* showed above his coat pocket. From the Boss, Memphians took their morals as well as their politics. When Crump was young, the machine permitted a wide-open city. Crump grown older frowned on sin, and the bawdy houses and bookie joints were closed tight. He says, possibly in exaggeration, "Sin is out in Memphis."

In the Boss's books, Kefauver's announcement for the Senate, without beck or nod from Memphis, was *lèse-majesté*. It was only a question of how to guillotine him. The best way, obviously, would be to brand him a Communist. Kefauver had spoken out against the Dies Committee and the Thomas Committee for using blunderbuss procedures and smear techniques in its investigations of "un-American activities." He had advocated the adoption of safeguards to give witnesses before the un-American Activities Committee some of the benefits of the rules of evidence governing in a courtroom. He had also insisted that President Truman's loyalty order be revised to protect federal employees from dismissal without a fair hearing.

Crump's advertisements and the radio and stump speeches of the Crump orators cited all this as proving that Kefauver was a dangerous radical. He was called a voting pal of Representative Marcantonio of New York and a "defender of Reds." The first full-page advertisements, signed not by the Crump candidate for the Senate but by the Boss himself, blared, "No patriotic American interested in the security of his country can vote for Kefauver."

The advertisement was headed, "Estes Kefauver Assumes the Role of a Pet Coon." It went on in homely figure: "Kefauver reminds me of the pet coon that puts its feet in an open drawer in your room, but invariably turns its head while its foot is feeling around in the drawer. The coon hopes, by turning its head, to deceive any onlookers as to where its foot is and what it is into." Translated, Kefauver, while pretending to be a good Amercan Congressman, had been aiding and abetting the Reds.

Kefauver replied to these innuendoes by pointing to his long Tennessee lineage, his small-town upbringing, his Baptist-preacher grandfather, and his normal career at the State University and in Congress. "The only thing Red about me," he said, "is my red-headed wife." This line, followed by the introduction of his attractive wife, the daughter of a Scottish baronet, always got a laugh.

Kefauver made further capital of the Crump diatribe by acquiring a live coon and taking it with him on his campaign tour. "This," he would say, "is a pedigreed West Tennessee coon. Notice his big bushy tail. This coon has rings in his tail, but I want you to remember I have no ring in my nose."

The coon enjoyed the performance. It was in fact too co-operative. Its droll antics deflected attention from Kefauver's speeches. When it was not in the spotlight it sulked and bit members of the campaign entourage. It had to be left behind. But one of Kefauver's friends presented him with a coonskin cap, replete with ringed tail, to carry on the parable. During each speech—he made eight a day at the height of the campaign—he would don the cap and pay his respects to Crump. The coonskin cap became a symbol. If Kefauver forgot to put it on, the audience was quick to remind him. "It was a sort of strip-tease in reverse," Kefauver says. "The audience would start chanting 'Put it on,' until I'd have to stick the coonskin cap on my head and give a big grin before they'd let me go on with my speech."

For a serious answer to the Communist charge, Kefauver said:

> Let's examine this business of Communism:
>
> Communism is a form of dictatorship under which the state controls everything. It is a relentless, one-man rulership where difference of opinion is not tolerated; where people have no liberties, no rights, no say-so in the election of their officials; where free enterprise is handicapped; where the citizens are intimidated, placed in fear; where reprisals are made for any opposition they might show to the ruthless dictatorship.
>
> I have always worked hard and fought hard to prevent this sort of thing. Now with this definition of Communism, whom does the term fit—Estes Kefauver or E. H. Crump?

Such talk struck a response even in Memphis. It had been twenty years since responsible citizens there had dared form a committee to fight the Boss in a Democratic primary. Editor Edward J. Meeman of the Scripps-Howard Memphis *Press-Scimitar* had carried on a running fight with the Boss but had recruited no help. Now, however, Meeman thought the time had come for him to act. He and J. Charles Poe, Memphis lumberman who had known Kefauver in Chattanooga, invited one hundred independently-minded Memphians to Hotel Peabody to meet their candidate.

Many made excuses but forty attended and seven agreed to serve on a Citizens' Committee for Estes Kefauver. Edmund Orgill, head of a one-hundred-year-old wholesale hardware and implement firm, and former president of the Chamber of Commerce, was made chairman. Some of the business men held back at first from serving on the committee because of Kefauver's vote against the Taft-Hartley Act.

Kefauver responded that he opposed the measure because of provisions which he considered unfair or unconstitutional, and that he had offered to vote for it if it were recommitted and those clauses revised. Further, he had voted for the Hobbs Anti-Racketeering Act and the Monroney bill to make unions subject to certain provisions of the anti-trust laws. Kefauver told the business men, as he had told the unions, "I call them as I see them."

The Kefauver Committee went to work. Soon another Kefauver banquet was held which five hundred Memphians paid two dollars each to attend. The CIO and the PAC turned on full steam for the Chattanooga candidate. A woman's group which Mrs. Ragland came over from Chattanooga to organize did perhaps the best work of all. This group held "Schools for Politics" to explain the issues to any women who would attend, and especially to those who would get out and canvass for Kefauver.

In "Crump-town," as Memphians sometimes call their city, it is not merely a matter of persuading voters to vote for an anti-machine candidate. To assure that the votes were counted correctly after they were cast, the committee set up "Clean Election Clubs" and the women organized "Schools for

Watchers," at which Kefauver supporters were told how to look for fraud and how to present a legal challenge for the record. Some of the best tips on how to watch for tricks in counting the votes came—confidentially of course—from ostensible Crump supporters.

ANSWERING the machine's newspaper advertisements and radio speeches required a larger campaign chest than Kefauver had planned. Someone came up with the idea of selling "Kefauver Baby Bonds"—unredeemable, two dollars—and the response was excellent. A Memphis lumberman advertised the bonds, asking, "Is your independence worth two dollars?" Memphis business men chipped in for substantial contributions, but most of them specified that their names be kept secret. They made their donations in cash.

At the real-estate office of Crump & Trezevant, the anger of Memphis's unofficial mayor and Tennessee's unofficial governor mounted. Crump issued a challenge to Editor Meeman. Let a committee be appointed to decide the truth of Crump's charge that Kefauver was a Communist. If the committee said yes, Meeman would leave town. If it said no, Crump would leave. Kefauver answered this promptly:

> You, Mr. Crump, are not running for the Senate. Your candidate, Judge Mitchell, is. I say, let Judge Mitchell meet me in Memphis in open debate and if the audience then thinks I am a Communist I will quit the Senate race. If they decide I'm not I'll not ask you to leave the state, but I think it might be a good idea.

Kefauver repeatedly challenged his opponents to debate. When the challenges were ignored, he adopted the tactic of following his opponents around, appearing on the platform from which one or the other of them was descending and issuing his challenge in person:

"You people have just been hearing Judge Mitchell call me some very ugly names. You know what a hit-run driver is. Now the Judge is a hit-run speaker. I challenge him to stay here and in open discussion repeat the things he has said behind my back." His opponents always had to rush off to another engagement.

THE part played by the Negro vote in this election sheds considerable light on the impact of racial issues in the South. Kefauver's long fight against the poll tax and the filibuster pleased the Negroes. So did his stand for the use of federal funds to equalize educational opportunity among the various states, with the pressure which that would imply for equal educational facilities for whites and Negroes. Negro leaders also liked his proposed constitutional amendment to make the vote of Presidential electors reflect the popular vote in each state, because it would add leverage to their votes. But some Negroes resented Kefauver's stand on two other issues. He was against the anti-lynching bill and the proposed fair employment practices commission.

"I am as strongly opposed to lynchings," Kefauver says, "as anyone. But an anti-lynching bill probably would be unenforceable and it would stir up race feeling and destroy progress we are making toward harmony between the races. The penalty on counties in which an unpunished lynching occurs embraces the Nazi-like theory of collective guilt, and that in my opinion is unconstitutional. Great progress is being made by the South itself in abolishing lynchings. Since 1940 Negro lynchings in this country have averaged three a year. In the first ten years of this century they averaged seventy-five a year. In three or four decades lynchings have been reduced 96 per cent. That is an impressive record. I believe it is best to let humane and enlightened sentiment in the South continue its remarkable progress toward eradicating lynchings entirely."

Kefauver also doubts that a law requiring an employer to hire a certain proportion of his workers by race would be constitutional. He thinks it would be unenforceable, because judgment as to a violation would rest upon subjective factors which the courts could not assess.

Perhaps nobody, including Kefauver, knows to just what extent his position on these two issues is the product of untrammeled conviction or to what extent it may rationalize the prerequisites of political survival in the South. No observer who visited Tennessee during the primary campaign thought that Kefauver would have been nominated had he not announced in opposi-

tion to an anti-lynching bill or an FEPC. After debating the matter, Memphis Negro leaders decided they liked Kefauver and organized a Negro Citizens' Committee for Kefauver to support him. Louis R. Johnson, president of the Memphis Negro Chamber of Commerce, estimates that only ten per cent of the Negro half of Memphis and surrounding Shelby County voted in the primary but that two-thirds of those voting cast their ballots for Kefauver. Negroes had voted in Memphis and Shelby County in just as large or larger numbers before. But they had voted usually for the machine, trucked about from polling place to polling place, some of them voting the Crump ticket repeatedly, with wild abandon. After the August primary one Negro said:

> For fifteen years I made up my mind, lying in the bed at night, that I would go to the polls and vote my convictions, against the machine. Each time I went to the polling booth, and looking at all those machine watchers I broke out in a sweat and voted the machine ticket, just like the sample ballot they put in my hand. This time I pulled my hat down on my head and voted for Kefauver. I'm going to own my own soul from here out.

IV

A great many other Memphians felt the same way on election day. Not only were they ready to vote as they pleased; trained watchers were there to see that their votes were counted right. In past elections the machine had sometimes roughed up unfriendly watchers. Estes Kefauver, all six-feet-three of him, flew into town on election morning to take his part if any rough-housing was started. There was none. When the count was completed, the anti-Crump forces in the city had tallied three-fourths as many votes for Senator as the Crump candidate. Memphis had seen nothing like it for forty years. And Kefauver swept the rest of the state so effectively that he won the Democratic nomination with a plurality of 35,000.

Gordon Browning, the anti-Crump candidate for Governor, was nominated at the same time. Boss Crump made a clean sweep for city and county offices, but his power received a tough jolt. In the general election in November, Crump did not oppose Kefauver and Browning, and they beat their Republican opponents by two to one majorities. Crump weakened his influence by supporting J. Strom Thurmond, the Dixiecrat candidate for President, over Mr. Truman. Thurmond received a slight plurality in Memphis and environs, but far less than the combined totals of President Truman and Governor Dewey.

Since the citizens who voted for Kefauver, Browning, and Truman or Dewey have not been struck down in their tracks, more cautious souls will be emboldened to rebel. The machine may be ditched for good in another election.

The Citizens' Committee which directed the Kefauver campaign has reorganized on a permanent basis with this manifesto: "The incidents of this campaign have demonstrated to us with alarming clarity that there exist in Memphis and Shelby County practices which are dangerous to a free society. We hold that the end and aim of all government is to further and extend the liberty of its citizens, and that no government is good which attempts to discipline or punish any citizen for exercising the prerogatives of citizenship."

The committee plans to take the Boss's spoils away from him by means of city and county civil-service law. It seeks a "Little Hatch Act" to put an end to political slush funds. It means to get a permanent registration law to put a stop to the voting of "straw men." It wants voting machines to assure an honest election count. And it advocates a gradual transition to the city-manager system for Memphis. This is a big order, but the Governor and most of the Legislature should be ready to go along with the committee.

As for Boss Crump, he shows a pathetic inability to understand why so many of his hitherto loyal subjects are turning against him: "Hasn't Memphis got the lowest tax rate of any city in the country above 30,000, and a low assessment rate as well? Isn't Shelby County's tax rate the lowest in Tennessee? Hasn't it got good schools, good hospitals, good playgrounds? Why would they want to vote us out of office?"

What Mr. Crump is about to discover, apparently, is that people want to be free. They haven't been in Memphis.

The Middle East Over the Wingtip

Wolfgang Langewiesche

We saw the Middle East purely by chance. An airplane had to be ferried to the Indies; we had the job; our route lay across those parts: that's all. So I can tell you no inside facts about the Middle East—only topside facts: what it looks like to an ignorant airplane driver as it flows past below him at three miles per minute.

As far as piloting goes—the technical job of getting the airplane from A to B—it makes of course not much difference where you fly, Middle East or Middle West. The world is to a pilot mostly just Space. You traverse that: you don't like it or dislike it. You measure its distance, directions, elevations on your map; you calculate a compass-heading, fly such-and-such a speed for so many hours, so many minutes. Long hours: you fight fatigue, sleep, stagnant circulation. A town drifts by, making a check-point; or perhaps you get a radio bearing on some unseen station. You make a correction in your course—three degrees more to the left. You sit more hours. You pick up a river, a coastline, and find your airport. The airports are much the same all over the world. You land, gas up, eat, sleep, take off again——

You make one turn, to get on your heading; and then you sit again for hours, a patient draftsman who draws a careful line—only your pencil point is yourself, and your paper the earth. Flying is no adventure: it's a vector diagram. So much, in this direction, for an hour's forward motion of the airplane; so much, in that direction, for an hour's sidewise drift with the wind: resultant hourly motion of the airplane, such-and-such. Your mind draws these lines the same way whether the surface is white paper, or blue ocean, or mottled farms, or, as in the Middle East, mostly sand.

But even if you are all pilot—all engineer, I mean, operating a machine—you do pay your respects to the country in one sense. What if you were forced down? In a single-engined ship this thought is constant. It gnaws on you; it sometimes can become almost a pain. In a twin it is more hypothetical: *if* one engine should quit, you would then have to worry hard.

We had two engines. We had flown them (or they us) across the Atlantic, and we trusted them. But still—those deserts! You weren't looking at the desert in technicolor. Sometimes, flying low, you felt the reflected glare on your face. You *might*—one chance in tens of thousand, but you *might*—wind up tramping through the sand. The chance was hardly real; just enough to put your acquaintance with the desert on a personal basis.

From Damascus all the way to India you fly mostly deserts, every kind of desert there is; and there are more kinds than the mapmaker has symbols for. Our maps often ampli-

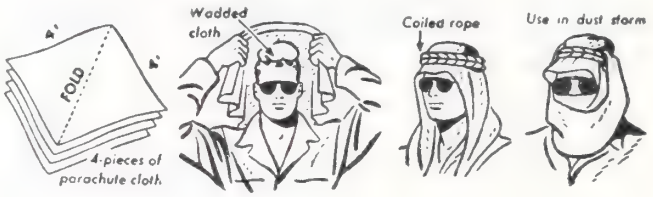
This article, the fourth in a four-part series, finishes the flight diary of Mr. Langewiesche, instrument test pilot and writer for Air Facts, *on his trip to the Orient.*

fied the information in words, printed on the back. "Lava area," it would say, or "eroded lava area," or "undulating gravel plain," or "scattered craters." It would talk about "barren flinty terrain almost completely lacking in water"; "a sand-free pebble-strewn plain which gives way to a region covered with lava boulders"; "heavy sand desert . . . foot travel extremely difficult and, in some of the dune areas, impossible"; "mountains . . . exceedingly steep, bare, and rugged"; "flat uninhabited desert presenting serious survival problems in the form of lack of water and great heat." There were also alkali lakes, and places where the desert turned into swamp without any real vegetation intervening. By name, we flew the Syrian Desert, a desert called Jafura, a desert peninsula called Qatar, the Trucial Oman Desert. During our last two hours over Arabia, we at least skirted the edges of the Rub al Khali, the Empty Quarter, which is the God-damnedest desert of them all.

Our flying maps (made for the U. S. Air Forces) knew how one feels. They had the survival dope printed right on the back—a sort of Baedeker for the involuntary tourist. "Stay put," it said. "A well-equipped search-and-rescue organization is maintained in the area which will do its best to find you and bring you out . . . ." "Stay put especially in sand-storms. Search-and-rescue aircraft stay grounded during storms. They will be out after you once the weather clears . . . ." "Arabs are paid a large sum of money to guide air crews to stations . . . . Stay put, get into the shade, and wait for rescue."

That was nice; only it probably was no longer so true, now that the USAAF and the RAF had gone home. It made the map more interesting. *Without* water, it said, if you just started walking, by day, in the hotter deserts, you could make nine miles. Not nine miles a day; not nine miles the first day, five the second: nine miles period. If you walked only at night, and stayed in the shade by day, you might last three days and make twenty miles. With one gallon of water, you might walk four nights and make thirty miles.

"Never expose head or skin to the desert sun," it said. It showed you how you could use parachute cloth to make yourself an Arab head dress: Boy, powerful country that, I thought, the way it could change a clean-cut American into a Bedouin in one easy lesson!



All this may sound as if we had sat up there and jittered. Not so; it was just a study in what you might call personalized geography. You have to have something to think about on those long hops. Naturally you read the Directions for Use of the country you are over.

You also eat. I remember when we passed over Basra, on the way from Bagdad to Arabia proper. Its date gardens make a beautiful patch of deep green, there on the lower Euphrates. I was just then eating dates out of a box, bought in a New York delicatessen, and I read the print on the box: "Dromedary," it said, and something about how here, brought to you in a sanitary package, not touched by human hands, were the Golden Dates of Araby. "Araby: Yeah man," I thought, and put the pits out of the window right back where they came from, feeling stupidly proud.

Stupid as your thoughts may be—you have lots of time to think. An airplane, once trimmed-out for cruising flight, calls for little work. You don't have to keep an airplane going the way you keep bearing down on the gas pedal in your car: you set your throttles for cruising and then lock them there. And you can't hurry an airplane. Each type has its own cruising speed; you just have to let it plow along. There are no bumps to watch for, no curves to negotiate, no traffic to frustrate you; there is never the suspense of what may pop up around a curve. And you don't even need those continual small jugglings of the wheel by which you keep a car going straight: just one finger on the wheel; once a minute or so a slight, gentle pressure to keep her on course. Every two hours or so, one tank is empty, and you switch to the next one.

Apart from that, your time is your own. And you sit and look.

II

Well, what did you see from your marvelous flying machine? You've got me there. I have already told you most of it: an undulating gravel plain; a lava flow; sand dunes; big, sunburnt mountains; and so on. It's desert, I tell you; "desert" comes from "deserted"; people don't fool around there much. It's beautiful to look at. I have a book by an RAF pilot, Roderic Hill, who flew the early Bagdad airmail in the nineteen-twenties. He had all sorts of names made up for the scenes along his run. One place was called Titch's Tumble, after what happened there to pilot Titch; but for the rest he had such names as the Land of Nearby, the Hills of Lost Thoughts, and the Plain of Unfulfilled Desires. I couldn't quite go that pace, but I know what he meant—this feeling that something should be here, but isn't; this feeling that, since nothing visible lives here, something invisible must fill those wild landscapes. Some people claim that the desert strongly evokes the idea of a God—in all sorts of men from ancient Jews and early Mohammedans to the GI. As for myself, the only Unfulfilled Desire I remember was for the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé. This was at the southern end of Arabia, where the desert looked much like the desert sections of the American Southwest. It was of course a fatigue-befuddlement, plus the fact that the mind just will not accept the emptiness. Anyway, I kept thinking: now out of that next valley ahead the Santa Fé tracks are bound to come. But they never came.

Apart from the desert itself, most of what we saw seems unimportant now; but at the time it all seemed important, partly because there was almost always an optic problem involved. It takes your eye a while to learn to see in the desert. Once, for example, between Damascus and Bagdad some way off I saw a bit of smoke—somebody's campfire? A distress signal? My friend was dozing; I had the ship. No need to bother him; but it wouldn't hurt to change course slightly and have a look. Ten minutes later—thirty miles—it still was only a distant bit of smoke. ("Distances in the desert may fool you," said the back of the map, trying to squash the urge to walk. "To play safe, multiply your estimate by three.") Finally some black dots appeared at the source of the smoke: men? camels? tents? I don't know how much longer it was before the thing took shape and scale as a convoy of three huge trucks, laboring over the sands toward Damascus; the campfire smoke was their dust trail, many miles long. There is a lot of driving on the Syrian Desert. The famous Nairn bus goes across there; I was almost sorry to miss the bus-ride.

Once, between Bagdad and the Persian Gulf—the desert had changed into vast mud flats, shallow reedy lakes; before the Lord divided the waters from the land the world looked like that—we were flying very low, mostly, I guess, to entertain ourselves, to put a little sense of motion into a long, hot session. In country where there are no man-made objects (of which you know the size), you can't tell just how close you are to the ground. The closer you are, the faster the ground seems to move; but just as in driving, what seemed fast at first comes after a while to seem not so fast; so that what seemed low flying at first comes after a while to seem not so low: so you go still lower. Anyway—we saw some huts, shaped like Quonset huts, built of reeds. We swerved a little to pass close by. Then we saw a giant, twenty feet tall. He stood upright in his boat and poled along toward the hut. Of course it was the other way round: the man was just a man, but the boat tiny, the huts the merest dog-houses.

Those were swamp-Arabs. You chalk that up, having seen them, as you would chalk up a mountain goat. They are hard to see, and not too friendly—you have to be almost an Explorer to penetrate into those swamps. For five seconds or so, we saw the nearest thing imaginable to a scene from prehistoric life: primitive man, scared by monster, hurries to his hut to defend his young.

Arabian flight maps showed quite a few castles, as landmarks. It's a feudal society; castles go with that; sooner or later, the air-view shows it up. Finally, over southern Arabia, we saw one. This one was in a valley, on a patch of grass grown by irrigation. It was a tower, the stronghold of some lord, alone among barren mountains. You may think of Muscat, on the Indian Ocean coast of Arabia, as fairly remote: well, this was to Muscat about as Muscat is to New York City. In time, it seemed a thousand years remote. I

thought—now wouldn't *that* be an interesting place to be forced down. Perhaps better not: "The Natives of the Oman mountains are definitely hostile," said the back of our map, "and even now make periodic raids on the . . . settlements of the Trucial Coast." "Hostile," I had asked a pilot at Dhahran, "what'd they do if you came down there—cut off your head?" "No, not your head," he had answered. Good thing about those two engines. (Our right-hand one kept showing a slight fluctuation of fuel pressure; but that was probably only a faulty gauge.)

THE biggest air-sight in the Middle East is the great pipeline of the Iraq Petroleum Co. It runs from northern Iraq to Palestine, taking oil from the Mossul and Kirkuk fields to the sea. It runs across the desert in a beautifully-drawn straight line for hundred of miles. Much of the way it is accompanied by a paved highway that runs from Bagdad to Palestine. The back of our map called it "the key to rescue in this area." Always know whether you are north or south of it; then, when in trouble, head for it. "Chances are good that you will be picked up by a motor vehicle in a few hours. If not . . . you will find the road marked with mileages and signposts. Wells are spaced 60-90 miles apart . . . there are gate houses where water is available."

When we came on it, half-way in our flight from Damascus to Bagdad, the desert suddenly was no longer desert. You snapped your finger at it: they had it licked. It was just like some Western American landscapes: a string of high-power civilization stretched with magnificent disregard across the wasteland. You could see why American oil men describe the Middle East as "Texas with Arabs."

That of all things a pipeline should be the big sight is not chance. Oil is the thing there; and within the oil business, pipelines are the thing. There is something statistical and survey-like about the airview of a foreign country. In one sense you don't see much; you don't talk to people; you don't get inside of houses; your view is cold. In another sense, you see it all: every foot of the ground, all that's on it: they can't kid you. You can always tell what's on their mind. The things they have taken the most pains with show up most sharply. For example, in the American West, all the water towers, all the dams and the great artificial lakes, all the small earthen "tanks," the water holes with windmills. You can tell—water is what's on *their* mind.

So here, it's the pipeline. The big problem in Middle East oil is not how to find the stuff: oceans of it are known, waiting to be tapped. And the problem is not, as often in the United States, how to get the oil out before the other fellow gets it. In all those countries the oil is owned by the state, and the concession for each field held by one company; there is no competitive drilling. Geology, not real-estate boundaries, governs the spacing. The average Middle East oil well, therefore, produces hundreds of times as much oil as the average well in, say, Oklahoma. "And if we want more oil," said one oil man, putting the thing in non-oil language for me, "all we have to do is to turn the faucet up a little more." Consequently (through the peculiar logic by which such facts show up in the landscape) the fabulous oil fields of the Middle East are not impressive to see: no Spindle Top, no Signal Hill. We flew over the Kirkuk field, one of the richest, and hardly saw it: just a lone derrick here or there in the sand hills.

How did we know those oil facts? For one thing, my friend, being an oil well drill man, had his *Petroleum World* and his *Oil Atlas* right in the cockpit. But also, you always look at the air-view through a gridwork, as it were, of gossip; especially airport gossip. At airports everybody is always just in from somewhere with the latest; and all the big shots pass through there, all the company airplanes, etc; you get an idea of what's cooking.

THE airport gossip in the Middle East was never about the people, just as their poor mud-built villages hardly showed up in the airview. The gossip was about oil, and about the big doings of big beings: a being called "the Shell," one called "the Independent," one called "the Standard of Cal." (See that fellow? He is with the Independent—you know, the new outfit. They are trying to get next to the sheik of ——. Not a chance; the —— has that all tied up, you know *that*. Yes, but the State Department is giving them

pretty strong backing—they want another outfit out here so they won't be accused of always going to bat for the same few big names. Oh is that so?) That's how it buzzes.

But mostly the gossip is about the Sheiks. In each oil development the other partner is always the local sovereign. He may be a modern government with departments and ministers; but he may also be some sheik, king, or emir, who rules as patriarch and autocrat. There are more such independent or practically independent rulers in that part of the world than the map shows. Politically, some are protectorates or in some other way not quite on their own; but when it comes to business, the ruler owns the oil and collects the royalties.

About those millionaire-sheiks the gossip starts in New York and never ends until the far side of India. For example, a certain potentate is just crazy about refrigerators. His palace has a refrigerator in every room. He also likes big cars, shortage or no. He had his agents watching all the harbors of the Levant—Beyrouth, Jaffa, etc. When an oil-company big-shot got a postwar Cadillac unloaded from a ship, His Highness allowed it to be understood that he would be pleased to accept just such a car. Well, what can you do? It pays to keep him sweetened up.

Want to make a million dollars? One potentate now wants a railroad. (He's got just about everything else, along such lines.) There is no freight to move in his desert; the drifting sand would make a railroad tough to run, but he wants a railroad. If you want to make a million dollars, just go in there and talk him out of it. Because, if he keeps wanting a railroad, why they sure will have to cough up a railroad. Got to keep things pleasant, you know.

Some weeks ago, His Highness, X Abdul Y, the boss of Z, had disappeared from his capital to go to the hills, leaving the oil crowd hung up on important business. He had not been feeling well: the doctors had recommended a change of women. Now he is back, feeling no better. The doctors say the new wine proved too strong for the old bottle.

THERE ARE NO TOURISTS IN ARABIA. Neither the oil companies nor the Arab rulers want them gumming up their pleasant but delicate relationships. If there were tourists in Arabia, Kuweit, on the Trucial Coast, is where you would stop to see an Arab Town.

I had never even heard of Kuweit until its visa got popped into my passport: its importance is still very new. But as you shorthop through the Middle East, the airport gossip briefs you: the place is "unspoiled," a walled city, all-Arab in architecture with perhaps a few touches of Turk. It is a sovereign country—a city-state, ruled over by the Sheik, His Highness Sir Ahmed Al Jabir As Subah, K.C., I.E., K.C.S.I. Because of the traditional friendship existing between the House of Windsor and His Highness' family, Great Britain guarantees the Kuweit boundaries. Purely as an accommodation, the British Passport Control Office grants, or withholds, your Kuweit visa. Also, an exceedingly inconspicuous Englishman is stationed there to offer such advice as His Highness might require. But in Kuweit and the surrounding deserts, H.H. is boss, and no mistake.

It is also an oil town—one of the richest. And that is, strangely enough, what keeps it unspoiled. Kuweit shows in a neat miniature exhibit the oddest angle in the whole Middle East oil show: European-American capital closely allied with feudal lords. The Sheik of Kuweit, like his neighbor, King Ibn Saud, has a fantastic income. He can really take care of his people, as a feudal lord should. The oil money, instead of corroding the ancient social system, strengthens it; at least just now.

WE STEERED for Kuweit across the head of the Persian Gulf; the desert rises there, pure smooth yellow sand, directly from the water. A long procession of Arab sails was strung out toward Kuweit: the place is no oasis; water has to be sailed in from the Shat el Arab. No fields, no trees, no spot of green showed up as you approached. There was a harbor, the sand-colored town around it; a sand-colored wall around that; outside the walls, the infidel buildings of the Kuweit Oil Co., some white stuccoed European houses, some tin roofs—otherwise, sand-colored desert. A gate, fortified by towers, was in the city wall. A road came out, split up, thinned out into mere trails and lost itself in the desert.

You land on the desert right outside the

city wall. The airport is marked off by black lines—just crude oil, poured on the sand. Two British transport airplanes were parked there —the oil company's private shuttle service, overnight to England. We backed well off and made a long, straight-in approach; across the city wall, some camels, a station wagon. We were grateful for the oil streak: on the shapeless, flat, glaring sand your eye was uncertain, almost as in a seaplane-landing on glassy water.

It was our first time down on the desert. Your skin felt cool as you stepped out of the ship into the stiff dry wind; but the sun burned you. The desert here was absolute, the enormous sand flat without a spear of grass, a tree, a shade or shelter of any kind. Arabs in their fluttering white robes stood about, their headcloths wrapped about their faces against the sand kicked up by propellers. Almost right away you found yourself standing under your own ship's wing. You understood: ". . . The Lord is a Shadow . . . ." This, however, was Director's Season here, said the Britisher who received us. Wait till August! And by the way, we would live much longer if we used runways. We had taken those oil streaks for airport boundaries, and landed in the triangle between them. But no, no, no! They were the runaways: you were supposed to straddle the line with your landing gear. How easy it would have been to hit a pocket of soft sand and roll a $100,000 airplane, and two reputations, up into a ball.

The station-wagon was ready to take us into town. There was of course no hotel. In those places, if you don't rate quarters in the oil-company guest-house, you aren't likely to be there in the first place. We rated because the Cardwell oil well drill rigs which my friend sells are pretty good stuff. We left the airplane standing on the desert. Lock it? Perhaps better, said the Britisher. It was now quite a while since the last thief had had his hand chopped off.

IGNORANT airplane driver from Teterboro, New Jersey, takes walk in Kuweit, "Araby":

You walk in a ghost-like silence because the loose, dry sand in the street muffles all footfalls; and the houses turn only blank walls toward the street. Ghost-like also are the two women who come down the street, all veiled in black. These are not lacy token veils such as you saw in Bagdad; they are not even the kind that covers all except the eyes; these are hoods; and they are not plain black, but a perfect black: when you see black, a physicist would say you see nothing. Black is the absence of all color. Two black voids are in the glaring sunlight. It looks like Grief and Trouble taking a walk. Their names are probably Ayesha and Fatima and they are probably pretty and quite likely giggling. Now what do you do? Stare? Grin? Ignore?

A jingle like sleighbells. Out of a side street, riding on donkeys, come some fellows in white gowns. They ride side-saddle but without a saddle, sitting way back on the rear end. They come around the corner at a gallop, at a considerable angle of bank, and then bank the other way and disappear in an alley; still silent except for the jingling: the Kuweit bicycle, one of the salesmen at the guest-house called it.

You pass the entrance of a house and shoot a quick glance into the courtyard. Right in the entrance-way on a long divan sit half a dozen elders, white bearded, dignified, talking leisurely, smoking.

Main street. You feel perhaps a little bashful, in your little seersucker suit. Everybody else wears clothes like Lawrence of Arabia. Some carry rifles; all you've got is a book of travelers' checks. Is it okay for an infidel just to walk around? (Just during those days, the name of America was mud because of Palestine. In Bagdad the U. S. Information Office was mobbed and burnt.) But it is all right. People ignore you. It is nicely done. Hospitality is one of the gifts of this gifted people. They ignore you in a natural manner, as if they had seen you around for years. Actually, of course, there are hundreds of Americans and English in Kuweit, some with their families. You feel somehow that firm word has gone out from the Sheik; there is to be no trouble. Only once has His Highness had to send word to the company—would the British and American ladies please not walk through the Bazaars in shorts?

The Bazaars are full of music. It makes the scene strangely like a travel movie, with suitable sound: it comes out of radios, genuine Arabic music straight from the BBC in London.

The bigger streets are full of cars. No dollar shortage in Arabia: more cars, proportionately, bigger and shinier cars than you saw in London or Paris. They don't take away the strangeness, though, they point it up. This man who sits on a camel is only a very distant cousin; you don't care. But a man who gets in a car, slams the door, steps on the starter and drives away with all the familiar gestures, the familiar noises: *he* is your brother—and why does your brother wear that fierce black beard and that white gown?

A fat, black Buick bumps down the street, driven by a black-bearded man in white headcloth: a silken, freshly-laundered headcloth; even you can tell it's very expensive. In the back seat are two of those black bodies: this would be a husband taking his wives for a ride. Bet he's got himself a couple of good-looking babes. (Oh yes indeed, said one of the oil company men. He of course had never seen any local ladies, but his wife had: they were attractive, well-informed, intelligent, and when at home, wore beautiful clothes straight from Paris.)

Up to the town square. It is very large, almost a sand plain. Right in the middle is a cross, rather low and small. Strange, I thought, the way it is stuck crudely in the ground without a base; but nice: it shows that the Christian mission hospital must have done much good here. (Not so at all. The cross is not symbolic, but functional. It is the whipping post and place of execution. One of the salesmen claims that not so long ago he saw a human hand hang there, slowly rotting away.)

You could have learned a lot about Arabia, walking around in Kuweit. (I had two days there on the ground, a tourist in Arabia after all, while my friend did business.) You would have learned to tell an Arab's tribe by his headcloth. You could have tried for an audience with the Sheik's cousin (his Chief of Police), a millionaire-sportsman much admired by the Americans. (If he likes you, he takes you hunting—you drive into the desert in Rolls-Royces, and hunt with falcons.) You should have figured out some of their politics; what Truce made this the Trucial Coast? Or you could have watched the Arab labor at work. You could have sought an answer to the obvious question: oil money is pumped into this society from the top, strengthening its feudal state. Oil money is pumped in at the bottom, through wages, doing what? There are no unions yet in Arabia, no restless intellectuals, no parties, no elections. There are, we were told, no Communists. How long before the two Western money currents meet, with a bang?

But your brain can't travel so fast. A few days ago we were in Paris, a few days before that, in Greenland. No matter how you try, you go through the same simple astonishments over and over: Gee, look at those camels. Gosh, lookit, that woman, all black. Feel that sun. Those men, in their night shirts. How silent the streets are, with the soft sand that muffles everything.

IV

As you fly down the East coast of Arabia, the scene is astounding: it is so simple. Here is the sea; it is all blue. Here is the desert; it is all sand-colored; and that's all. The desert starts where the sea ends, and it slopes upward, inland, to a horizon of empty sand. We flew at 500 feet, where your horizon is 40 miles away: sand. We climbed to 5,000 feet, where your horizon distance is 87 miles: still only sand. We tried 10,000 feet, where your horizon distance is 112 miles: still nothing but desert.

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, lies on that coast. The air age has suddenly popped it on the map—such maps as show it, as yet; which means mostly the TWA timetable folders. I had often thought: "Now *that* would be a place to see. Way back there on the far side of Arabia, in the same Kingdom as Mekka itself: it must be the very East Pole of the world."

It isn't. What sat there on the naked desert beside a huge airport looked like a piece of Concentrate of U.S.A. It looked like a residential real-estate subdivision—the kind that is often called Woodlawn, because of the almost total absence of woods and lawns. Dhahran is the company town of the Arabian American Oil Company. And if you want me to report what we actually saw in Saudi Arabia, rather than hearsay—I never heard the Muezzin call the faithful to prayer—I'll have to tell you about nice houses on nice streets; about refrigerators; clean, white bathrooms;

and of course, the air-conditioning system which runs from a central plant and blasts away fiercely day and night.

You went to someone's house for drinks, met clean-cut young fellows, lovely wives, cute babies. There was an office building, sharply air-conditioned, with typewriters clicking. The only way you could tell, indoors, that all this sat on the naked sands was by the pictures: they were uniformly of snow-capped mountains, blue lakes, luscious green pastures, and waterfalls.

But, by the hour, you discover in this Woodlawn some strange overtones, flavors, angles. For example: if you lived there, you would soon build up a nice bankroll. The oil companies pay well for foreign service; and there is no income tax in Arabia.

You would lead an American life, but one rather strongly flavored by Arabia.

Your day off would be Friday, the Moslem Sunday. There would be no place to go. You would probably have no car; if you had one, you would have no roads. One *can* drive clear across Arabia; the Arabs do. But you would forever get stuck in the sand. Most cars have their rear fenders cut away and mount jumbo tires, and still get stuck. Besides, you wouldn't be allowed just to go touring. Remember, *There Are No Tourists in Arabia.*

If you had a date—there are many pretty girls with Aramco—you would have no place to take her. The nearest hotel-bars with dance music, etc., are the Taj at Bombay—1,500 miles southeast—or Shepherds at Cairo—1,300 miles northwest.

You would have no place to go shopping, other than the company commissaries. A man said he worked in Purchasing. Just making conversation, I asked, "What do you purchase?" He said, "Everything, from contraceptives to coffins." That's right, I thought. There isn't anything here but sand. I bet within a hundred miles of Dhahran you couldn't find a stick of wood; not enough palm leaves to weave a mat; not enough grass to stuff a mattress. (I'd probably lose that bet. The rapid air-view sometimes exaggerates the truth. You *could* find enough grass to stuff a mattress.)

No dogs. (Unclean.) In contacts with Arab dignitaries, no neckties; no visored caps. (Offensive.) Don't show the soles of your feet. (Indecent.) As for pictures of any sort, moving or still, photographed or painted, they are Graven Images and prohibited by the Prophet. So are dances. But as a special concession, the King allows the Americans to have them.

You would be subject to the laws of the King, and no fooling. No mixed courts or extra-territoriality, as there used to be in Egypt or in China: justice, as administered by the King's Emir. You *could* get fifty lashes of the whip. You *could* get your hand chopped off, or your head. (The man who does the chopping also works as a guard at the company's main gate, where the Arab workers file through and show their badges. He is a jolly old white-bearded man, not very tall. He gives you quite a grin, and measures you with shiny, snapping eyes.) In practice, the King has let the company keep its own discipline among its American employees.

This Ibn Saud is quite a king. He sits way off in Rhyad, in the desert, but he has himself firmly impressed upon the foreigners. You see his picture by reflection and refraction through their eyes. Somehow, the convention there is rigid that Ibn Saud is a Great Man. I never heard them call him anything but "The King"—not even in a late gripe-and-bull session with drinks to help; I even heard him referred to as "His Majesty." I heard no funny stories about him.

IF YOU worked at Dhahran, you would not see much of the King or his emirs. Aramco, like most of the oil companies in the Middle East, doesn't seem to believe that the *laisser-faire* of bluff, hearty, man-to-man contact will work out across the enormous gulf of race and culture. There is a Relations Department, managed with infinite finesse, which is the company's State Department, as it were, and closely controls all contact with the Arab world. Its chief is an American whom the King sometimes calls "My Son": and believe me, out there in Arabia that's quite a title. *That* fellow's memoirs, someday would be worth reading: how you do it, how you shepherd five thousand American oil men among the fiercest and most puritan of Moslems.

Meanwhile you, if you worked at Dhahran, would deal mostly with Arab workmen. In doing so, you would not have to wear Arab

dress (as the company big-shots do when they go to see the King), or put on any oriental manner. You would merely have to live up to your own country's doctrine—that men are created equal. You would have to handle the Arab laborer as if he were a Texan, only more so—with kid gloves. You could not yell at him—not even out in the hot, rough work in the oil fields; not even if, green at mechanics, perhaps he busted some machine. If you ever, under any provocation, laid hands on an Arab, you would instantly be shipped home.

This sounds easy when you think of some haughty sheik high on a camel, against a backdrop of sand dunes. But there, against the background of a power station, a garage, a cyclone fence, that sort of charm wears off. When the newly-recruited boy moves into the company dormitory, he does indeed wear full costume; but soon he changes to overalls and headcloth; a little later, to overalls and skull cap. You then can see that he is very alien. What you see then is a young lad, slight of build. They don't grow husky on the desert diet. He seems strangely girl-like in some ways—the way he uses his large almond eyes, the way he has of holding hands with a pal while walking down the street. He knows nothing about machinery. His ideas about sex are most different from yours. He is ignorant. (What he knows about the desert, or the ninety-nine names of God, does not help in the oil business.) He is poor. He is your equal.

That attitude does not grow by itself. It would more naturally develop along the lines of wop—kike—greaser. You sense a continuous heavy indoctrination on the theme: "The Arabs are Good People." It comes from the top—somewhere in the U. S. (Aramco is owned by the Standard of Cal and Texaco). And it seems to take. For this I can't cite any real evidence, numerical or anecdotal, after a couple of days' flight stop. It's in the air there: the way you never heard at Dhahran a remark you heard so often almost everywhere else between Cyprus and India about the chance that the cholera might spread from Egypt: "I don't care, I have got my shots. If a few million of these ————s die, it suits me fine." The way Americans and Arabs were sitting helter-skelter in the cafeteria. The way the ex-Army colonel I was with picked up a sick Arab laborer. He was more gentle with him than I would have been right then and there; more gentle, I guess, than he would have been in the Army or in an American factory yard if he had found a young fellow hiding in the shade while on the job. The way so many Arabs had picked up the free-and-easy American manner, the American grin—so different from the slinky manner which contact with the Europeans has induced in other places.

At this point in our quick dash across the postwar world, I had come to think that, regardless of anything you might see in any one country, the most important single question was, right now: What kind of people are the Americans? You got all sorts of answers to that, some good, some not so good. The most hopeful was the one at Dhahran. The most electric sight I saw between Newfoundland and Australia was there in Arabia at sunrise when the siren went off: the Arabs of Dhahran streaming to work, some still in desert dress, with the peculiar American hurry-up gait—the way people walk who have an urgent purpose, people who think that time matters, that something can be gained by effort. Someone, I thought, had touched a switch and turned on a current.

That was the morning we took off for India.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

Last summer archeologists made an excavation at the Round Tower of Newport, "which to this very hour," Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote in 1841, "stands looking seaward." It was what their trade jargon calls a "trial dig," an experimental sampling. They will go to work in earnest in the spring and when they have finished we will or will not be able to make reasonably reliable judgments about what the tower is.

The trial dig produced no evidence unfavorable to the off-hand judgment of many people for many years that it was built in colonial times, that is, no earlier than the seventeenth century. It produced no evidence favorable to any of the hypotheses, conjectures, and fantasies that have connected it, as Mr. Longfellow's skeleton in armor did, with Norse visits to this continent before Columbus. We may not know much even when the scholars have finished, we may in fact know no more than we do now. But we can be sure that at best only one group of fantasts will be satisfied; the others will go on coloring with a few grains of guess an entire atmosphere of dream. For though the tower is situated in Rhode Island, that is only an irrelevant accident; it exists far more memorably in the continent of man's belief in the incredible, the continent of fable and illusion.

A recent theory holds that the tower is a fortified church built (or begun) in 1357 by members of an expedition sent by the king of Norway and Sweden to reclaim for Christianity a colony in Greenland that had apostatized. And the Smithsonian Institution has announced that it is tentatively accepting as genuine fourteenth-century runes the characters carved on a stone which was found near the village of Kensington, Minnesota, in 1898. The theory about the round tower holds that the Kensington Rune Stone was the work of twenty survivors of a group of forty sent out from headquarters at Newport to locate the lost church which the expedition had been unable to find in Greenland or anywhere else.

The forty traveled a fur piece. They sailed up the coast of North America, through Hudson Strait, down the eastern shore of Hudson Bay, and up its western shore to the mouth of the Nelson River. Here they left ten of their number to guard the boats. Building smaller boats, the remaining thirty ascended the Nelson to Lake Winnipeg, traveled its great length to the mouth of Red River, and went up that for a long way till they turned eastward across Minnesota toward Newport by a series of lakes and streams, some of which the passage of six hundred years has regrettably turned into dry land.

A day's journey short of Kensington, the Sioux killed ten of the party. (This was in 1362.) The survivors carved their record on the stone and started across the continent. Presently they met a tribe of Indians who were just as afraid of the Sioux as they were. End of the story: the twenty never reached Newport and in 1363 Paul Knutson, the commander of the fortified tower at Newport, took his company home again. But those Indians whom his unhappy squad met in Minnesota have traveled the continent of illusion for centuries.

It was almost four hundred years after the Norsemen navigated the Minnesota prairies that French fur traders, pushing beyond Lake Superior, reached Rainy Lake, the Lake of the Woods, and finally Lake Win-

nipeg. About the geography west, north, and south of this frontier they knew nothing but they had grotesque ideas. Applying these ideas, they made grotesque interpretations of stories they began to hear, as they pushed westward from Michilimackinac and Grand Portage, about a tribe of Indians to the southwest. Their informants were mostly Crees and Assiniboins. They said that these other Indian lived on what the French took to be the rumored River of the West, which somewhere not too far off might flow into the dimly known Gulf of California or the even dimmer Pacific. Or it might empty into that Western Sea which was not the Pacific but for generations moved across the imaginary map of interior America in accord with men's ignorance and desire. This nation, the Canadian Indians said, were a superior people, who had cities and a luxurious civilization. They were white Indians and they wore beards. They were in fact much like the French.

In 1738 the Sieur de la Vérendrye, setting out from his post on the Red River, reached these Indians at last—on the Missouri River at about the site of Bismarck, North Dakota. They were the Mandans, a jovial and friendly people. They did not have big cities, they did not wear beards, they were not white. The Crees and Assiniboins thought them civilized because they lived in warm, weatherproof huts and not only had the buffalo herds to hunt but raised vegetables which they could feast on all winter long, whereas the Canadian Indians were half-starved and half-frozen every winter.

Indians vary in complexion as much as Negroes or white men do. All the tribes on the upper Missouri and their relatives west of it showed much variability—occasional brown or even blond hair, occasional light skins, occasional blue eyes. The Mandans varied most of all; some of them were, for Indians, very light indeed and they had a few albinos. They were pure Indians. There was no admixture of white blood or white culture or any language ever spoken by white men. Stories about white or bearded Indians are as old as the earliest meetings between white men and Indians: the myth fermented far down in the unconscious of both races. Many tribes off in the blank space of the map, where man's shining will to be deluded gets its freest expression, were rumored to be white before explorers reached them, but no other tribe has satisfied the desire for the incredible half so durably as the Mandans. They stand at the crossroads of our fantasy as during the eighteenth century their villages stood at the crossroads of trade and exploration. There are no pure-blooded Mandans left now and their tribal organization disappeared a century ago. But they still give men's credulity clouds to build palaces out of, and they will continue to for a long time to come. An occasional blue eye, an occasional skin light enough to show color, and a wholly fictitious superiority to their neighbors—these are enough to persuade the believing mind that the Mandans were the tribe which the hypothetical survivors of the Kensington massacre fell in with. The Mandans are the Norse Indians.

They have been Norse for no more than twenty years, but they began to be Welsh nearly a hundred and seventy-five years ago. That story takes us much farther back in time than the Paul Knutson expedition which is supposed to have built the Newport tower. It begins with a Prince Madoc of Wales, about whom practically all we know is that he liked to fish and sail. We do not hear about him until Queen Elizabeth's time, when an expansionist England, belatedly interested in the new world, could use a claim to have discovered America before Columbus did. But from then on for three hundred years Prince Madoc kept turning up everywhere in fantasy land.

Madoc discovered the new world, the story says, in the dim year 1170 and liked it so well that he went back to Wales, enlisted three thousand colonists, and returned to America for good. The second voyage is the one that counts and gourmets of the fabulous have a large, varied menu to choose from. For the colonists reached the Americas almost anywhere you like, New England (no one has found that they built the Newport tower but someone will tomorrow), North Carolina, the West Indies, the east and west coasts of Florida, the mouth of the Mississippi, Yucatan, other places on the coast of Mexico, the isthmus of Panama, the Caribbean coast of South America, the coast of Brazil. From each of these landfalls the Madocians spread out to establish great civilizations—but always they converged on the Mississippi Valley.

Probably the most glorious of Madoc's achievements was his conquest of Mexico, where his colony founded the great Aztec culture and he became the white god Queztalcoatl, in whose name Montezuma surrendered to another fair-skinned conquistador, Cortés, three and a half centuries later. The Mayan civilization was also created by Madoc's people and either he or a successor went on to Peru, conquered it, and founded the Inca culture. A vigorous and restless people, the Madocians spread over Central America and the northern half of South America, moved northward across Mexico, and so burst into the great, empty area that today we call the United States. Here they went up the Mississippi and worked eastward along the Ohio, founding cities and building the large and small mounds which ever since white men first saw them have been almost as mysterious, almost as hypnotic to true believers, as the Newport tower. But here fantasy traveling east may have met itself coming west for, as I have said, maybe Madoc's colonists landed on our eastern coast and worked inland. At any rate, the Welsh filled the United States between the Atlantic and the Mississippi with marvels that are with us still.

All civilizations grow old and tired—as Spengler says, the owl of Minerva takes flight at dusk—and in time *der untergang des abendlandes* befell the Madocians. More vigorous, darker-skinned parvenu, Indian tribes pushed the frontiers in upon them, as the Goths had advanced on Rome. Finally the heroic remnants of the nation, only thirty thousand strong now, perished in a single Wagnerian battle at the Falls of the Ohio, where Louisville stands. But not quite all of them. A few survivors fled down the Ohio, eventually reached the River of the West, and went up it a long, long way.

The world first heard about Madoc and his conquering blonds (not the smallest marvel is that they were blonds, whereas the Welsh are mostly brunets) in 1583 and 1584. For more than a century thereafter, though it heard many stories about them, it heard only that they had once existed, and the evidence offered consisted only of archeological remains, Indian words that sounded Welsh and so must have Welsh roots, and strange formations of stone or earth. Then, perhaps a generation before Vérendrye reached the Mandans on the Missouri, English colonists on the eastern seaboard began to hear of a living white-skinned tribe whose culture was superior to that of any other Indians and who spoke Welsh. Occasionally men met them in two's and three's—for their country was always a good many days' journey to the west—talked with them in Welsh and learned about their cities and their arts. Many more men heard about them at second hand and identified them as the next tribe but one beyond the hill. Successively many tribes were rumored to be the Welsh Indians: the Tuscaroras, the Delawares, the Pawnees, the Comanches, and eventually the Pueblos and the Zunis and the Hopis, as well as tribes that have never existed anywhere except in the high clouds above the sunset.

But about 1780, forty years after Vérendrye reached the Mandans from the north, it became clear to the English and Americans that the white Indians who preserved the ancient culture of Wales lived far up the Missouri River. Now stories about them multiplied wherever there were Welshmen (or any other Celts) and within a year or two it was certain that they were the Mandans. The first map ever drawn of the upper Missouri, the one that Jefferson gave to Lewis and Clark when they started out to find the great River of the West that must lie just beyond the Missouri's headwaters, was drawn by a young man who was sent out from Wales to reach the Mandans and identify them for glory as the descendants of Prince Madoc. His name was John Evans and in 1796 he reached the Mandans from the south, thus closing the gap in fable. He found and reported that they were not and never had been Welsh; they were only Indians.

Lewis and Clark made the same report in 1806 when they got back from their great exploration, during the course of which they spent the winter of 1804-1805 among the antic, neighborly Mandans. That made the Welsh Indians take up their migration again, and down to about 1865 they lived in almost any part of the West or Southwest that white men had not been able to explore. Only eighteen months ago they were reported in British Columbia, and that would seem to be almost trail's end for there is no place left to go except Alaska. But throughout this time the Mandans were always coming back again,

wrapped in rainbows. Desirous minds which had to accept the fact that the Mandans were not the Welsh Indians kept finding that they once had been, and kept proving it by the mounds of the Ohio Valley, certain Mandan words that might perhaps sound Welsh, and all the other evidence from the great era. George Catlin startled at least some part of the world with his proof in 1841 and at intervals others have been startling somebody with the same proof ever since. As late as 1862 leading ethnologists said that they were more than half convinced, one of our greatest historians was not entirely unconvinced in 1880, and one who was at least well known was a true believer in 1901. In the early years of this century many school histories of the United States said forthrightly that the Mandans were descended from Prince Madoc's wholly fictitious colony.

Do not skeptically suppose, however, that the Mandans are only Norse and Welsh. In 1830 a young man published a work of history which he had translated from an ancient language. It tells the story of folk migrations strikingly like those of Madoc's colony, in fact paralleling many of them, but far older. One of these migrations—the people were called Jaredites—left the fallen tower of Babel in the year 2247 B.C., reached Central America, spread everywhere and built great cities, and came to the United States and built the Ohio Valley mounds. All the Jaredites perished in the year 600 B.C. in the climactic battle of a civil war on a hillside near Palmyra, New York. And at about that time a prophet named Lehi and his son Nephi led an emigration from Jerusalem to South America. These latecomers also spread everywhere and built great cities and reached the United States and built mounds in the Ohio Valley. But a disreputable element separated from them, turned brunet, and became the Indians. And the owl of Minerva took flight. In 385 A.D. the Indians destroyed their white kinsmen, the Nephites, in a great battle on that selfsame hill near Palmyra, which is not too far from the Falls of the Ohio, where the Madocians were to be slaughtered a thousand years later.

So says the *Book of Mormon,* which Joseph Smith translated. But the book makes clear that not quite all the Nephite nation were killed in the battle fought at the Hill of Cumorah. There were survivors. They were pursued and most of them were killed. But one got away to write the history, and devout scholars, bringing archeological and linguistic and ethnological evidence to their support, have held that others fled far up the Missouri River and settled near the site of Bismarck. The Nephites, remember, came originally from Jerusalem. So the Mandans are the Jewish Indians too.

Anyone who has read a little way into the archives of the marvelous must feel that history would be committing a gross and quite unprecedented affront to a great people if it were to leave the Irish out of anything. Well, Prince Madoc did take with him the Lord of Clochran, as true an Irishman as ever made a campaign speech, and presumably his descendants mingled with Madoc's at the Mandan villages when the Crees and Assiniboins were describing them to Vérendrye. Apart from him, however, we have so far been able to get the Irish nearer the Mandans than New England.

But new studies have lately found ruins of medieval Irish civilization in many parts of New England. Between the fifth and tenth centuries, we are told, Irish monks established monasteries and missionary stations from Newport (where they built the round tower) across Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire and on into Maine and Vermont. One archivist here states his tranquil faith that these studies will go on till the trail leads to Bismarck and the Mandans become Irish as well as Welsh and Scandinavian and Mormon. He finds it a striking confirmation of fable's logic, and of the truth of fable's scriptures, that the westernmost station of Great Ireland in the New World so far located lies just across the valley—no more than four miles—from where the Prophet Joseph who told us about the Nephites was born.

The No Man's Land of Asia

Christopher Rand

THE broadest spread of Soviet influence today is not in Europe or the Middle East, but in the frontier zone that lies below Siberia and Russian Central Asia. Here the Russian border is more than 4,000 miles long, running inland from Vladivostok to the Pamir Mountains, the center of the ancient world. It fronts on a great variety of terrains —mountains, deserts, farmlands, steppes, forests, industrial areas—and a great variety of peoples, all of them technically under the Chinese flag, but many of them non-Chinese in race, language, and culture. Manchuria, the heart of Asiatic power politics, is in this border zone. So is Mongolia, the home of the old nomad conquerors, and Sinkiang, the traditional Central Asiatic buffer.

In all of them there are now Communist or pro-Soviet movements that hold territory by force, in defiance of Chinese authority. Each is gaining in strength, and the Chinese government seems incompetent to deal with them. The border zone, with an area equal to all non-Russian Europe, seems destined to join the Soviet world before long.

The border territories are not in China proper, but lie to the north, and have been divided from it for centuries by the Great Wall. Their struggles are not identical with the Chinese civil war. Their relations with it, and with each other, are complex, sometimes apparently close, sometimes apparently non-existent. Though there are some factors common to all the border problems, each has its own very particular regional background. Let us look at them one by one, beginning with Sinkiang, at the western end of this immense frontier zone.

II

SINKIANG, or Chinese Turkistan, is about twice the size of Texas, a vast thinly-settled, land-locked territory, a thousand miles from the nearest sea water, enclosed by the inland edges of China, Mongolia, Russia, Kashmir, and Tibet. The landscapes are like those of Utah and Nevada—wide deserts broken by mountain ranges, sometimes with strips of grazing land along their foot, and these broken by occasional oases, where the runoff from melting snow supports farming.

For centuries before modern sea transport, Sinkiang was on the highway between Europe and Asia. Silk caravans passed through there, and so did the Mongols and other Asiatic conquerors. The population resulting from all this traffic is mixed. Largely it is Turkish-speaking and Mohammedan—very non-Chinese in appearance. The most significant division among the people is not racial but cultural—between the farmers and townspeople of the oases, chiefly

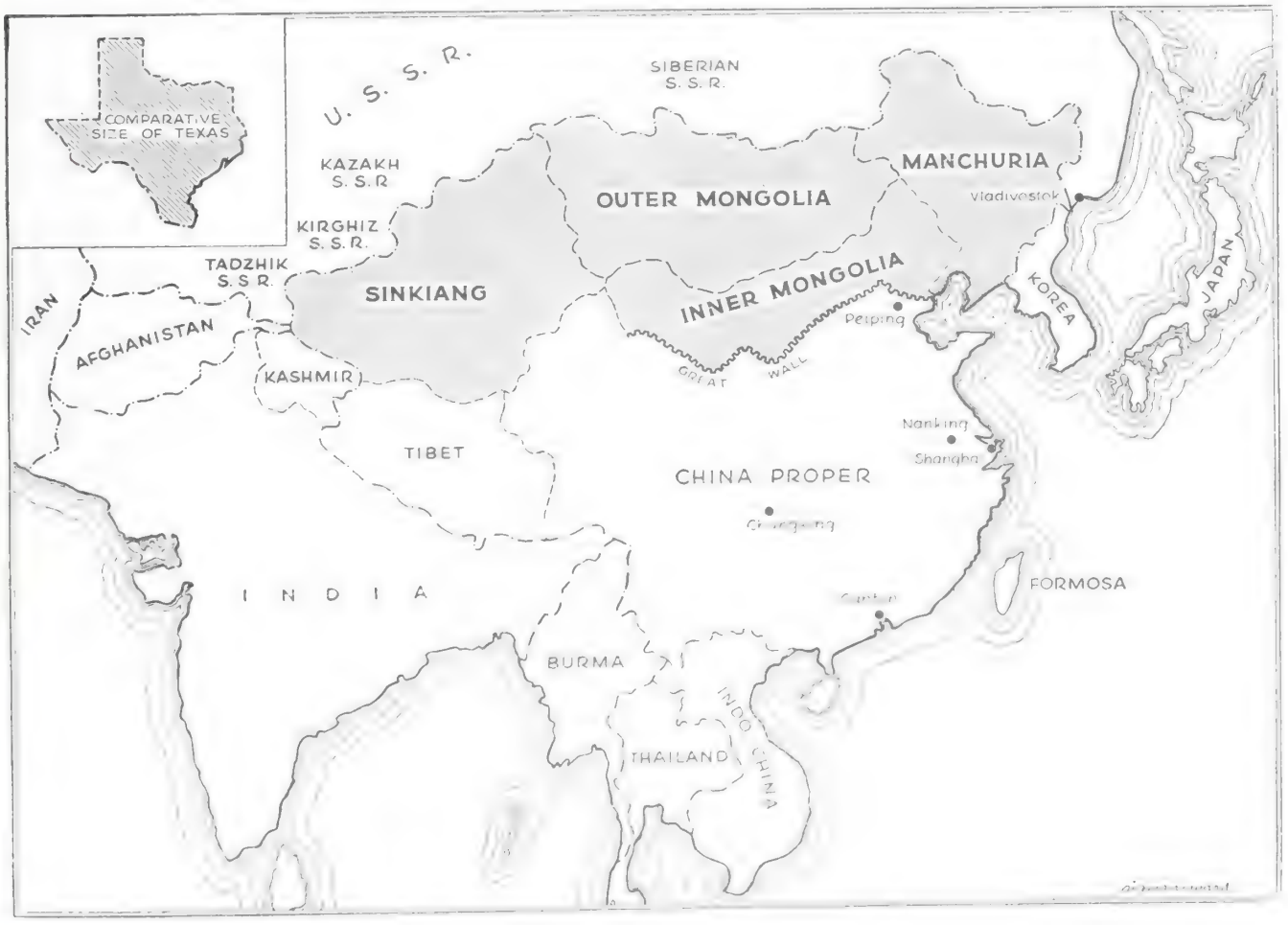
Christopher Rand, now a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, visited all of the areas mentioned here while he was in China for the OWI and the New York Herald Tribune.

Uighurs, and the herding nomads of the mountains and steppes, chiefly Kazakhs. There isn't much political cohesion. The Uighurs in their scattered oases are as divided as islanders in a wide archipelago. The nomads are a floating, disunited group, trigger-happy and unstable in their allegiances.

The Chinese have claimed dominion over this thinly-spread mixture for two thousand years but have had effective control for only some five hundred, and this intermittently. At present the ruling Chinese minority is about five per cent of the total. It governs from above, as a colonial military bureaucracy—the Chinese people don't emigrate to Sinkiang spontaneously, to become part of the life there.

Russian power loomed up on the Sinkiang border in the 1860's and 1870's, when it took over the regions that are now the Kazakh, Kirgiz, and Tadzhik S.S.R's. Russian pressure met British, which was moving up from India through Kashmir, and for a while both countries intrigued diligently in Sinkiang, Russia occupying the rich Ili Valley, in the area's northwest. Eventually the tension let up, with the realization that the mountains between Sinkiang and Kashmir were an effective military barrier. Russia withdrew from Ili, and Sinkiang was relatively quiet until 1932, when a weak Chinese regime there broke down into disorders that were exploited by the Japanese, who had begun to spread their influence westward across Asia. Thereupon Russia moved in again, strongly backing a Chinese adventurer named Sheng Shih-tsai, who with her support established a ruthless despotism that lasted for ten years and paradoxically brought many social reforms to the people. In 1942, at the time of Stalingrad, Sheng decided Russia was a lost cause and switched his allegiance to Chiang Kai-shek. Russian troops and advisers pulled out of Sinkiang, stripping the oil-field and mining equipment they had installed. Chiang's Kuomintang party machine moved in—disposing of Sheng, who meanwhile had tried to switch back to Russia—and undertook to bring Sinkiang closer into the Chinese state than ever before, using secret police and propaganda.

The natives, already smarting under



Sheng's terror, resented this; and a revolt started in the Ili Valley on November 7, 1944, led by Sinkiang men who had been educated in Russia, and helped by Soviet arms and advice, though probably not at the beginning. It spread with vitality and by the late 1945 was threatening the Sinkiang capital at Tihua. At this point it was stopped by Russian mediation, and a truce was drawn up, returning to China the essentials of sovereignty over the Ili area and promising a great deal of local autonomy to Sinkiang as a whole. This was never implemented. While Ili and Chinese delegates conversed in Tihua, both sides prepared to resume the struggle, the Chinese moving in troop reinforcements, the Ili side trying to spread its political network through all Sinkiang. Matters came to a head in the spring of 1947, when Masud Sabri, a feeble old Uighur landlord, known as a stooge of the more authoritarian element in the Kuomintang party, was appointed governor. The Ili people were dissatisfied, and in July scattered but co-ordinated revolts broke out in some of the Sinkiang oases outside Ili territory. The Chinese put them down promptly and rounded up the leaders. In August the Ili delegation withdrew from Tihua, and relations have been broken off ever since.

The Ili zone is now in effect a separate country. It is known to its leaders—local men with an anti-Chinese and pro-Russian bias—as the "East Turkistan Republic." It holds what is substantially a quarter of Sinkiang—less than that in area, but at least that in population, food production, and mineral resources. Its rivers drain toward Russia and its trade naturally gravitates that way. Its people are much the same as those across the border, in the Kazakh S.S.R. As the peacemaker that ended the fighting in 1945, Russia stands as the guarantor of the truce then signed and never since abrogated. If the Chinese army moves against Ili the Russians can protest, and have done so on at least one occasion.



The Ili zone is shaded

At present there is a stalemate. But change is likely in Sinkiang, and change favors the Ili movement. The Ili party has organized leadership, trained in politics, propaganda, and warfare; it represents the nationalist aspirations of Sinkiang as a whole; and it has the prestige of backing by the only strong power in the neighborhood. It may spread quickly when the time comes.

III

EAST of Sinkiang lies Mongolia, a great belt of grasslands and deserts, more than five hundred miles wide, between Siberia and China proper. Mongols dominate the plains of Western Manchuria, and they reach from there without break or dilution over into Sinkiang, almost two thousand miles away. In their pure state they are nomads; they work on horseback, ranging widely through the year from pasture to pasture. Though culturally one people, they have in the past been broken up into small shifting political divisions. They are traditionally great fighters, expert horsemen, and expert shots, hardened by life in the open; and when united under leaders like Genghis Khan they have terrorized the settled peoples within their reach, which has extended from Korea to the Danube.

Under the Manchu dynasty that ruled China from 1644 to 1911 the Mongols were partly tamed. The Manchus won over the Mongol princes by diplomacy and conquest, getting them into the same imperial structure as the Chinese—a structure that the Chinese came more and more to dominate. In the late nineteenth century the Chinese began to acquire Western techniques; railroads opened up the fringes of Mongol territory to Chinese colonists, and wherever the colonists came,

the Mongols were forced to change their way of life or to withdraw deeper into the steppes. Their state was almost as bad as that of the Plains Indians in nineteenth-century America.

When the Manchu dynasty fell in 1911, breaking the imperial tie, Outer Mongolia, the largest and northernmost block in the area, demanded and got its autonomy. Theoretically it remained under the Chinese flag, but in all practical respects it was independent. It drifted toward Siberia, which was closer and was being more energetically developed, especially after the Russian revolution. In the 1920's it was occupied briefly by Soviet troops, who were chasing the Mad White Baron, von Ungern-Sternberg. At that time it came under a Marxist government, the Mongolian People's Republic; and in 1945 its complete independence was recognized by China. It is usually described as a Russian satellite today. Its foreign relations are conducted entirely through Moscow (although it has tried to join the United Nations on its own), and it is behind a particularly dense iron curtain, no unbiased foreign observer having been there since 1944, when Henry Wallace stopped very briefly in Utan Bator, the capital, together with Owen Lattimore, the leading American expert on Mongolia and the border zone in general. According to reports from that trip, and from before the war, the country has gone through considerable economic development, led by Russian advisers. Highways have been improved, wells sunk, food-processing plants built, and agricultural experiment stations set up. Production has been greatly increased. As in Russian Asia, Marxism is apparently engineering a transition from nomadism to settled, industrial life.

THE drifting away of Outer Mongolia left two other Mongol territories in China's sphere, or at least outside Russia's. One of these was the strip of plains that runs down the western side of Manchuria, from Siberia to the Great Wall. The other consisted of the Inner Mongolian provinces of Chahar, Suiyuan, and Ninghsia, a band lying between Outer Mongolia and the Great Wall. After the Japanese took Manchuria in 1931 they worked hard to get the co-operation of the Mongols there. Their line in politics was to deal through the princes, capitalizing on their fear of communism as it had developed in Outer Mongolia. Their line in economics was to give the Mongols their head, protecting them from farmer colonists and improving their livestock through breeding stations. This was successful, and the Mongols, encouraged by the prospect of survival without revolution, threw themselves into the Japanese war effort, contributing food and cavalry to it. In time the Japanese expanded their influence far to the west across Inner Mongolia, in a movement led by the influential Mongol Prince Teh.

This structure collapsed, of course, with V-J Day. At that time Russian and Outer Mongolian troops raced down into Manchuria and Inner Mongolia as far as the Great Wall, staying for several months before they withdrew. The pillaging was unquestionably heavy, and much of the Mongols' livestock—often their only capital and livelihood—was slaughtered or driven off. The Mongols of Manchuria and Inner Mongolia were left nearly destitute to face the postwar confusion.

The Outer Mongolians took a great many people back with them when they withdrew, holding some as hostages, returning others a few months later as armed missionaries. Outer Mongolian influence has spread into western Manchuria, where its only rival is a government set up under Chinese Communist auspices at Wangyehmiao, about half way down the Mongol strip. The relation between these two movements—communism via Outer Mongolia and communism via the Chinese—is obscure, but they seem to be cooperating for the present. They have, for instance, joined in a steady drive down into Chinese government territory in Chahar Province.

The Chinese government's position in Inner Mongolia as a whole is weak except along the railway running from Kalgan to Paotou, where the population is mainly Chinese. Not far north of this line is a no-man's-land open to bands of raiders from Outer Mongolia. Chinese authority here exists only at garrison points, or when light expeditionary forces are sent into the steppes by truck.

Meanwhile Chinese officials in the Inner Mongolian provinces continue in their old ways. On paper the Mongols are given rights

to govern certain of their territories, but in practice colonists encroach on these with the active help of Chinese troops. The Mongols are kept unarmed. The Chinese following is limited to a few princes, lamas, and rich Mongols who prefer any future, however poor, to communism; and they are of little help because they cannot arm and organize themselves. The Mongol country in Manchuria is flooded by communism already, and Inner Mongolia is becoming so. The important question now is not whether communism will prevail there, but whether it will be communism under Outer Mongolian, or Chinese Communist, or some kind of independent leadership.

IV

We come now to the rich and varied territory of Manchuria, one-sixth as big as the United States and twice as thickly populated; Manchuria has been at the root of all the modern Asiatic wars, including the last one, when it gave Japan the strength to invade China and to move south in the Pacific.

It lies northeast of China proper, with which it is tenuously connected by sea transport and by the narrow coastal plain that passes the Great Wall at Shanhaikuan. The relationship between the two is unique. Manchuria is originally the home of non-Chinese peoples, including the Manchus who conquered China in 1644 and ruled it until 1911. But for a long time the Chinese have been migrating into it; now the Manchus are absorbed or submerged; and except for the Mongol strip in the west, Manchuria is dominated by a population that is Chinese in speech and culture. It has a strong regional stamp, however. The Manchurians of today are a special frontier type, big-boned and hearty. They think of themselves as Chinese, but they want to manage their local affairs, as they have in the past, independently of the Chinese inside the Wall.

In the nineteenth century, Manchuria got in the path of both Russian and Japanese expansion. To the Russians it was an obstacle in their eastern drive; the Trans-Siberian Railroad, in skirting it, had to go a thousand miles out of its way. The Liaotung Peninsula, on Manchuria's southern tip, offered year-round port facilities, a favorite goal of Russian policy in west and east alike. Russia acquired special rights in Manchuria. She developed Port Arthur and built the Chinese Eastern Railway, which cut off the bend in the Trans-Siberian. Meanwhile Japan advanced, engulfing Korea en route. The collision resulted in the Russo-Japanese War, by which Russia was blocked up in northern Manchuria, and Japan was left free to develop the rest as her sphere. At first she did this through the South Manchurian Railway, an all-round colonial-enterprise outfit. After a while she grew impatient, and in 1931 she engineered the Mukden incident, which led to the conquest of all Manchuria. The Russians and the Chinese were out. The local leadership was driven underground or into exile, or sterilized in the tightly-controlled Manchukuo puppet government. Manchuria's great natural resources—coal, iron, water power, timber, and farming—were developed into a modern industrial empire, one of the strongest in Asia.

Later on, Japan's defeat left a vacuum. Russia recovered some of her special rights through the Sino-Soviet treaty of 1945, which gave her a partnership in the Chinese Eastern and South Manchurian Railways and in the Liaotung ports. Temporarily the Japanese political authority also passed to the Russian Army, which came in just before V-J Day. The Russians stayed until the spring of 1946, stripping a good deal of the industrial plant while they were there. Their withdrawal left Manchuria open to a struggle for power between Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists.

Around V-J Day Chinese Communist military and civilian cadres had been sent across the Wall hurriedly, to organize a government and an army from puppets, guerillas, farmers, and whatever other Manchurian elements came to hand. They made a point of using local leaders, and they concentrated on the rural areas, which had been their specialty in China proper. Their movement received great material help from the Russians. As the latter withdrew they left in temporary dumps many of the light Japanese arms that had been surrendered to them, and the Communists came in and picked them up.

Meanwhile the Kuomintang had prepared an expeditionary force of its best American-

equipped divisions, and an elaborate civil and economic bureaucracy. It was led by Southern Chinese who were trusted by the Chiang regime, and who were thought to deserve Manchuria's supposedly rich spoils. It was carried to the scene in American ships, and its heavy firepower drove the main Communist elements up across the Sungari River, which divides northern from southern Manchuria. The Communists lay in the north for more than a year, making an army out of their new recruits and new equipment, and meanwhile wooing the local people with propaganda, while the Kuomintang carpetbaggers alienated them with grafting and mismanagement. In the spring of 1947 they came south in a campaign that turned the tables. Kuomintang troops were thrown back into a few big cities, and Chiang's officials began scrambling aboard trains and planes that would take them south of the Wall.

By now the Communists have gained control of all Manchuria and we may reasonably expect it to have an unassailable Communist regime, owning allegiance to the Chinese Communist party, but with a strong flavor of Manchurian leadership and with a special position toward Russia. The Manchurian Communists are linked economically to Russia by the Chinese Eastern Railway, which runs through their capital of Harbin, and on which heavy traffic has been reported moving for over a year—Manchurian raw materials going to Siberia, Russian manufactured goods coming back. Some observers also think there is a special tie through Li Li-san, the Manchurian Communists' top political authority, who differs from other Chinese Communists in having spent the past fifteen years in Moscow, rather than in the Chinese countryside. It is even argued that Manchuria will set up as an independent country when it goes Communist. But the best experts are inclined to doubt this. They think it will be part of China politically, but with strong autonomy and with an understanding that Russia has a special interest there.

V

A STRONG common factor in the politics of all these regions—Sinkiang, Mongolia, and Manchuria—is the attitude of the Chinese authorities toward them. It is often said that the Chinese have no race prejudice. But they do have a traditional belief that Chinese culture is the apex of civilization, and that all cultures surrounding it are barbarian. Foreigners have less trouble when they take this into account. In modern times the Chinese belief in their culture has been shaken by the barbarians from Europe and America, whose weapons, machinery, and democratic ideas have burst in with such force that Chinese society is struggling to adapt itself to them. This has raised Westerners in Chinese estimation to what might be called a state of semi-barbarism. But it hasn't helped the nomads and other non-Chinese peoples on the frontier, who are still barbarians without reservation.

This feeling can easily be seen today among Chinese officials in Sinkiang and Mongolia. European and American visitors are fascinated by the local cultures—the nomad and oasis life, the native music and dances, the elaborate rug-weaving and other textile arts, the old Central Asian cities, the prominence of horses, camel caravans, and herds in the wide landscape. But to Chinese from within the Wall, Sinkiang and Mongolia are barren countries. Officials go there as if into exile. Often they are given extra pay, and kept on the job only for short terms. They seldom like the conditions of border life. Many of them have an aversion to mutton, for instance, which is the staple native meat; they prefer pork, which is a rarity both in Mohammedan Sinkiang and in nomadic Mongolia. Chinese from South and Central China are often unfamiliar with horses, which are the common means of transport in the border areas; many festivities there involve riding to some extent, and the Chinese enter into these nervously or not at all. The Chinese tend to congregate in walled cities like Tihua, the capital of Sinkiang, which they try to make into little Shanghais. They consider the local people brutish and unenlightened, and they experiment with local tastes as little as possible. There isn't much mixing or camaraderie.

Sun Yat-sen, the reforming founder of modern China, believed that all the races in the country should be put on an equal footing politically. In his heyday a five-barred flag was established to express this idea, the bars representing, in perfect equality, what he considered to be China's five main racial

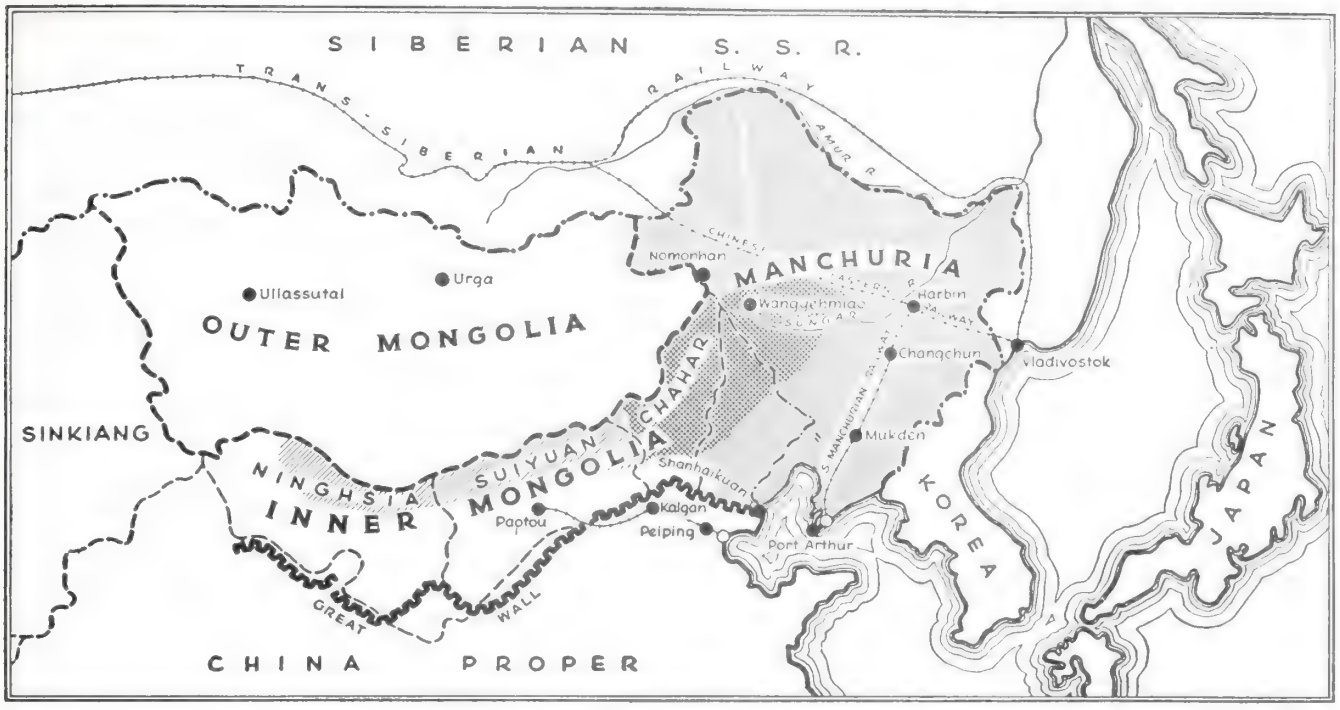
subdivisions—Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, Mohammedans, and Tibetans. It will never be known whether this radical policy would have brought unity, because it was not put into practice. Dr. Sun died in the early 1920's before his movement gained nation-wide power. His successors, Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang party, abandoned many of his principles, the racial-equality one among them. Its place was taken by a new, modern Chinese nationalism, of which the Kuomintang was the custodian. The party machine set out to control all thought, speech, and politics, and to make them conform to its own views of patriotism; minority cultures were simply to be starved out. A Sinkiang boy can't get a decent high-school education today, for instance, without learning Chinese or running away to Russia. The five-barred flag was given up and supplanted by a variation of the Kuomintang flag as the national emblem. The Kuomintang was intolerant not only of racial minorities, but also of regional ones. From the beginning it was controlled by politicians from South and Central China. It was alien to North China, and especially to Manchuria, which seemed to the narrow-minded Kuomintang leaders like a remote country, nearly as barbarous as Mongolia and Sinkiang. The Kuomintang effort was to ram its views into the border areas by force, and to use Chinese from within the Wall for the purpose, including only a few local men who would represent Kuomintang interests.

Almost every recent Kuomintang move in the border areas has followed this pattern. For example, elections were held not long ago Sinkiang under a new and supposedly democratic constitution. A Chinese official of cabinet rank happened to be there during the preparations. Someone pointed out to him that the local people would hardly be satisfied with the elections unless they were run fairly. "Yes," he said doubtfully, "but if we did that our people might lose; then where would we be?" Sung Hsi-lien, the Sinkiang garrison commander, has told a foreign reporter (with reference to Sinkiang nationalists who want considerable autonomy but don't want a link with Russia): "If our first enemy is the Ili party, our second is the nationalist group. The nationalists had better forget their slogan 'Turkistan first' or there will be trouble." The Chinese government's feeling about minorities was well shown in March of 1947 by General Chen Yi, the governor of Formosa, an island off the South China coast. The Formosan people had just rebelled against the pillaging and misrule of a Chinese administration that had taken them over on V-J Day, after fifty years of Japanese occupation, and the rebellion had been put down, with much bloodshed, by a Chinese division rushed in from the mainland. Chen Yi was asked why it had started in the first place. "Because we didn't have enough troops here," he answered. Formosa is far from the border territories, but it is like them in being regarded as a minority problem. Chen Yi's approach is typical of the Chinese government formula in all such problems—force counts, and the people's feelings are secondary. The ghosts of many butchered Mongols, Manchurians, and Sinkiang people will attest to this. In the circumstances it is understandable that the minorities prefer almost anything to domination by Chiang Kai-shek.

VI

But of course the shift of minority allegiance cannot be explained in negative terms alone. The Russian or Communist expansion in the border zone is a positive thing. It is also a complex one that cannot be generalized about flatly. It is not merely forcible imperial conquest, nor is it merely the spread of a new freedom. One element in it is Russia's historic national policy, expressed through diplomacy and power politics. Another is the revolutionary force of Marxism acting in backward societies. A third is the pull of economics—the fact that trade will flow where it can, and will bring other relationships along with it.

Russia has wanted some very specific things in Asia since the nineteenth century. In Manchuria she has wanted economic preference, plus a short-cut railway to Vladivostok, plus the use of a warm-water port. She wants Mongolia, which flanks the Trans-Siberian for over 1,000 miles, to be neutralized or in friendly hands—Soviet troops had to go in there after Baron von Ungern-Sternberg in the 1920's; and one of the biggest pitched battles of modern Asia was fought at Nomon-



The cross-hatched area is disputed between Mongols (left) and Chinese Communists (right)

han in 1939, between Russians, Japanese, and the Mongol allies of both. In Sinkiang Russia has wanted stable, neutral conditions, and has been against disorders that might spread to her kindred subjects in Russian Central Asia or that might be exploited by her rivals. Quite conceivably she believes America is intriguing there now, because we opened a new consulate in Tihua five years ago, and because American strategists have recently talked about fighter bases there to protect bombers flying from Okinawa against Lake Baikal; it is significant that Russia has asked the Chinese government to keep American planes out of Sinkiang, and that the request has been granted.

The agents of Russian nationalism have reason to congratulate themselves now. Their country is sitting pretty in her zone of special interest across Asia—prettier than ever before, except for Sinkiang at the time of Sheng Shih-tsai.

The spread of Communism as an idea in the border zone is something new. As regions the border territories have been under a repressive rule by aliens, or, in Manchuria, by outlanders who are remote and unsympathetic. Furthermore, the people in these territories have been under bad local government by their own aristocracies. The peasants in the Sinkiang oases and in the Manchurian valleys are caught in the same outmoded landlord system, with high rents, high taxes, and little chance to get ahead, as prevails elsewhere in Asia, notably in China proper. The Mongol nomads, where they are still under Chinese rule, are subject to princes who no longer give constructive leadership and to a church that many think parasitic.

The Communist movement offers a release from all these things. In general the peoples in Sinkiang are much the same as the peoples in Russian Central Asia. They wear the same clothes, speak the same languages, and follow the same customs. To them Russian Asia is West Turkistan and Sinkiang is East Turkistan. It is widely believed that the material conditions are better in West Turkistan—the living standard higher, the education and public-health services further developed, and greater cultural autonomy allowed, so long as it doesn't conflict with the over-all Marxist philosophy. Inner Mongolia has the same kind of example held up to it by the Mongolian People's Republic. In the past few years outsiders have had little or no chance to visit Outer Mongolia and Russian Asia, but it is known that the societies there have been transformed considerably and that productive power has been much increased. Marxism offers a formula whereby old nomadic and farming peoples can be modernized

without losing their identities, an appeal the Kuomintang conspicuously lacks. Among the most fervent revolutionaries in the border zone are young men who have studied in Russia, particularly in Central Asiatic cities like Tashkent, and have been convinced that communism offers the greatest hope to their people. Conversely, Central Asians and Mongols educated in China are usually, like Indians educated in Britain, strongly nationalist.

The economic pull has been all Russia's way since her modern development of Asia. Sinkiang is separated from China proper by weeks of semi-desert travel, but the Turksib Railway runs within two hundred miles of its western border. The chief Outer Mongolian cities of Urga and Uliassutai are connected with the Trans-Siberian by a good modern transport system. The railways between Russia and Communist Manchuria are working and are carrying heavy traffic. There is a regular pattern of trade in the border zone when Russian influence is strong—in Outer Mongolia now, for instance, or in all of Sinkiang during Sheng Shih-tsai's time. Raw materials—wool, hides, livestock, minerals, grain, soy beans—go to Russia. Consumers' goods—cigarettes, wine, cloth, soap, shoes—come the other way, along with Russian experts on highways, animal breeding, mines, five-year plans, etc. This is the time-honored colonial relationship, much like those in the British and Japanese empires, with the mother country handling the industrial side, where the advantage lies. But it has meant comparative prosperity for the areas concerned. When Russian influence has been strong in them there has been a greater market for local products, and more things to buy with the proceeds.

A few enlightened Chinese have recognized this problem. They have started a subsidized company, for instance, to carry on trade between China proper and Sinkiang. But it has been faced with disheartening obstacles. If the company brings Formosan sugar to Tihua the costs are more than three times the retail prices established by Russian sugar there in the past. The Chinese disadvantage grows worse as the civil war continues in China proper, and as the economy and the transportation system there disintegrates.

There are, on the other hand, some factors working against Russia in the border zone. Russian troops behaved very badly in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia during the months after V-J Day—looting, brawling and, according to most reports, raping indiscriminately and publicly. The Russian stripping of Manchurian industries was a heavy-handed job in all respects. A good many Manchurians will be pleased if they never see a Russian soldier again. The various Communist or pro-Soviet movements are rough, especially since the border zone is a rough place, where human life has never been worth much. Outer Mongolian raiders descend on the fringes of Inner Mongolia, killing people and driving off their livestock. Communist troops in Manchuria think little of starving the populations of Mukden and Changchun. Terrorists beat up or kidnap pro-Chinese natives in the Sinkiang capital of Tihua, perhaps with the knowledge of the big Russian consulate there. There is widespread fear as the Soviet shadow advances.

But this fear is largely among the privileged classes, and it is balanced by a similar fear of Chinese troops and Kuomintang police. It is plainly not enough to stop the trend. The factors noted above—Russian national policy, the strength of communist ideas, and the pull of economics—are all basic and are all in tune with the current postwar world. It is hard to see how they can be reversed except by another great war or a completely new Kuomintang policy.

VII

NEITHER seems likely at present. A prudent man should expect the whole border zone to be Red soon. This is an alarming prospect for Americans who believe that Soviet expansion anywhere is a threat to us. Where do we stand in relation to it all? What can we do about it?

We stand close to the border in some respects. We are brought very close by the belief that there are now two worlds, for instance, and that every Soviet advance is a retreat for us, and therefore of vital interest. We are also brought close by sympathy—as a rule the border people admire us, and like us when we meet, and we generally like them and their countries, which in all their variety are so much like the American West.

But despite these links we are kept ab-

solutely apart from the border in practical ways. Between us stands the Chinese government, dominated by the Kuomintang party. We recognize Chiang Kai-shek's sovereignty over the zone, and this bars us from intervening there, or from having direct relations with border politicians. We have persuaded ourselves that the Kuomintang regime, since it is not Communist, is an enlightening influence, needing only arms and money to spread the good life. So we back it; and as long as we do this it will represent us in the zone, even if it gets pushed out. In truth the Kuomintang is almost totally unfit to represent what we call the "forces of democracy" among the border peoples, quite possibly less fit than the Russians. Americans who have spent much time there have been disgusted with the way it operates. The guns we give Chiang Kai-shek are used to shoot Mongols, Manchurians, and Sinkiang natives, in power politics pure and simple. Naturally this fits in badly with any holy movement we are trying to inspire against Russia. We keep putting arms and democratic slogans into the hopper at Nanking, and a policy of cruel, ungenerous, ineffective repression comes out at the other end. There seems to be nothing we can do about it, since the Kuomintang rarely takes our advice despite the help we give it. For the present we seem to be caught by our own bad diplomacy, and we may as well give this round up as lost.

But there will be another round. The iron curtain seems bound to lift eventually. Meanwhile there will be political troubles in the zone, even if it all joins the Soviet. Sheng Shih-tsai's decade of rule in Sinkiang, as an example, was full of stress and maladjustments, so much so that he closed his frontiers and embarked on a reign of terror. A whole nest of problems will arise, if, as seems likely, the Communists take over in China proper. Many experts predict a clash of interests between them and Russia. Part of this should be over the border zone. Just how will Russia and China divide Manchuria's economic resources, for instance? Will China, or Outer Mongolia, or some other Mongol outfit, control the great stretches of Inner Mongolia that are partly Mongol, partly Chinese in population? The border between Outer Mongolia and Sinkiang, which runs through wild mountains, has never been agreed on, and even now it is the subject of sporadic warfare between Mongol and Kazakh nomads. How is this going to be settled peacefully?

Merely watching these developments isn't a waste of time, although it goes against our liking for action and quick results. We often behave as if territories joining the Soviet bloc were like the women who got seduced in the old popular novels—changed irrevocably, never to be seen again in polite society. They aren't like this, of course. The histories of the border regions are full of drastic changes, each of which seemed irrevocable at the time. Manchuria conquered China, then was swamped by Chinese, then was conquered by Japan. Mongols ruled China and Russia both, and later were dominated by China and Russia in turn. Sinkiang has been conquered by Mongols, Chinese, and several others. Part of it was dominated by Russia on one occasion, the whole of it on another, and each time Russia withdrew. Only yesterday the British were calling the turn there, and where are they now? The time element is slow in Asia. When judged by it the empires there have come and gone like the weather in the sky, and with little more permanent effect on the scenery. There will probably be Mongols, Manchurians, and Sinkiang people around when the next break comes, and they should be amenable, as they are now, to those who are willing to study their histories and problems.

Besides knowledge we must have some positive, consistent purpose if we are going to do better in the next phase. We must have an Asiatic border policy of our own, which fits in with the ideas we talk about, rather than with the reactionary ones of some Oriental despot like Chiang Kai-shek. Our ideas, though perhaps dimly understood, are popular with the border leaders who have a chance to learn about them in their pure, theoretical state, rather than in practice as they have been transformed by the workings of the Kuomintang.

There is certainly a common denominator between us and the border peoples. We must study how to use this someday for the common welfare.

After Hours

THE antiques business isn't as *big* as it was in the twenties, but the dealers think it's *sounder.* When an elaborate antiques fair was staged about 1929 by George Harper (no relation) at the Grand Central Palace in New York, one of the dealers, a man named Vernay, installed a two-story display with a library upstairs and a living room downstairs, all English and all paneled, at a cost (for installation only) of $20,000. Those were the days when an early American highboy sold at the Howard Reifsnyder sale for a cool $28,000. That kind of extravagance is gone, but the demand for what spills out of attics and cellars, barns and warehouses goes on. An average of five thousand people a day attended this fall's Antiques Fair at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York and carted away with them everything from Victorian buttons to music boxes, toy trains, jewelry, needlework, furniture (of course), and lamps made out of all sorts of things lamps were never meant to be made of.

The New York Antiques Fair is not a casual undertaking, though it has some of the look of a junk-shop whose proprietor knows he has everything but can't find anything. Actually it is arranged with the greatest care, and getting to be an exhibitor is something like getting a scholarship to an expensve private school or an apartment in an insurance-company housing development. The exhibitors are selected by Mrs. Dorothy Hazen and Mr. C. J. Nuttall, who are respectively vice-president and president of the organization that stages the fair. Mrs. Hazen, with whom I talked in a makeshift back office while the fair was raging outside, made it quite clear to me that she and Mr. Nuttall still had a lot of weeding out to do. They were distinctly displeased with the quality of some of the merchandise displayed, and they want their show to have not only a big turnover but the airs and graces of a museum exhibition as well. "Some of them we'd like to eliminate," Mrs. Hazen said, "because we don't like their stuff, others because we don't like their references."

Mrs. Hazen has her troubles. The two acres of floor space that the Armory provides are divided into one hundred and sixty booths that rent from $90 to $400 depending on their size and the desirability of their locations. The aisles between booths are called streets and avenues and boulevards (New Jersey Avenue, Maine Street, New York Boulevard, and so on), and I don't doubt that Mr. Nuttall and Mrs. Hazen know right where they are at all times. I found it as discomfiting as a traffic clover-leaf, and kept coming back to where I'd started. It didn't make a great deal of difference to me, though. Except for the obviously expensive displays on New York Boulevard the others were all pretty much alike. You can see I didn't approach this with a collector's knowledge, intensity, or sense of adventure. Not the least of Mrs. Hazen's trouble comes from people with too sharp wits, the New York dealers who hang around while the exhibitors are unpacking and setting up their wares and buy most of the good bargains before the fair ever opens to the public. The dealers are looking, Mrs. Hazen explained.

for "sleepers," pieces that are a great deal more valuable than their exhibitors think they are.

Mrs. Hazen doesn't really know how she happens to be vice-president of the New York Antiques Fair, which is, needless to say, a very nice piece of commercial property. She is the widow of a vice-president of the telephone company and she lived in Westchester and collected a few antiques for fun. Some time after her husband died she and Mr. Nuttall, who had put on a few fairs in Westchester, got together and decided to try a New York fair. It was set up in the Commodore Hotel in 1943 and was such a success that they looked around for the largest premises they could find. Now they have two fairs a year in the Armory, and they have to (and evidently like to) turn dealers away. The spring fair is mostly made up of country dealers. "You know," Mrs. Hazen said, "butter moulds, samplers, and cobblers' benches."

I asked Mrs. Hazen how she accounted for the revival of the antiques business and she was glad to explain. "After the war," she said, "dealers took Victorian chairs worth two dollars and painted them white and sold them for twenty-five. Lots of people needed furniture. Victorian is now waning. The terribly high-priced European pieces which sold well just after the war are sloughing off. It's the families with ten thousand a year or over that make the business. The same old crowd is coming back, and their children, too. It's the smart thing for the little woman on Long Island to have at least one piece she can point out to her friends."

I suggested perhaps there was a certain amount of snob appeal in the whole business. Mrs. Hazen just laughed; she can afford to. Nearly all of the space for next year's fair was already sold before this year's fair was over.

"We hope eventually to make it like the London antiques fair at Grosvenor House. They have a member of the royal family to open it officially. But it's difficult here. The dealers just won't work together."

Incidentally, the word antiques doesn't mean what you think it does. It doesn't even mean "very old"; it just means "yesterday." Many of the things on display were brand-new when I was a child—toy automobiles from the twenties, art nouveau vases, gramaphones. Time, it seems, has collapsed; antiques are anything that pre-date Kaiser-Frazer, which makes all of us either antique collectors or hoarders. And that is exactly what the dealers would like us to be.

Baby Talk

IT SEEMS too bad that movies that are almost extremely good and musical shows that nearly ring the bell should only increase one's prejudices. A generous spirit would be grateful for the good and excuse the tiresome, but that's not the way it works—not with me anyway.

I went to a preview of "The Snake Pit" a few weeks before it opened in New York, and while I knew it was in almost every respect an unusually grown-up exhibition of madness and the pathetic horrors of an asylum, I haven't been able to get the taste of that horrid little child-actress out of my mouth. That's not quite fair. It wasn't the child's fault, a perfectly nice child, I'm sure. She was interjected by means of flashbacks to explain a series of traumatic experiences in the early life of the heroine, and to show that Freud really had something there. (In case you, as a sophisticate, might be in any doubt about which school of analysis was invoked, there was a large photograph of Freud on the doctor's wall.) But the result of the four-year-old's simperings was merely to convince me not of the validity of the analysis but of what happens to an obviously intelligent movie director when faced with a child. He gets right down on his knees and plays pat-a-cake. Tragedy turns into maudlin sentimentality, real emotional problems become parodies in baby-talk. Sometimes children in movies can't be avoided, but what a missed opportunity to avoid them this was! Child gets sent away from table by father who takes pregnant mother's part; child smashes doll that looks like father, and so on, all of it regurgitated in the analyst's office in the asylum. *There was no need to show the child at all.* The smashing of the doll, an empty seat at the table would have had so much more reality by being abstract. All that was needed was the imagery and the running comment of the distraught woman. But no, gotta have baby!

The French have licked the problem of the child movie actor by a very simple device. They treat children as though they have as

much dignity as their elders, which they have, and they let them be seen as fleetingly as possible. I once saw a movie review in a Paris newspaper which referred to a famous American child as *"l'odieuse petit Temple."* It came back to me in a flash during those unfortunate moments in "The Snake Pit."

My other disappointment that week was a musical comedy (it calls itself a vaudeville, but it isn't), "Love Life." "Love Life" is, mind you, a hit. It contains three or four good scenes and a leading lady, Nanette Fabray, who has looks, wit, and a good sense of the earthy, and that's about all. It has children in it too, but they don't matter much; they're around a good deal, but they behave something like children and have a good deal of dignity. What got me (and this has been coming on for a long while) were the ballets. There used to be a time when people danced in musical comedies (and vaudevilles) to entertain; now they dance to instruct. "Love Life" tells you, for example, all about the evils of divorce in ten interminable minutes of terpsichorean pantomime. I suspect that Agnes DeMille started all this back in the thirties, and she got a good deal of it from the Joos Ballet and Martha Graham. Somebody somehow became convinced that art and musical comedy could mix, so they watered them both down, shook them up with some "ideas," and look what happened—musical shows with a bad conscience, bad enough for everybody. "Finian's Rainbow" tried to solve the race question. "Bloomer Girl" tangled with women's rights. "Love Life" comes up with the whopper of them all—the disintegration of the American Family in the face of an increasingly industralized civilization. It tries to span the whole history of America since the Revolution, and when it has something really hard to say, it starts to dance as though its tiny heart would break.

The trouble is, as the entertainment industry has been demonstrating for some time under the pretext of seeking new dimensions, that no producer is satisfied with the medium in which he is working. He always has to get a piece of the other fellow's medium. Musical comedy has the itch to be like Ibsen, and it wants to do it by swiping the techniques of the ballet. (What ever became of tap dancing?) The movies, which have limitless techniques for abstract suggestion, have to be as heavy-handed as the Grand Guignol for fear somebody might miss a point which is neither subtle nor suitable to graphic realism. The result in both cases is rather like a bullfight, full of remarkable showmanship, marred by the sight of clumsily disemboweled horses.

My daughter, eight years old, came home recently with a little poem she picked up from a classmate that seems suitable to this discussion. It ends with the refrain:

> Blood and gore all over the floor,
> And me without my spoon!

Take your spoon to "The Snake Pit" and to "Love Life." You'll need it.

Joan through the Looking Glass

"You shall never hear the last of this day's work," says Father Massieu, and the flames and smoke leap upward as Miss Bergman coughs delicately. The books say she screamed, but the audience's sensitivity must be spared and so Ingrid Bergman as Joan of Arc dies as she lived, a well-brought-up country girl who knows enough to turn away from the camera to clear her throat. This is another curious comment on the acceptability of blood and gore, for earlier in the picture no detail was spared in one of the most needlessly cruel and sadistic battle scenes that has ever appeared on film. There are many times more than the necessary number of shots of bleeding, beaten-in heads and arrow-riven bodies to convey the idea that war is unpleasant; one wonders if the makers of the film have not subscribed to the *Life* principle: sermons are acceptable only when accompanied by photographs of brain operations in four colors.

Who was responsible for the burning of Joan of Arc? Well, it seems there was this stock-company villain named "Cauchon," who was greedy and ambitious and so he sent the poor girl to the stake. Sometimes he is called "*count*-bishop," but most of the characters address him merely as "Cauchon." Only by reading the program can you recognize our old friend, the Bishop of Beauvais, made memorable by George Bernard Shaw and Eduardo Cianelli. History-mangling is perhaps not an event in the year of Lana Turner's "The Three Musketeers," in which Cardinal Richelieu appears only as "prime minister," but "Joan of Arc" has been so extravagantly

overadvertised and undercriticized that much of the public may still be in danger of going to it by mistake. Only Mr. Shaw seems to have seen what was coming. "If Hollywood burns Joan," he is supposed to have said, "no one will ever look at a fire again."

Three researchers did ten months of work on this picture. The fruits of their labors were presented to Walter Wanger and Victor Fleming in a set of mimeographed volumes that should be opened to investigation, for somewhere along the way they had discovered that the trial of Joan of Arc was an ecclesiastical mistake that could have been avoided if only the letter of canon law had been observed. "Legally the verdict was unimpeachable," says the pocket-size reprint of history being sold in conjunction with the film; but you will not get that impression in the theater. During the trial scenes, well-meaning French clergymen continually wander in and out, shaking their heads and muttering that justice is being betrayed. The proceedings are twice declared illegal by persons apparently in authority, and Joan's appeal to the Pope is delivered in the Chapel Royal (instead of the cemetery of Saint-Ouen, where it is reported to have occurred) and given a judicial significance it can possess only in retrospect. And so the unhappy Cauchon, alone and unregenerate, takes the rap for all the illusions about heresy and witchcraft that may have infested the fifteenth century.

Of course, justice was obstructed most of all by the English. History is here made easier for the movie-makers, for the audience does not have to be told how the *goddem* got into France in the first place: Laurence Olivier led them there two years ago on a horse named Blaunchkyng. Since "Joan of Arc" is as grossly imitative of "Henry V" as a film can be without exciting comparisons, we can assume that it is meant to be some kind of answer. (Englishmen are also evil types who apply film quotas.) Hollywood's scarlet-and-ultramarine décor has been watered down for the occasion, and there are a few inept echoes of Boutet de Monvel that seem intended to compete with the use made in "Henry V" of the Duc de Berry's *Book of Hours*. But if Hollywood hopes that Joan will drive English pictures out of American houses the cause is lost, for it can be said of this film that even the technicolor is bad.

Enormous sums of money have been invested in "Joan of Arc"; it will need from twelve to fifteen million dollars in box-office receipts to get into the black. Since Doctor Gallup gave it the "highest factor of national public interest ever recorded" by Audience Research, I am flying in the face of competent opinion to accept wagers that it will not have cleared costs by one year from release—that is, Armistice Day, 1949. If I should win, of course, it will be next year's November miracle, for the amateur Freudians whose business it is have packed into this film all of the violence and sexual symbolism that are supposed to draw the crowds. Joan said at the trial that she was raped by an English Lord (and later denied it) but here again decency leads to his replacement by a lascivious jailer, whose inept attempt at seduction reaches a peak of bad taste toward which the rest of the film aspires in vain. Apparently, pre-testing techniques and other augurs have shown that at heart what all of us want to see is our blowsy goddess of the wholesome homespun, the star who never wears make-up, clothed from head to foot in aluminum armor—dusted with powdered pumice so as not to reflect the cameras. So important is the armor that Joan's traditional costume, the tabard of *fleur de lis*, is omitted whenever she is dressed for battle, in favor of the bare metal. To finish it off, Miss Bergman delivers at one point a short speech to the effect that the peace we have is not really peace, for our enemies are arming against us and everywhere we are dissipating our own strength. I trust no one is under the impression that little items like these get into many-million-dollar movies by mistake.

The only individual to come out of this holocaust with credit is José Ferrer, an actor. Even he does not extend himself, but his performance is enough to make him embarrassingly conspicuous. When his hands are lifted in prayer after the coronation and he slowly begins to rub them together, there occurs the only display of cinematic intelligence in the long hours that "Joan of Arc" runs. To put Hollywood's attitude toward a competent actor in proper perspective, one need only quote the single most galling item among many—at the bottom of the screen credits: "*Introducing* José Ferrer."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

On the State of the Language

Jacques Barzun

SOME time ago, that excellent columnist, Mr. John Crosby, intervened in a dispute between radio writers and their employers in order to criticize a definition which had come into existence during the negotiations. "I urgently recommend," said Mr. Crosby, "that the Guild reject this definition on the aesthetic (as distinct from legal) grounds that any writer . . . would jeopardize his immortal soul in approving such a tortuous sentence."

There are so many good reasons in support of Mr. Crosby's stand that I was led to wonder why his comment was likely to strike the disinterested reader as rather frivolous, as somehow not to the point of a serious quarrel involving money. Indeed, according to report, the Radio Writers Guild "kept aesthetics out of it" and answered as if a bad sentence could father an arguable thought. Reflections on this modern paradox kept arising as I read several new books, until it occurred to me that these seemingly unrelated observations all pointed to a very real affliction of the contemporary mind—the gradual detachment of meaning from language, possibly the obsolescence of the written word as a means of charting experience and analyzing thought.

This notion threw light on many little things that everyone knows and perhaps dismisses, yet all explicable by the hypothesis that articulate speech as we have known it is on the wane. We have so multiplied the occasions for words that we have divided, atomized, their effect. All speak and none follow. Besides, in order to live we must first respond to green lights, harsh sounds, or numbers on dials. Any reading of words we undertake is both tired and touchy. We can hardly stand sharp impressions such as are made by pointed speech, even if we had the strength to grasp its intention. Hence our new passion for pictures, from which each may take or leave what he wishes—videots' delight. And if we must hear anything we prefer it to be music because its expressiveness is not namable and we find a refuge in the pleasure of a wholly private reverie.

But this is to draw remote conclusions. I began with books, first picking up the American edition of an English work called ***Ordeal by Planning*** and written by Mr. John Jewkes of the University of Manchester (Macmillan, $3.75). I was marvelling at its admirable diction, cogency, and order (regretting all the while that it had not come soon enough to be included among the kindred volumes I reviewed last month) when I reached a section devoted precisely to the role of language in the planned economy. Using English facts of recent date, Mr. Jewkes says: "A remarkable consequence of the growth of planning ideas is the extensive use of vague and obscure terms which can mean different things to different people . . . On occasion these nebulous terms are deliberately adopted in order to mislead: more frequently they are the result of muddled thinking or are merely a substitute for thought itself."

The last comment is the truest. Weasel words are of course nothing new in politics, but the samples which the author drew from reports to and by the British cabinet had a familiar ring—where is such language used? I had it! In American academic life, particularly the section called progressive. Here was a British admonition to the cotton industry: "Unless all those working in the separate units are prepared, when necessary, to take into account the interests not only of the industry

as a whole but also the broad interests of the nation, unless there is readiness both to agree and implement common policies when necessary for furthering such interests . . . there is little chance of a satisfactory outcome from any proposals." An earlier politician once wrote, more courageously, "Gentlemen, we must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately," which is all that is said above. But the woollier statement has the advantage of sparing our feelings and leaving our imagination in peace. The risk Mr. Jewkes runs by writing clearly and strongly about economics is that someone may understand him and dislike what he says.

This is the real reason why the past fifty years have seen the rise of a multitude of jargons supplying the needs of every profession from planners to educators. A strong secondary motive has been the aping of science and technology. The Cabinet economist talks (he supposes) like an engineer, and the teacher (he hopes) like a physicist. The corruption of academic writing came when science was admitted to the curriculum and won authority with the public. So that now we almost invariably get our exhortations thus—I quote at random from a serious work: "No area of knowledge has greater significance today than that which explores the Idea-Systems of our age . . . Yet there is no area of available knowledge so little explored, so little subjected to scientific analysis." One wants to ask the Homeric question: "Who explored what three times around the walls of whom?"

Clearly such writing cannot be explained by any simple and relatively honest intent to deceive, nor by any lack of talent for words. The bent must on the contrary be God-given and the art cultivated. How this is done is amusingly shown in a small book entitled ***Federal Prose: How to Write in and/or for Washington*** (North Carolina University Press, $1.25). The authors, Messrs. J. R. Masterson and W. B. Phillips, are university men who presumably drove a pen for the government during the war, and who in their handbook impart the secret of their success *on the verbal level.*

Delightful and sound as their work is, it just misses being a classic comparable to *1066 and All That,* for it fails to show the characteristic modern feelings to which Federal Prose corresponds. Once, in their glossary, the authors hold the clue but let it go. It occurs in the passage opposite the words "I" and "We," about which they remark: "These expressions offend in both their egotism and their suggestion of unsocialized orientation." Just so—precept and example in one sentence. Pondering it, you are led back to Tocqueville's observation that democratic man likes abstract verbiage: it is his form of nobility. Among equals, too, the writer or speaker no longer dares to come forward as an assertive Self; at most he may represent an institution and so must talk anonymous: "Appreciation is desired to be expressed for the permission contained in your communication . . . ."

The authors of *Federal Prose* are wrong, however, to confuse this with oldtime pomposity achieved through polysyllables. There was a bit of humor in that, as Dickens shows, and no cajolery, which I find in the very text of the publisher's slip accompanying the work I speak of: "We take pleasure in sending you this book for review purposes." [Stopping after "review" would be abrupt as well as crude.] "We shall appreciate a copy . . ." ["Receiving a copy" would carry analysis too far.] "Will you please hold your review until publication date and release it as soon thereafter as possible?" I shot a review into the air—it fell I know not where: yes, "release" is a term of art, a good institutional word, which ennobles the sordid acts of writing and publishing.

After this, it is restorative to take up Mr. R. A. Wilson's essay on ***The Miraculous Birth of Language*** (Philosophical Library, $3.50) which George Bernard Shaw in his Preface declares he would make a required text for anyone seeking any religious, scientific, legal, or civil employment—let alone the right to vote or to call oneself educated. But if what I have fancied is true, Professor Wilson's thesis (brief and well written, too) may be the last intelligible cry before the builders of Babel give up. He points out that the distinctive sign of man's superiority is his creation of articulate, conventional speech. The author entirely misconceives music, but never mind; his refutation of Darwin's views on animal and human expression is masterly, and his conclusion that language by its infinite devices can bring before us all of time and space is inescapable—inescapable, that is,

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as long as men take the trouble to learn these devices and respect the conventions on which they rest.

By a great irony, Shaw's Preface is largely devoted to hacking away at one convention of English—its spelling—in the name of facility and economy. In my long and worshipful acquaintance with Shaw's writings, I have found nothing except this essay that I felt to be deficient in mind or even in debater's dexterity. But the present argument is absurd on nearly all counts. Shaw wants wholly new letters to represent every needed English sound, so that in the Century of the Common Boy spelling and pronunciation will assist each other. The removal of needless letters, he thinks, will save quantities of time and paper, measurable in millions of cash. But what of the cost of reprinting in the new script all the books extant in English? If Shaw wants to get rid of the past that they embody, let him say so; but the economy is as illusory as the simple uniformity he dreams of: pronunciation is not enforceable and geographical differences will reproduce oral and aural chaos no matter what shorthand we employ.

Meantime we shall have destroyed the language as a historical being, its foreign connections, and its lifelines of etymology. When we have made it easy for Johnny to spell "debt" *d-e-t* we shall use the time saved in teaching him the utterly separate "debit." None of this means that a gentle pruning of redundant letters, sometimes intruded by false derivations, might not improve the sound and look of English. As things stand, we have it on the authority of a thoughtful foreigner, Mr. Frederic Lilge, that the effort to master English was to him a "wonderful exercise in reason and sanity," and he felt this just as he completed his study of his native country's cultural missteps in a volume called ***The Abuse of Learning*** (Macmillan, $2.75).

It would take me too far to examine the German situation that Mr. Lilge reviews, though some of its features—academicism, vague verbosity, and a dull worship of science—are not evils we can dismiss as vagaries of the German mind. The disease has long since made its way through national boundaries, as one can see from the substance of current French fiction. Mme. de Beauvoir's ***The Blood of Others*** (Knopf, $3) is typical of dozens of resistance novels, not merely in plot and incident, but also in language. That is, the prose is choppy and the ideas huddle side by side rather than in a designed order giving them rank and relation. Characterization is achieved, very simply, by making each person talk in his special jargon. The communist, the liberal, the existentialist, or cynic are marked off as if they were sailors, farmers, and innkeepers in an old play. They speak dialects of the mind, infinitely tedious. The rest is trivialities and clichés, which we accept because they are, after all, what we ourselves speak and hear, and hence they seem to betoken "reality."

The alternatives are therefore equally restful: jargon defies analysis but never tempts us to it; clichés are the air we breathe and do not notice; the two styles unite to constitute prose in the passive mode. No wonder some novelists adopt a kind of poetry for their narrative, as does, let us say, William Faulkner. There seems to be no other way to escape the dilemma, when one considers how a concientious literate person like Miss Anne Crone carries out a good conception of bigotry in the novel ***Bridie Steen*** (Scribner, $3). The product is "interesting" but dead. Fiction, it is clear, needs a new diction as it did 150 years ago and found it through Scott, Dickens, Balzac, and Pushkin.

The contrast with our rapidly receding past may be made by comparing two other books, both quite unassuming. In one, Mr. Patrick Mahoney, who is a journalist, has told some sixty ghostly occurrences under the excellent title ***Out of Silence*** (Storm, $2.50). The book is small because each event occupies five or six pages at most. The names of living persons being given, which we read resembles so many newspaper stories—an ideal device, it seems to me—for captivating a generation. Only, in seeking the "real" instead of simulating it, the prose and the pleasure disappear. The ghosts flash by like telegraph poles seen from a train, and the narrator's monotone, so far from

reating verisimilitude, makes us try
o guess his next cliché. In fifty
housand words the author permits
imself only one touch of elegance:
t one point he says: "During this
ecital his features had gone a deli-
ate green." But this is so much
f the old style that some readers I
uoted it to found no special pleas-
re in it; the verb was wasted on
hem.

It is for their benefit, no doubt, hat my other sample, the reissue f Arthur Machen's ***Tales of Horror nd the Supernatural*** (Knopf, $3.95) diffidently presented as a work of polished and elaborate" style, to hich one has to be inured by ourageous contact. Machen's style as of course nothing esoteric about . In his early days it was a trifle iff, but it soon adapted itself to is excellent fancy, and by mid-areer it had achieved perfection for he genre. It should seem obvious hat the telling of ghost stories emands either formality—a touch f convention, even—in order to eighten the contrast with the super-atural, or else the casualness of omely and familiar intercourse—uch as Machen used in the mag-ificent introduction to the tale alled "N." It seems equally axio-natic that a ghost story should be ong, detailed, slow, almost reluctant o move forward. The diarist's style "Bed at 10—ghost at 11—clammy eeling—glass of warm milk—asleep gain by 12"—will not do. Yet I uppose we may soon expect it. omeone will contrive to give us in twinkling the impression that we ave been reading all of *Dracula*.

This prediction is given some olor by Mr. Somerset Maugham's roposal to cut great novels, and by he appearance of a ***Dickens Reader***, ***Trollope Reader***, and others. The erusal of the Dickens volume Howell Soskin, ($3.50), despite its nticing presentation, has left me eeling desolate: Dickens is not here, for once again, nothing has onnections, the portraits, scenes, in-dents, are unrelated. And it is this esult, apparently, that Mr. Maug-am's muse—or rather, a scissor-bear-ng Fate—inspires him to advance. He argues in ***Great Novelists and heir Novels*** (Winston, $3.50) that *Don Quixote*, *War and Peace*, and

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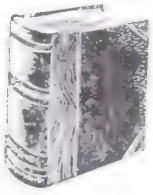
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indeed all great books have dull spots, that many parts are inferior filler to supply copy. No doubt, but who shall say which parts are padding, or even which parts are dull? He answers: the man of taste, which is to say the natural-born enemy of genius. If the "discriminating judge" knows more about form and proportion than Tolstoy, then why talk of the novelist's art? In every tamperer I suspect a collaborationist, by which I mean someone who wants a hand in the product. And when one hears from Mr. Maugham that the second half of Stendhal's *The Red and the Black* is not to be believed or admired, one cannot help wondering what retail butchering his heart is set upon. Without reason or evidence, Mr. Maugham does not even believe a remark of Stendhal's about his own method of work. Is not this sacrificing a little too much to the view of common life enforced by the gods of magazine fiction?

We come back inevitably to the modern excess of solicitude for our neighbor's mind, in hopes he will let ours alone. Thus we anticipate his judgment, forestall his needs, chew his intellectual food—and in so doing lose our own capacity for thought. And no one has yet explained why the pleasure of reading, or in fact any pleasure, should be effortless. Mr. Maugham remarks with surprise that the appetite of earlier readers for large, lumpy, "hard-to-digest" books was tremendous.

There were, he says, fewer diversions. I wonder. Even so, if today a man chooses to divert himself with *Tom Jones* we are not bound to suppose he does it in moment-to-moment competition with poker: "cut that chapter or I join the boys." Surely if he is so readily convertible his grip on truly written literature, cut or uncut, must be of the feeblest. Moreover I gather from Mr. Burges Johnson's ***Lost Art of Profanity*** (Bobbs Merrill, $2.50) that the parallel decline in that branch of language will make our man a poor adornment of the poker table. It does seem as if all signs pointed the same way, hurrying us along the road toward the great Republic of Parrots.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Apparently rules in the publishing business, like rules everywhere else, exist to be broken. "No more novels about the war" has an odd look when set up against today's best-seller list where The Naked and the Dead *by Norman Mailer,* The Young Lions *by Irwin Shaw, and* The Crusaders *by Stefan Heym have all been well entrenched for weeks. And there are others which should not be overlooked.*

The Sky is Red, by Giuseppe Berto. This novel written by an Italian prisoner of war in a POW camp in Texas is not strictly about the fighting war. It is a poet's book about war's civilian victims in a ruined Italian city. The characters are five children, the oldest seventeen, the youngest ten, who, thrown on their own in the midst of destruction, have suddenly to deal with all the adult problems — shelter, food, medical care—and the even more difficult problems of adolescence and of life —how to handle love, self-discipline and even death. Because they are all children there are no other issues or causes and the story has an appealing directness. The end is long-drawn out and melodramatic so that as a novel it is not wholly successful. But as a poetic and tragic commentary on young life in the midst of death it has memorable pathos and beauty.
New Directions, $3.2

Stalingrad, by Theodor Plievier. Taking the whole routed German Sixth Army as characters, Mr. Plievier reconstructs the dreadful story of the way 209,000 men died at Stalingrad in the winter of 1942–43. Surrounded, without hope of relief or supplies, dug in by Hitler's insane order to "hold the line" in the vast, windswept, snow-covered, frozen country between the Don and Volga rivers, they froze or starved or died of dysentery or went mad like trapped animals. It is one of the colossal horror stories of the war, mad

hardly less horrible by the fact that this time Hitler's insanity was working on his own brilliant army, the one that in 1940 had seemed invulnerable as it swept across Europe while the world watched in despair . . . Mr. Plievier, a German communist who escaped to Russia, tells his story so that it takes on the quiet grandeur of the tragedy it was, tragedy in terms of inevitable human disintegration—reflecting the disintegration of a whole nation—and side by side with it, of inevitable human nobility as well. What happens to men when they must order other men to do what they know is impossible? Where does a general's allegiance lie when he is being driven by a madman? The story is told in terms of a vast number of people, yet instead of dissipating the effect, this serves to emphasize the massive proportions of the slaughter. It is a dreadful picture, but it is impressive to a degree. At the end, two of the central characters—the grave-digger from the disciplinary battalion, and the Colonel—have somehow survived and in surviving have come to understand their need to walk together, all rank and class forgotten. They know the men who died nobly in the service of others. They know their country's tragic fate. "These graves count: they are written in the book of humanity . . . . A whole nation led astray, dispersed, breaking across frontiers, following the unfurled banner of madness, spreading out over the map of Europe, over the valleys and forests and fields and seas, and in this inhuman effort itself ground to scrap, pulverized." Being Germans, as is the author, they must still believe that the people of their country and "all men who are of good will must hold out their hands to one another, and find a common road that is still passable."

Appleton, $3

The Young Lions, by Irwin Shaw. The scene of this war novel is not localized. It shifts from New York to Hollywood and places in between, to North Africa and half the cities and battlefields of Europe. It deals with three main characters—two of them American, the third German—who move across the pages of history as it was made from 1938 through the war years, in as racing a set of stories as I have read in a long time. It is episodic (even the two Americans don't get together till page 298); but each episode is hard-hitting and full of intensity, whether dealing with love, hate, anti-Semitism, sex, or whatever, and the pace never slackens. Through the three characters whose fates do finally interwine, Mr. Shaw is able to show the effect of war on three very different men, and as in Mr. Plievier's book and as in life, it is both devastating and ennobling. But where the effect in *Stalingrad* is epic and grand, the effect here is highly personalized, but no less telling because of that. It is a novel of quick action, supporting important and deeply felt ideas, punctuated with quick strokes of bitter satire, and interesting to the last of its 689 beautifully-written pages. Mr. Shaw is the author of several short stories and the play, "Bury the Dead."

Random House, $3.95

The Busy, Busy People, by Samuel Spewack. This novel, by another playwright (author of "Boy Meets Girl"), is not really a war novel. It is a satirical story, with serious overtones, about life in Moscow during the war. Through an absurd chain of events strung along behind a can of peaches stolen from the American Embassy, it shows how Russo-American relations go from bad to worse. There is pettiness and sniveling weakness among government employees on both sides, and the plot is obviously contrived. But dramatist Mr. Spewack's gift of humor and dialogue make it riotous reading as well as a neatly disguised but nevertheless profound study in how international relations go wrong. Houghton Mifflin, $3

Old Mr. Flood, by Joseph Mitchell. And here is a thorough and pleasant change of pace from war books. In the Hartford House, in the Fulton Fish Market district, lives an old Scotch-Irishman, a retired contractor of ninety-three, wanting only a few simple things of life—to eat fish, to have a nip of whiskey when he wants it, and live to be 115. This small book is the happy saga of some

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of the ways he spends his time. To me the funniest and most delicious episode is the central one called "The Black Clams." In the course of it, while devouring prodigious quantities of one of the most succulent sea-food meals in literature, Mr. Flood tells of his plan. He wants to abolish Italian parades and Irish parades and Polish parades in favor of a Human Race Parade in which everyone would march together symbolizing the common progression from womb to tomb. He doesn't get very far with his idea. Even his friend Maggiani, proprietor of the fishing-boat chandlery where this all takes place, qualifies his willingness to join in such a venture. "It would depend on the weather," says Maggiani. But Mr. Flood delivers himself of some wonderful oratory anyhow. Mr. Flood is always delivering himself of wonderful oratory and wonderful stories, mostly proving the rejuvenating effects of eating oysters. He and his friends of the fish market are described in these pieces with what someone has called "wondering affection." It is the perfect phrase to sum up the particular magic with which Mr. Mitchell distills the very essence of characters and situations most of us know too little about.

Duell, Sloan, $2

The Old Beauty and Others, by Willa Cather. These last three stories that Miss Cather wrote are not the best three, but they all bear the stamp of her literary quality and taste as well as her basic attitude toward life. "The Old Beauty," the first and best of the three, is the story of an aristocratic and beautiful old lady who spends her last days trying to pretend that the world she had known still exists. Hers was a world of wealth and form and fashion. It was not particularly kind to her, except that in the days when it worshipped her extraordinary beauty, she held a sure place in it. In any case, the tide of its passing washed her up on an unfamiliar and unloved shore. Miss Cather makes the story of her last days a perfect and shining reflection of her whole life and of a whole era, as dear, one feels, to the author as to her heroine. "After her illness two years ago," the last lines of the story read, "Gabrielle de Coucy had bought a lot *à perpetuité* in Père Lachaise. That was rather a fashion then: Adeline Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, and other ladies who had once held a place in the world made the same choice." . . . The other stories are quite different in tone—one, the brilliant and unhappy portrait of a man who suffers first success and then failure, and the other, a simpler picture of Nebraska farm life. But they, too, speak with Miss Cather's special perfection, of life in a particular place and time which still is part of life in all times.

Knopf, $2.50

Three Books About Vermont

The Great Year, by Dilys Bennett Laing. Duell, Sloan, $3
Escape From Vermont, by James Gordon. Holt, $3
Green Mountain Farm, by Elliott Merrick. Macmillan, $3.50

As I am a Vermonter by adoption it is inevitable that my eye should wander to these three books. It is perhaps strange that I should find the novel by Mrs. Laing, only recently a Vermonter, a far more beautiful and important book than the native Mr. Gordon's. In a sense it is unfair to bracket them together, for Mrs. Laing's poetic parable of three generations of Vermont farmers is a serious and illuminating commentary on the life of man. Mr. Gordon's light-hearted though not kind-hearted anecdotes about his family and his account of the way he sees country living are sometimes amusing, but he seems mainly intent on proving that some people are fools—a not very hard task if one has the taste for it. In direct contrast is Mr. Merrick's book. It is the perfect one for those who have been complaining that no one ever writes about good and happy people. This story of how a man and his wife bought, live on, and work a Vermont farm is full of happiness and of joy in country living—the hard kind—and is written with the keen perception and appreciation of all naturally lovely things that have characterized all Mr. Merrick's books from *True North, From This Hill Look Down,* through this one.

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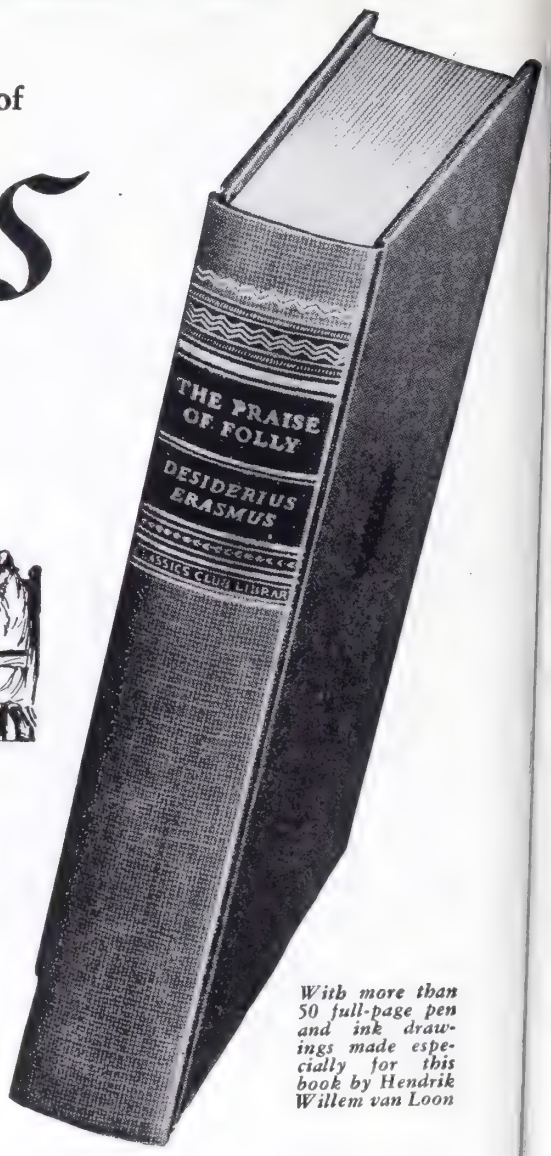
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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

ALTHOUGH most of us do get the day-by-day news from England (the public and private austerity of Sir Stafford Cripps, the frequently insufficient general diet, etc.), a balanced picture of what has been happening there since the Socialists took over in 1945 has not been assembled. ***John W. Vandercook,*** a long-time contributor of ours (his first piece appeared twenty-some years ago), has pieced the story together from first-hand observation.

ALL those who wouldn't miss their fifteen minutes a day with him and those (apparently less numerous) who can't get far enough away from a radio when he's broadcasting will want to read a frank profile of Fulton Lewis, Jr., by ***H. N. Oliphant;*** and ***Milton Mayer*** documents, both for supporters and detractors, "How to Read the Chicago *Tribune*." ***Joseph Kinsey Howard***, also familiar to our readers, discusses "the biggest wheat farmer in the world," and ***Edith Iglauer*** lists the accomplishments of the much-detracted United Nations. Frankly, though, anybody with a tooth in his head will want to read ***Herbert Yahraes'*** provocative "How to Keep Out of the Dentist's Chair" (which one of our editors wanted to call "Stop Brushing Your Teeth!"). On the fiction side, there'll be at least two stories, maybe three, and we'll have the departments, and, perhaps, critiques of the new automobiles and the wealthy foundations.

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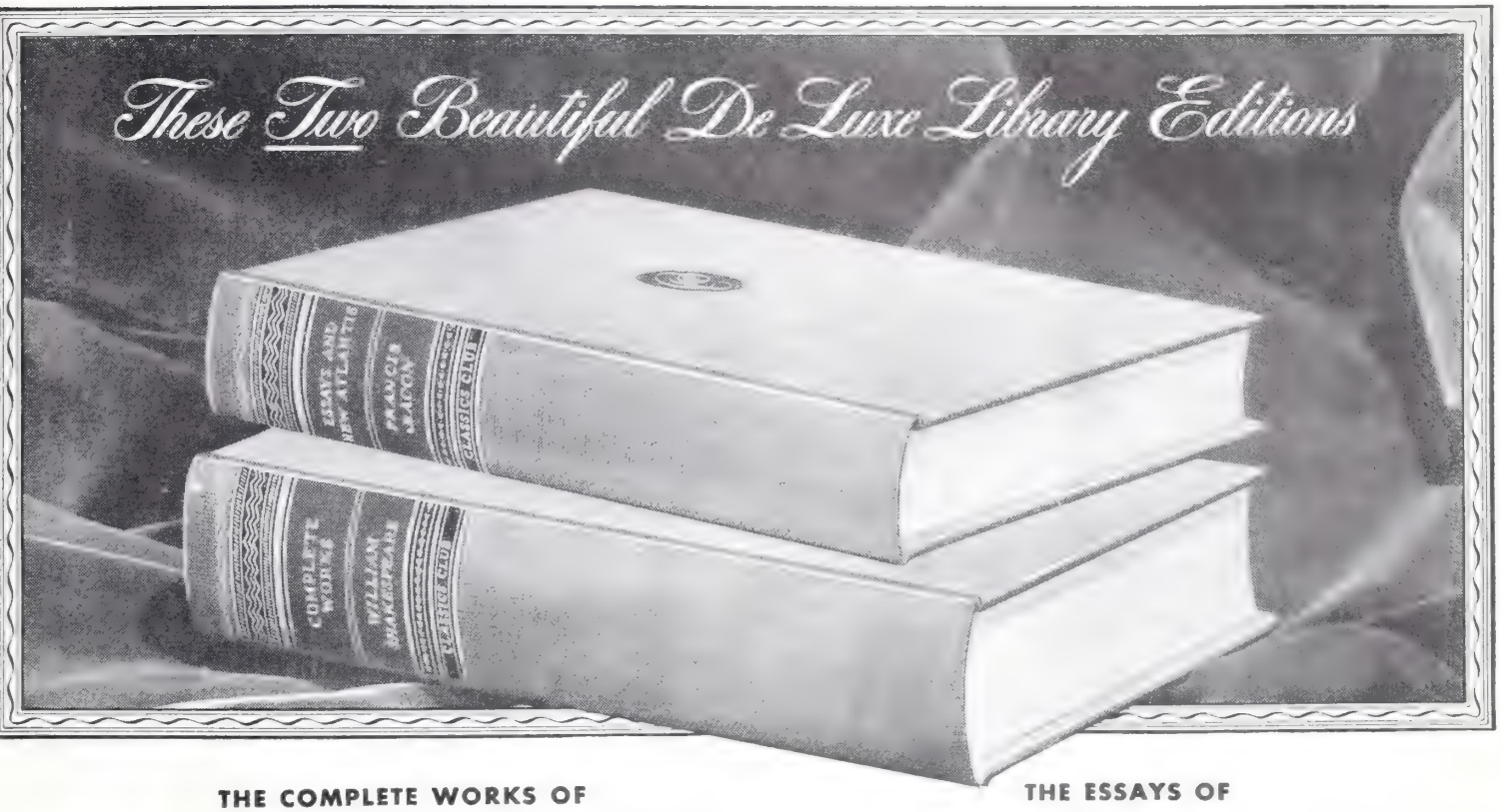
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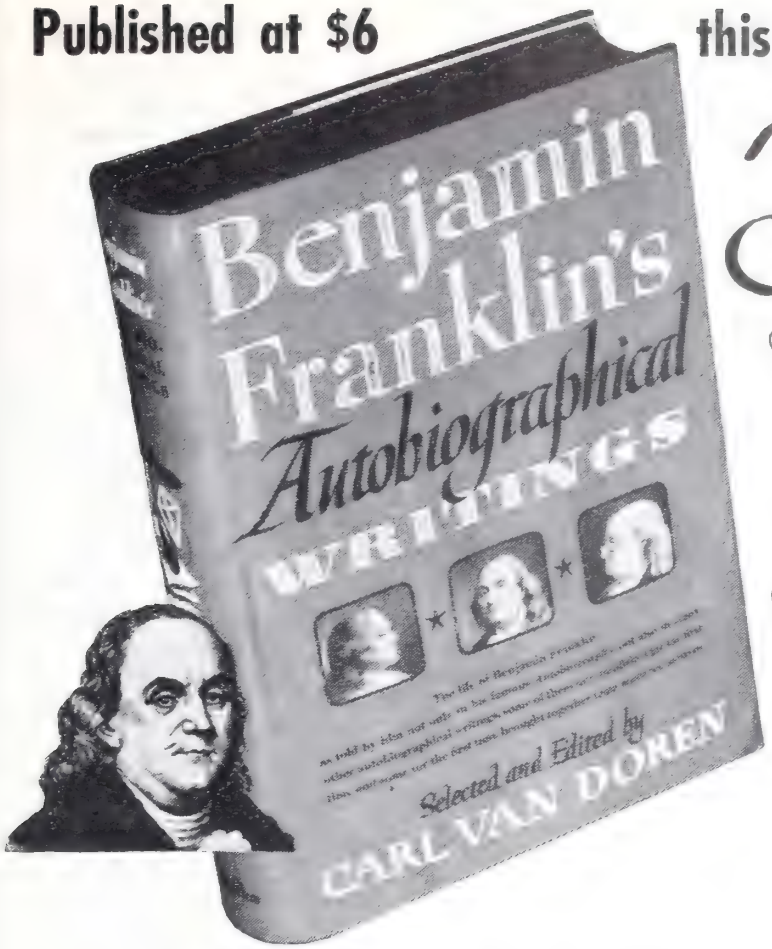
READERS *of* ***Frederick Lewis Allen's*** account of "The Regal Life of Pierpont Morgan" (p. 53) may well sigh for the good old days when twelve servants per house, and several houses, plus a three-hundred-foot yacht, were not beyond the realm of daydreams. To Morgan himself, and to his contemporaries, that regal way of life epitomized a conception of upper-class privilege which seemed imperishable. Indeed, those were the days when it almost seemed as if something like an inherited aristocracy might be grafted onto the top branches of American Society. Did not Waldorf Astor carry on a determinedly unpleasant feud with his aunt, Mrs. William Astor, because her calling cards were engraved simply "Mrs. Astor," while he contended, perfectly solemnly, that since his father had been Uncle William's elder brother, his own wife had inherited that privilege *by the law of primogeniture?*

Now, forty or fifty years later, whatever nostalgia one may have for those days is more like homesickness for a dream world than for a world that ever really existed. The whole business—Dover House, the Jekyll Island Club, the *Corsair,* and those Christmas dinners with the whole choir of St. George's Church on hand to sing carols—seems as improbable as Aladdin's palace. ***Russell Lynes*** is quite right in making the tongue-in-cheek point, at the beginning of his delightful article in this issue (p. 19), that the old social structure of upper class, middle class, and lower class is being replaced by a new one divided into highbrows, middlebrows, and lowbrows.

The process by which the upper class gave way to the highbrows was nimbly charted a couple of years ago by Basil Rauch in the hundredth anniversary issue of *Town and Country,* that lavish chronicler of the élite. Things looked a bit awkward for the upper classes—especially abroad—during the first world war. Soon after America declared war, the editors of *Town and Country* noted that our participation was having democratizing effects, and that "even Philadelphia's most exclusive hostess, with her ironclad rules of aristocracy, is, practically speaking, on equal terms with her housemaid," though they still assured their readers that they need have no qualms about their moral right to keep chauffeurs. But in the postwar years the old upper-class society rapidly disintegrated, and the pages of *Town and Country* increasingly reflected the belief, as Mr. Rauch records, that Society was interesting "not in its own right but only as it was associated with the worlds of art and intellect." By December 1933, with Roosevelt elected, the magazine was carrying a piece by J. Bryan, III, in which he proclaimed that Society with a capital S had vanished from the New York scene to be replaced by the Smart Sets—glamorous groups of which the nucleus was always "a few people so rich that they shine," surrounded by a few foreign artists, a columnist or playwright, some hard-shelled debutantes, a bathed politician, a few models, and "the bright young people of the month." And by the nineteen-forties the magazine was hobnobbing as affably with such assorted jumbo highbrows as Jean Cocteau, Salvador Dali, Henry Miller, and Jean-Paul Sartre as it used to consort with Mrs. Belmont.

So much for history. But now that we're slipping into this new social structure, we're obviously going to have the same old prob-

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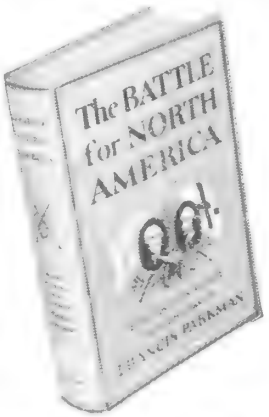

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lem of who belongs where on the scale. And that's the problem to which our fellow editor, Mr. Lynes, addresses himself in "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow." Back in 1892, when Mrs. Astor found that her ballroom could accommodate only four hundred people, Ward McAllister was on hand to determine *which* Four Hundred were, by actual butterfat count, the cream of Society. But if such a situation arose today, the job of deciding who were the bottled-in-bond highbrows would, as Mr. Lynes' tentative classification indicates, require the services of a McAllister with the genius of Linnaeus.

PERHAPS that is a healthy sign. Back in 1940 *Fortune* (upper-middlebrow?) published the results of a Roper poll designed to find out what class Americans thought they belonged to. Almost eighty per cent of the total population said they were middle class, including seventy-five per cent of those who, by such objective standards as income status, were upper class. And if there were some way to take a poll using Mr. Lynes' classifications, the results would probably be parallel.

Mr. Lynes says, to be sure, that people don't mind being called highbrows; and it is true that some highbrows (like Virginia Woolf, in the essay he quotes) insist upon their right to be so called. But it's P & O's contention that there are probably a great many more people who, like one of those indirectly quoted by Mr. Lynes in relation to the lowbrow arts, would indignantly maintain that the label, as applied to them, was a violation of Fair Trade Practices.

In any event, the dividing lines between the brows are, as Mr. Lynes says, "still indistinct and the species not yet frozen." Nobody is a highbrow with the decisive finality that Morgan was upper class. And unless the highbrows, who fret so about blurred distinctions, quickly acquire the power they wish they had, P & O thinks Mr. Lynes is wrong in concluding that the dividing lines will get any sharper. After all, he himself quotes Mr. Greenberg, one of the most elevated brows in captivity, as saying that it is becoming "increasingly difficult" to tell who is highbrow and who is not. And if Mr. Greenberg can't tell, who in heaven's name can?

MR. LYNES, in case you don't know him, has been an editor of *Harper's* ever since the War Department released him from his wartime post in Washington. His most recent pieces for us have been about such middlebrow things as bone banks and private schools, but some readers will surely remember his earlier pieces on "Architects in Glass Houses" (October 1945), "Suitable for Framing" (February 1946), and "The Taste-Makers" (June 1947). Come to think of it, those three, plus the present article, provide a witty, if mildly disenchanted, sightseeing tour through our contemporary cultural Chinatown.

Mr. Allen, of course, is *Harper's* editor-in-chief, and the Morgan article is the last of three pieces which present, in much condensed form, some of the high spots in his forthcoming biography of *The Great Pierpont Morgan.*

The drawing by ***Saul Steinberg*** for "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow" (p. 24) is this artist's fourth contribution to *Harper's* since August 1946, when we published four pages of his "Mottoes Illustrated." You might also want to go back to his drawing of Gertrude Stein and her two French poodles in the December 1947 issue—if you can find a copy. (People have a way of making off with that issue, in pursuit of Mr. Steinberg, Miss Stein, or Dr. Kinsey, we assume.) He illustrated another Russell Lynes piece, "The Taste-Makers," in June 1947.

Mr. Steinberg's work has been taking up larger and larger surfaces of late. There are, for example, murals for four new Mediterranean cruise ships of the American Export Lines and a mural in the main dining room of the new Terrace Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati. When he draws for magazines, he works in a bare room which contains his large worktable desk, a few trunks, and a wall bulletin board on which he tacks up clippings, pictures from newspapers, letters, and postcards. Mr. Steinberg's hand-sized work appears frequently in the *New Yorker* and other periodicals.

He was born in Rumania in 1914, studied at the University of Bucharest and in Italy, where he took a degree in architecture in 1940 at the University of Milan. He came to this country in 1942, had his first one-man show at the Wakefield Gallery the next year, and married the artist Hedda Sterne. A volume of his drawings, *All in Line,* appeared in 1945. By that time he had already enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve as an apprentice seaman. He later served in the Far East with the OSS.

Tail-Warming Tale-Warmers

P & O growled out its dirge over the lost art of newspaper reporting last month. But who was *it* to sound off so testily? A tail-warmer itself, if there ever was one. And yet, by the bones of old James Gordon Bennett, it's still true that you can't collect news by sitting in the shade, with your eyes shut, holding out a tin cup for the passersby to drop items into. For generations thousands of local correspondents of country dailies and weeklies all over the land have learned—in the words of that fount of universal wisdom, *Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms* (1873) which you can sample in the filler on page 37—that:

> In writing of any event, great care should be taken to state the actual facts. To do this, the reporter should possess the energy to go to the scene of action, if possible, himself, and learn the exact condition of affairs. It is unsafe to depend upon hearsay.

Well, this month, in "Washington's Armchair Correspondents" (p. 49) a rebellious colleague of the most respected tail-warmers in the business really goes to town with the subject. We wish the piece didn't have to be anonymous, and so does its author. But this is one of those rare instances when we have to ask you to take our word for the integrity of a writer. If we gave the author's name, that would be that. With most Washington correspondents "in a recumbent posture," warming their own tails and other people's tales, it would be a pity to get one of the few remaining legmen fired.

•••***Arthur W. Hepner,*** formerly of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, covered labor stories for that paper for several years. A graduate of Harvard, he worked on various newspapers in this country and in Latin America before going to St. Louis. Since then he has been a Nieman Fellow (1945–46) and a radio commentator for CBS in London (latter half of 1947). He worked for a time on films with Louis de Rochemont and then with Elmo Roper, helping the latter to whip his Sunday radio show into shape but giving up the occupation, he says, "long before November 2d." He is now both free-lancing and writing frequently for *Business Week*.

His first *Harper's* article on "Wildcat Strikes" (April 1945), dealt with the various factors which produced labor unrest during wartime. One of the most important of these, as indicated by a first-hand study of a number of actual wildcat strikes, was the prevailing uncertainty about continued and steady employment after the war.

In "The Nashua Story" (p. 74) Mr. Hepner once again reports an industrial event in which "continued and steady" employment is a major factor. And here again, as in so many accounts of industrial troubles, it becomes clear that no adequate substitute has yet been established for the "enlightened paternalism" which in former generations could produce, as it did in Nashua, a decent working relationship between management and labor.

It is stories like this which constantly bring one back to *The Social Problems of an Industrial Civilization*, that exceedingly brief but exceedingly wise book by Elton Mayo, of Harvard's Business School. For in that book are charted the most hopeful trails yet blazed toward a humane way of life in a world which, as concretely as the town of Nashua, depends for its existence on the productive power of its machines.

By-lines

•••"Heil Free Elections" (p. 29) is the result of observations made on the spot in Schwäbish Gmünd by ***Bernard Taper.*** Mr. Taper returned from three years in Germany last August, after serving first, briefly, with the Army of Occupation and then with the Military Government. During 1946, when the local governmental pattern was just being established, Mr. Taper served in the branch of AMG for Bavaria which was responsible for licensing political parties, supervising elections, and screening party literature.

Mr. Taper has written for the *New Yorker, Nation, New Republic, Reader's Digest*, and other publica-

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tions. Before the war he edited the West Coast magazine, *Agenda,* and he has produced a film on housing for the San Francisco Housing Authority.

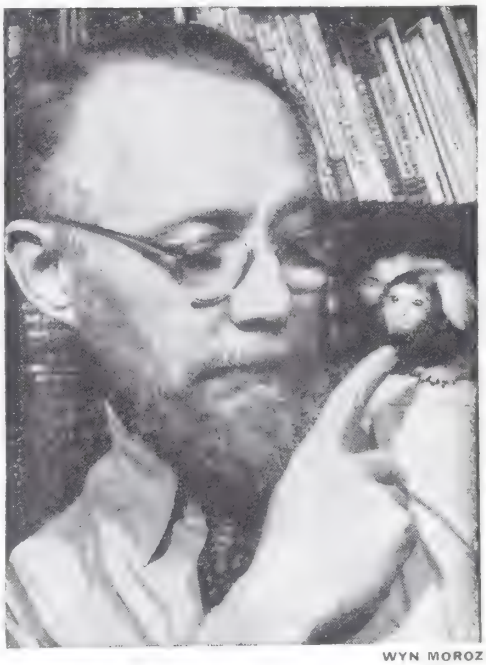
He writes us from his home in Bolinas, California, that he is working at present on fiction (a novel about Germany). The house, he says, is near a rugged stretch of beach about an hour's drive north of San Francisco. "A lot of wreckage is cast up on the reefs of our shore. I go down every day, with much the same interest as I approach my mailbox, to see what new the ocean has delivered us."

•••***Truman Capote,*** author of "Master Misery" (p. 38), aroused remarkable critical and popular attention with his first novel, *Other Voices Other Rooms,* published a year ago by Random House. His short stories, which have been appearing occasionally in the "quality" magazines since 1945, have also made an impression among readers who enjoy the rare shock of discovering a young writer of sensitive talent. "Master Misery" will be included in a volume of these stories to be published later this month under the title *A Tree of Night.* Mr. Capote's fiction has been selected by the *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories* and the *Best American Short Stories,* and he has written for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar.*

He was born in New Orleans twenty-four years ago and now lives in New York. He spent most of last summer in Europe—England, France, and Italy.

•••No writer is better equipped than ***Fletcher Pratt*** to give a reliable answer to the question, "Who Has the Best New Submarines?" (p. 63). His books, *The Navy* (1938) and *Sea Power and Today's War* (1939), are standard reference works—as well as lively reading. During the war he went to the Pacific for *Harper's,* and in some twenty-odd articles which we published between 1942 and 1946 he gave an unsurpassed chronicle of America's war by sea and the officers who led the campaigns. He is the inventor of a popular Naval War Game which has given many seamen an admiral's holiday on the living-room floor, and he has written an official history of the Marine Corps in World War II.

It is impossible, however, to pigeonhole Mr. Pratt as a naval historian. His fields of interest would bewilder a Dewey Decimal System expert. His *Harper's* articles on censorship (February 1946), the American intelligence system (September 1947), and German planning for total war (February 1941) suggest only a few of the races his mind has run. The *Infantry Journal* has long regarded him as one among a small handful of American writers who thought and cared about military affairs before 1941. He has written, among other books, a biography of Julius Caesar, a one-volume history of the Civil War (*Ordeal by Fire,* just reissued by William Sloane Associates), *Secret and Urgent: the Story of Codes and Ciphers,* detective stories of the utmost realism, fantastic tales, and only Pratt knows what. He is regularly on the staff of the summer writers' conference at Breadloaf, Vermont.



WYN MOROZ

Mr. Pratt writes that his companion in the photograph above is "a marmoset, born in our house, of sedentary disposition and great amiability; therefore is named 'Benny,' after a well-known contributor to *Harper's.*"

•••Some of the fanciest current American writing appears in the sports pages of the newspapers; recondite, untranslatable as poetry, it

s a joy to the initiated, a mystery and bore to the outsider. ***John Chamberlain,*** author of "The Strange World of the Skater" (p. 82), has, ortunately for the duffer, come to sports writing after mastering the profession of writing in the less soteric fields of literature, economics, and politics.

He has at various times been associated with the *New York Times* as reporter from 1926-28 and as book reviewer until 1936), with the *Saturday Review of Literature,* with *Harper's* (as chief book critic from 939-47), and now with *Fortune, Time,* and *Life* (where currently he s doing editorials). He has published two books, *Farewell to Reform* and *The American Stakes.*

All of this was useful apprentice work for the new Chamberlain productions: "Brains, Baseball, and Branch Rickey," which appeared in our April 1948 issue; the current article on figure skating, and the piece on Satchel Paige which he has promised us for the spring. Mr. Chamberlain always writes from conviction; in these realms he writes rom sheer exuberance. About his nterest in skating, he explains: 'It was more or less a by-product of taking the children—Elizabeth, now ten, and Margaret, now eight—o the Chevy Chase and Uline rinks n Washington. Shepherding them on hockey skates was rather boring; hence the challenge to learn to tand up on figure skates. I wish I ould say that I am an accomplished kater, but that would be the exact everse of the truth. However, I haven't broken my head as yet, and he theory of the art is infinitely beuiling."

•••***Bentz Plagemann,*** author of "The Best Bread" (p. 89) knows by xperience a good deal about books, war, sickness, and recovery. He ived in Ohio until he was twenty-even, worked in bookstores in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and New York, had his first novel, *William Walter,* published in 1941, while he was at Brentano's.

In the Navy he served three years n the hospital corps as a pharmaist's mate—in three naval hospitals nd aboard a destroyer and an LST. Poliomyelitis, which he contracted in 1944 in North Africa, brought him a discharge and a stay at Warm Springs, Georgia.

Since 1946 he has published two novels, *All for the Best* and, last year, *Into the Labyrinth,* which he wrote mainly at the MacDowell Colony on a fellowship. He has taught creative writing at New York University and has had short stories in *Mademoiselle, Woman's Home Companion,* and other magazines. His first book of non-fiction, *My Place to Stand,* which will be published this year by Farrar, Straus, is a record of his polio experience, with an account of Warm Springs.

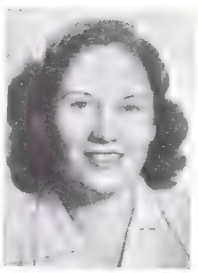
The drawings for "The Best Bread" are the work of ***John Groth,*** well-known illustrator and correspondent, teacher at the Art Students' League and the Workshop School of Advertising Art in New York. His first one-man show, mainly etchings of dogs, occurred in 1932 at the Library of Congress and the Smithsonian Institution; his most recent show last fall in New York at the Ferargil Galleries featured race horses. He has done illustrations for Hemingway's work and for Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath.*

•••This is the second time around for ***Theodore Spencer*** ("Aspect of Love," p. 69) and ***John Ciardi*** ("Laing's Goat," p. 52) and the seventh for ***Sylvia Stallings,*** who has been sending us poems since 1945, when she was a student at Bryn Mawr. She is in Paris this winter studying on a French government scholarship. "Primavera" (p. 48) was written last fall in Europe.

John Ciardi lives in Medford, Massachusetts, and is now Briggs-Copeland Instructor at Harvard. He has won several poetry prizes and has written two books, *Homeward to America* (1940) and *Other Skies* (1947).

Theodore Spencer, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, has written and edited eight books of verse and criticism.

•••George R. Clark ("G.W.T.W.," p. 97) is a name which has been used by *Harper's* for a good many years to designate the author of articles collectively produced by several members of the staff.



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LETTERS

Fulsome Comment—

To the Editors:

Just finished your December *Harper's*. A few things struck me.

That your author on Clay in criticizing his efforts to reorganize Germany and to hell with the consequences disregards at least one clear thought on Clay's part. That the important thing is to get Germany working again. . . .

That your literary criticism is of a caliber that makes me suspect the people in your readers' department reach that post by right of seniority. . . .

That as usual your economic article precludes humanity. . . .

That your "After Hours" . . . bit about *"Symphonie Pastorale"* was disgusting. . . .

That the Morgan story harks back to the romantic interpretation of our Titans of Industry. . . .

You don't have as interesting a catalogue nor as interesting writers. . . .

Your drawings are almost superior to the whole magazine, and all others too. . . .

BRIAN OTIS
Bremerton, Wash.

To the Editors:

Thanks for a magazine which does not devote the correspondence columns to letters fulsomely praising itself.

H. D. BUCHANAN
Ysleta, Texas

To the Editors:

I would like to extend my warmest compliments to those of your staff who select the various articles for publication each month. . . .

JAMES ROBERT MOORE, III
College Station, Texas

To the Editors:

Harper's Magazine . . . has deteriorated in content over the past year. . . .

JOHN N. CARSON
Pasadena, Calif.

To the Editors:

May I compliment you upon a magazine which has grown continually in interest and enjoyment during the past several years.

JOHN J. HENNESSY
Washington, D. C.

Limp Slaw—

To the Editors:

Before reading the December *Harper's* my slaws were limp, sad, dejected, and tasteless. My husband ate them because it is the duty of an ideal husband to eat anything his mate sets before him. Now, thanks to your column ("After Hours" December 1948) slaw is no longer a duty but a succulent, flavorsome delight!

Seriously, has *Gourmet* heard you were a new competitor? I'm writing them to look to their laurels. I added a flicker of celery seed to my first try. Next time I'll try it without.

MAXINE T. DIERLAM
Gainesville, Fla.

No we're not competitors, but we do recommend a recipe for fried rice that appeared in the January P & O.

Heralding Angel—

To the Editors:

We here at Friendship House read the article "Priests, Workers, and Communists" by Jules Weinberg [November 1948] with great interest and wish to congratulate both the editors and Mr. Weinberg on this excellent article. We feel that our Church is often misrepresented on the labor question and appreciate so fair and unbiased a description of its work.

JOHN BETTIN
Marathon City, Wis.

To the Editors:

Due to some failure in myself, no doubt, I cannot share Mr. Jules Weinberg's elation that the former Red domination of the Transport Workers has now given way to Jesuit domination. Observing Mr. Weinberg as the heralding angel with the glad tidings of a new Jesuit order in labor I find myself with a little queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach. . . .

W. J. FINN
Hillsdale, N. Y.

Prejudiced Protestant—

To the Editors:

In the November edition of your magazine an article entitled "French Canada—Can It Survive?" starts laboriously on page eighty and ends after the author has touched superficially everything at the bottom of page eighty-seven. In seven tragic pages the pretentious author tries to condense a critical picture of a history covering the human struggles, political life, educational and religious life, social and interrelation ties with other groups, of people who have been established in this continent during the extensive period of almost four hundred years. . . .

In regard to the picture drawn by the author about general culture, it is rather comforting to know that in French Canada one can enjoy serials on the radio of high literary style. . . .

Regarding the Catholic Church, the article sounds like the usual prejudiced Protestant sermon. . . .

JUAN Z. RODRIGUEZ
Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors:

Only a person of French Canadian nationality can fully appreciate the clarity and accuracy that is to be found in Mrs. Chapin's article on French Canada. As a Franco-American, it gives me a great deal of pleasure to know that some authors at least will take the trouble to understand the French Canadian viewpoint. . . .

ROGER FONTAINE
Woonsocket, R. I.

Arizona Expletives—

To the Editors:

Clarence Budington Kelland correctly designates his long letter attacking Mr. DeVoto (November *Harper's*) as "these few feeble words." Mr. Kelland was born in Michigan yet he twice refers to his adopted state of Arizona as "*my* state." To set the record straight, we have a number of other citizens besides Mr. Kelland. Since he appears to believe he holds a spiritual-cum-political fee patent to Arizona—prior to November 2d—he naturally wants it made possible for him to secure a legal fee patent to the public domain within its borders. In the unusual event that both Mr. DeVoto and The Easy Chair are out of expletives, there are many Arizona citizens who will be glad to supply them on request.

ESTELLE AUBREY BROWN
Tucson, Arizona

Hollywood Pie—

To the Editors:

The poem "Fame is the Spur" is amusing, well-aimed, *if* one considers Mr. Davies' statement by itself; but what your anonymous poet ignores is the significance of this matter of measured billing as a little gain in the long, deadly, and determined battle being waged in Hollywood between the producers and writers. [See November issue.]

The writers are determined to raise their status in the film industry to the status enjoyed by playwrights in the theater (a status which in itself was won only after an equally long and deadly struggle). The producers are determined the writers shall not arrive at such a status.

Having just returned from eight months in Hollywood, I would like to report the reasons behind the producers' attitude. The first and chief basic reason is that the producers are already giving what they consider an inordinately large slice of the pie to certain star players; they do not wish to be forced to give a comparably inordinate share of the pie also to the writers—which they very much fear they will have to do if the writers get more power.

The second reason for the producers' resistance to the writers is their fear that films which express any individual writer's philosophy, in the same way that dramas express a playwright's philosophy, may either be box-office failures or else antagonize various pressure groups that Hollywood is ever wary of offending. . . .

FITZROY DAVIS
Evanston, Ill.

At the Feet of Clay—

To the Editors:

The author of "General Clay—On His Own" [by William Harlan Hale, December 1948] is an able manipulator of the walnut shells. . . . By basing his case on the precarious testimony of "unnamed officials" and "anonymous sources," he appraises General Lucius D. Clay as though he had conducted himself with such irresponsibility and disregard for the welfare of his country that he had plunged us into a war with Russia last summer. This is indeed the strangest fairy-tale yet told about our foreign policy. . . .

The article, because it comprises bits and shreds of cynicism, defies a letter-reply. Clay's imaginative execution of policy must not be mistaken for the usurpation of policy-making functions. He did not decide that the military should govern the U. S. Zone of Germany, or should stay in Berlin, but he has



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brilliantly executed both policies. . .

The policy of denazifying Germany was not made by Clay, but he has administered it through German courts as part of his executive responsibilities. For better or worse, the trial docket is now virtually completed. Clay has pressed forward vigorously the policy, made by others, of increasing Germany's export trade, as a means of re-establishing her own economic recovery. This constitutes an increasing relief to American taxpayers who would otherwise have to continue a dole for Germany indefinitely.

In general, Lucius Clay's record, in the face of the continued aggravations by the Soviets, is a remarkable story of patience, firmness, and progress. His execution of policies which were handed to him shows that Clay has sparked the rapid improvement in German economy; has dramatized America's interest in Europe by maintaining an efficient airlift; has encouraged German labor to use its basic democratic right of protest; and has pursued a fearless and honorable course which has maintained peace at no sacrifice of American principles. . . .

ROBERT SAUDEK
New York, N. Y.

Cultural Oasis—

To the Editors:

We are aware that the Paris Theater in conception and execution is unique. . . . Modesty, however, made us unprepared for the attention we received [in "After Hours," December 1948]. . . .

Your anonymous Mr. Harper, who was not invited to the Paris gala charity premiere, but who asked to come, indulges in a common columnist tactic. Having made a predication . . . he proceeds . . . to remind his readers with an "I told you so." . . .

From the start he distorts the facts when he writes that the Paris Theater, built for Pathé Cinema, the original and oldest existing motion-picture firm, will serve as a "showplace for French films and French films only." The Paris will present films from all the European studios . . . and even from American studios, if producers here ever recognize the wisdom of making mature, sophisticated, and subtle films for a select, discriminating audience. . . .

"A Visit with Henri Matisse," . . . presenting a modern master's technique, artistic credo, and philosophy, and showing the artist in the intimate surroundings of his home and studio, Mr. Harper found "appallingly artistic." His qualifications as an art connoisseur are unknown to us, but *Time* magazine's art section, which devoted a page to this short, commented that "it had Manhattan theater-goers gaping." . . .

His lack of appreciation of the Matisse short, however, was only excelled by Mr. Harper's overt displeasure with the feature, *"Symphonie Pastorale."* . . . The facts, fortunately, make Mr. Harper's personal opinion as valid as the last Gallup poll. The public, which ultimately elects, in show business as in politics, its own choice, has made the Paris Theater and its first offering an unqualified hit. . . . Surely Mr. Harper would eat his own "snobbery" if he were to come around Saturday evenings and witness the queue that forms at the box office, framing the chi-chi windows of Bergdorf Goodman, extending to Fifth Avenue and around to Fifty-Seventh Street. The physiognomy of the elegant Plaza has changed, indeed, since the Paris moved in, bringing crowds to this staid and sedate section of New York. . . .

So we can only conclude, it is not the Paris but Mr. Harper who is in bad taste. For if this be snobbery, as he claims, then let there be more of it, more serviceable auditoriums, instead of rococo palaces, more theaters operated with a sense of responsibility to the public, more outlets for mature, sophisticated, subtle films, regardless of their national origin, more small off-the-rialto houses serving as cultural oases, where the film is recognized as a form of dramatic expression and international communication. Mr. Harper to the contrary!

LILLIAN GERARD
Managing Director, Paris Theater
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MAGAZINE

Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow

Russell Lynes

My wife's grandmother, the wife of a distinguished lawyer, once declined to dine with the Cartiers of jewelry fame because they were, as she put it, "in trade." Life for grandmother was relatively simple where social distinctions were concerned, but while there are still a few people who think and act much as she did, the passage of time has eliminated a great deal of that particular kind of snobbishness from American society. We are replacing it with another kind. The old structure of the upper class, the middle class, and the lower class is on the wane. It isn't wealth or family that makes prestige these days. It's high thinking.

Our heroes now are not the Carnegies or the Morgans but the intellectuals—the atomic scientists, the cultural historians, the writers, the commentators, the thinkers of global thoughts who, we assume for lack of another faith, know better than anyone else how we should cope with what we call with new resonance our national destiny. What we want are oracles, and the best substitutes we can find are the intellectuals. Einstein makes headlines as Milliken never did. Toynbee's popularity is to be reckoned with as Spengler's never was. Even Calvert whiskey has selected as Men of Distinction more artists, architects, writers, and commentators than it has industrialists or financiers. What we are headed for is a sort of social structure in which the highbrows are the elite, the middlebrows are the bourgeoisie, and the lowbrows are *hoi polloi.*

For the time being this is perhaps largely an urban phenomenon, and the true middlebrow may readily be mistaken in the small community for a genuine highbrow, but the pattern is emerging with increasing clarity, and the new distinctions do not seem to be based either on money or on breeding. Some lowbrows are as rich as Billy Rose, and as flamboyant, some as poor as Rosie O'Grady and as modest. Some middlebrows run industries; some run the women's auxiliary of the Second Baptist Church. Some highbrows eat caviar with their Proust; some eat hamburger when they can afford it. It is true that most

Russell Lynes, whose article on "The Taste-Makers" (June 1947) caused some partisan rows in the art world, trains his guns this month on a broader front. His name appears on the masthead of Harper's Magazine.

highbrows are in the ill-paid professions, notably the academic, and that most middlebrows are at least reasonably well off. Only the lowbrows can be found in about equal percentages at all financial levels. There may be a time, of course, when the highbrows will be paid in accordance with their own estimate of their worth, but that is not likely to happen in any form of society in which creature comforts are in greater demand than intellectual uplift. Like poets they will have to be content mostly with prestige. The middlebrows are influential today, but neither the highbrows nor the lowbrows like them; and if we ever have intellectual totalitarianism, it may well be the lowbrows and the highbrows who will run things, and the middlebrows who will be exiled in boxcars to a collecting point probably in the vicinity of Independence, Missouri.

While this social shift is still in its early stages, and the dividing lines are still indistinct and the species not yet frozen, let us assume a rather lofty position, examine the principal categories, with their subdivisions and splinter groups, and see where we ourselves are likely to fetch up in the new order.

II

THE highbrows come first. Edgar Wallace, who was certainly not a highbrow himself, was asked by a newspaper reporter in Hollywood some years ago to define one. "What is a highbrow?" he said. "A highbrow is a man who has found something more interesting than women."

Presumably at some time in every man's life there are things he finds more interesting than women; alcohol, for example, or the World Series. Mr. Wallace has only partially defined the highbrow. Brander Matthews came closer when he said that "a highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence," and A. P. Herbert came closest of all when he wrote that "a highbrow is the kind of person who looks at a sausage and thinks of Picasso."

It is this association of culture with every aspect of daily life, from the design of his razor to the shape of the bottle that holds his sleeping pills, that distinguishes the highbrow from the middlebrow or the lowbrow. Spiritually and intellectually the highbrow inhabits a precinct well up the slopes of Parnassus, and his view of the cultural scene is from above. His vision pinpoints certain lakes and quarries upon which his special affections are concentrated—a perturbed lake called Rilke or a deserted quarry called Kierkegaard—but he believes that he sees them, as he sees the functional design of his razor, always in relation to the broader cultural scene. There is a certain air of omniscience about the highbrow, though that air is in many cases the thin variety encountered on the tops of high mountains from which the view is extensive but the details are lost.

You cannot tell a man that he is a lowbrow any more than you can tell a woman that her clothes are in bad taste, but a highbrow does not mind being called a highbrow. He has worked hard, read widely, traveled far, and listened attentively in order to satisfy his curiosity and establish his squatters' rights in this little corner of intellectualism, and he does not care who knows it. And this is true of both kinds of highbrow—the militant, or crusader, type and the passive, or dilettante, type. These types in general live happily together; the militant highbrow carries the torch of culture, the passive highbrow reads by its light.

THE carrier of the torch makes a profession of being a highbrow and lives by his calling. He is most frequently found in university and college towns, a member of the liberal-arts faculty, teaching languages (ancient or modern), the fine arts, or literature. His spare time is often devoted to editing a magazine which is read mainly by other highbrows, ambitious undergraduates, and the editors of middlebrow publications in search of talent. When he writes for the magazine himself (or for another "little" magazine) it is usually criticism or criticism *of* criticism. He leaves the writing of fiction and poetry to others more bent on creation than on what has been created, for the highbrow is primarily a critic and not an artist—a taster, not a cook. He is often more interested in where the arts have been, and where they are going, than in the objects themselves. He is devoted to the proposition that the arts must be pigeon-holed, and that their trends should be plotted, or as W. H. Auden puts it——

> Our intellectual marines,
> Landing in Little Magazines,
> Capture a trend.

This gravitation of the highbrows to the universities is fairly recent. In the twenties, when the little magazines were devoted to publishing experimental writing rather than criticism of exhumed experimental writing, the highbrows flocked to Paris, New York, and Chicago. The *transatlantic review, transition,* and the *Little Review,* of the lower-case era of literature, were all published in Paris; BROOM was published in New York; *Poetry* was (and still is) published in Chicago. The principal little magazines now, with the exception of *Partisan Review,* a New York product but written mostly by academics, are published in the colleges—the *Kenyon Review,* the *Sewanee Review,* the *Virginia Quarterly,* and so on—and their flavor reflects this. But this does not mean that highbrows do not prefer the centers in which cultural activities are the most varied and active, and these are still London, Paris, New York, and more recently Rome. Especially in the fine arts, the highbrow has a chance to make a living in the metropolis where museums are centered and where art is bought and sold as well as created. This is also true of commercial publishing, in which many highbrows find suitable, if not congenial, refuge.

But no matter where they may make their homes, all highbrows live in a world which they believe is inhabited almost entirely by Philistines—those who through viciousness or smugness or the worship of materialism gnaw away at the foundations of culture. And the highbrow sees as his real enemy the middlebrow, whom he regards as a pretentious and frivolous man or woman who uses culture to satisfy social or business ambitions; who, to quote Clement Greenberg in *Partisan Review,* is busy "devaluating the precious, infecting the healthy, corrupting the honest, and stultifying the wise."

It takes a man who feels strongly to use such harsh words, but the militant highbrow has no patience with his enemies. He is a serious man who will not tolerate frivolity where the arts are concerned. It is part of his function as a highbrow to protect the arts from the culture-mongers, and he spits venom at those he suspects of selling the Muses short.

The fact that nowadays everyone has access to culture through schools and colleges, through the press, radio, and museums, disturbs him deeply; for it tends to blur the distinctions between those who are serious and those who are frivolous. "Culturally what we have," writes William Phillips in *Horizon,* "is a democratic free-for-all in which every individual, being as good as every other one, has the right to question any form of intellectual authority." To this Mr. Greenberg adds, "It becomes increasingly difficult to tell who is serious and who not."

The highbrow does not like to be confused, nor does he like to have his authority questioned, except by other highbrows of whose seriousness he is certain. The result is precisely what you would expect: the highbrows believe in, and would establish, an intellectual elite, "a fluid body of intellectuals . . . whose accepted role in society is to perpetuate traditional ideas and values and to create new ones." Such an elite would like to see the middlebrow eliminated, for it regards him as the undesirable element in our, and anybody else's, culture.

"It must be obvious to anyone that the volume and social weight of middlebrow culture," Mr. Greenberg writes, "borne along as it has been by the great recent increase in the American middle class, have multiplied at least tenfold in the past three decades. This culture presents a more serious threat to the genuine article than the old-time pulp dime novel, Tin Pan Alley, *schund* variety ever has or will. Unlike the latter, which has its social limits clearly marked out for it, middlebrow culture attacks distinctions as such and insinuates itself everywhere. . . . Insidiousness is of its essence, and in recent years its avenues of penetration have become infinitely more difficult to detect and block."

By no means all highbrows are so intolerant or so desperate as this, or so ambitious for authority. Many of them, the passive ones, are merely consumers totally indifferent to the middlebrows or supercilious about them. Others without a great deal of hope but in ardent good faith expend themselves in endeavor to widen the circle of those who can enjoy the arts in their purest forms. Many museums, colleges, and publishing houses are at least partly staffed by highbrows who exert a more than half-hearted effort to make the arts exciting and important to the public. But they are aware that most of their labors are wasted. In his heart of hearts nearly every

highbrow believes with Ortega y Gasset that "the average citizen [is] a creature incapable of receiving the sacrament of art, blind and deaf to pure beauty." When, for example, the Metropolitan Museum planned to expand its facilities a few years ago, an art dealer who can clearly be classified as a highbrow remarked: "All this means is less art for more people."

There are also many highbrows who are not concerned in the least with the arts or with literature, and who do not fret themselves about the upstart state of middlebrow culture. These are the specialized highbrows who toil in the remote corners of science and history, of philology and mathematics. They are concerned with their investigations of fruit-flies or Elizabethan taxation or whatever it may be, and they do not talk about them, as the dilettante always talks of the arts, to the first person they can latch onto at a cocktail party. When not in their laboratories or the library, they are often as not thoroughly middlebrow in their attitudes and tastes.

THE real highbrow's way of life is as intellectualized as his way of thinking, and as carefully plotted. He is likely to be either extremely self-conscious about his physical surroundings and creature comforts or else sublimely, and rather ostentatiously, indifferent to them. If he affects the former attitude, he will within the limits of his income surround himself with works of art. If he cannot afford paintings he buys drawings. Color reproductions, except as casual reminders tucked in the frame of a mirror or thrown down on a table, are beneath him. The facsimile is no substitute in his mind for the genuine, and he would rather have a slight sketch by a master, Braque or Picasso or even Jackson Pollack, than a fully-realized canvas by an artist he considers not quite first-rate. Drawings by his friends he hangs in the bathroom. His furniture, if it is modern, consists of identifiable pieces by Aalto, or Breuer, or Mies van der Rohe, or Eames; it does not come from department stores. If he finds modern unsympathetic, he will tend to use Biedermaier or the more "entertaining" varieties of Victorian, which he collects piece by piece with an eye to the slightly eccentric. If he has antiques, you may be sure they are not maple; the cult of "early American" is offensive to him.

The food that he serves will be planned with the greatest care, either very simple (a perfect French omelette made with sweet butter) or elaborate recipes from *Wine and Food* magazine published in London and edited by André Simon. If he cannot afford a pound of butter with every guinea fowl, he will in all probability resort to the casserole, and peasant cookery with the sparer parts of animals and birds seasoned meticulously with herbs that he gets from a little importer in the wholesale district. His wine is more likely to be a "perfectly adequate little red wine" for eighty-nine cents a half-gallon than an imported French vintage. (Anybody with good advice can buy French wines, but the discovery of a good domestic bottle shows perception and educated taste.) He wouldn't dream of washing his salad bowl. His collection of phonograph records is likely to bulk large at the ends and sag in the middle—a predominance of Bach-and-before at one end and Stravinsky, Schönberg, Bartok, and New Orleans jazz at the other. The nineteenth century is represented, perhaps, by Beethoven quartets and late sonatas, and some French "art songs" recorded by Maggie Teyte. His radio, if he has one, is turned on rarely; he wouldn't have a television set in the house.

The highbrow who disregards his creature comforts does it with a will. He lives with whatever furniture happens to come his way in a disorganized conglomeration of Victorian, department store, and Mexican bits and pieces. He takes care of his books in that he knows where each one is no matter in what disorder they may appear. Every other detail of domestic life he leaves to his wife, of whose taste he is largely unaware, and he eats what she gives him without comment. If he is a bachelor, he eats in a cafeteria or drugstore or diner and sometimes spills soup on the open pages of his book. He is oblivious to the man who sits down opposite him, and if Edgar Wallace is right, to the woman who shares his table. He is not a man without passions, but they have their place. Dress is a matter of indifference to him.

THE highbrows about whom I have been writing are mainly consumers and not creators—editors, critics, and dilettantes. The creative artists who are generally considered highbrows—such men as T. S. Eliot,

E. M. Forster, Picasso, and Stravinsky—seem to me to fall in another category, that of the professional man who, while he may be concerned with communicating with a limited (and perhaps largely highbrow) audience, is primarily a doer and not a done-by. When Eliot or Forster or Picasso or Stravinsky sits down at his work-table, I do not know whether he says to himself, "I am going to create Art," but I very much doubt if that is what is in his mind. He is concerned rather with the communication of ideas within the frame of a poem, a novel, a painting, or a ballet suite, and if it turns out to be art (which many think it frequently does) that is to him a by-product of creation, an extra dividend of craftsmanship, intelligence, and sensibility. But when this happens he is taken up by the highbrow consumer and made much of. In fact he may become, whether he likes it or not, a vested interest, and his reputation will be every bit as carefully guarded by the highbrows as a hundred shares of Standard Oil of New Jersey by the middlebrows. He will be sold—at a par decided upon by the highbrows—to the middlebrows, who are natural gamblers in the commodities of culture.

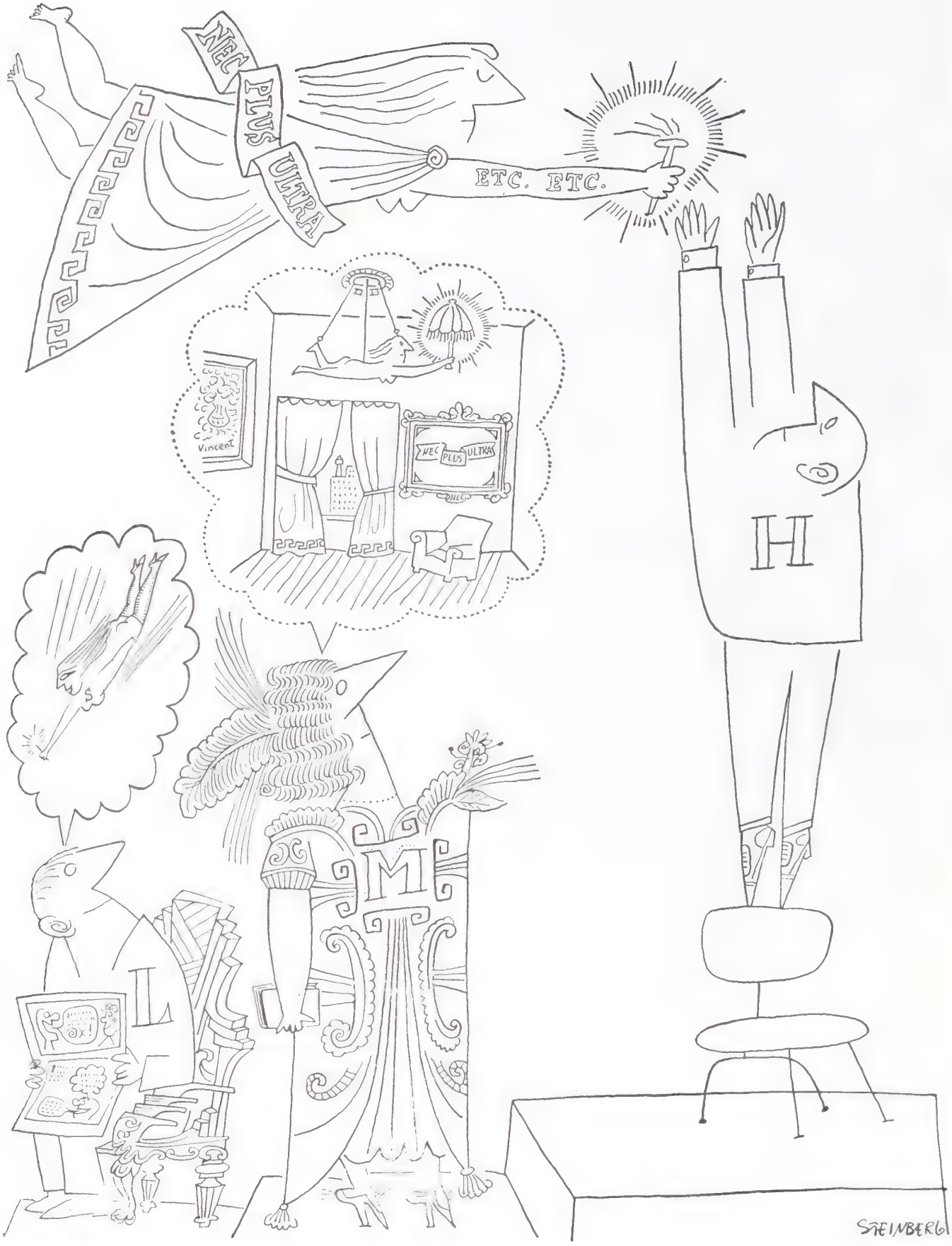
In a sense it is this determination of par that is the particular contribution of the highbrow. Others may quarrel with his evaluations, but the fact remains that unless there were a relatively small group of self-appointed intellectuals who took it upon themselves to ransack the studios of artists, devour the manuscripts of promising writers, and listen at the keyholes of young composers, many talented men and women might pass unnoticed and our culture be the poorer. Their noncommercial attitude toward discovery of talent is useful, though they have an obsession with the evils of the monetary temptations with which America strews the artist's path. They stand as a wavering bulwark against the enticements of Hollywood and the advertising agencies, and they are saddened by the writers and painters who have set out to be serious men, as Hemingway did, and then become popular by being taken up by the middlebrows. They even go so far as to say that a story published in *Partisan Review* is a better story than if it were published in the *New Yorker* or *Harper's Bazaar*, for the reason that "what we have is at once a general raising and lowering of the level, for with the blurring of distinctions new writing tends to become more and more serious and intellectual and less and less bold and extreme. . . ."

This attitude, which is the attitude of the purist, is valuable. The ground in which the arts grow stays fertile only when it is fought over by both artists and consumers, and the phalanx of highbrows in the field, a somewhat impenetrable square of warriors, can be counted on to keep the fray alive.

III

The highbrow's friend is the lowbrow. The highbrow enjoys and respects the lowbrow's art—jazz for instance—which he is likely to call a spontaneous expression of folk culture. The lowbrow is not interested, as the middlebrow is, in pre-empting any of the highbrow's function or in any way threatening to blur the lines between the serious and the frivolous. In fact he is almost completely oblivious of the highbrow unless he happens to be taken up by him—as many jazz musicians, primitive painters, and ballad writers have been—and then he is likely to be flattered, a little suspicious, and somewhat amused. A creative lowbrow like the jazz musician is a prominent citizen in his own world, and the fact that he is taken up by the highbrows has very little effect on his social standing therein. He is tolerant of the highbrow, whom he regards as somewhat odd and out-of-place in a world in which people do things and enjoy them without analyzing why or worrying about their cultural implications.

The lowbrow doesn't give a hang about art *qua* art. He knows what he likes, and he doesn't care why he likes it—which implies that all children are lowbrows. The word "beautiful," which has long since ceased to mean anything to the highbrow, is a perfectly good word to the lowbrow. Beautiful blues, beautiful sunsets, beautiful women, all things that do something to a man inside without passing through the mind, associations without allusions, illusions without implications. The arts created by the lowbrow are made in the expression of immediate pleasure or grief, like most forms of jazz; or of usefulness, like the manufacturing of a tool or a piece of machinery or even a bridge across the Hudson. The form, to use a highbrow phrase, follows the function. When


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the lowbrow arts follow this formula (which they don't always do), then the highbrow finds much in them to admire, and he calls it the vernacular. When, however, the lowbrow arts get mixed up with middlebrow ideas of culture, then the highbrow turns away in disgust. Look, for example, at what happened to the circus, a traditional form of lowbrow art. They got in Norman Bel Geddes to fancy it up, and now its special flavor of authenticity is gone—all wrapped up in pink middlebrow sequins. This is not to say that the lowbrow doesn't like it just as much as he ever did. It is the highbrow who is pained.

Part of the highbrow's admiration for the lowbrow stems from the lowbrow's indifference to art. This makes it possible for the highbrow to blame whatever he doesn't like about lowbrow taste on the middlebrow. If the lowbrow reads the comics, the highbrow understands; he is frequently a connoisseur of the comics himself. But if he likes grade-B double features, the highbrow blames that on the corrupting influence of the middlebrow moneybags of Hollywood. If he participates in give-away quiz programs, it is because the radio pollsters have decided that the average mental age of the listening audience is thirteen, and that radio is venal for taking advantage of the adolescent.

The lowbrow consumer, whether he is an engineer of bridges or a bus driver, wants to be comfortable and to enjoy himself without having to worry about whether he has good taste or not. It doesn't make any difference to him that a chair is a bad Grand Rapids copy of an eighteenth-century *fauteuil* as long as he's happy when he sits down in it. He doesn't care whether the movies are art, or the radio improving, so long as he has fun while he is giving them his attention and getting a fair return of pleasure from his investment. It wouldn't occur to him to tell a novelist what kind of book he should write, or a movie director what kind of movie to make. If he doesn't like a book he ignores it; if he doesn't like a movie he says so, whether it is a "Blondie" show or "Henry V." If he likes jive or square-dancing, he doesn't worry about whether they are fashionable or not. If other people like the ballet, that's all right with him, so long as he doesn't have to go himself. In general the lowbrow attitude toward the arts is live and let live. Lowbrows are not Philistines. One has to know enough about the arts to argue about them with highbrows to be a Philistine.

IV

THE popular press, and also much of the unpopular press, is run by the middlebrows, and it is against them that the highbrow inveighs.

"The true battle," Virginia Woolf wrote in an unmailed letter to the *New Statesman*, ". . . lies not between highbrow and lowbrow, but between highbrows and lowbrows joined together in blood brotherhood against the bloodless and pernicious pest who comes between."

The pests divide themselves into two groups: the Upper Middlebrows and the Lower Middlebrows. It is the upper middlebrows who are the principal purveyors of highbrow ideas and the lower middlebrows who are the principal consumers of what the upper middlebrows pass along to them.

Many publishers, for example, are upper middlebrows—as are most educators, museum directors, movie producers, art dealers, lecturers, and the editors of most magazines which combine national circulation with an adult vocabulary. These are the men and women who devote themselves professionally to the dissemination of ideas and cultural artifacts and, not in the least incidentally, make a living along the way. They are the cultural do-gooders, and they see their mission clearly and pursue it with determination. Some of them are disappointed highbrows; some of them try to work both sides of the street; nearly all of them straddle the fence between highbrow and middlebrow and enjoy their equivocal position.

The conscientious publisher, for instance, believes in the importance of literature and the dignity of publishing as a profession. He spends a large part of his time on books that will not yield him a decent return on his investment. He searches out writers of promise; he pores over the "little" magazines (or pays other people to); he leafs through hundreds and hundreds of pages of manuscript. He advises writers, encourages them, coaxes them to do their best work; he even advances them money. But he is not able to be a publisher at all (unless he is willing to put his per-

sonal fortune at the disposal of financially naïve muses) if he does not publish to make money. In order to publish slender volumes of poetry he must also publish fat volumes of historical romance, and in order to encourage the first novel of a promising young writer he must sell tens of thousands of copies of a book by an old hand who grinds out one best seller a year. He must take the measure of popular taste and cater to it at the same time that he tries to create a taste for new talent. If he is a successful publisher he makes money, lives comfortably, patronizes the other arts, serves on museum boards and committees for the Prevention of This and the Preservation of That, contributes to the symphony, and occasionally buys pictures by contemporary painters.

The highbrow suspects that the publisher does not pace his book-lined office contriving ways to serve the muses and that these same muses have to wait their turn in line until the balance sheet has been served. He believes that the publisher is really happy only when he can sell a couple of hundred thousand copies of a novel about a hussy with a horsewhip or a book on how to look forty when forty-five. To the highbrow he is a tool to be cultivated and used, but not to be trusted.

The museum director is in much the same position, caught between the muses and the masses. If he doesn't make a constant effort to swell the door-count, his middlebrow trustees want to know why he isn't serving the community; if he does, the highbrows want to know why he is pandering to popular taste and not minding his main business—the service of scholarship and the support of artists currently certified to be "serious." Educators are in the same position, bound to be concerned with mass education often at the expense of the potential scholar, and editors of all magazines except those supported by private angels or cultural institutions know that they must not only enlighten but entertain if they are to have enough readers to pay the bills. To the highbrow this can lead to nothing but compromise and mediocrity.

THE upper-middlebrow consumer takes his culture seriously, as seriously as his job allows, for he is gainfully employed. In his leisure hours he reads Toynbee or Sartre or Osbert Sitwell's serialized memoirs. He goes to museum openings and to the theater and he keeps up on the foreign films. He buys pictures, sometimes old masters if he can afford them, sometimes contemporary works. He has a few etchings and lithographs, and he is not above an occasional color reproduction of a Van Gogh or a Cézanne. Writers and painters are his friends and dine at his house; if, however, his own son were to express an interest in being an artist, he would be dismayed ("so few artists ever really pull it off")—though he would keep a stiff upper lip and hope the boy would learn better before it was too late. His house is tastefully decorated, sometimes in the very latest mode, a model of the modern architect's dream of functionalism, in which case he can discourse on the theory of the open plan and the derivations of the international style with the zest and uncertain vocabulary of a convert. If his house is "traditional" in character, he will not put up with Grand Rapids copies of old pieces; he will have authentic ones, and will settle for Victorian if he cannot afford Empire. He, or his wife, will ransack second-hand shops for entertaining bibelots and lamps or a piece of Brussels carpet for the bedroom. He never refers to curtains as "drapes." He talks about television as potentially a new art form, and he listens to the Saturday afternoon opera broadcasts. His library contains a few of the more respectable current best sellers which he reads out of "curiosity" rather than interest. (Membership in any sort of book club he considers beneath him.) There are a few shelves of first editions, some of them autographed by friends who have dined at his house, some of them things (like a presentation copy of *Jurgen*) that he "just happened to pick up" and a sampling of American and British poets. There is also a shelf of paper-bound French novels—most of them by nineteenth-century writers. The magazines on his table span the areas from *Time* and the *New Yorker* to *Harper's* and the *Atlantic,* with an occasional copy of the *Yale* and *Partisan Reviews,* and the *Art News.*

From this it can be seen that he supports the highbrows—buys some of the books they recommend and an occasional picture they have looked upon with favor—and contributes to organized efforts to promote the arts both by serving on boards and shelling out money. In general he is modest about expressing his

opinion on cultural matters in the presence of highbrows but takes a slightly lordly tone when he is talking to other middlebrows. If he discovers a "little" painter or poet the chances are excellent that the man has already been discovered and promoted by a highbrow or by an upper-middlebrow entrepreneur (art dealer or publisher). Once in a while he will take a flyer on an unknown artist, and hang his picture inconspicuously in the bedroom. He takes his function as a patron of the arts seriously, but he does it for the pleasure it gives him to be part of the cultural scene. If he does it for "money, fame, power, or prestige," as Virginia Woolf says he does, these motives are so obscured by a general sense of well-being and well-meaning that he would be shocked and surprised to be accused of venality.

V

If the upper middlebrow is unsure of his own tastes, but firm in his belief that taste is extremely important, the lower middlebrow is his counterpart. The lower middlebrow ardently believes that he knows what he likes, and yet his taste is constantly susceptible to the pressures that put him in knickerbockers one year and rust-colored slacks the next. Actually he is unsure about almost everything, especially about what he likes. This may explain his pronouncements on taste, which he considers an effete and questionable virtue, and his resentment of the arts; but it may also explain his strength.

When America and Americans are characterized by foreigners and highbrows, the middlebrows are likely to emerge as the dominant group in our society—a dreadful mass of insensible back-slappers, given to sentimentality as a prime virtue, the willing victims of slogans and the whims of the bosses, both political and economic. The picture painted by middlebrow exploiters of the middlebrow, such as the advertisers of nationally advertised brands, is strikingly similar to that painted by the highbrow; their attitudes and motives are quite different (the highbrow paints with a snarl, the advertiser with a gleam), but they both make the middlebrow out to be much the same kind of creature. The villain of the highbrow and the hero of the advertisers is envisaged as "the typical American family"—happy little women, happy little children, all spotless or sticky in the jam pot, framed against dimity curtains in the windows or decalcomania flowers on the cupboard doors. Lower-middlebrowism is a world pictured without tragedy, a world of new two-door sedans, and Bendix washers, and reproductions of hunting prints over the living-room mantel. It is a world in which the ingenuity and patience of the housewife are equaled only by the fidelity of her husband and his love of home, pipe, and radio. It is a world that smells of soap. But it is a world of ambition as well, the constant striving for a better way of life—better furniture, bigger refrigerators, more books in the bookcase, more evenings at the movies. To the advertisers this is Americanism; to the highbrows this is the dead weight around the neck of progress, the gag in the mouth of art.

The lower middlebrows are not like this, of course, and unlike the highbrows and the upper middlebrows, whose numbers are tiny by comparison, they are hard to pin down. They live everywhere, rubbing elbows with lowbrows in apartment houses like vast beehives, in row houses all alike from the outside except for the planting, in large houses at the ends of gravel driveways, in big cities, in medium cities and suburbs, and in small towns, from Boston to San Francisco, from Seattle to Jacksonville. They are the members of the book clubs who read difficult books along with racy and innocuous ones that are sent along by Messrs. Fadiman, Canby, Beecroft *et al.* They are the course-takers who swell the enrollments of adult education classes in everything from "The Technique of the Short Story" to "Child Care." They are the people who go to hear the lecturers that swarm out from New York lecture bureaus with tales of travel on the Dark Continent and panaceas for saving the world from a fate worse than capitalism. They eat in tea shoppes and hold barbecues in their backyards. They are hell-bent on improving their minds as well as their fortunes. They decorate their homes under the careful guidance of *Good Housekeeping* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or, if they are well off, of *House and Garden*, and are subject to fads in furniture so long as these don't depart too radically from the traditional and the safe, from the

copy of Colonial and the reproduction of Sheraton. In matters of taste, the lower-middlebrow world is largely dominated by women. They select the furniture, buy the fabrics, pick out the wallpapers, the pictures, the books, the china. Except in the selection of his personal apparel and the car, it is almost *infra dig* for a man to have taste; it is not considered quite manly for the male to express opinions about things which come under the category of "artistic."

Nonetheless, as a member of the school board or the hospital board he decides which design shall be accepted when a new building goes up. The lower middlebrows are the organizers of the community fund, the members of the legislature, the park commissioners. They pay their taxes and they demand services in return. There are millions of them, conscientious stabilizers of society, slow to change, slow to panic. But they are not as predictable as either the highbrows or the bosses, political or economic, think they are. They can be led, they can be seduced, but they cannot be pushed around.

VI

HIGHBROW, lowbrow, upper middlebrow, and lower middlebrow—the lines between them are sometimes indistinct, as the lines between upper class, lower class, and middle class have always been in our traditionally fluid society. But gradually they are finding their own levels and confining themselves more and more to the company of their own kind. You will not find a highbrow willingly attending a Simon & Schuster cocktail party any more than you will find an upper middlebrow at a Rotary Club luncheon or an Elks' picnic.

The highbrows would like, of course, to eliminate the middlebrows and devise a society that would approximate an intellectual feudal system in which the lowbrows do the work and create folk arts, and the highbrows do the thinking and create fine arts. All middlebrows, presumably, would have their radios taken away, be suspended from society until they had agreed to give up their subscriptions to the Book-of-the-Month, turned their color reproductions over to a Commission for the Dissolution of Middlebrow Taste, and renounced their affiliation with all educational and other cultural institutions whatsoever. They would be taxed for the support of all writers, artists, musicians, critics, and critics-of-criticism whose production could be certified "serious"—said writers, artists, musicians, and critics to be selected by representatives of qualified magazines with circulations of not more than five thousand copies. Middlebrows, both upper and lower, who persisted in "devaluating the precious, infecting the healthy, corrupting the honest, and stultifying the wise" would be disposed of forthwith.

But the highbrows haven't a chance; things have gone too far. Everybody but the genuine lowbrow (who is more wooed than wedded by the highbrow) is jockeying for position in the new cultural class order. *Life* magazine, sensing the trend, has been catching us up on the past of Western Civilization in sixteen-page, four-color capsules. *Mademoiselle* walks off with the first prizes in the annual short-story contests. The Pepsi-Cola Company stages the most elaborate and highest-paying art competition in the country. Even *Partisan Review,* backed by a new angel, runs full-page ads in the *New York Times* Book Review. The Book-of-the-Month Club ships out a couple of hundred thousand copies of Toynbee's *A Study of History* as "dividends."

If life for grandmother, who wouldn't dine with the Cartiers, was simple in its social distinctions, life is becoming equally simple for us. The rungs of the ladder may be different, it may even be a different ladder, but it's onward and upward just the same. You may not be known by which fork you use for the fish these days, but you will be known by which key you use for your *Finnegans Wake.*

Heil Free Elections!

Bernard Taper

Some months ago the town of Schwäbisch Gmünd, located in the province of Württemberg, performed on exercise in the practice of democracy; it held its municipal elections. Throughout the U. S. occupation zone in Germany other municipalities were doing the same. These were the latest in a series of elections which have been held, under our supervision and encouragement, since the fall of Germany three years ago; and they represented pretty much the culmination of our Military Government's program of "denazification, reorientation, and democratization." When the quasi-state of West Germany, sponsored by the Western powers, is inaugurated this month or the next, it will be planned to be free from supervision in its own internal political affairs. For practical purposes, the Germans in this territory are to be considered to have absorbed the lessons taught by the Military Government and to have mastered the subject of democracy.

The election in Schwäbisch Gmünd aroused considerable interest. It is a town of thirty thousand population which, in appearance and way of life, can be considered pretty much an average German community, as typical of West Germany as Muncie, Indiana, is of the United States. A German Middletown has a very different appearance from an American Middletown; from a distance Schwäbisch Gmünd looks as if it were curled up in an attitude of defensiveness or self-absorption. That effect is due mainly to the fact that its streets, unlike ours, do not cut straight through the town, aiming at infinity, but fold, whorl on whorl, about the *Marktplatz,* heart of the town. Its buildings are of stone. There is nothing temporary or ramshackle about them. They are built to last. To the town's inhabitants, many of whom have their living quarters in massive, large-beamed, and small-windowed structures dating back to the fifteenth century, such slogans as "the Reich that will last a thousand years" may not have seemed so fantastic as they did to us; such durability is what they expect from *"Deutsche Wertarbeit,"* from good, solid German workmanship. There are only a few automobiles to be seen about the streets, and consequently no parking problems. The traffic "rush hours" during the hour after sunrise and the hour before sunset are occasioned by the cattle-drawn carts going out to the fields and returning from them.

Not only in appearance does a German town like Schwäbisch Gmünd differ from the average American town, but also in its way of life, its cultural institutions, mentality, aspirations, and responses. It should hardly seem necessary to point this out; but, as Margaret Mead has indicated in her introduction to Shaffner's recent book, *Father Land,*

Bernard Taper returned to this country last August from Germany, where he served briefly with the Army of Occupation and then with Military Government, supervising such elections as he describes here.

the failure properly to appreciate the differences between the Germans and ourselves has been one of the causes of the mistakes we have made and are making in our treatment of them.

The main reason for the interest aroused by the Schwäbisch Gmünd election was that in the contest for mayor the electorate had been given an exceptionally dramatic choice. One of the candidates was a man named Franz Konrad, a former Nazi. He had been a fairly high-ranking Nazi, the recipient of a number of titles and honors from the Nazi party, and had been the mayor of Schwäbisch Gmünd during the Nazi regime. But he had passed through a denazification court recently and had got himself cleared as a candidate. The opposing candidate in this election was the incumbent mayor, Franz Czisch by name, a half-Jew.

The number of citizens who exercised their newly-granted right to vote was gratifying. The town turned out *en masse*. The will of the people, expressed through the medium of the secret ballot, was most convincingly registered. There was no doubt about it, they wanted the Nazi. He received 74.9 per cent of the votes.

This raises a fundamental question: Does the free expression of the will of the people spell democracy when the will of the people is anti-democratic? It's a question which the Military Government has done its best to ignore.

In a recent article entitled, "A Positive Achievement of the American Military Government in Germany," published in the *Columbia Journal of International Affairs*, Charles E. Saltzman, Assistant Secretary of State for Occupied Areas, wrote, "The pattern and machinery for the reconstruction of German political life on a democratic basis have been successfully established in the American Zone of Germany. . . ." James K. Pollock, who has been General Clay's adviser on civil administration and local governmental affairs, wrote in the same issue, "In my opinion, the outstanding success of our occupation has been the re-establishment of German self-government and the revival of democratic procedures." General William H. Draper, Jr., the Under Secretary of the Army, who was for some time the chief of the Economics Division of the Military Government and who has exerted considerable influence on such matters of policy as our leniency toward German cartels and our recent decision to return Ruhr coal and steel properties to German hands, expressed similar gratification and optimism. "Our greatest success," he stated, in his evaluation of the occupation, "is found in the initial steps taken to insure the growth of democracy in Germany."

It will be noted that the emphasis is laid almost exclusively upon political techniques, upon the "machinery" and "procedures" of democracy. Our Military Government's approach to the problem of making a democratic people out of the Germans has been mainly a mechanical one. The Germans were to practice nominating candidates and holding elections and running their city councils, etc., under our watchful eyes. After a certain amount of such practice, it was to be assumed that they were proficient in democracy; and they were no longer to require our supervision. Anyone who has been associated with the Army will recognize this method for teaching democracy as a variant of the "dry run" system, which the Army uses for teaching marksmanship and most other subjects. The soldier practices with an unloaded rifle for weeks—taking position, aiming, squeezing the trigger and so forth—until at last his technique is considered perfected and he is permitted to fire live ammunition.

When one applies this approach to a nation, however, one should realize that one has no guarantee as to which way it is ultimately going to want to fire.

Certainly the Germans have acquired, most expeditiously, the techniques and procedures customarily associated with democracy. They have shown skill in the mechanics of holding elections, aptitude in the copying of our constitutions and city charters, and a willingness to turn out and cast their ballots if doing so will please the occupying powers. But it cannot seriously be contended that the Germans have developed any feeling for democracy or have made any basic changes in a way of life whose social and cultural institutions remain thoroughly anti-democratic. All that our Military Government has done is to attempt to superimpose the political machinery of our own democracy on top of

Germany's old authoritarian way of life.

It is not my intention to censure the Military Government for failing to revise the social patterns of German life. Such a revision most likely is required. As Erich Fromm has pointed out in *Escape from Freedom*, the Nazi ideology and practices can be considered as evidence of profound maladjustments within the patterns of German life, comparable in function to the neurotic symptoms by means of which an individual might seek to escape from unbearable psychological conditions. But such profound changes as may be necessary are, of course, not within the province or the competence of the Military Government. My point is simply that it would be realistic to remember that the pattern of democratic procedures we have just established in Western Germany not only has little in common with the other institutions of German life but is in contradiction to most of them. These procedures, therefore, can hardly be expected to survive a serious crisis.

II

The magazine *Weekend*, an American-owned periodical published in Germany, has recently printed some statistics regarding the return of Nazis to office. They are coming back not only into high office but into all the nooks and crannies of German bureaucracy: in the province of Hesse one-half the top civil servants are former Nazi party members; in the province of Bavaria sixty per cent of the judges, seventy per cent of the prosecutors, and seventy per cent of the teachers and professors were former members of the Nazi party or its affiliated organizations. I have seen no complete figures of this sort pertaining to the recent municipal elections, but I would estimate, on the basis of partial statistics I have seen, that possibly as high as forty per cent of the newly-elected mayors and city councilmen were former members of the Nazi party or affiliated organizations.

These men are, by and large, of the same stamp as Franz Konrad. They may be called "the respectable Nazis."

Konrad is a man of fifty-seven who has held one public office or another most of his life. He saw some service in both wars as a naval officer, and his body is still erect and well-disciplined. He first joined the Nazi party in May 1933. At that time he was mayor of the small Württemberg town of Laupheim, an office he had filled since 1924. Some of his speeches which have been preserved seem to indicate that he was ardently convinced of the merits of National Socialism, at least during the early years of its regime. He asserted the *Führerprinzip* in government, he thanked God fervently for such a man as Adolf Hitler, he was exhilarated at the rebirth of German military might, and he extolled the new direction the country had taken. (When, in conversation with him during the controversy that raged around his election, I made reference to these speeches, he shrugged them off as "meaning nothing, the usual jargon of the times," but later added, "It often shamed me very much to have to speak in that fashion.") Apropos of Konrad's entrance into the NSDAP, one of his supporters confided to me the following bit of sophistry: "*Herr Oberbürgermeister* Konrad can be considered to be a victim of Nazism," he said, "because joining the Party meant for him the sacrificing of his principles." In November 1933 Konrad made a few more such sacrifices and joined the SA (the Storm Troops). He was promoted through several grades until he reached the rank of *Obersturmführer z. V.*, a sort of honorary captaincy. Later he was granted the important title of NSDAP *Kreisamtsleiter* for Economic Affairs. In 1934 the *Gauleiter* of Württemberg (the ruling Nazi of the province) appointed Konrad mayor of Schwäbisch Gmünd, after screening by the secret service of the SS (the SS *Sicherheitsdienst*) had satisfied the Party as to Konrad's loyalty and his sincere devotion to the principles of National Socialism. He served as mayor of Schwäbisch Gmünd throughout practically the duration of the Third Reich, from 1934 until the end of 1944.

As a counter to this evidence, supporters of Konrad assert that he always acted in a correct manner during his term of office; that he had some differences with the leading Nazi of the town, *Kreisleiter* Oppenheim; that in his heart he always wanted to protect the Jews; and that he was a good Catholic and in several instances, through strokes of bureaucratic procedure, was able to safeguard

some of the town's Catholic institutions.

Above all, they stress that Konrad was not concerned with mixing into political affairs but was concerned only with running his city government efficiently. He thinks of himself as a city manager, an administrative expert, not as a political leader. He belongs to the tradition of career bureaucrats who in German satirical publications are sometimes caricatured as "the bicyclist." They are shown with shoulders hunched and head down, pedaling with furious efficiency God knows where. They will do almost anything to keep in office. They serve unquestioningly and efficiently. They believe in authority. Their blood is more apt to be aroused by *Deutschland Über Alles* than by the *Horst Wessel Lied;* but their vaunted non-politicality enables them to serve any master who comes along, without qualms, regard, or responsibility.

Hitler needed both types of Nazis—the street-fighter type and the respectable type—in order to accomplish his destiny. The one enabled him to come into power, the other enabled him to hold it. He couldn't run his regime with storm troopers. Men like *Kreisleiter* Oppenheim were not capable of running his cities.

In turning control of West Germany over to these men we had better not kid ourselves that we are putting it into the hands of the trustees of democracy. The only fight these men will put up when the next *Führer* appears will be the fight to keep their jobs.

THE defeated candidate, Franz Czisch, epitomizes the other side of the course of German political events since the end of the war. Czisch stands in contrast to Konrad in almost every respect. He is idealistic, vigorous, and adaptable; and he was—necessarily, perhaps—an anti-Nazi. He had never before held office. (As a young man he had studied law in Berlin, but being of half-Jewish extraction, though an ardent Catholic, had not been permitted to continue his studies after the promulgation of the Nuremberg racial discrimination laws in 1935.) Unlike Konrad, who looks as he is supposed to look, Czisch does not resemble the German idea of an *Oberbürgermeister.* He is a tall man of forty, with a proud bearing and a dramatic head, whose features are fine although his face is badly scarred from burns suffered in an automobile accident. His appearance is striking but unearthly.

During his term of office the most pressing problem was the refugee question, an extremely acute issue in practically every town in Germany. The refugees are people of German blood from the lost eastern provinces and from the eastern countries bordering on Germany. Hitler once clamored to have them "home in the Reich" meaning that he wanted their rich lands as well; and now, in accordance with the terms of the Potsdam agreement, they have indeed been shipped back home into the remnants of the Reich, to burden it with eight million more hungry mouths. So they have been the pawns of the settlement of the war as well as of its instigation. As its share, Schwäbisch Gmünd was assigned eight thousand of these refugees, mainly from the Sudetenland. Czisch, instead of spending his time protesting that the town lacked space and trying to get the allocation cut, which is what the town expected of its mayor, spent his time in trying to effect the best adjustment to the situation, even though it meant requiring the old citizens to give up considerable living space.

The days after the end of the war—when Czisch emerged from the obscurity prescribed for half-Jews, threw himself zealously into civic affairs, and was elected to be Schwäbisch Gmünd's first postwar mayor—were days of chaos but they were also days of hope. The thousand-year Reich was shattered and past, a new millenium was about to begin. People have told me that a fresh breeze seemed to blow through the land. At that moment good, clean things seemed possible; everything was going to be different, be better. It was in such a spirit that towns like Schwäbisch Gmünd elected their scapegoats to be their mayors.

The spirit was too good to last, of course. By 1948 it had passed. The chaos persists; the hope and the good intentions have evaporated. That Czisch should continue on as mayor into these altered times the townspeople found unbearable.

In analyzing the election results, one notes that a similar change of heart has occurred elsewhere throughout the zone. In most towns, the incumbent, if he happened to be a newcomer to office, was soundly defeated.

Among these newcomers had been many unfamiliar and unorthodox types, men whose participation in public affairs would have been unthinkable in the old days. Some real anti-Nazis were to be found among them. To be anti-Nazi, though, is not these days a recommendation in the eyes of the German voting public. The anti-Nazi presents too much of a challenge to the entire German personality, to the creed of unthinking obedience to authority. A public opinion poll conducted regularly by the Military Government since the end of the war reveals that the majority of the Germans who expressed an opinion still believe that Nazism was not a bad idea but a good idea badly carried out. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Germans prefer their elected officials to express only so much anti-Nazi sentiment as is necessary to keep the Military Government disarmed. The ranks of the newcomers who came into office immediately after the war included some adventurers and weathervanes; but there were also among them some men of high vision, fresh attitudes, and passionate democratic feelings, who, had they been encouraged and supported, would have tried to lead Germany in a new direction. The same turbulence of events which made their emergence possible, however, has made it impossible for them to sustain themselves, for in the mind of the German public, which is gasping for order like a fish for water, these men are inseparably associated with and blamed for the present conditions of disorder and disgrace.

III

KONRAD prides himself on his respectability. He maintains, when questioned, that the people who voted for him were voting for him as a respectable man, not as a symbol of National Socialism. Yet there is no doubt that a number of elements in the town took him as such a symbol. For, during the week of the election campaign, there occurred a number of incidents, some of which, considered individually, seemed minor but which taken as a whole appeared alarming.

A day or so before the election a large sign appeared along the sidewalk of a busy street. Its carefully painted letters read, "Don't Vote for Czisch, the Half-Jew." A number of Stars of David showed up here and there, inscribed with similar slogans. The most prominently located of these was a large one painted on the cobblestones next to the gilded, eighteenth-century fountain in the center of the *Marktplatz*. A whispering campaign of like content was also reported but specific details are lacking. Posters issued by Czisch's campaign headquarters, recommending him as the people's choice, were torn down or defaced with a truly formidable dispatch and thoroughness.

When Konrad's overwhelming victory was first announced, jubilation in the town of Schwäbisch Gmünd expressed itself in ways which the Director of Military Government for Württemberg-Baden, Charles Lafollette, later described as "reminiscent of the Nazi era." The *Horst Wessel Lied* was sung in the streets. Nazi salutes were exchanged, and greetings of *"Heil"* and *"Heil Konrad"* were heard. The intent of these may have been partly parody, but if so it was parody mixed with defiance. The Schwäbisch Gmünders' attitude as they performed these foolish actions was rather like that of a half-civilized savage, caught repeating old tribal incantations in public. If they don't work, he can say that he was joking. But who knows? Perhaps they still have power in them.

And in this case, they did have. The poison of slander directed against "the half-Jew" managed to engender the desire to wreak more substantial harm upon him. A couple of young men made off with his car in the middle of the night but were subsequently routed. And unknown malefactors smashed in the windows of Czisch's grocery shop, a small place on the ground floor of a massive sixteenth-century building on the *Marktplatz*. Ironically, behind those windows, Czisch, with his romantic conception of fair play, had put one of Konrad's campaign posters on display next to a poster of his own.

It was at this point, after reports of these events had been carried by a number of newspapers, that Mr. Lafollette became disturbed. He is a conscientious man, an active liberal and one of the few men of stature in the American occupation forces. At one time he was a congressman from Indiana, and more recently he was chief prosecutor at the trial of the Nazi judges at Nuremberg. He

felt that it was manifest that something was wrong and that something should be done about it. But when he approached the matter, he found it extremely difficult to take any action within the framework of current military-government regulations and consistent with the present trend of our policy toward the Germans. At length he issued an order temporarily restraining Konrad from taking office, and he appointed a three-man commission which was to hold a public hearing in Schwäbisch Gmünd. Its task was to ascertain the facts as to the incidents which had occurred and, particularly, to determine whether Konrad had instigated or approved these happenings. Peculiarly, because of intra-occupation politics and policies, the board was not to be permitted to take into account Konrad's history or record as a Nazi. The banquet was to be held but it was not to be recorded that the ghost of Banquo had appeared.

IV

The hearings, which lasted about two weeks, were held in one of the town's few frame structures, a building known as the "Little *Stadtgarten* Theater," located in a small bare park just outside of the old town. In the front of the hall, behind a bench set on a dais, sat the three members of the American commission. An American flag was tacked on the wall behind them. To the left was a table holding stenographers and the indispensable interpreter, who in this instance was a mild young man, whose passionless, mediating voice rose and fell in gentle waves all day long; to the right sat Konrad and his three lawyers. About four hundred townspeople crowded into the hall every day. In addition to the spectators inside the building, each of the four or five large open windows always held twenty to thirty men and women peering in from outside; since the window sills were high, they stood tiptoe on boulders they had hauled up to the wall. The main expression on the faces of the audience—even on those peering in over the window sills—was a look of outraged righteousness. They all obviously felt that it was they, the town, who were on trial, not just Konrad. They followed every word closely and constantly made their partisanship felt.

One of their leaders in the outburst of partisanship which took place was a man who sat in about the eighth row every day, one of the most brutal-looking men I have ever seen. He radiated prejudice and was always the first to stamp his feet in approval or roar with disapproval. I enquired about him and learned that he was a teacher in the local high school. Whenever I looked at him, I could not help thinking about the significance of the fact that an amazingly high number of the Nazi party leaders had started their careers as school teachers. The profession of being a teacher in the German system of pedagogy offered them exceptional training in intolerance and the practice of sadism. From the ranks of this profession came the vilest Nazi of them all, Julius Streicher.

The three Americans of the investigating commission were patient, sincere, and concerned, and the chairman, Mr. Robert King, seemed extremely able. They made a good impression. But they were not at ease. It must have been apparent to them that the whole trend of our policy toward Germany rendered their actions futile.

It was apt that the hearing was held in an old theater, for it was a curious performance. Its keynote seemed struck from the start, when one of the first witnesses, on being told to raise her right hand and take the oath, addressed a Nazi salute to the tribunal and the Stars and Stripes behind them, and held it while Mr. King groped for the command which would get her out of it. Most of the commission's fact-finding was completed in the first couple of days, when evidence was heard as to the events which had occurred during election week. The forty or so witnesses who followed, called by Konrad's lawyer, seemed less to be giving evidence than striking postures in a charade, whose theme perhaps bore the title, "Toward a More Respectable National Socialism Supported by the Marshall Plan."

These witnesses, selected by the lawyer to show an eminent cross-section of the town, were not particularly disturbed by the incidents which had occurred. The testimony as to the incidents had been given, with one exception, by refugees; and the town was mainly shocked that the Americans gave

credence to the words of these outsiders. Their attitude in this respect was well described by the local military-government officer, Captain Felton, in his intelligence report for that week: "The town feels that a person's veracity is not established until he has lived several decades in Schwäbisch Gmünd."

Few of the solid citizens who testified had anything factual to contribute. Almost without exception Konrad's lawyer would ask his witness whether or not he had personally seen Stars of David or anti-Semitic slogans. Almost invariably the solid citizen would firmly reply that he had not, he had seen nothing untoward whatsoever. The inference which one was supposed to draw from this line of testimony was that if such manifestly respectable witnesses had failed to see these things, then *ergo* they must not have existed.

Of course, whether any particular witness had or had not seen the defamatory slogans was completely irrelevant. Photographs of some of them had already been presented to the court and rested on the bench in front of Mr. King. It's hard to believe, though, that the eminent citizens of Schwäbisch Gmünd were telling the truth in this instance. The headquarters of the Konrad committee, which most of them visited frequently during the campaign, was only about twenty yards from the large Star of David painted on the cobblestones of the open *Marktplatz*. If they really did not see it, then this must be recorded as another example of the extraordinary peak of perfection to which the average respectable German has brought his talent for not seeing what he does not want to see.

To the town's most distinguished representative, Herr Dr. Hermann Erhard, scholar, factory owner, and city councilman, goes the credit for the greatest *tour de force* of the whole affair. Seated precisely in the straight-backed witness chair, he demonstrated that it was possible so to arrange his mind that it could carry on as if the Nazi epoch had never existed; National Socialism was not merely forgiven, it had been clean forgotten. That being the case, it was simple to dispose of the incidents which Mr. Lafollette had found reminiscent of the Nazi era. Herr Dr. Erhard, too, found them reminiscent, but not, good heavens, of National Socialism. *"Heil,"* he told the court, "is an ancient Germanic word . . . . In my youth the bicyclists used to greet each other with *'All Heil.'* The tumblers use the greeting *'Gut Heil,'* the skiers *'Ski Heil.'* So why cannot one say *'Heil Konrad'* without being a Nazi?" As for the *Horst Wessel Lied,* Herr Dr. Erhard reminded the Americans that this melody need not be considered solely as the Horst Wessel melody, it being, he had been able to ascertain, an old soldier tune from North Germany. It is a tune, he observed, which impresses itself powerfully upon the ear. Had there been swastikas in question, Herr Dr. Erhard would probably have begged the tribunal not to overlook the fact that the swastika is basically an old Indian healing symbol.

Frequent references were made during the hearings to the "daring resistance" which Konrad and the town were said to have put up during the Nazi regime. When itemized, this "resistance" turned out to have been mainly in defense of the town's Catholic institutions, and scarcely a very bold defense. The examples cited were of this nature: the city administration is said to have objected to nuns being replaced by Nazi-trained nurses in the local hospital; Konrad at one time thwarted, through bureaucratic measures, the Party's contemplated seizure of the St. Ludwig's School building; he had some differences with a Party official in regard to personnel procedures; and as further evidence of Konrad's resistance, it was stated, "he never concealed his openly Catholic convictions, he attended church with his family and took part in the processions on Corpus Christi Day." It was the usual, rather pathetic chronicle of the South German town which had gone along with the National Socialist program—with some aspects of it eagerly and wholeheartedly—and had hoped that its Catholic institutions would manage to come through unharmed. One has no right to ask for a more inspiring history than this, heroism being a virtue one may praise but not demand; still it was surprising, and somewhat embarrassing, to hear this chronicle recited as if it were as stirring as the Song of Roland.

Witnesses also testified that Konrad had been a friend of the Jews. In regard to the

Jewish question, one might have supposed that the Schwäbisch Gmünders would have been grateful for the chance to preserve a decent, abashed, or at least tactful silence; but instead the respectable citizens of the town missed no opportunity to speak with pride of the meritorious treatment which Konrad and the town as a whole had accorded the Jews during the Third Reich. Their boasts, when one analyzed them, fell into two categories: first, that the town's Jewish population had been reduced from ninety to two during the course of the Third Reich in a quiet manner, without any of the obvious excesses which had been observed elsewhere; and second, that the synagogue was not burned down, as in most towns, but had been confiscated by the city after outrages limited to the sack and desecration of the rooms used for religious purposes. In this respect Schwäbisch Gmünd exhibits an attitude which is fairly common in Germany: it believes that the fact that it committed somewhat less crimes and more discreet enormities than its neighbor entitles it to feel not merely less blameworthy but positively deserving of praise.

THE defense's prize witness on the Jewish question was a man named Steiner. He did not appear until the last days of the hearings, but his name, spoken always as "the Jew Steiner," was introduced with anticipatory relish several times during the earlier days. When he finally came forward to take the witness chair, one felt almost that he was being wheeled in, like a symbolic float in a pageant. He was not a Schwäbisch Gmünder but had been brought over from the town of Laupheim to tell the court how much the Jews of Laupheim had loved and trusted Konrad during his years as mayor there and to persuade the court that Konrad had joined the Nazi party only out of concern for the Jews of the town, having reasoned that he might, otherwise, have to give up his office and be succeeded by a man who might do them harm. Steiner, a half-Jew by birth and of Protestant faith, made a disagreeable impression. He is a puffy man with a grandiose way of speaking, who seems to believe that the best way to introduce himself is to name all the influential persons he influences. (He even managed to get the name of Mrs. Eleanor Gimbel read into the record as a former citizen of his community.) At the conclusion of his testimony, Mr. Wyatt of the American board put but two questions to him: "How many Jews were there in Laupheim in 1933?" "About four hundred, or five hundred." "How many are there now?" "None," Steiner replied. Then after a hesitation, during which possibly he considered how to define himself, he amended, ". . . perhaps one."

Throughout all of the hearing Konrad sat in his place quietly and with an air of unassuming merit. When he finally took the witness chair, at the very end of the hearing, he answered the tribunal's questions briskly and accommodatingly. The Americans actually had little to ask him. Everything had already been said. They asked him whether or not he had been in any way responsible for instigating the disturbances which had taken place. His reply was, no, he had not. The facts, as the commission had learned them, seemed to bear him out on this. Then Mr. King asked him whether he had, subsequent to learning of these disturbances, issued any public statement of disapproval or disavowal of them. Herr Konrad was rather puzzled by this question, but again his answer was in the negative. Shortly thereafter the hearings were concluded. Konrad's appearance in the witness chair had come, actually, as an anti-climax. By this time one had forgotten that it was for just this one individual that the Military Government had set its machinery in motion. One had come to think of the hearings, as the town had, not as the trial of Konrad, but as the trial of Schwäbisch Gmünd.

V

IT WAS not Konrad but the people of the town who created the disturbances, indulged in anti-Semitism, and flaunted the Nazi symbols. It was the people of the town who, given the opportunity, showed that they wanted to be led by an ex-Nazi, and who remain—as do the majority of the Germans—basically without any feeling for democracy.

Yet the Military Government seems to have committed its policy to the myth that the German people are becoming steadily more democratic, improving with each elec-

tion like a rifleman with each session at the shooting range. The punishment in this affair, therefore, had to fall on the individual.

Since Konrad had had no hand in instigating the disturbances, and since, by the rules of the game, his past as a Nazi was not to be taken into consideration, Mr. Lafollette had to base his decision upon an old, almost forgotten phrase in an early directive of the occupation, one which required that officials possess "those positive qualities which will assist in the development of democracy in Germany." (Were this directive to be generally enforced, there would be very few officials left in office.)

The terms of Mr. Lafollette's judgment were that the election was to be voided; that Konrad was, for the period of one year, to be prohibited from running for mayor of any town in Württemberg-Baden or holding any office which permitted him to supervise the police forces; and that Schwäbisch Gmünd was to hold new elections to choose itself a new mayor. Said Mr. Lafollette, at the time that he issued his decision, "A man who has observed the crimes of extermination based upon racial prejudice and now stands by without opening his mouth when he sees the same thing possibly beginning again lacks those positive qualities which will assist in the development of democracy in Germany. This is the standard by which Konrad was judged."

But what of the people who performed these crimes, and who now seem willing enough to embark on new ones? Their punishment is to be the privilege of new elections, praise as to the substantial progress they are making toward the attainment of democracy, freedom from supervision in internal affairs, and aid from ERP.

West Germany, when it is a going concern, is to be given a role in the cold war, as one of our satellite allies, an outer bastion of Western democracy. That seems to be what our strategists have in mind. There may be no alternative for us other than to adopt such a strategy. But the publicists, in selling us this scheme, should spare us the phrases about the progress of democracy in Germany. The propaganda we hear regarding the growth of democracy there, now that the western part of Germany has been enlisted as our ally against the Soviet Union, is as misleading as the propaganda we heard regarding democracy in the Soviet Union when it was our ally against Germany.

Evils of the Ball

We will not express an opinion concerning the propriety or impropriety of dancing. In the simple act of passing through the figures of the dance there need be no wrong committed; but, as the ball is often conducted, very serious and unfortunate results follow.

For the company to assemble at a late hour and engage in unusual, exciting, and severe exercise throughout the entire night is often too great a tax upon the physical system. To dress too thinly, and in a state of perspiration to be exposed, as ladies at the ball frequently are, to drafts of cold, is often to plant the seeds of a disease from which they never recover. Again, to come in contact, as ladies are liable to do, with disreputable men, is sometimes to form alliances that will cause a lifetime of sorrow.

Well may the watchful parent look with anxiety and suspicion upon the ball, because its associations are so frequently dangerous. . . .

—from *Hill's Manual of Business and Social Information* by Thomas E. Hill, first published in 1873.

Master Misery

A Story by Truman Capote

Her high heels, clacking across the marble foyer, made her think of ice cubes rattling in a glass, and the flowers, those autumn chrysanthemums in the urn at the entrance, if touched they would shatter, splinter, she was sure, into frozen dust; yet the house was warm, even somewhat over-heated, but cold, and Sylvia shivered, but cold, like the snowy swollen wastes of the secretary's face: Miss Mozart, who dressed all in white, as though she were a nurse. Perhaps she really was; that, of course, could be the answer: Mr. Revercomb, you are mad, and this is your nurse: she thought about it for a moment: well, no. And now the butler brought her scarf. His beauty touched her: slender, so gentle, a Negro with freckled skin and reddish, unreflecting eyes. As he opened the door, Miss Mozart appeared, her starched uniform rustling dryly in the hall: "We hope you will return," she said, and handed Sylvia a sealed envelope, "Mr. Revercomb was most particularly pleased."

Outside dusk was falling like blue flakes, and Sylvia walked crosstown along the November streets until she reached the lonely upper reaches of Fifth Avenue. It occurred to her then that she might walk home through the park: an act of defiance almost, for Henry and Estelle, always insistent of their city wisdom, had said over and again, Sylvia, you have no idea how dangerous it is, walking in the park after dark: look what happened to Myrtle Calisher. This isn't Easton, honey. That was the other thing they said. And said. God, she was sick of it. Still, and aside from a few of the other typists at SnugFare, an underwear company for which she worked, who else in New York did she know? Oh it would be all right if only she did not have to live with them, if she could afford somewhere a small room of her own; but there in that chintz-cramped apartment she sometimes felt she would choke them both. And why had she come to New York? For whatever reason, and it was indeed becoming vague, a principal cause of leaving Easton had been to rid herself of Henry and Estelle; or rather, their counterparts, though in point of fact Estelle was actually from Easton, a town north of Cincinnati. She and Sylvia had grown up together. The real trouble with Henry and Estelle was that they were so excruciatingly married: nambypamby bootsytotsy! and everything had a name: the telephone was Tinkling Tillie, the sofa Our Nelle, the bed Big Bear; yes, and what about those His-Her towels, those He-She pillows? Enough to drive you loony. "Loony!" she said aloud, the quiet park caressing her voice. It was lovely now, and she was right to have walked here, with wind moving through the leaves, and globe lamps, freshly aglow, kindling the chalk drawings of children, pink birds, blue arrows, green hearts. But suddenly, like a pair of obscene words, there appeared on the path two boys: pimple-faced, grinning, they loomed in the dusk like menacing flames, and Sylvia, passing

them, felt a burning all through her, quite as though she'd brushed fire. They turned and followed her past a deserted playground, one of them bump-bumping a stick along an iron fence, the other whistling: these two sounds accumulated around her like the gathering roar of an oncoming engine, and when one of the boys, with a laugh, called Hey Whatsa Hurry? her mouth twisted for breath: don't, she thought, thinking to throw down her purse and run. At that moment, however, a man walking a dog came up a side path, and she followed at his heels to the exit. Wouldn't they feel gratified, Henry and Estelle, wouldn't they we-told-you-so if she were to tell them? and what-is-more, Estelle would write it home and the next thing you knew it would be all over Easton that she'd been raped in Central Park. She spent the rest of the way home despising New York: anonymity, its virtuous terror; and the speaking drainpipe, all-night light, ceaseless footfall, subway corridor, numbered door (3C).

"Sh-h, honey," Estelle said, sidling out of the kitchen, "Bootsy's doing his homework." Sure enough, Henry, a law student at Columbia, was hunched over his books in the living-room, and Sylvia, at Estelle's request, took off her shoes before tiptoeing through. Once inside her room, she threw herself on the bed and put her hands over her eyes. Had today really happened? Miss Mozart and Mr. Revercomb, were they really there in the tall house on Seventy-eighth Street?

"So, honey, what happened today?" Estelle had entered without knocking.

Sylvia sat up on her elbow. "Nothing. Except that I typed ninety-seven letters."

"About what, honey?" asked Estelle, using Sylvia's hairbrush.

"Oh hell, what do you suppose? SnugFare, the shorts that safely support our leaders of Science and Industry."

"Gee, honey, don't sound so cross. I don't know what's wrong with you sometimes. You sound so cross. Ouch! why don't you get a new brush: this one's just knotted with hair . . . ."

"Mostly yours."

"What did you say?"

"Skip it."

"Oh, I thought you said something. Anyway, like I was saying, I wish you didn't have to go to that office and come home every day feeling cross and out of sorts. Personally, and I said this to Bootsy just last night and he agreed with me one hundred per cent, I said Bootsy, I think Sylvia ought to get married: a girl high-strung like that needs her tensions relaxed. There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't: I mean maybe you're not pretty in the ordinary sense, but you have beautiful eyes, and an intelligent, really sincere look. In fact you're the sort of girl any professional man would be lucky to get. And I should think you would want to . . . look what a different person I am since I married Henry: doesn't it make you lonesome seeing how happy we are? I'm here to tell you honey that there is nothing like lying in bed at night with a man's arms around you and . . . ."

"Estelle! For Christ's sake!" Sylvia sat bolt upright in bed, anger on her cheeks like rouge. But after a moment she bit her lip, and lowered her eyelids. "I'm sorry," she said, "I didn't mean to shout. Only I wish you woudn't talk like that."

"It's all right," said Estelle, smiling in a dumb puzzled way. Then she went over and gave Sylvia a kiss. "I understand, honey. It's just that you're plain worn out. And I'll bet you haven't had anything to eat either. Come on in the kitchen and I'll scramble you some eggs."

When Estelle set the eggs before her, Sylvia felt quite ashamed; after all, Estelle was trying to be nice; and so then, as though to make it all up, she said: "Something did happen today."

ESTELLE sat down across from her with a cup of coffee, and Sylvia went on: "I don't know how to tell about it. It's so very odd. But . . . well, I had lunch at the Automat today, and I had to share the table with these three men. I might as well have been invisible because they talked about the most personal things. One of the men said his girl-friend was going to have a baby and he didn't know where he was going to get the money to do anything about it. So one of the other men asked him why didn't he sell something. He said he didn't have anything to sell. Whereupon the third man (he was rather delicate and didn't look as if he belonged with the others) said yes, there was something he could sell: *dreams*. Even

I laughed, but the man shook his head and said very seriously: no, it was perfectly true, his wife's aunt, Miss Mozart, worked for a rich man who bought dreams, regular nighttime dreams . . . from anybody. And he wrote down the man's name and address and gave it to his friend; but the man simply left it lying on the table: it was too crazy for him, he said."

"Me, too," Estelle put in a little righteously.

"I don't know," said Sylvia, lighting a cigarette. "But I couldn't get it out of my head. The name written on the paper was A. F. Revercomb and the address was on East Seventy-eighth Street. I only glanced at it for a moment, but it was . . . I don't know, I couldn't seem to forget it: it was beginning to give me a headache. So I left the office early . . . ."

Slowly, and with emphasis, Estelle put down her coffee cup. "Honey, listen, you don't mean you went to see him, this Revercomb nut?"

"I didn't mean to," she said, immediately embarrassed. To try and tell about it she now realized was a mistake. Estelle had no imagination, she would never understand. So her eyes narrowed, the way they always did when she composed a lie. "And as a matter of fact I didn't," she said flatly. "I started to; but then I realized how silly it was, and went for a walk instead."

"That was sensible of you," said Estelle as she began stacking dishes in the kitchen sink. "Imagine what might have happened. Buying dreams! whoever heard? Uh uh, honey, this sure isn't Easton."

Before retiring, Sylvia took a secconal, something she seldom did; but she knew otherwise she would never rest, not with her mind so nimble and somersaulting; then, too, she felt a curious sadness, a sense of loss, as though she'd been the victim of some real or even moral theft, as though, in fact, the boys encountered in the park had snatched (abruptly she switched on the light) her purse. The envelope Miss Mozart had handed her: it was in the purse, and until now she had forgotten it. She tore it open. Inside there was a blue note folded around a bill; on the note there was written: *In payment of one dream, $5*. And now she believed it; it was true, and she had sold Mr. Revercomb a dream: could it be really so simple as that? She laughed a little as she turned off the light again. If she were to sell a dream only twice a week, think of what she could do: a place somewhere all her own, she thought, deepening toward sleep; ease like firelight wavered over her, and there came the moment of twilit lantern slides, deeply deeper. His lips, his arms: telescoped, descending; and distastefully she kicked away the blanket. Were these cold man-arms the arms Estelle had spoken of? Mr. Revercomb's lips brushed her ear as he leaned far into her sleep: tell me? he whispered.

It was a week before she saw him again, a Sunday afternoon in early December. She'd left the apartment intending to see a movie, but somehow, and as though it had happened without her knowledge, she found herself on Madison Avenue, two blocks from Mr. Revercomb's. It was a cold silver-skied day with winds sharp and catching as hollyhock; in store windows icicles of Christmas tinsel twinkled amid mounds of sequined snow: all to Sylvia's distress, for she hated holidays, those times when one is most alone. In one window she saw a spectacle which made her stop still. It was a life-sized, mechanical Santa Claus; slapping his stomach he rocked back and forth in a frenzy of electrical mirth; you could hear beyond the thick glass his squeaky, uproarious laughter. The longer she watched the more evil he seemed until finally, with a shudder, she turned and made her way into the street of Mr. Revercomb's house. It was, from the outside, an ordinary town house, perhaps a trifle less polished, less imposing than some others, but relatively grand all the same. Winter-withered ivy writhed about the leaded window-panes and trailed in octopus ropes over the door; at the sides of the door were two small stone lions with blind chipped eyes. Sylvia took a breath, then rang the bell. Mr. Revercomb's pale and charming Negro recognized her with a courteous smile.

On the previous visit the parlor in which she had awaited her audience with Mr. Revercomb had been empty except for herself. This time there were others present, women of several appearances, and an excessively nervous, gnat-eyed young man: had this group been what it resembled, namely

patients in a doctor's ante-room, he would have seemed either an expectant father or a victim of St. Vitus. Sylvia was seated next to him, and his fidgety eyes unbuttoned her rapidly: whatever he saw apparently interested him very little, and Sylvia was grateful when he went back to his twitchy preoccupations. Gradually, though, she became conscious of how interested in her the assemblage seemed; in the dim, doubtful light of the plant-filled room their gazes were more rigid than the chairs upon which they sat; one woman was particularly relentless. Ordinarily her face would have had a soft commonplace sweetness, but now, watching Sylvia, it was ugly with distrust, jealousy. As though trying to tame some creature which might suddenly spring full-fanged, she sat stroking a flea-bitten neck fur, her stare continuing its assault until the earthquake footstep of Miss Mozart was heard in the hall: immediately, and like frightened students, the group, separating into their individual identities, came to attention. "You, Mr. Pocker," accused Miss Mozart, "you're next!" And Mr. Pocker, wringing his hands, jittering his eyes, followed after her. In the dusk-room the gathering settled again like sun-motes.

It began then to rain; melting window reflections quivered on the walls, and Mr. Revercomb's young butler, seeping through the room, stirred a fire in the grate, set tea things upon a table. Sylvia, nearest the fire, felt drowsy with warmth and the noise of rain; her head tilted sideways, she closed her eyes, neither asleep nor really awake. For a long while only the crystal swingings of a clock scratched the polished silence of Mr. Revercomb's house. And then abruptly there was an enormous commotion in the hall, capsizing the room into a fury of sound: a bull-deep voice vulgar as red roared out: "Stop Oreilly? The ballet butler and who else?" The owner of this voice, a tub-shaped, brick-colored little man, shoved his way to the parlor threshold, where he stood drunkenly see-sawing from foot to foot. "Well well well," he said, his gin-hoarse voice descending the scale, "and all these ladies before me? But Oreilly is a gentleman, Oreilly waits his turn."

"Not here, he doesn't," said Miss Mozart, stealing up behind him and seizing him sternly by the collar. His face went even redder and his eyes bubbled out: "You're choking me," he gasped, but Miss Mozart, whose green-pale hands were as strong as oak roots, jerked his tie still tighter, and propelled him toward the door, which presently slammed with shattering effect: a tea cup tinkled, and dry dahlia leaves tumbled from their heights. The lady with the fur slipped an aspirin in her mouth: "Dis*gusting*," she said, and the others, all except Sylvia, laughed delicately, admiringly, as Miss Mozart strode past dusting her hands.

It was raining thick and darkly when Sylvia left Mr. Revercomb's. She looked around the desolate street for a taxi; there was nothing, however, and no one; yes, someone, the drunk man who had caused the disturbance: like a lonely city child he was leaning against a parked car and bouncing a rubber ball up and down. "Lookit, kid," he said to Sylvia, "lookit, I just found this ball. Do you suppose that means good luck?" Sylvia smiled at him; for all his bravado, she thought him rather harmless, and there was a quality in his face, some grinning sadness suggesting a clown minus make-up. Juggling his ball, he skipped along after her as she headed toward Madison Avenue. "I'll bet I made a fool of myself in there," he said. "When I do things like that I just want to sit down and cry." Standing so long in the rain seemed to have sobered him considerably. "But she ought not to have choked me that way; damn, she's too rough. I've known some rough women: my sister Berenice could brand the wildest bull; but that other one, she's the roughest of the lot. Mark Oreilly's word, she's going to end up in the electric chair," he said, and smacked his lips. "They've got no cause to treat me like that. It's every bit his fault anyhow. I didn't have an awful lot to begin with, but then he took it every bit, and now I've got niente, kid, niente."

"That's too bad," said Sylvia, though she did not know what she was being sympathetic about. "Are you a clown, Mr. Oreilly?"

"Was," he said.

By this time they had reached the avenue, but Sylvia did not even look for a taxi; she wanted to walk on in the rain with the man who had been a clown. "When I was a little

girl I only liked clown dolls," she told him, "my room at home was like a circus."

"I've been other things besides a clown. I have sold insurance also."

"Oh?" said Sylvia, disappointed. "And what do you do now?"

Oreilly chuckled and threw his ball especially high; after the catch his head still remained tilted upward: "I watch the sky," he said. "There I am with my suitcase traveling through the blue: it's where you travel when you've got no place else to go. But what do I do on this planet? I have stolen, begged, and sold my dreams . . . all for purposes of whisky. A man cannot travel in the blue without a bottle. Which brings us to a point: how'd you take it, baby, if I asked for the loan of a dollar?"

"I'd take it fine," Sylvia replied, and paused, uncertain of what she'd say next. They wandered along so slowly, the stiff rain enclosing them like an insulating pressure; it was as though she were walking with a childhood doll, one grown miraculous and capable; she reached and held his hand: dear clown traveling in the blue. "But I haven't got a dollar. All I've got is seventy cents."

"No hard feelings," said Oreilly. "But honest, is that the kind of money he's paying nowadays?"

Sylvia knew whom he meant. "No, no . . . as a matter of fact, I didn't sell him a dream." She made no attempt to explain: she didn't understand it herself. Confronting the graying invisibility of Mr. Revercomb (impeccable, exact as a scale, surrounded in a cologne of clinical odors; flat gray eyes planted like seed in the anonymity of his face and sealed within steel-dull lenses) she could not remember a dream, and so she told of two thieves who had chased her through the park and in and out among the swings of a playground. "Stop, he said for me to stop; there are dreams and dreams, he said, but that is not a real one, that is one you are making up. Now how do you suppose he knew that? So I told him another dream; it was about him, of how he held me in the night with balloons rising and moons falling all around. He said he wasn't interested in dreams concerning himself." Miss Mozart, who took the dreams in shorthand, was told to call the next person. "I don't think I'll go back there again," she said.

"You will," said Oreilly. "Look at me, even I go back, and he has long since finished with me, Master Misery."

"Master Misery? Why do you call him that?"

They had reached the corner where the maniacal Santa Claus rocked and bellowed: his laughter echoed in the rainy squeaking street, and a shadow of him swayed in the rainbow lights of the pavement. Oreilly, turning his back upon the Santa Claus, smiled and said: "I call him Master Misery on account of that's who he is. Master Misery. Only maybe you call him something else; anyway, he is the same fellow, and you must've known him: all mothers tell their kids about him: he lives in hollows of trees, he comes down chimneys late at night, he lurks in graveyards and you can hear his step in the attic: the son-of-a-bitch, he is a thief and a threat: he will take everything you have and end by leaving you nothing, not even a dream. Boo!" he shouted, and laughed louder than Santa Claus. "Now do you know who he is?"

Sylvia nodded. "I know who he is. My family called him something else. But I can't remember what. It was so long ago."

"But you remember him?"

"Yes, I remember him."

"Then call him Master Misery," he said and, bouncing his ball, walked away from her. "Master Misery," his voice trailed to a mere moth of sound, "Mas-ter Mis-er-y . . . ."

II

It was hard to look at Estelle, for she was in front of a window, and the window was filled with windy sun, which hurt Sylvia's eyes, and the glass rattled, which hurt her head. Also, Estelle was lecturing. Her nasal voice sounded as though her throat were a depositor for rusty razor blades. "I wish you could see yourself," she was saying. Or was that something she'd said a long while back? Never mind. "I don't know what's happened to you: I'll bet you don't weigh a hundred pounds, I can see every bone and vein, and your hair! you look like a poodle."

Sylvia passed a hand over her forehead. "What time is it, Estelle?"

"It's four," she said, interrupting herself long enough to look at her watch. "But where is your watch?"

"I sold it," said Sylvia, too tired to lie. It did not matter. She had sold so many things, including her beaver coat and gold mesh evening bag.

Estelle shook her head. "I give up, honey, I plain give up. And that was the watch your mother gave you for graduation. It's a shame," she said, and made an old-maid noise with her mouth, "a pity and a shame. I'll never understand why you left us; that is your business, I'm sure; only how could you have left us for this . . . this . . . ."

"Dump," supplied Sylvia, using the word advisedly. It was a furnished room in the East Sixties between Second and Third Avenues. Large enough for a day-bed and a splintery old bureau with a mirror like a cataracted eye, it had one window, which looked out on a vast vacant lot (you could hear the tough afternoon voices of desperate running boys) and in the distance, like an exclamation point for the skyline, there was the black smoke-stack of a factory. This smoke-stack occurred frequently in her dreams; it never failed to arouse Miss Mozart: "Phallic, phallic," she would mutter, glancing up from her shorthand. The floor of the room was a garbage pail of books begun but never finished, antique newspapers, even orange hulls, fruit cores, underwear, a spilled powder box.

Estelle kicked her way through this trash, and sat down on the day-bed. "Honey, you don't know, but I've been worried crazy. I mean I've got pride and all that and if you don't like me, well okay; but you've got no right to stay away like this and not let me hear from you in over a month. So today I said to Bootsy, Bootsy I've got a feeling something terrible has happened to Sylvia. You can imagine how I felt when I called your office and they told me you hadn't worked there for the last four weeks. What happened, were you fired?"

"Yes, I was fired." Sylvia began to sit up. "Please, Estelle . . . I've got to get ready; I've got an appointment."

"Be still. You're not going anywhere till I know what's wrong. The landlady downstairs told me you were found sleepwalking . . . ."

"What do you mean talking to her? Why are you spying on me?"

ESTELLE's eyes puckered, as though she were going to cry. She put her hand over Sylvia's and petted it gently. "Tell me, honey, is it because of a man?"

"It's because of a man, yes," said Sylvia, laughter at the edge of her voice.

"You should have come to me before," Estelle sighed. "I know about men. That is nothing for you to be ashamed of. A man can have a way with a woman that kind of makes her forget everything else. If Henry wasn't the fine upstanding potential lawyer that he is, why, I would still love him, and do things for him that before I knew what it was like to be with a man would have seemed shocking and horrible. But honey, this fellow you're mixed up with, he's taking advantage of you."

"It's not that kind of relationship," said Sylvia, getting up and locating a pair of stockings in the furor of her bureau drawers. "It hasn't got anything to do with love. Forget about it. In fact, go home and forget about me altogether."

Estelle looked at her narrowly. "You scare me, Sylvia; you really scare me." Sylvia laughed and went on getting dressed. "Do you remember a long time ago when I said you ought to get married?"

"Uh huh. And now you listen." Sylvia turned around; there was a row of hairpins spaced across her mouth; she extracted them one at a time all the while she talked. "You talk about getting married as though it were the answer absolute; very well, up to a point I agree: sure I want to be loved, who the hell doesn't. But even if I was willing to compromise, where is the man I'm going to marry? Believe me, he must've fallen down a manhole. I mean it seriously when I say there are no men in New York . . . and even if there were how do you meet them? Every man I ever met here who seemed the slightest bit attractive was either married, too poor to get married, or queer. And anyway, this is no place to fall in love; this is where you ought to come when you want to get over being in love. Sure, I suppose I could marry *some*body; but do I want that? do I?"

Estelle shrugged. "Then what do you want?"

"More than is coming to me." She poked the last hairpin into place, and smoothed her eyebrows before the mirror. "I have an appointment, Estelle, and it is time for you to go now."

"I can't leave you like this," said Estelle, her hand waving helplessly around the room. "Sylvia, you were my childhood friend."

"That is just the point: we're not children anymore, at least I'm not. No, I want you to go home, and I don't want you to come here again. I just want you to forget about me.

Estelle fluttered at her eyes with a handkerchief, and by the time she reached the door she was weeping quite loudly. Sylvia could not afford remorse: having been mean there was nothing to be but meaner. "Go on," she said, following Estelle into the hall, "and write home any damn nonsense about me you want to!" Letting out a wail that brought other roomers to their doors, Estelle fled down the stairs.

After this Sylvia went back into her room and sucked a piece of sugar to take the sour taste out of her mouth: it was her grandmother's remedy for bad tempers. Then she got down on her knees and pulled from under the bed a cigar box she kept hidden there. When you opened the box it played a homemade and somewhat disorganized version of "Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning." Her brother had made the music-box and given it to her on her fourteenth birthday. Eating the sugar she'd thought of her grandmother, and hearing the tune she thought of her brother; the rooms of the house where they had lived rotated before her, all dark and she like a light moving among them: up the stairs, down, out and through, spring sweet and lilac shadows in the air and the creaking of a porch-swing; all gone, she thought, calling their names, and now I am absolutely alone. The music stopped. But it went on in her head; she could hear it bugling above the child-cries of the vacant lot. And it interfered with her reading. She was reading a little diary-like book she kept inside the box. In this book she wrote down the essentials of her dreams; they were endless now, and it was so hard to remember. Today she would tell Mr. Revercomb about the three blind children: he would like that: the prices he paid varied, and she was sure this was at least a ten-dollar dream. The cigar-box anthem followed her down the stairs and through the streets and she longed for it to go away.

In the store where the Santa Claus had been there was a new and equally unnerving exhibit. Even when she was late to Mr. Revercomb's, as now, Sylvia was compelled to pause by the window. A plaster girl with intense glass eyes sat astride a bicycle pedaling at the maddest pace; though its wheel-spokes spun hypnotically, the bicycle of course never budged: all that effort and the poor girl going nowhere. It was a pitifully human situation, and one that Sylvia could so exactly identify with her own that she always felt a real pang. The music-box rewound in her head: the tune, her brother, the house, a high-school dance, the house, the tune! couldn't Mr. Revercomb hear it? His penetrating gaze carried such dull suspicion. But he seemed pleased with her dream, and when she left, Miss Mozart gave her an envelope containing ten dollars.

"I had a ten-dollar dream," she told Oreilly, and Oreilly, rubbing his hands together, said, "Fine! Fine! But that's just my luck, baby . . . you should've got here sooner cause I went and did a terrible thing: I walked into a liquor store up the street, snatched a quart and ran." Sylvia didn't believe him until he produced from his pinned-together overcoat a bottle of bourbon, already half gone. "You're going to get in trouble some day," she said, "and then what would happen to me? I don't know what I would do without you." Oreilly laughed and poured a shot of the whisky into a water glass.

They were sitting in an all-night cafeteria, a great glaring food-depot alive with blue mirrors and raw murals. Although to Sylvia it seemed a sordid place they met there frequently for dinner; but even if she could have afforded it she did not know where else they could go, for together they presented a curious aspect: a young girl and a doddering drunken man. Even here people often stared at them; if they stared long enough Oreilly would stiffen with dignity and say: "Hello, hot lips, I remember you from way back: still working in the men's room?" But usually they were left to them-

selves, and sometimes they would sit talking until two and three in the morning.

"It's a good thing the rest of Master Misery's crowd don't know he gave you that ten bucks: one of them would say you stole the dream: I had that happen once. Eaten up, all of 'em, never saw such a bunch of sharks, worse than actors or clowns or business men. Crazy, if you think about it: you worry whether you're going to go to sleep, if you're going to have a dream, if you're going to remember the dream. Round and round. So you get a couple of bucks, so you rush to the nearest liquor store . . . or the nearest sleeping pill machine. And first thing you know you're roaming your way up outhouse alley. Why baby, you know what it's like? It's just like life."

"No, Oreilly, that's what it isn't like. It hasn't anything to do with life. It has more to do with being dead. I feel as though everything were being taken from me, as though some thief were stealing me down to the bone: Oreilly, I tell you I haven't an ambition, and there used to be so much. I don't understand it and I don't know what to do."

He grinned. "And you say it isn't like life? Who understands life and who knows what to do?"

"Be serious," she said, "be serious and put away that whisky and eat your soup before it gets stone cold." She lighted a cigarette, and the smoke, smarting her eyes, intensified her frown. "If only I knew what he wanted with those dreams, all typed and filed. What does he do with them? You're right when you say he is Master Misery . . . he can't be simply some silly quack, it can't be so meaningless as that. But why does he want dreams? Help me, Oreilly, think, think: what does it mean?"

Squinting one eye, Oreilly poured himself another drink; the clown-like twist of his mouth hardened into a line of scholarly straightness. "That is a million-dollar question, kid. Why don't you ask something easy, like how to cure the common cold? Yes, kid, what does it mean? I have thought about it a good deal. I have thought about it in the process of making love to a woman, and I have thought about it in the middle of a poker game." He tossed the drink down his throat and shuddered. "Now a sound can start a dream; the noise of one car passing in the night can drop a hundred sleepers into the deep parts of themselves: It's funny to think of that one car racing through the dark trailing so many dreams. Sex, a sudden change of light, a pickle, these are little keys that can open up our insides, too. But most dreams begin because there are furies inside of us that blow open all the doors. I don't believe in Jesus Christ, but I do believe in people's souls; and I figure it this way, baby: dreams are the mind of the soul and the secret truth about us. Now Master Misery, maybe he hasn't got a soul, so bit by bit he borrows yours, steals it like he would steal your dolls or the chicken-wing off your plate. Hundreds of souls have passed through him and gone into a filing case."

"Oreilly, be serious," she said again, annoyed because she thought he was making more jokes. "And look, your soup is . . ." she stopped abruptly, startled by Oreilly's peculiar expression. He was looking toward the entrance. Three men were there, two policemen and a civilian wearing a clerk's cloth jacket. The clerk was pointing toward their table. Oreilly's eyes circled the room with trapped despair; he sighed then, and leaned back in his seat, ostentatiously pouring himself another drink. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said when the official party confronted him, "will you join us for a drink?"

"You can't arrest him," cried Sylvia, "you can't arrest a clown!" She threw her ten-dollar bill at them, but the policemen did not pay any attention, and she began to pound the table. All the customers in the place were staring, and the manager came running up, wringing his hands. The police said for Oreilly to get to his feet. "Certainly," Oreilly said, "though I do think it shocking you have to trouble yourselves with such petty crimes as mine when everywhere there are master thieves afoot. For instance, this pretty child," he stepped between the officers and pointed to Sylvia, "she is the recent victim of a major theft: poor baby, she has had her soul stolen."

III

For two days following Oreilly's arrest Sylvia did not leave her room: sun on the window, then dark. By the third day she had run out of cigarettes, so she ventured

as far as the corner delicatessen. She bought a package of cup-cakes, a can of sardines, a newspaper, and cigarettes. In all this time she'd not eaten and it was a light, delicious sharpening sensation; but the climb back up the stairs, the relief of closing the door, these so exhausted her she could not quite make the day-bed: she slid down to the floor and did not move until it was day again: she thought afterward that she'd been there about twenty minutes. Turning on the radio as loud as it would go, she dragged a chair up to the window and opened the newspaper on her lap: *Lana Denies, Russia Rejects, Miners Conciliate:* of all things this was saddest, that life goes on: if one leaves one's lover, life should stop for him, and if one disappears from the world, then the world should stop, too: and it never did. And that was the real reason for most people getting up in the morning: not because it would matter but because it wouldn't. But if Mr. Revercomb succeeded finally in collecting all the dreams out of every head perhaps . . . the idea slipped, became entangled with radio and newspaper. *Falling Temperatures.* A snow storm moving across Colorado, across the West, falling upon all the small towns, yellowing every light, filling every footfall, falling now and here: but how quickly it had come, the snowstorm: the roofs, the vacant lot, the distance deep in white and deepening, like sleep. She looked at the paper and she looked at the snow. But it must have been snowing all day. It could not have just started. There was no sound of traffic; in the swirling wastes of the vacant lot children circled a bonfire; a car, buried at the curb, winked its headlights: help! help! silent, like the heart's distress. She crumbled a cup-cake and sprinkled it on the windowsill: north-birds would come to keep her company. And she left the window open for them; snow-wind scattered flakes that dissolved on the floor like April-fool jewels. *Present Life Can Be Beautiful:* turn down that radio! the witch of the woods was tapping at her door: Yes, Mrs. Halloran, she said, and turned off the radio altogether. Snow-quiet, sleep-silent, only the fun-fire faraway songsinging of children; and the room was blue with cold colder than the cold of fairy tales: lie down my heart among the igloo flowers of snow: Mr. Revercomb, why do you wait upon the threshold? ah, do come inside, it is so cold out there.

But her moment of waking was warm and held. The window was closed, and a man's arms were around her. He was singing to her, his voice gentle but jaunty: *cherryberry, moneyberry, happyberry pie, but the best old pie is a loveberry pie . . .*"

"Oreilly, is it . . . is it really you?"

He squeezed her. "Baby's awake now. And how does she feel?"

"I had thought I was dead," she said, and happiness winged around inside her like a bird lamed but still flying. She tried to hug him and she was too weak. "I love you, Oreilly; you are my only friend and I was so frightened: I thought I would never see you again." She paused, remembering. "But why aren't you in jail?"

Oreilly's face got all tickled and pink. "I was never in jail," he said mysteriously. "But first, let's have something to eat. I brought some things up from the delicatessen this morning."

She had a sudden feeling of floating. "How long have you been here?"

"Since yesterday," he said, fussing around with bundles and paper plates. "You let me in yourself."

"That's impossible. I don't remember it at all."

"I know," he said, leaving it at that. "Here, drink your milk like a good kid and I'll tell you a real wicked story. Oh it's wild," he promised, slapping his sides gladly and looking more than ever like a clown. "Well, like I said, I never was in jail and this bit of fortune came to me because there I was being hustled down the street by those bindlestiffs when who should I see come swinging along but the gorilla woman: you guessed it, Miss Mozart. Hi, I says to her, off to the barber shop for a shave? It's about time you were put under arrest, she says, and smiles at one of the cops: do your duty, officer. Oh, I says to her, I'm not under arrest: me, I'm just on my way to the station-house to give them the lowdown on you, you dirty communist. You can imagine what sort of holler she set up then; she grabbed hold of me and the cops grabbed hold of her . . . can't say I didn't warn them: careful, boys, she's got hair on her chest. And she sure did lay about her. So I just sort of walked off down the street. Never have believed in standing around

watching fist-fights the way people do in this city."

Oreilly stayed with her in the room over the weekend. It was like the most beautiful party Sylvia could remember; she'd never laughed so much, for one thing, and no one, certainly no one in her family, had ever made her feel so loved. Oreilly was a fine cook, and he fixed delicious dishes on the little electric stove; once he scooped snow off the window-sill and made sherbet favored with strawberry syrup: by Sunday she was strong enough to dance. They turned on the radio and she danced until she fell to her knees windless and laughing. "I'll never be afraid again," she said. "I hardly know what I was afraid of to begin with."

"The same things you'll be afraid of the next time," Oreilly told her quietly. "That is a quality of Master Misery: no one ever knows what he is . . . not even children, and they know mostly everything."

Sylvia went to the window; an arctic whiteness lay over the city, but the snow had stopped, and the night sky was as clear as ice: there, riding above the river, she saw the first star of evening. "I see the first star," she said, crossing her fingers.

"And what do you wish when you see the first star?"

"I wish to see another star," she said. "At least that is what I usually wish."

"But tonight?"

She sat down on the floor and leaned her head against his knee. "Tonight I wished that I could have back my dreams."

"Don't we all?" Oreilly said, stroking her hair. "But then what would you do? I mean what would you do if you could have them back?"

Sylvia was silent a moment; when she spoke her eyes were gravely distant. "I would go home," she said slowly. "And that is a terrible decision, for it would mean giving up most of my other dreams. But if Mr. Revercomb would let me have them back, then I would go home tomorrow."

Saying nothing Oreilly went to the closet and brought back her coat. "But why?" she asked as he helped her on with it. "Never mind," he said, "just do what I tell you. We're going to pay Mr. Revercomb a call, and you're going to ask him to give you back your dreams. It's a chance."

Sylvia balked at the door. "Please, Oreilly, don't make me go; I can't, please, I'm afraid."

"I thought you said you'd never be afraid again."

But once in the street he hurried her so quickly against the wind she did not have time to be frightened. It was Sunday, stores were closed and the traffic lights seem to wink only for them, for there were no moving cars along the snow-deep avenue. Sylvia even forgot where they were going, and chattered of trivial oddments: right here at this corner is where she'd seen Garbo, and over there, that is where the old woman was run over. Presently, however, she stopped, out of breath and overwhelmed with sudden realization. "I can't, Oreilly," she said, pulling back. "What can I say to him?"

"Make it like a business deal," said Oreilly. "Tell him straight out that you want your dreams, and if he'll give them to you you'll pay back all the money: on the installment plan, naturally. It's simple enough, kid: why the hell couldn't he give them back? They are all right there in a filing case."

This speech was somehow convincing and, stamping her frozen feet, Sylvia went ahead with a certain courage. "That's the kid," he said. They separated on Third Avenue, Oreilly being of the opinion that Mr. Revercomb's immediate neighborhood was not for the moment precisely safe. He confined himself in a doorway, now and then lighting a match and singing aloud: *but the best old pie is a whiskyberry pie!* Like a wolf a long thin dog come padding over the moon-slats under the elevated, and across the street there were the misty shapes of men ganged around a bar: the idea of maybe cadging a drink in there made him groggy.

Just as he had decided on perhaps trying something of the sort, Sylvia appeared. And she was in his arms before he knew that it was really her. "It can't be so bad, sweetheart," he said softly, holding her as best he could. "Don't cry, baby; it's too cold to cry: you'll chap your face." As she strangled for words her crying evolved into a tremulous, unnatural laugh: the air was filled with the smoke of her laughter. "Do you know what he said," she gasped, "do you know what he said when I asked for my dreams?" Her head fell back,

and her laughter rose and carried over the street like an abandoned, wildly-colored kite: Oreilly had finally to shake her by the shoulders. "He said . . . I couldn't have them back because . . . because he'd used them all up."

She was silent then, her face smoothing into an expressionless calm. She put her arm through Oreilly's, and together they moved down the street; but it was as if they were friends pacing a platform, each waiting for the other's train, and when they reached the corner he cleared his throat and said: "I guess I'd better turn here. It's as like a spot as any."

Sylvia held on to his sleeve. "But where will you go, Oreilly?"

"Traveling in the blue," he said, trying a smile that didn't work out very well.

She opened her purse. "A man cannot travel in the blue without a bottle," she said and, kissing him on the cheek, slipped five dollars in his pocket.

"Bless you, baby."

It did not matter that it was the last of her money, that now she would have to walk home, and alone. The pilings of snow were like the white waves of a white sea, and she rode upon them, carried by winds and tides of the moon: I do not know what I want, and perhaps I shall never know, but my only wish from every star will always be another star; and truly I am not afraid, she thought. Two boys came out of a bar and stared at her; in some park some long time ago she'd seen two boys and they might be the same. Truly I am not afraid, she thought, hearing their snowy footsteps following after her: and anyway, there was nothing left to steal.

Primavera

SYLVIA STALLINGS

THE rain arrived this morning
Furtively; she came coastwise
On a sloop from Hatteras, past the snoring foghorns
And the restless lightships. Nobody saw her come
But a wakeful robin, and he made a song
Inaudibly about it before day.
But by seven o'clock
The gutters hummed and woke me
To a gelatine morning where light sluggishly
Seeped in among chimneys and hardly earned its name.
The rain was pleased with herself; she thumped the tin
Roof with elastic drops and lavished special
Attention (like a true hypocrite) on a frost-bitten Jonquil.
She was waiting for the wind
And shortly after breakfast he came up in a huff,
Plucking at the evergreens and spitting leaves;
Nobody had told him
That she was coming.
For a while the world snapped like a firecracker,
But I saw them go off together over the river
An hour later, arm in arm,
And quickly opened my window;
There stood the spring.

Washington's Armchair Correspondents

by One of Them

THE Senate of the United States was plodding through an earnest debate on the Marshall Plan. The commentator who was sitting next to me high in the press gallery tapped me on the arm. He was a man whose voice is familiar in millions of American homes. For weeks he had been "revealing" the inside story of the European Recovery Program for his audience.

He pointed to a white-haired Senator who was speaking on the floor.

"Who's that?" he wanted to know.

It was Senator Arthur Vandenberg.

A CORRESPONDENT from a West Coast newspaper was playing billiards in the game room of the National Press Club in Washington. He laid down his cue after finishing one game.

The correspondent sauntered one floor down to the Press Club lobby where there was a table stacked with government agency releases. He glanced over them and picked out one from the War Assets Administration on the sale of a West Coast metals plant. The correspondent took a quick look at this release, signed his name at the top of it, and added the words "Special Washington Correspondent." Then he handed the paper to the Press Club clerk.

"Say, could you call Western Union and send this out press collect?" he asked. "I've got a game waiting."

IT WAS a dreary Friday afternoon and a columnist for a Midwest daily was sitting in his Washington office with his head in his hands. He had a hangover—and no Sunday column.

The columnist finally lifted his head, picked up a sheet of paper, slipped it into his typewriter, and began to write a story which had—needless to say—no basis in fact.

"Military authorities in Washington are considering moving the capital of the United States to the Midwest because of the danger of attack from atom bombs.

"This correspondent learned today that high Pentagon brass have drawn up a top-secret blueprint which calls for the removal of the capital to a less-exposed part of the country."

II

WHAT'S the matter with the Washington correspondents? The three incidents I have just cited point the way to the answer. They are lazy. They are sloppy reporters. They follow the herd. And among them are men who haven't been near a real news source for months, if not for years.

Many of them have grown prominent, fat, and easy-going. Sought after and flattered as "molders of public opinion"—and in many cases relied upon by their own papers less for spot reporting than for trend-capturing—they spend so much time associating

with other celebrities that there is only a little left over for work. If the big-time correspondent does go out on a story he seldom takes a note; he usually leaves the business of asking questions to the lesser fry. His attitude is one of Olympian detachment.

All of them are pampered in their work as are no other reporters on earth. Special press tables, complete with pencils, paper, and ashtrays, are set up for their convenience at all the big hearings on Capitol Hill. Messengers from the press galleries are on hand to supply them with prepared statements and to carry their copy to the telegraph rooms. Senators and congressmen compete for their favor, too; one congressman from Illinois has even gone so far as to ask for a quorum call when a friend in the press gallery wigwagged that he wanted to go out for a cup of coffee. (A quorum call means that the House will be doing nothing but answering a roll call for twenty minutes.)

Furthermore, they have at their disposal the ticker service of either the Associated Press or the United Press, each of which has a large staff and can cover the city much more fully than any newspaper bureau can. In addition to their regular news wires, these huge news services put out a supplementary news ticker for Washington alone—the "city news wire" or "city ticker"—which contains a somewhat shorter version of the important Washington stories being put out by either the AP or the UP, and also has a schedule of important Washington events, and lists press conferences and speeches.

Nearly every news bureau in the city has one of these tickers chattering away in a corner. The correspondent for a medium-sized daily buys it as a protection; but he often falls back on it if he is unable to cover some news conference or hearing himself. He may do a rewrite job on it, adding some of his own interpretations. But the fact remains that the story he sends home is very often a wire-service story. He cannot vouch for its accuracy himself. And if it contains a mistake . . . .

BACK in March 1947, Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson appeared before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs to support President Truman's aid to Greece and Turkey program.

The day Acheson appeared, the New York *World Telegram* hit the streets with the banner headline:

ACHESON WARNS U S OF PERIL
FROM ALL RED-RULED COUNTRIES

The story underneath was written by the UP. It began:

"Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson warned today that communist - dominated countries' anywhere in the world are a threat to the security of the United States."

The New York *Sun* flashed a three-column headline:

ACHESON SEES PERIL TO U S
IN ANY COMMUNIST NATION

Under this was an AP story which said:

"Undersecretary of State Acheson said that the existence of 'communist-dominated governments' any place in the world is 'dangerous to the security of the United States.' "

The Washington *Star* on the same afternoon printed a story under the by-line of its own Capitol Hill correspondent. This story started out:

"Acting Secretary of State Acheson told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that the existence of 'communist-dominated governments' any place in the world is 'dangerous to the security of the United States.' "

The Chicago *Daily News* printed a similar story under the heading "From *Daily News* Wire Services." The story said:

"It is dangerous to the security of the United States to have communist-dominated governments anywhere.

"This is what Dean Acheson, acting Secretary of State, told the House Foreign Affairs Committee today when asked if it would be dangerous to have a communist-dominated government in China."

Virtually every other evening newspaper in the country, with the Baltimore *Sun* a shining exception, carried the same report. Almost any newspaper reader, studying the nation's press, would have been convinced beyond doubt that Acheson had given the warning. However, late the same afternoon, Acheson publicly announced that he had never done so. A wire recording of the Acheson testimony was produced, and sure enough, the Secretary was right. In his testimony he had only said that "it would be

dangerous to the security of the United States to have communist-dominated governments developing in Greece and Turkey."

How did so many reporters make the identical mistake? The answer is simple. Either the UP man misunderstood Acheson and passed the misinformation along to the AP man, who may have been out dictating, or vice versa—or both men misunderstood, which seems unlikely. A reporter from the Washington *Star,* or a deskman on the *Star,* picked up the AP bulletin and put it at the top of the *Star* story. A deskman from the Chicago *Daily News* made a digest of the erroneous stories. And thus, through one original mistake, you have an error snowballing out across the country.

These mistakes happen more often than is generally realized. But it isn't often that a public official goes to the trouble of retracting and thus exposing a mistake.

All this adds up to one thing. American newspaper readers are being deprived of a full report on the news from Washington; they're getting one or two widely-copied versions written originally by the wire services. Gradually a news monopoly is building up in the city of Washington. This monopoly has nothing to do with government control, or with the power of the publishers; it springs directly from the laziness of the Washington correspondents themselves. Each time a reporter says, "I think I'll get the story from the wire," he might as well be saying, "I'm giving up one more chance to go out and report the truth as it looks to me."

If the capital correspondent's number one weakness is the ticker habit, his second is the handout habit. The big departments and agencies employ public relations staffs which spend their time writing "news releases" or "handouts" to explain the work of the departments to the public. Some agencies produce bales of these white mimeographed handouts every week, and correspondents have become dependent upon them. These releases include digests of all the important points in every report, plus sample news stories. To ease the burden of the Washington correspondents still further, the agencies send their daily output of handouts to the National Press Club, where they are spread out on a wide table. And if the correspondent can't be bothered to look at the press table each day, he can subscribe to a handout pick-up service, which daily delivers to his desk all these mimeographed releases.

Private business is also learning the lure of the handout for the Washington correspondent. A national organization holding a convention in Washington wouldn't dream of meeting until it had first blanketed the town with handouts. And if the convention leaders really want to get some attention, they have only to announce a press conference with the magic words "cocktails served" printed in one corner.

About a dozen Washington newsmen showed up recently at a news conference held by a top cabinet officer. But when a private organization sent around notices of a demonstration of a new method of child feeding ("cocktails served") the place was jammed.

III

The most favored clique in Washington newspaperdom consists of the White House correspondents. Among the "celebrated journalists," Press Club strategists, and seat-of-the-pants reporters, they are unexcelled.

They spend their days in the comfortable sunny press room in the executive wing of the White House. Poker games go on almost continuously, and there is often a bottle of bourbon tucked away in a phone booth or desk drawer. The White House men call their offices once in the morning to dictate the day's list of White House callers. Then they settle back for a nap or some poker. The routine is broken only when they hurry out to chat with the cabinet officers and diplomats who file in and out to see the President and usually have "no comment."

It's well known in Washington that there's rarely a scoop out of the White House. Scoops bring reprisals by competitors, making hard work all around. So there's an informal agreement that no one goes looking for an exclusive story. Any reporter who breaks the code is kept out of the poker games. Even worse, he's labeled an "eager beaver," an unbearable disgrace.

Once a week, the White House reporters uncoil from their chairs and go to the President's oval office to cover his press con-

ference. When the conference is over they break from their places in the front row and bolt for the telephones. For fifteen or twenty minutes they dictate what the President said in breathless voices. Then they go back to their poker games. As one reporter said recently, "You have to be good to cover the White House. You have to master the art of using the telephone." These correspondents are, as I said, in a class by themselves. But like their lesser brothers, they simply point up the weakness of Washington reporting.

There are, to be sure, some hard-working, careful, and thoughtful correspondents in Washington. They work for papers like the *New York Times*, the Baltimore *Sun*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. There are also some hard-working reporters and columnists—such as Elmer Davis, Eric Sevareid, Tom Stokes, Peter Edson, and Bert Andrews—and the wire services employ some top-notch men. But the average Washington correspondent has forgotten how to be a police reporter. He's reluctant to go out and dig up facts, only too happy to leave the work to "someone else."

Until he gets out of his easy chair and starts being a police reporter again, the American public has every right to doubt his stories and distrust the conclusions which he reaches.

Laing's Goat

JOHN CIARDI

THREE mountain ranges ranked from drab to blue
Fade backward in the foggy dead of light.
One half-transparent goat in the nearest lot
Kneels tethered to the lawn of appetite:
Gray fur of a gray day on green tables.

El Greco would have known this look of things:
A sky exhaled from hills of smoky stone,
So heavy it must surely come cracking down
The minute prayer relaxes. Bone
Of this world's flesh, animal heat and hunger,

The tethered goat, El Greco in the grass,
Eats his living circle on the scene.
Passion constrained to absolute design,
By ignorance or instinct worlds turn green,
The sky fogs down and nothing dies of it.

Something of this, a gland's preoccupation,
Keeps the circle going in any look
Of season or weather. See, under the world's smoke
The willow train races along the brook
Puffing green billows, rank and religious Spring

Express to goats on road beds sparked with daisies.
The intricate ladings of the dandelion
Fall from its roar. Omnivorous and lean,
He swings his circle on, and from his chin
Dangles the dewy and sentimental flower.

Theology for gray days: I discover
Only stomach is world's absolute lover.

The Regal Life of Pierpont Morgan

Frederick Lewis Allen

It is doubtful if any citizen of the United States ever led—or ever will lead, for that matter—a life more regal than that of J. Pierpont Morgan, the great founder of the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., during the early years of the twentieth century, when he was in his sixties and seventies. Not that he led all comers in wealth; for although he made, on the average, several million dollars a year, nevertheless if it had been possible to compile each year an accurate rank-list of American incomes in order of size, probably Morgan's would usually have stood well below the top. Nor did he lead in lavishness, for there have been plenty of more extravagant spenders and certainly innumerable flashier ones; Morgan, a publicity-hater, never spent for mere show. Nor was he pre-eminent in the world of fashion, for he went his way with contemptuous indifference to the glitter of social pretension. What set him apart from all others was a combination of large wealth, large spending, social assurance, international social experience, love of grandeur, and restrained taste.

Once in a conversation with the Prince of Wales who later became Edward VII of England, Gambetta remarked that if the French Republic were to make noblemen of successful business men, as did Britain, "the Duke of Rockfount would never rub shoulders with the Duke of Industry." The phrase is apt: Morgan was by nature a duke of industry, pursuing the life of an unostentatious gentleman on a majestic scale.

His home base continued until his death in 1913 to be No. 219 Madison Avenue, New York, a massive brownstone house on the northeast corner of Thirty-sixth Street, into which the Morgan family had moved in 1882. It was a very ample house in which his family enjoyed the ministrations of some twelve servants (including a butler, two or three other menservants, a lady's maid, a cook, two kitchenmaids, two chambermaids, a laundress, and a gardener) but it was by no means palatial. Fashionable society had for many years been gravitating farther uptown; the Murray Hill region where Morgan remained, and the house itself, represented not fashion, but rather the strict brownstone tradition of conservative Manhattan respectability.

For Morgan belonged to what in Europe would be called the *haute bourgeoisie,* and in New York might—to borrow a word applied recently by Cleveland Amory to Bostonians—be called the Proper New Yorkers: a vaguely-defined group of men who had plenty

This is the last of three articles on J. Pierpont Morgan (later to be embodied in a book) by the editor of Harper's *and author of* Only Yesterday, The Lords of Creation, *etc.*

of money, were engaged in large corporate business or finance, voted the Republican ticket, believed in the sanctity of property, subscribed to sedate and conservative newspapers, held a low view of most politicians and practically all Democratic politicians, and an even lower view of "labor agitators"; who belonged to the right sort of church (preferably the Episcopal Church, which as Clarence Day put it was "a sect with the minimum of nonsense about it—no total immersion, no exhorters, no holy confession"); served on the boards of well-established charities, hospitals, and museums; joined reputable clubs such as the Union or perhaps the Union League, where they would be unlikely to be troubled by hearing any queer ideas; had a proper taste for good cigars and good wines; had decent manners, at least toward one another; and expected their wives to be charming and angelic, but not to know anything about their business affairs or for that matter about any affairs of moment. Morgan himself had little social traffic with artists, musicians, writers, scholars, or with professional men generally, except corporation lawyers and such architects or lawyers or physicians as he or his firm might have occasion to engage professionally. His social world was a world of business gentlemen of English descent and Protestant affiliation.

Just to the east of No. 219, on East Thirty-sixth Street, he built in due course a separate lawn-surrounded building in which he could house the books and manuscripts that had long since overflowed the storage room in his basement, and upon this Library building he lavished loving pains. He chose as his architect Charles F. McKim, the leading practitioner at that time of the art of adapting classical and Renaissance designs to practical American purposes; there was no better guarantee of order, restraint, and a severe beauty quite detached from the American scene. Though brownstone was quite all right for domestic purposes, art, it was thought, deserved a more exquisite setting; and so McKim produced a one-story white marble building in early sixteenth-century Italian Renaissance style. From the day the building was completed to the end of Morgan's life, he spent more and more of his time in its big west room. Its grandeur, its masculine comfort, the Florentine paintings that hung on its red walls, the statuette of Eros that stood on a bookcase in the corner, the other bits of choice craftsmanship that decorated it, all satisfied him completely.

THERE was also the Morgan country house, Cragston, at Highland Falls on the Hudson—a place as sedate as No. 219, in a resort progressively abandoned by fashion. Today the house is a fire-gutted wreck, for after Morgan's death it was sold, went through various vicissitudes, and then was burned. The walls are partly intact, the great brick chimneys still stand, but floors and stairs are destroyed and the blackened wainscoting hangs at crazy angles; and about the house, where once were trim lawns, the long grass is matted and unkempt. But as one looks at the ruin today, one can well imagine the Cragston of forty or fifty years ago—a big, wide-eaved, white clapboard mansion looking southward across a rolling lawn to the hills opposite Bear Mountain. Somewhat like the seat of an English county family, it embodied simplicity on an ample scale, with half a dozen or so guest rooms, small detached cottages for the staff, cattle-barns, a dairy, kennels for fifty or more of Morgan's prize collies (which monotonously carried off blue ribbons at the dog shows), and a carriage road running down to a pier on the Hudson River bank, where passengers from the *Corsair,* Morgan's steam yacht, could be put ashore. Here at Cragston Mrs. Morgan spent most of the time between April and mid-autumn, and here Pierpont Morgan came when the opportunity offered, which in his later years was not very often, so widely did his activities range.

For winter holidays he had also a thousand-acre place in the Adirondacks, Camp Uncas; for less spartan intervals in the cold months, a furnished apartment in the building called "Sans Souci" at the Jekyll Island Club, on a piny island off the Georgia coast; and, for stop-overs when his yacht was in Narragansett Bay waters, a small "fishing box" at Newport, with an expert cook in readiness to satisfy the palates of his guests.

In London his headquarters were the big double house at Prince's Gate which had formerly been his father's town residence. This, too, was unpretentious in aspect; but very few unpretentious houses contain paint-

ings by Rubens, Rembrandt, Hobbema, Velasquez, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, Turner, and other artists of wide renown, or for that matter contain a special room designed to display a series of Fragonard panels.

And outside London there was Dover House, a comfortable country seat so satisfactorily equipped with gardens, orchards, and a dairy farm that when Morgan ended his English visit in 1902 his special railway carriage, attached to the boat train for Southampton, was piled high at one end—according to his son-in-law and biographer, Herbert Satterlee—with "the boxes from Dover House that contained melons, hot-house grapes, peaches, nectarines, and bottles of cream sufficient for the voyage," these supplementary provisions being taken along because, in Satterlee's matter-of-fact words, "the menu of even the best transatlantic liner was much more simple then than it is today."

In Paris, Rome, and watering places such as his favorite Aix-les-Bains, Morgan needed no private property, for he always had his pick of accommodations; in the Hotel Bristol at Paris and in the Grand Hotel at Rome there were special suites set aside for his use whenever he came.

II

But the finest of his residences was none of those which I have mentioned, but the *Corsair*. There have been larger private pleasure craft, but not many of them, and none of such regal dimensions are produced today; the Fleischmann diesel yacht pictured in *Life* in 1947 as the "first big luxury vessel since the war" was a mere 168-footer; *Corsair III*, which was built in 1898 to take the place of *Corsair II*, which had been turned over to the government for use in the Spanish War, was 302 feet long.

When Morgan decided to build *Corsair III*, he specified to his friend Beavor Webb, who took charge of her construction, that she must be much larger than *Corsair II* but that her interior fittings must be identical. (Thus was conservatism combined with a love for bigness.) His insistence on close resemblance to *Corsair II* raised a number of difficult problems. It was found, for example, that the kind of carpets that had been bought for *Corsair II* were no longer made. But that did not bother Morgan; he ordered the old patterns set up on the looms and new carpets especially made for him with exactly the old design.

The graceful black steamer served many uses. She could ferry him up the Hudson from New York to Cragston. When he was working in Wall Street during the summer months, he could dine and sleep and breakfast aboard her between weekends. A launch would meet him and his friends at the dock at West Thirty-fifth Street and take them across the river to where the *Corsair* lay at anchor off the Jersey shore; in the morning they would return, after a monumental breakfast at which astonished guests would watch Morgan work his way through a menu of fruit, porridge, eggs, hash, fried fish, and sliced tomatoes. Or the party would board the *Corsair* at the East Twenty-third Street landing of the New York Yacht Club, and she would take them through Hell Gate to an anchorage off Great Neck in Long Island Sound; in warm weather this was pleasantly cooler than the Hudson, and in the evening the *Corsair* might steam slowly up and down the Sound, while the company sat in wicker chairs on the deck and conversed, Morgan perhaps dozing off as they did so, his cigar between his fingers.

The *Corsair* also could be packed with guests for a cruise of the New York Yacht Club, of which Morgan was Commodore in 1897–99, and for whose new clubhouse in West Forty-fourth Street he had donated the land; and it was from her deck, in 1901 (the year when he formed the Steel Corporation), that he watched the first of the races for the America's Cup between Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock II* and the American defender, the *Columbia*. Morgan had a special concern over this contest because he himself had headed the syndicate which had built the *Columbia* and thus the lovely racing yacht was virtually his personal property. But he couldn't see the later races of the series because he had to take a special trainload of bishops and other guests to the San Francisco Convention of the Episcopal Church—a convention during which his attention was from time to time divided between the ecclesiastical debates and a series of telegrams recording the leg-by-leg progress of *Shamrock II* and

Columbia as they raced off Sandy Hook, with *Columbia* winning.

MORGAN could also use the *Corsair* from time to time as a conveyance and a haven on his travels abroad, for she was seaworthy enough to cross the ocean, albeit uncomfortably, and thus could serve him as a floating residence in the quiet waters of the Mediterranean. And if he himself never ventured to make the crossing in her, that mattered hardly more than the fact that she could not ascend the Nile. In the last years of his life he engaged Thomas Cook and Sons to build for him a private all-steel Nile steamer, the *Khargeh,* with paddle-wheels; and as for his voyages across the Atlantic, in a sense he had his own ships for those too. For did he not nearly always travel by the vessels of the White Star Line, and was not the White Star Line a part of the great ship combination, the International Mercantile Marine, which he himself set up in 1902? And was he not therefore treated on board the *Oceanic* or the *Germanic* almost exactly as if he were the owner of the line and of all the ships that carried her flag? (It was said, for example, that before the ill-fated *Titanic* had even been built, he had been shown the plans and had picked out which was to be his suite aboard her.)

As one of these White Star Liners, bringing Pierpont Morgan home from Europe, approached New York, the *Corsair* would steam down the Bay to meet her, festive with pennants from stem to stern, while Morgan responded to her salute by leaning over the rail and swinging a handkerchief from side to side; then after the liner had been warped into her dock, the yacht would take him on up the river to Cragston. What grander welcome could there be to one's native shores?

There was one occasion when it was not Pierpont but Mrs. Morgan who was arriving, and he not only went out in the *Corsair* to meet her liner, but climbed into a launch as the liner paused at Quarantine, and then—as soon as the health officer had gone down the liner's side by rope ladder—swung his launch alongside the great ship, grabbed the ladder, and climbed up the full sixty perpendicular feet to the liner's deck—a cigar in his mouth and a straw hat on his head. At this time he was sixty-two years old and entirely unaccustomed to exercise, and the long climb was difficult for him. "The time was long enough," says Satterlee, "for the sporting element on the decks of *Oceanic* to make bets as to whether he would ever reach the rail. If he should fail, there was very little chance of doing anything for him in that tideway. When his face, dripping with perspiration, appeared over the rail, and he got where he could throw his leg over it, he waved aside all outstretched hands and asked, 'Where is Mrs. Morgan?' and without pausing followed the steward down to her cabin."

A frequently-quoted remark of Morgan's about the proprietorship of a great pleasure vessel like the *Corsair* deserves repetition here despite its familiarity. Some successful man who was thinking of buying a steam yacht asked him about the cost of maintaining it. Said Morgan, shortly: "Anybody who even has to think about the cost had better not get one."

WHEN traveling within the United States Morgan customarily used a private car. He did not own one; he simply used one of those owned by one of the railroads in which he was influential. And on occasion he used a special train, as when he took the large party of Bishops and laymen and other guests to the San Francisco Episcopal Convention in 1901, putting them up for the duration of the Convention at the large Crocker residence, to which he had sent in advance Louis Sherry and a catering staff; and afterward conveying them home by a roundabout route which included a stop at Seattle, where Morgan took his guests to a fur store and invited them to pick out fur rugs or fur collars or gloves as keepsakes from him.

On another occasion, some time later, he was in a hurry to get back from a business trip to Chicago and made the trip home by New York Central special train with the track cleared ahead; time from Chicago to New York, sixteen hours and three-quarters, which in 1908 was pretty sensational.

The wife of a Morgan partner said, years later, that her most vivid recollection of a trip she made on a Morgan private car was of the entranced expression of the porter's face when the banker tipped him with a hundred-dollar bill.

III

MORGAN once remarked that he could do a year's work in nine months, but not in a year; and after he reached the age of sixty he was usually absent from the routine of 23 Wall Street for some three or four months of each twelve. Usually he would leave New York for England in March or thereabouts, and from then until June or July would divide his time between London and the Continent. Wherever he was, whether at Prince's Gate or Dover House, or at the Bristol in Paris, or at Aix-les-Bains, or at the Grand Hotel in Rome, or journeying about to inspect works of art, or taking a look at the excavations conducted in Egypt by the Metropolitan Museum, he was in touch with his office by coded cable; either he would be accompanied by a secretary with a code book, or he would rely upon J. S. Morgan & Co. in London, or Morgan, Harjes & Co. in Paris, to decode the messages that came from New York, usually several a week. A message might say, for example, something like, "We have concluded a Burlington bond issue on such-and-such terms and unless we hear from you to the contrary will proceed," and he would cable his assent. But on these holidays he liked to throw off responsibility, leaving the conduct of affairs wholly to his associates; it was seldom that his return message counseled caution or delay. Part of the time in London he might be busy with banking consultations, but much the largest part of his time was given to the art dealers who day after day besieged Prince's Gate or his suite at the Bristol, bringing paintings or porcelains or miniatures or rare books or manuscripts for his inspection. After his return to New York there might be a few other interruptions of the working routine—a voyage up the coast in the *Corsair,* a Yacht Club cruise, a church convention trip, or during the winter a few days in the Adirondacks or at Jekyll Island.

So accustomed was he to vacationing on this generous scale that it was not always easy for him to understand that such a life was not possible for a great many people. When one of his young partners-to-be, preparing to enter the firm, said he would like to be able to manage his work so as to get three months off each year, Morgan was all affability: "Why certainly. Of course. Let's see: you're coming in January first—why don't you pick up your family on February first and take them up the Nile? Have you ever been up the Nile?" The young man demurred. He and his wife had young children. He doubted if this would be possible. (Privately, of course, he was meanwhile wondering what sort of impression it would make in the Street if he went off on a long holiday at the end of his first month at the Corner.) But Morgan made light of his doubts. "Nonsense. Take a couple of nurses. Take a doctor if you want to." It was all very simple to him and he was cordial and enthusiastic planning a trip which—as the young partner later said—"of course never came off."

IV

MORGAN was very loyal to family ties and family rituals—the Sunday evening hymn-singing (at which he loved to hear, and sometimes to sing in a voice of uncertain pitch, old favorites such as "Blest Be the Tide that Binds," "The Church's One Foundation," "Rock of Ages," or "Jesus, Lover of My Soul"); the family Thanksgiving dinner (with four kinds of pie); the Christmas festivities (a tree for the grandchildren, an expedition in a cab to leave presents at friends' houses, and a big Christmas dinner with the choir of St. George's Church to sing for the company, with the famous Negro baritone Harry Burleigh as soloist). When he was at breakfast at No. 219, he liked to have one of his daughters, usually Louisa Satterlee, with him, because Mrs. Morgan had her coffee upstairs; and nothing pleased him more than to have one or two small grandchildren playing about in the dining room. With Mrs. Morgan he was always affectionate and deferential. But she was seldom with him on the *Corsair* or on the European trips of his later years; when she traveled abroad she went separately. Being shy, domestic by taste, and in uncertain health, she became increasingly settled in the habit of remaining behind at No. 219 and at Cragston while he with his overpowering energy and hunger for human society roamed widely.

Somewhat as royalty must reinforce the current code of respectability by careful visible observance of all the forms held dear by commoners, yet is implicitly granted a license to

range more widely when the eyes of the people are turned the other way, so this prince of finance could live by a more relaxed code aboard the *Corsair* and on his continental journeyings. Like many an American man of that era of sheltered and shackled womankind, Pierpont Morgan believed that it was necessary for the safety of the republic that his wife and daughters, and the wives and daughters of all right-thinking men, should be kept unsullied from contact with anything so gross as profanity, outspoken talk, or for that matter politics and business affairs; and also he enjoyed with unashamed gusto not only the freer talk and freer conduct of gentlemen apart from their ladies, but also the company of those women—widows, perhaps, or actresses, or simply defiers of convention—whose wit and beauty had escaped the confines of a dulling respectability. Despite his often brusque manner, Pierpont Morgan was immensely attractive to many women of all ages; his force and directness and his inner and sometimes abashed kindness won for him an astonishing allegiance. He liked to shower gifts upon them; at least one or two he presented with houses or set up financially for life. Exactly what his relations were with them, this particular biographer does not care to inquire; he would prefer to respect the privacy of private life. Yet it might be reasonable to observe that in an era when an unmarried woman was considered already lost to decency if she so much as dined alone with a man, and when even a widow would be considered to have removed herself beyond the pale if she dined with him on his yacht, gossip portrayed in flaming colors many companionships that today would attract no attention whatever; and also that in an era when most men sought their own ways, often shabby, of escaping from the constrictions of the Victorian proprieties, Morgan's ways were simply grander. He had his own standard of personal conduct: to try to behave like a gentleman. Part of the time he lived by the rules of nineteenth-century gentility, and part of the time he was free to make his own rules; but there is no reason to believe that his own standards did not govern him throughout.

Just as the frequent presence of attractive women in the party on his European journeyings or in the *Corsair* caused continual gossip, so his red and swollen nose—actually the result of *acne rosacea*—was attributed by some people to high living. As a matter of fact, he drank very moderately: ordinarily nothing before dinner time (it was before the era of the inevitable cocktail); some wine at dinner and perhaps a cordial afterward; nothing in the evening. He smoked perpetually; or rather, there was usually a cigar between his lips or between his fingers from breakfast until bedtime, though it was often unlighted for considerable intervals. He breakfasted hugely, but lunched lightly; in the office he would have a chicken or turkey sandwich and perhaps a slice of pie set out for him in the back room, where he ate it alone; or perhaps, in summer, nothing but a plate of sliced peaches which he would bury in sugar. No coffee, no milk; just a glass of water. In his last years, when he came to the office only briefly, he would sometimes arrive about half-past twelve and join the partners for lunch in the building; on one or more such occasions, a partner recalls his choosing a somewhat startling, if small, repast—a dozen raw oysters and a slice of mince pie.

But if his lunch was usually light, he enjoyed dining largely and well; and dining largely and well, during the first decade of the twentieth century, was among people of means a formidable thing indeed. Those were the days of multi-course dinners—six or eight or ten courses. Morgan belonged to a small dining group who called themselves the Zodiac Club; they met from time to time at the house of one or another of the members, or at a club, and vied with one another in offering sumptuous meals. Here is the menu of one Zodiac dinner, given at the University Club; Satterlee, from whose book I quote it, swears that it was devised to be eaten right through from start to finish, though he imagines that most members preferred to let one or more of the dishes pass untasted:

Amontillado Sherry
Cotuit oysters
Bisque of crabs à la Norfolk
Consommé de volaille Sévigné
Hors-d'oeuvres variés
Rhine Wine, 1893
Soft clams à Pancienne
Château-Latour, 1878
Saddle and rack of spring lamb
Mint sauce

Peas à la Française
Bermuda potatoes rissolées
Moët & Chandon, 1893
Terrapin, Maryland Club
Grapefruit au Kirsch
Clos-Vougeot, 1893
Canvasback ducks
Fried hominy
Celery à l'université
Parfait noisettes
Cheese
Fruit
Coffee
Cognac, 1805

V

WHATEVER Morgan did, he did in a big way, whether it was organizing a party or buying masterpieces. When Herbert Satterlee and Morgan's daughter Louisa were about to be married in 1900, their first idea was that they would prefer a modest service in the little church at Highland Falls, followed by a reception at Cragston. But Morgan took over the planning, and the result was that the ceremony was held at St. George's in New York, with cards of admission because the church would hold only fifteen hundred people; for the reception, Morgan had a large ballroom temporarily erected behind No. 219 to hold the twenty-four hundred guests who came. As for his purchases of art, they were made on such a scale that an annual worry at 23 Wall Street at the year end, when the books of the firm were balanced, was whether Morgan's personal balance in New York would be large enough to meet the debit balances accumulated through the year as a result of his habit of paying for works of art with checks drawn on the London or the Paris firm.

There is a story—probably apocryphal but nevertheless suggestive of Morgan's purchasing methods—to the effect that once two men who owned a steel mill decided, as they approached Morgan's office, that they would be willing to take five million dollars for it but might as well begin by asking for ten; whereupon Morgan said to them abruptly as they entered, "Now, I don't want to hear any talk from you men; I know all about your plan and what it's worth; I haven't time for any haggling; I'm going to give you twenty million dollars—now take it or leave it." Often art dealers got much more money from him than they had dreamed of getting. On more than one occasion, finding that some object of art that appealed to him was part of a large and varied collection, he said to himself, "What's the use of bothering about one little piece when I might get them all?" and promptly made a large offer for the whole collection. Nor did he like to waste time. Once he was just getting into his automobile to take the steamer for Europe when a dealer came along and told him that such-and-such a collection was for sale. It was a collection which Morgan knew all about. "Very well," said he, "if you are authorized to negotiate for it, you may buy it for me"—and drove off without another word.

The Rigbys, in their entertaining book on collectors and collecting, produce two other equally characteristic anecdotes. One is to the effect that George S. Hellman once brought Morgan a Vermeer to look at, and found to his surprise that "the great Dutchman's name was strange to the Morgan ear." Thereupon Hellman delivered a brief lecture on Vermeer, his place in the history of art, and the value set upon his work in recent sales.

"Morgan gazed at the picture; abruptly asked the price.

" 'One hundred thousand dollars,' said the dealer.

" 'I'll take it,' snapped Morgan, and the deal was concluded."

The Rigbys' other story is to the effect that after Morgan had bought the famous Garland Collection of Chinese porcelains, he remarked to Duveen, the dealer who had acted for him, "I understand that Mr. Garland did not complete the collection." That was true, said Duveen. "Then," said Morgan, "I shall be glad if you will complete it for me"—an instruction which, in view of the expense of Chinese porcelains, was enough to take the dealer's breath away.

HE SHOWERED the Metropolitan Museum with gifts in great variety; in 1906, for example, when he bought the great Hoentschel collection of eighteenth-century French decorative art and also of Gothic decorative art, he gave the eighteenth-century part of it to the Museum outright, and announced that he would deposit the entire Gothic part of it on loan. He filled

Prince's Gate, he loaned treasures in quantity to this museum and that, yet still the works of art piled up in storage—and he could not stop, had no idea of stopping. Edward P. Mitchell, editor of the New York *Sun*, sketched him briefly as he sat in the west room of his library about 1910, an old man, yet still burning with the collector's fever:

> The lesser monarchs of finance, of insurance, of transportation, of individual enterprise, each in his domain as haughty as Lucifer, were glad to stand in the corridor waiting their turns like applicants for minor clerkships in the ante-room of an important official, while he sat at his desk in his library room within, looking through a pile of newly bound volumes which the binder had sent for his inspection, giving a three-seconds glance at some treasure of printed or manuscript literature which was to go instanter to the shelf or safe in that incomparable storehouse, probably never to be seen again by the eyes then contemplating the acquisition.

Mitchell ended his description with the comment, "It was *his* possession now and Mr. Morgan was pleased." That was true; but that, I think, was not all. He was engaged in assembling a big thing—as big in its way as the Steel Corporation—every bit of which was to him beautiful; and he must make it bigger still, the very biggest aggregation of lovely things that there was or ever could be.

VI

After breakfast at No. 219, and perhaps a business conference or two or a call from an art dealer, Pierpont Morgan would proceed downtown in a horse-drawn box cab which he hired from the New York Cab Company; or, in his very latest years, in a large automobile. Arriving at the Drexel Building—which occupied the site of the present Morgan headquarters at Broad and Wall Streets—he would establish himself at a corner desk on the Broad Street side of the ground-floor banking rooms; there was a glassed-in place behind him which was occupied by secretaries. He dressed severely in a dark suit, with a wing collar and an Ascot tie which filled almost completely the V of shirt front at the neck; he had a taste for fancy waistcoats, which people liked to give him for Christmas, but those were for the *Corsair* or for traveling; he wore to the office an old-fashioned square-topped derby hat, or in summer a wide-brimmed Panama. At intervals he would retire from his desk in the front office to a back room which was in the adjoining Mills building; he had another desk in this room, and his partner Charles Steele had one, and there was a pleasant open fire; here he could work more comfortably and quietly, out of sight of people who came to ask for him. There was, of course, a stream of these, some of whom had no idea of being granted an audience but came in merely in order to be seen going in and out of the building; there was even one occasion on which a broker carefully dropped on the steps of 23 Wall Street an unsigned buying order for securities, in the hope that passers-by might pick it up and the report might go about that the great House of Morgan was interested in the stock.

At some time between twelve and three o'clock, "the Senior," as they called him in the office, would make a tour to look at the books. First to the stock desk, then to the security department, then to the general books, beginning with the cash position and going on to the ledgers which showed the balances of all depositors. It was a nervous moment for the clerks, for his searchlight gaze seemed to be able to take in a whole page of figures in an instant and catch any irregularity; if a clerk had put down a 4 per cent bond as 4½ his eye would pick up the error without fail. His manner was ordinarily quiet and kindly, but if he found something that he disapproved of, he would shout out something like "Who gave that order, Kinnicut?" in a loud deep voice—and if he caught a mistake that he attributed to sheer carelessness he would thunder. He often took his sandwich lunch in the back room as late as two or even three o'clock; by four or thereabouts the box cab would be waiting outside the door—often to remain there hopefully for an hour or two; finally he would be through for the day and would be off in the cab, to proceed to his beloved Library or to drop off at a friend's house for a call on the way home.

VII

That his mien could be frightening is undeniable. When people first met him the one thing they saw was his nose; trying not to look at it, they met his blazing

eyes, and were speechless. One woman who came to know him very well said that for the first few weeks of her acquaintance with him she was terrified; only gradually did she come to realize that behind his alarming front were courtesy and kindliness. Edward Steichen, who photographed him, says that meeting his gaze was a little like confronting the headlights of an express train bearing down on one. If one could step off the track, they were merely awe-inspiring; if one could not, they were terrifying.

His gestures were abrupt. In the office he would snatch up a piece of paper as if pouncing on it with a claw; he would glance at it and either lay it down or crumple it up so suddenly that one who did not know him would have thought him angry. Yet to people who did not catch him off guard, or who did not seem to him to be trying to take advantage of him, he was truly courteous; it is characteristic that while almost everybody who has written about him has applied to him the word "brusque," people who worked with him daily emphasize the graciousness of his manners and say that everybody in the Morgan organization worshipped him.

He was given to sudden acts of good will. There was, for example, the time when a reception was being held at the Metropolitan Museum, with ladies and gentlemen in evening dress filing up in a long line to meet the president of the Museum. In the line was a young woman in plain attire with a baby in her arms; and some of those about Morgan, overtaken by that contemptible sense of the proprieties which afflicts small-minded people, wondered whether she should not be asked to step out of line. Not so Morgan; he greeted her affably and then, as she went on, whispered to Robert W. De Forest, who stood beside him: "Quick—get that baby's name, so that I can make it a life fellow of the Museum."

"That will cost you a thousand dollars," said De Forest.

"So much the better," said Morgan. Nor did he forget. The woman proved to be the wife of a new Museum attendant; at the next meeting of the Museum board, her baby was formally elected a life fellow, and Morgan footed the bill.

There are many other stories of friendly acts: of his lending a million dollars to a wealthy friend who had had great losses during the grim days of 1893, and, when the friend asked what collateral he would want, saying, "You may need your collateral with the banks—I am lending you the money on your business record and on what I know your character to be"; of his getting word of the business failure of a man who had been a companion of his earliest years in New York, and at once writing to him, "Why didn't you let me know?"; of his taking great pains to concoct a job for an elderly lady which would give her a sense that she was earning her way.

In Thomas W. Lamont's life of Henry P. Davison, he tells of an incident that happened on the first day he reported for work as a partner—January 2, 1911. The Carnegie Trust Company in New York was in trouble, and by a process of contagion, runs had started on two other small banks in poor neighborhoods in uptown Manhattan. Representatives of these two banks came to see Lamont and another Morgan partner, William H. Porter, to see if the House of Morgan could be persuaded to stand behind the banks in their emergency. An examination of the last balance sheets of the banks indicated that this would be risky, and the young partners were inclined to say no; but Porter called up Morgan, who was at his Library, to get his advice. Whereupon, according to Lamont, Morgan, learning that the two banks had some thirty thousand depositors and that they were mostly poor East-siders, said, somewhat to Porter's amazement: "Well, some way *must* be found to help those poor people. We mustn't let them lose all they have in the world. Suppose that, at worst, we were to guarantee the payment of these deposits in full. You say the total is only six million dollars? That means that the firm can't lose more than six million dollars, doesn't it?" The firm thereupon backed the two banks, and—partly because of the fact that its great prestige restored confidence in them—escaped with a limited loss which according to Lamont amounted in the end to about $190,000.

Lamont's account of that incident has always aroused in me considerable skepticism. I have found it hard to believe that in the banking world anybody would think or talk in those terms; and I still think that in reporting the dialogue Lamont sentimentalized the

language used. Yet whatever words Morgan actually chose, the incident did happen. And it was characteristic. No competition was involved. Nobody could be trying to get the better of Morgan. And under such circumstances he could astonish people with his openhandedness.

VIII

He could also surprise them by his readiness to pay heavy tribute to the principle of fiduciary responsibility. There was one year in which the House of Morgan ran at a loss; the reason was that in 1905 Morgan had purchased, as agent for the Erie Railroad without commission, a controlling interest in a small railroad line known as the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton and then had discovered—after he had turned over the stock to the Erie—that the figures which had been shown him, and on the basis of which he had made the purchase, did not show the true financial condition of the line, which was actually in very bad straits. As one partner later said, "It was incredible to him that anyone would show him false figures." Thereupon he at once bought back the line from the Erie at the same price that the Erie had paid for it—about twelve million dollars—and put it into receivership, at what proved to be a virtually total loss to J. P. Morgan & Co.—a loss of so many million dollars that it translated a year of lucrative business into a year of deficit. Morgan would not let it be said that his firm did not stand back of whatever responsibilities it had undertaken on behalf of other institutions, even if its only fault was that it had allowed itself to be deceived.

He had a way of saying to partners entering his firm that he wanted its business done "up here" (raising his hand high in the air) "not down there" (dropping his hand near the floor.) It was as if an old king were instructing his young princes in the moral responsibilities attending the royal function. For kingly Morgan was—in the range of his possessions, in the splendor of his journeyings, in the bigness of his plans, in the weight of his presence. And kingly he was too in his limitations. His royal manner of living and of traveling insulated him from the great mass of men and women; and though he might by an impulsive act of kindness make connection with them, most of the time they were to him creatures apart. Legislation designed to give them a greater share in the fruits of the national economy seemed to him unsound—an affront to the thrift and sagacity upon which national prosperity must be founded. He believed it was the lot of such improvident or inexpert or unlucky people to go their way unaided except by private charity—charity to which he would be one of the first to contribute.

When Morgan thought of industry, he thought of it not in terms of the thousands of workers whose sweat made its production possible, nor even in terms of the engineering advances which contributed to its efficiency, so much as of the investors whose money supported it and of the officers and directors whose duty it was to protect and enrich the investors. For these officers and directors his standards were both stern and aristocratic; they had better be honest and it was preferable that they be gentlemen. He would have liked to see the United States run by gentlemen. That these gentlemen, too, might be insulated from their fellow men, and might like to run things in whatever way proved most comfortable for themselves, and might have swollen ideas of their proper share of the fruits of industry, did not apparently occur to him; if you had suggested such an idea to him he would probably have replied promptly that certainly the politicians liked to run things to *their* own advantage. In short, though he was unswervingly loyal to the United States and believed in its government, his ideas were kingly, like his conduct of life; the idea of democracy evaded him.

In a society sufficiently equalitarian to hate to see great luxury existing side by side with great poverty, such a way of life as Morgan's is out of place. Even in his own lifetime it was out of place. But after his special kingly fashion, he played his part in the grand manner.

Who Has the Best New Submarines?

Fletcher Pratt

A KLAXON brayed harshly. "Prepare to submerge!" announced the loudspeaker. "Bleed air!" said the captain's voice. And then after a moment in which the sound of rushing tornadoes filled the control room, "Secure air."

A man in dungarees and touseled hair glanced at a row of lighted glass oblongs about two inches each in length and remarked in a conversational voice: "Green board, pressure in boat."

"Fifty-six feet," the captain replied from above, "three degrees down angle." An officer slammed shut the hatch which cuts off the conning tower from the remainder of the submarine. Another pair of men in dungarees went into what looked like a peculiarly intricate arm-dance, clinging to big wheels which projected from the bulkhead before them; the deck took ever so slight a tilt; there were words of command as cryptic as those that had preceded them, ending with, "Cycle vents."

Everybody relaxed, a checker game started in the crew compartment, which measures about eight feet by six, and a couple of officers ordered coffee in the wardroom, which is about the same size. The submarine *Dogfish* was running comfortably on her batteries at fifty-six feet below the surface and nobody had anything to worry about but paper work. It was eight o'clock in the morning. She did not stick her nose above water again until five in the afternoon, when it was time to go in so that the group of students aboard could reach their suppers and their bunks.

She need not have surfaced for days or possibly even weeks, and during part of the time she was down, she ran at a speed that exceeded the utmost efforts of the corvettes and escort vessels of World War II. If she had wished to attack an enemy without even sticking out her periscope, she could have done so. And if those facts seem remarkable to you, let me add that the potentialities of the later, more powerful submarines, built from the keel up on lines similar to hers, are so much beyond those of the *Dogfish* as to demand a revision of most naval science—a revision of whose exact nature no one can yet be certain. Things have gone so far that enthusiastic submariners (the word is accented on the second syllable—submáriners) claim they will have a monoply of naval operations in the next war.

For the U.S.S. *Dogfish* is a "guppy," a transitional, experimental type, a herald of things to come, altered from one of the big fleet-type submarines that saw so much service during the war, in order to make use of

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what our naval people discovered when they got into Germany. (The first four-fifths of the name, incidentally, are supposed to stand for "Greater Underwater Propulsive Power"; what the Y is for nobody knows—possibly "Yoicks.") What we discovered in Germany was that, by a combination of good luck and that concentration of effort into a narrow field of which dictatorships are capable, Hitler had revolutionized naval war.

II

The new German developments started in April 1943, when the suspicion began to dawn on the Nazi mind that the submarine offensive was not going to jell. They were losing too many boats, particularly to planes, and the orders to shoot it out with these attackers were not helping noticeably. The Führer declared that the abandonment of the submarine campaign was "unthinkable" and readily granted an increased allocation of steel for new construction. At the same time everyone present at the conference which considered the question was agreed that new construction alone was a temporary expedient. What was really needed was a basic technical improvement to render a submarine immune to the combined attacks of Allied planes and escort vessels. Fortunately an inventor named Walther had lately approached the Reichsmarine with a device which promised exactly this.

Walther's device was a turbine engine, driven by a combustion chamber in which diesel oil was combined with free oxygen, released from hydrogen peroxide of above 95 per cent purity. There were few moving parts; the power output was enormous in relation both to the weight and size of the engine; and as oxygen could be stored in the ship itself there was no necessity for taking in air, as with Diesels. It was, in fact, an adaptation of the rocket motor to submarine propulsion. The Walther engine could be used both on the surface and submerged, with prodigious weight-saving, and it promised to yield a speed that would put a submerged submarine on a par with the fastest surface warships, which are the fastest vessels in existence. Walther knew it would work; he had built and operated a tiny submarine with such an engine in 1941.

A process for the production of previously unattainable hydrogen peroxide of almost chemical purity had just been developed in connection with the V-2 rocket, so the thing looked good. About twenty of the leading submarine engineers of Germany were pulled off other tasks, sent to a resort in the Harz Mountains, and told to design the perfect submarine around Walther's engine. They were accompanied by slide rules, drawing instruments, and books of tables, but were not allowed to take along any blueprints or so much as a photograph of an existing submarine. This was to be the ideal U-boat, evolved from a knowledge of the requirements through the purest ratiocination.

In a really surprisingly short time the engineers produced the design for a boat 251 feet long (our big fleet submarines are 311 feet) with a displacement of some 1,200 tons, and a hull-form designed, as one expert put it, "on the sunfish instead of the perch." That is, the new boat was high and deep in proportion to its width, and all exterior projections were eliminated. Internally, instead of a single "pressure hull" it had two, arranged in a figure eight. The lower of the two was designed to carry the Walther engine, since hydrogen peroxide has a tendency to blow up at the touch of a speck of dirt, and it does not do to have men living and working too near it. The side spaces where the two circles came together carried the ballast tanks. Towing-tank tests showed that while the new design would not be particularly fast on the surface, it offered far less resistance to progress under water than any other form ever invented. The engineers finished by breaking their design down into sections which could be made by any factory anywhere for assembly at the building slips.

Now came a check. Walther said his wonder-engine was not yet in the state of development where it could propel so large and heavy a craft. He wanted a much smaller boat, say one-fifth the size of this. The tactical men at once pointed out that even with the Walther engine, so small a submarine would not be able to operate much beyond the North Sea and the English Channel. But there was no help for it; they had to give Walther his little boat and continue to regard the whole project

as still in an early stage of development.

But was the design for the ideal submarine, the big one, to be scrapped as wasted effort? By no means, said the assembled geniuses, and they modified it for more conventional methods of propulsion. The lower circle of the figure eight they filled with batteries, giving the boat four or five times the underwater power of any previous submarine. Of course, these batteries would have to be charged by the use of diesels, and they were so enormous that unless some way could be devised of charging them while the craft was submerged, it would have to spend extended periods on the surface under the eyes of Allied radar, forfeiting the advantages of subsurface speed and range conferred by the extra batteries themselves. So Hitler's engineers developed a captured Dutch invention, the "schnorkel," or breathing tube, which enabled the submarine to run on her diesels or to charge batteries while under water.

The schnorkel is a metal tube rising from the conning tower and retracting into a well while not in use, with a valve at the top which operates exactly like that in a flush toilet; that is, when a wave hits it, it closes. It is that simple. When a submarine is schnorkeling (the word has become a verb), the tube projects a couple of feet above the surface; air is sucked through it and supplied to the engines. If a wave closes the valve its engines begin to exhaust air from inside the boat and everybody aboard experiences the momentary but pronounced ringing in his ears which accompanies ascent in a high-speed elevator, followed by an equally rapid change in the other direction as the valve opens again. But this effect is not as bad as it has sometimes been painted. On the *Dogfish* we were schnorkeling most of the day and it had become nearly imperceptible to a visitor by afternoon.

The schnorkel outlet is almost undetectable, either by visual observation or radar, especially when there is any seaway on to produce wave crests that yield a pip very much like that from the tube. If it is detected, the submarine can at once haul it in, and since she is already in diving condition, go down very rapidly to a depth which in the case of one German submarine taken over by the French actually reached 300 meters—nearly 1,000 feet. When submerged she can move at a speed equal to that of all but the fastest surface vessels. And on schnorkel the submarine can run submerged as long as her fuel holds out—across the Atlantic and back, with plenty of time for cruising on station.

III

With the invention of the schnorkel the Germans had produced the guppy; as they themselves called it, the "electro-submarine" or Type XXI. The schnorkel itself could be and was applied to existing submarines. All those that put out from Germany, from the spring of 1944 on, were so equipped. But the German engineers had placed too much confidence in the ability of their industry to translate drawing-board designs into a working mechanism when they promised Hitler to have a squadron of Type XXI's at sea by November 1944. All sorts of minor defects developed and had to be ironed out; and there was a very major difficulty in the construction of partial submarines for assembly at tidewater. For the plants where these sections were built had never done submarine work before and were not used to working in the fine tolerances needed, with the result that when the parts of a new boat were brought together, they often missed fitting by a couple of inches. The Allied program of bombing the German railroads over which these sections were transported was not much help, either.

The sum of these defects and difficulties was that when Hitler plunged down into his long night, there were no Type XXI submarines actually operating, though several had been running trials in the Baltic. For this, Allied anti-submarine people have been profoundly grateful. They have said that they simply would not have known what to do about submarines which, while submerged, would outrun nearly all their escort vessels; which could operate on the schnorkel, thus protecting themselves almost perfectly against airborne radar; and which in addition could go down to where sonar devices were not much use.

Indeed, a good many of the anti-submarine people confess that they still have little idea of what to do about the improved type XXI's of World War III. They point out

that of the 208 submarines the Germans were building at the close of the war, 120 were Type XXI's. The Russians grabbed something over half of these in the big yards at Stettin and Danzig. Not only that, but a number of the best German submarine engineers and commanders have not been heard from since the Iron Curtain came down, and are presumably working for new bosses. The Soviets were estimated to have well over 100 submarines in 1945 and they could presumably turn them into guppies.

They also have the full Walther submarine, hydrogen peroxide engine and all; they launched one last May. It was presumably German-designed, and an improvement on the original, small Walther submarine. This original Walther craft, like the Type XXI's, had never got into operation during the war. Its inventor was still ironing out difficulties when the quitting whistle blew in 1945. He had run some of his small boats in the Baltic and was satisfied with them, and had designed tanks lined with special wax for his hydrogen peroxide which gave a reasonable measure of safety. But the big engine that he had designed for his improved operational submarine, the Type XXVI, was never fully assembled; the Allied bombings interfered. An unassembled group of sample parts was carried off to London for the Western Allies, but the Russians apparently have something more; and if their Type XXVI works in addition to all those Type XXI's, they may have the most powerful submarine fleet in the world.

And then again, they may not. American submariners refuse to believe that the outlook is so gloomy or the danger so great. Their story is that the answer to a big Type XXI is a smaller Type XXI, quicker-diving and more maneuverable. They point out that something over 20 per cent of the Axis submarines sent down during the war were destroyed by Allied submarines—more in proportion to the numbers engaged than were knocked out by any other means, including aircraft. The technique of using one submarine against another has been vastly improved by the sonar devices originally developed for employment against all underwater craft. During the late war the British invented the trick of finding a cold-water current well below the surface; on such a current a submarine can balance motionless for hours, her batteries barely running. She is almost utterly silent, free from both self-generated and reflected sound, a perfect sonar station. Among the other gifts with which the Germans provided us was the acoustic torpedo which will aim itself from such a boat toward the sound of an enemy submarine which is threshing near the surface on her Diesels and schnorkel. It is significant that three of the nine submarines on the U. S. Navy's building program for 1948–49 are specially designed for anti-submarine work.

There is also the question of how fast the engineers who design such craft can progress and avoid making bad mistakes. When the U. S. Navy took over some Type XXI's from the Germans, it didn't like them at all. They were low on positive buoyancy; that is, when moving on the surface, with all the air that could be put into the ship, they were so close to the point of becoming permanent submarines and never coming up any more, that a heavy pooping sea while the conning tower hatch was open might do the trick. Last year the French lost a Type XXIII (which is a diminutive Type XXI) in just this fashion.

Now it is very expensive in terms of the proportion of the submarine's total displacement to give her high positive buoyancy. The Nazis, who treated their U-boats as purely military instruments, felt they could better afford to lose a few than to allocate so much mass to the unproductive activity of merely staying afloat. Moreover, the extra batteries needed to make a guppy out of a normal submarine are very heavy, tending to lower still further the safety margin. The Type XXI as designed for the Walther engine was to have been a 1,200-tonner; as completed she came out 1,600 tons.

There was thus some question how an American-type submarine would behave when loaded with the extra weight of batteries and schnorkel. Therefore the first American guppies were only semi-guppies. One was fitted with batteries and external streamlining for high sub-surface speed; another remained normal except for the addition of the schnorkel. When these two worked without accident and crews had learned to operate them,

the Navy altered several more into the full guppy type. Now, after a long period of experiment, three years from the receipt of the first Type XXI's, our submarine service has only just reached the point of laying the keels of boats of this type. If the Russians have 250 of the new submarines in operation, as some people think, then the chances are that they have 250 pretty ineffective submarines. For they can hardly be so far ahead of us as to have already solved the technical problems that have slowed us up.

IV

These technical problems are not to be thought of as mere matters of machinery. They involve people too. A submarine on patrol is not just a mechanical instrument; it is a complex, of which the crew forms an inseparable part. The Japanese submarines were at least as well designed as our own and far better equipped (with torpedoes, for instance) but they were a complete failure in wartime operations. The design of the Italian submarines was so good that the Germans copied them freely, and they flopped too. Compared to the far more simplified and comfortable American submarines, even the German ones were failures. They sank something like three ships for every submarine lost and yet were unable to prevent the flow of troops and supplies across the Atlantic; ours lost one submarine for about twenty-five Jap ships sunk and quite cut off the supplies from the Indies, without which the Japanese could not carry on.

The efficiency of the American submarine service thus rests on the men in it, and it is worth while looking at them. In the first place a man has to want to be in it; nobody gets aboard an American submarine unless he asks to. Of those who do ask, approximately 50 per cent of the enlisted men and 20 per cent of the officers find it impossible to make the grade. A physical examination, considerably stiffer than that for the Navy as a whole, throws out some of them. (Eyesight used to be one of the main reasons for rejection, because of the extreme importance to a submarine of maintaining day-and-night lookouts, but the shift toward continuous underwater operations and the development of radar have caused this requirement to be shaded.) Age eliminates a few. Submarining is a young man's business; anyone who has reached his twenty-seventh year need not apply, and an old man of twenty-six had better be pretty sharp in other respects. A general classification test and one in arithmetic follow the physical examination, the passing mark being based upon a combination of the two.

Those who survive these preliminaries get a couple of hours with a psychiatrist, who begins by painting the difficulties and dangers of the service in disagreeable colors. If candidates can be talked out of the idea, out they go; only genuine enthusiasts are wanted. Then comes a series of questions—motives for joining the service, etc.—slightly different for each candidate, since they compare notes. The information gathered is interesting and passes into the records, but the real purpose of the carefully plotted and rigged questions is to eliminate the alcoholics, actual and potential, the psychotics, the unstable personalities. They might turn quarrelsome in the confined spaces of a submarine, or, worse yet, join the "valve-turners' union." These are the men who get to brooding, absent-mindedly twiddling a valve just because it happens to be there. On a submarine there is always a valve within reach; twiddle the wrong one and down she goes.

The men who have come this far now enter the diving tower which rises over every submarine training station like some structure of the invading Martians. The first test here is in the pressure-chamber. Men enter in batches of ten or twelve, the chamber is sealed, and water is admitted until it reaches chest level, compressing the air above it. This gets the claustrophobes, some of whom frankly say they want out and immediately get what they want. Quite frequently a man will try to conceal his claustrophobia by saying that his eardrums hurt; he is having difficulty making the adjustment to the change in air pressure. He is taken from the tank and his eardrums examined. If they show the characteristic redness of genuine pressure-trouble, it is a medical problem and maybe something can be done for him. But if the eardrums are white and clear, he is a concealed claustrophobe and the service has no use for him.

Some manage to slip past the test of the

pressure chamber but get caught in the next tests, which come inside the diving tower. Each man in turn is admitted to this device at levels respectively 18, 25, and 50 feet under water, and told to climb slowly to the surface by means of a knotted rope. The water is warm, the tank is well-lighted, the man wears an "escape lung" in whose use he has been carefully instructed, and an instructor floats alongside. Only a real claustrophobe can fail, but some candidates do, spitting out the mouthpiece and climbing for dear life. When this happens there are no further examinations, no reproaches; the man's record is simply marked "unfitted for submarine duty" and he is returned to the surface Navy.

Those who come successfully through the fifty-foot-level test go to the "glory hole," which is land-going mockup of the interior of a submarine, where they begin the long and arduous task of learning how every single dial and piece of equipment in a submarine operates and why it works that way. They are not rated as submariners until they know the whole business. There is no compromise in this respect and there are therefore no indispensable men aboard submarines. Every member of the crew can replace every other, even including the cooks and stewards.

Our Navy is the only one that carries training this far, and this training is the basic reason for the success of the U. S. submarine service. The training engenders a sense of unity which produces a peculiarly close relation among officers and men. They eat the same food, prepared in the same galley, in compartments a few feet apart. They use first names a good deal. They are rather sober citizens; there is a noteworthy absence of the joking and mild skylarking one would find aboard a destroyer. Most of the conversation is on the technical side. The food is better than in any other class of naval vessel and everybody eats a good deal of it; in fact there is a saying that one can tell how long a man has been in submarines by the size of his waist-line. There were a few pulp magazines aboard the *Dogfish,* but I did not observe a single comic book and most of the reading was studious. The men of the crew are ambitious to go to Annapolis or to become diesel engineers, ("Why, every railroad in the country will be in diesels in ten years," was a characteristic remark), or electricians or electronics technicians. Incidentally, the station's psychiatrist remarked to me that insofar as he can be typed, the submariner comes from a broken home and has been unable to obtain ashore the education that would permit him to fulfill his ambitions; a good many are from the Middle West. (But others disagree on this.) Anybody who would compare our submarine service with the Russian one—or any other for that matter—must take into account the probable superiority of our methods of selection and training, and the great importance of these personnel factors under the pressures of wartime.

V

EACH and all of our young submariners firmly believe that in an age of the atom bomb the submarine will inherit the seas. There is some doubt on this point. The guppy, whether as an altered fleet type of submarine or built from the keel up, is miles ahead of previous underwater craft, but we must note that the improvements are essentially defensive in character. They enable the submarine better to escape her enemies in the air and on the surface, but they are not particularly useful in helping her find her prey, except in the single case of the anti-submarine submarine.

This was well demonstrated in the closing weeks of World War II, when the Germans had more submarines at sea than ever before, yet sinkings had dropped almost to zero. With their schnorkels they pulled the blanket of the sea over them so they could rarely be found; and at least some had enough battery power to make good underwater speeds. But when it came to attacking Allied convoys, they either could not or would not move in close enough, and the net effect of those later wartime operations was only to provide Allied anti-submarine people with live targets.

Part of this was no doubt due to declining German morale and the general falling off in level of skill when the heavy losses of 1943–44 could not be made good by the German submarine training schools. They had the boats but lacked the men. Along the same line, it is reasonable to doubt whether the Russians have as good a service

as the Nazis did, no matter how imposing its figures are. Soviet submarines certainly accomplished very little during the war, and if Russian performance with mechanical instruments ashore is any criterion, they are short on men with innate mechanical apitude. It is not merely a question of training men from scratch to operate the thousand and one instruments of a submarine, but of catching men young enough for efficiency, who already have some mechanical experience and who can rapidly be trained in the special skills necessary to make a good submariner. "Rapidly" in this case means a couple of years.

There are also some unanswered questions with regard to the operation of the new submarines. For instance, how does one navigate in continuous underwater operation without taking sights at the sun and stars? A submarine running on schnorkel can stick up an antenna and get bearings on loran stations—that is, it can note the directions from which radio impulses are coming from known points along the shore, and thus triangulate its position—but bearings on American loran stations are not going to do much good if one is cruising in the Mediterranean or off the North Cape. Again, will there not be some cases of induced claustrophobia when it is necessary for men to stay cooped up in a tin box for four or five weeks on end? We don't know the answer to this one.

What we do know is that from a variety of causes—the possibilities of air attack, the atom bomb, the characteristics of the new submarines themselves—submarines are taking on a new and increasing significance. Already, in addition to the guppies, there are radar picket submarines for the Arctic (expressively called the "migraine type"), submarine cargo carriers, submarine troop carriers, submarine tankers. The Japs tried a submarine aircraft carrier. The submarine is no longer a single type, but is spreading out into every class of vessel represented in a navy. Despite all the unanswered questions, submarines look more and more like the major warships of day after tomorrow.

Aspect of Love

THEODORE SPENCER

It is a lie—although authority
Keeps issuing it as something proved and true—
That age grows beauty youth's too crass to see
And gives for love more cause than youth can do.
Those who in middle-age think middle-age
More lofty and more lovely than its bud
Nourish a mere compensatory rage
To warm desire cooling in their blood.
No lies like that for me. No. All I want
Is to stop, to stop, to hold back, to stop, to block
(Of all man's wants the most extravagant)
The terrible hand of the clock, of the terrible clock,
So that I hold you, time's great grief unsung,
Still beautiful, still cherished, and still young.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

The editor of a book review has a hard life. Consider, as only one of his sciaticas, a question he must answer from five to ten times every working day: whom shall I get to review this book? He must answer it by glancing through the book while his reflexes tell him what it is about, how it deals with its subject, and how important it is—whatever "important" may mean. Therein consists much of his skill and good editors usually answer the question satisfactorily within the limits imposed by the shortage of reviewers. Obviously a book that fits some well-established category puts less strain on an editor's judgment than one that cuts across several categories, or establishes a new one, or cannot be categorized at all. This last kind makes trouble but, I submit, society supports editors in a luxury it denies policemen, to the end that they shall not miss the importance of unclassifiable, that is to say original, work.

An editor has to work at a gallop; a reviewer need only trot. He has less time than he needs but he always has time to determine what a book is. That is his primary job and if he botches it, then he fails altogether. It is saddening how often he fails. Reviewing, though the worst paid of literary jobs, is also one of the hardest. And if there are, apart from technical specialists, a hundred good reviewers in the United States, the combined labor of the editors has not turned all of them up. Most reviews are bad and, commonly, they are bad because the reviewer has been unable to determine just what the book at hand is. So he has assigned it to a category, whether it belongs there or not, and then written brightly about the category.

As a penance for sins committed in my youth, I have to keep up with the common carriers of literary opinion. Like all sinners I skimp when I think I safely can and so may have missed something. But in what I have read no editor has allotted John A. Kouwenhoven's *Made in America* as much space as he should have done and few reviewers have shown an informed understanding of what the book is. I am not going to let the fact that the author is an editor of *Harper's* inhibit me from telling you what it is.

No doubt Mr. Kouwenhoven's subtitle, "The Arts in Modern Civilization," explains why his book has been fumbled. An editor would merely ask whether it was *critique* or Americana and then hurry on to the problem of whether to play Mr. Douglas's *The Big Fisherman* straight or get someone to burlesque it. But this time the categories let the editors down —and tripped the reviewers up. Any orthodox thinker about the arts in America was

sure to be nonplussed when he found Mr. Kouwenhoven leading into his subject with a short treatise on the weapon used by Morgan's riflemen. By the routes that critical thinking usually travels the Kentucky rifle is a long, long way—and equidistant—from Thomas Eakins and from mountaineers folksily singing a variant of Barbara Allen. Rifles and the aesthetic?—whither, O Lord, has thy servant strayed? Not, it was clear to the reviewer, not to an art gallery.

Mr. Kouwenhoven is moving among one group of the implications of a master fact. It has taken strenuous labor to make twentieth-century critics understand that fact as well as Europeans and all Americans whosoever understood it in the first hundred years following such dates as 1565, 1605, or 1620. The fact is: America was exactly what it was called, a new world. "She's a tough land under the corn mister," Archibald MacLeish once put it, "She has changed the bone in the cheeks of many races." Or Stephen Vincent Benét, "They ate the white corn-kernels, parched in the sun, And they knew it not, but they'd not be English again." Their clothes were wrong for the new world. The seeds they brought with them wouldn't flourish here. Their tools wouldn't work well. Their muscular and intellectual and cultural reflexes, the images of houses and boats and governments they had in their minds, their expectation of river-flow and climatic variability and the length of a day's journey was out of tune with the environment. She was a tough land and the moment old world men tried to live here she got to work changing the bone in their cheeks, and though they knew it not the new world began to create what Crèvecoeur eventually called "this new man, this American."

Take, as Mr. Kouwenhoven does, the primary tool of the new world, the axe. The head came to have a different shape and mass, the helve came to have a curve and a new bevel, the whole tool was lighter and had a different balance. These changes in design came naturally out of the need to develop a tool, a technological implement, that would be efficient in the hands of those who had to use it. It was made by empirical workmen for pragmatic users, all of them as far as possible from a theory of aesthetics. But it fulfilled its purpose with such integrity, it had such justness of means to end, it was so precise, that it was an aesthetic object. It foretold the clipper ships. It also foretold "The Agnew Clinic," *Huckleberry Finn,* and the Empire State Building.

THE design of the new axe was what Mr. Kouwenhoven calls vernacular, and the American vernacular was the new world producing a new man, a new social organization, a new culture. We were "the first people in history who, disinherited of a great cultural tradition, found themselves living under democratic institutions in an expanding machine economy." As such we developed "forms of artistic expression which have evolved out of patterns originally devised by people without conscious aesthetic purpose or cultivated preconceptions, in direct, empirical response to the conditions of their everyday environment." And, he says, the democratic-technological vernacular is what has been left out of appraisals of American art.

Mr. Kouwenhoven's pursuit of the American vernacular is learned, tireless, witty, and exhilarating. He takes the reader through automatic machine tools, assembly lines, the iron bridge, flexible American and rigid British locomotives, Mississippi steamboats, flour mills, political oratory, Shaker furniture, manuals of etiquette, philosophical communities, the evolution of the automobile, skyscrapers, Emerson's notebooks, jazz, and a treasury of other items seldom considered in discussions of aesthetics. He uncovers what we now call the modern and the functional far back in our history. He shows how the necessities of the new world made the Americans masters of machine technology and how that technology impelled them toward an aesthetic of their own. The American vernacular has an ingrained feeling for realism, simplicity, inherent form, the integrity of materials, engineering cleanness and economy, structural purity—the solution of aesthetic problems in terms of material and function.

And also Mr. Kouwenhoven traces the conflict between this native aesthetic and European art, the aesthetic of a different continent, a different people, a different society. (One small part of this conflict was the monomania of critics in the wide-eyed 1920's when it was known that beauty lived in Paris and

only our vernacular was vile.) He shows the fireweed that grew in the cellar holes of the discarded tradition—the refined, the genteel, the pretty which our un-self-confident designers carried out out of context. He gives us the scrollwork on the baseburner, the gothic buttresses on the Chicago *Tribune* tower, the ornamentation that might yet be added to the George Washington bridge. He describes the laborious process by which the vernacular has freed itself of such impurities and become mature and self-confident, with a sure expertness in the artistic expression of modern America. As a conscious aesthetic, he says, it has accomplished more in music and architecture than in the other arts, but in all the arts it is full of promise not only for our culture but for others.

Well, that is what Mr. Kouwenhoven's book is and why it is extraordinarily original and important. Now buy and read it. You will not only have a tonic good time, you will acquire learning and understanding that you ought to have.

MR. KOUWENHOVEN is a young man. (*Harper's* has, improbably, even younger editors but still this office of elderly hypochondriacs shines as with May sunlight when John comes in.) The reviewers, therefore, had only one earlier book of his to steer by when they came to *Made in America.* But there is no such excuse for another of this season's whatisits in literary thinking. Nor can we hold the editors responsible for they knew beforehand that Mr. James Gould Cozzens is an important writer. Most of them sent his new novel to top-flight reviewers, to the exalted caste who are called literary critics. And the champs muffed it.

For a long time I have pondered the status of Mr. Cozzens in official literary opinion and after reading his *Guard of Honor* I followed him, with the help of the periodical indexes, through the synoptic gospels of that opinion. When I finished I was not so much bewildered as shocked. Surely for at least eighteen years now—*S. S. San Pedro* was published eighteen years ago—it has been obvious that he has one of the finest talents and one of the most expert skills at work in American fiction. I say "surely" not merely because it has been obvious to me but because there is no one among my acquaintances, literary or lay, who does not feel as I do about his work. The writers whom I know (it is true that I am not intimate with any upper-caste literary critics) all think of him as one of our best novelists, one of our exceedingly few first-raters. That is less significant than the fact that, so far as my experience goes, the species of intelligent, discriminating people who regard fiction as a fine art, for whom fiction primarily exists, think the same. But, as the indexes reveal, Mr. Cozzens has had less attention from the formulators of official literary judgment than any other novelist of his rank and stature.

This fact is incongruous only on the surface. The explanation can be found in a remark that Mr. William Faulkner, also a novelist of the highest rank, recently made when an interviewer quoted to him some pidgin English intended to announce the discovery by a critic of qualities in Mr. Faulkner's work that he himself did not know were there. The critic had isolated from his new novel something that sounded like asymmetrical trivalent agglutinations of polyhedral tropes. Such a report would arrest any novelist's attention and Mr. Faulkner appears to have received it gravely but to have been unable to cope with it. He asked the interviewer's leave to be excused: something was wrong here, some mistake had been made, the words didn't apply to him. He was not, he said, a literary man: he was a writer.

That explains why criticism shies away from Mr. Cozzens: he is a writer. His novels are written. The word has to be italicized: they are *written.* So they leave criticism practically nothing to do. They are not born of a cause but of a fine novelist's feeling for the lives of people and for their destiny—so criticism cannot reproach him for not having made peace with Russia or praise him for having ended anti-Semitism in Coos County. They contain no fog of confused thinking on which, as on a screen, criticism can project its diagrams of meanings which the novelist did not know were there. There is in them no mass of unshaped emotion, the novelist's emotion or the characters', from which criticism can dredge up significance that becomes portentous as the critic calls our attention, and the novelist's, to it. Worse still, they are written with such justness that criticism cannot get a toehold to tell him and us how they should have been written. Worst of all, the novelist's

ego has been disciplined out of them, so criticism cannot chant its dirge about the dilemmas of the artist in our time.

I do not know Mr. Cozzens but I am confident that he does not think of himself as the artist in our time or even as an artist. He is a professional. The word is an obscenity among those whom Mr. Faulkner called literary men but writers hold it in the highest respect. The professional as novelist is a man who has subdued himself to what he works in, who holds himself humbly in relation to fiction but holds fiction to be the most important thing in the world, whose deepest shame it would be not to write his novel wholly in the terms which the novel itself sets. He is also a man who has mastered his job and substitutes skill for literary pretensions and affectations. In his novels form and content are so welded together that they have become inseparable; they are the same thing. Moreover, each of his novels is a handful of novels made one; it is packed tight with life; any of its parts or characters and many of its mere parentheses would make a novel for a smaller man. There are single scenes in *Guard of Honor* that a second-rate novelist could blow up into a career.

Guard of Honor can be called a "war novel." The term makes little sense, as who should say a Methodist Episcopal Church South novel. Novels are about people and war is a set of circumstances that affect people, but if you say "war novel" you have established a category and so will comfort the questing mind. And the season has produced two other war novels that illuminate the preferences of truly literary thinking. Both give off the butyric perfume of sentimentality, which the highest order of criticism begins to admire as soon as it gets pretentious enough. One would have been a sound novel except that the author undertook to put the whole war into it and was not up to the job, so that it is thin and infinitely confused—and therefore, at the critic's will, rich with the portentous. The other is crammed with falsity and phoniness and pose and the literary view, and the novelist sticks out of it like a flagstaff, fastidious, hurt, and ah, God! how dismayed.

Guard of Honor is unfairly matched against the anemia, pretentious prose, inexpert management, and literary attitude of such books. In a few hundred pages it brings an enormous cast of characters so alive that they are not only true in the moment they are before our eyes but have compacted in its compass the experience that has made them what they are now and will be from now on. The novelist is not in the novel at all, except that when we have finished reading it we must reflect that only wisdom, a deep sense of reality, and great skill could have persuaded us to accept this fiction as the true thing. It wakens in us the grave tenderness we feel for the finalities of human experience, and it concentrates on those finalities, letting the literary thing and the novelist's soul go by the board. Of course the champs muffed it: it is not literary, it is not pretentious, it is a first-rate novel.

Quietly, with a sure hand and a purpose obviously untroubled by critical attitudes, Mr. Cozzens has been writing first-rate novels for a long time. The applause of deckle-edge thinkers has mostly been reserved for other kinds of novels, but no one who has ever read a novel of his has forgotten it. Apparently he has got to be content with the satisfaction of readers—the most sensitive and intelligent readers—and, for what it is worth, the admiration of writers. He will value the first much more than the second, and the preoccupation of official critical opinion with his inferiors cannot bother him at all. He is not a literary man, he is a writer. There are a handful like him in every age. Later on it turns out that they were the ones who wrote that age's literature.

The Nashua Story

Arthur W. Hepner

In Nashua, New Hampshire on the morning of September 13, 1948, the summer heat was easing off in the face of the first cool breezes of fall. It was a Monday. The spindles and looms of the big mills that dominate the town whirred and banged as they had for a century and a quarter. After a weekend of walking on Main Street, shopping, bowling, beer-drinking, or maybe a bit of fishing, the spinners, weavers, and carders were back at work. Around the noisy textile machines buzzed the French-Canadian patois that many of them speak.

Over in the small building with the false brick front, there was much less noise, only the familiar ticking of the teleprinter in the office of the resident manager. Every Monday morning it carried heavy traffic, routine messages and instructions from the home office of Textron, Incorporated, at Providence, Rhode Island. No one bothered much about them, but this morning one brief bulletin caught the eye of a secretary and she brought it immediately to the manager. This is what it said:

> During the summer of 1947 the "New Nashua Plan" was adopted in an attempt to save one of New England's oldest and largest textile operations. Success of the plan required the reduction of labor, overhead, power, and tax costs by more than $2,000,000 during the first year.
>
> We regret to announce, however, that results to date do not justify the continued operation of the Nashua Mills. On September 8, the board of directors of Textron, Incorporated, voted to run out all work in progress prior to December 31, 1948, and to dispose of all physical properties in Nashua, New Hampshire.

The resident manager, Robert Cushman, a stocky, hardened, florid-faced man, just turned forty, read the message and blanched. "They pulled the plug from under me without any warning," he said later.

The shock was even greater to his 3,200 employees when copies of the notice were tacked on the bulletin boards around the mills. As the news passed down the lines of machines, the mill hands refused at first to believe it. They left their posts and clustered before the notices, reading for themselves. For years they had come into the big mills every week. Often in lean times before this the schedules had been trimmed, but there had always been *some* work for everyone. During and since the recent war there had been steady five-day employment with lots of overtime thrown in. Many of the mill hands had never worked anywhere else; the mills were as much a part of them as their own arms and legs. And now an amputation had been ordered. It was true; within a short time their lifelong jobs were to be abolished.

Arthur W. Hepner is an ex-newspaperman and radio correspondent who has been a Nieman Fellow at Harvard and is now free-lancing.

II

One hundred and twenty-five years ago, an ambitious group of young men supported by Boston financing formed the Nashua Manufacturing Company, one of the earliest of its kind in the country. At the beginning, the managers designed their own machines and built them on the spot. Soon thereafter they perfected the cloth that made "Indian Head" a name for quality fabric throughout the world. But once they sensed the strength of their muscles, the bosses of Nashua began to extend their manufacturing activities—and this meant tapping a larger labor supply than the surrounding countryside could provide.

Most New England manufacturers, faced with similar situations, drew on the pools of Irish immigrant labor around Boston. At Nashua it was different, for the migrants who drifted down across the Canadian border proved to be willing, capable workers. They were encouraged to stay and settle, and when these French-Canadians sent for their families they spread the gospel of opportunities to be had in New Hampshire. Gradually the French-Canadian population in Nashua began to outnumber the Yankees. Yet the shrewd men whose forebears had colonized New England played the game wisely—wisely enough to command the respect of the newcomers and hang onto the reins. At no time did the more numerous French Canadians effectively challenge the Yankees' control of management, as some of the Irish immigrants had elsewhere.

Nothing retarded the growth of Nashua and its leading manufacturing enterprise up to the first world war. Floods, fires, depressions, temptations to move south for the advantages of cheaper costs had no effect. Three generations of Amorys, an old New England family which took over management of the mills in the eighteen-forties, regarded their social responsibility as a serious business. They knew that the city owed its expansion largely to the prosperity of the company; like men of good Puritan conscience, they accepted the obligation not to abandon the community when the going got tough. Successive Amorys acknowledged the three-fold debt of management; to the stockholders, to the customers, but also to the workers and local citizens. Though their personal and private lives may have been those of Proper Bostonians along Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, their sense of duty was no less tightly bound to Nashua and to its people. The Amorys built New Hampshire's first trolley line; they were pioneers in the use of the conveyor-belt system; and the end result of this adventurous spirit was that the company at one time provided a job for one out of every three wage-earners in Nashua.

All this took place in an atmosphere of enlightened paternalism. The Yankees and their French-Canadian employees lived together with a minimum of friction over a period of many years. Early management resistance to trade unionism collapsed as the Amorys realized that unions were here to stay. In general, labor-management relations remained peaceful even though the textile workers' union had to press hard for each gain.

Nashua has always been a good town to live in. Its homes have been neat and well kept, the architecture a mixture of small-city American and Salem-type New England. In the big rambling mills that extend along the banks of the Merrimack east and west of Main Street, everyone was good-natured as long as things went well. There were no slums in Nashua; the downtown shops were well stocked and the goods turned over quickly. The streets were broad and clean, and there were no signs of the thick smoke which hung over many neighboring mill towns.

Because of the good labor-management relations in the city's principal plants, a stability that had grown over the years was evident almost everywhere. Management and workers expected each other to respect the bargains that each had made: management to operate the mills and pay wages, workers to perform efficiently—and both to keep the city livable.

But even with this collaborative defense, Nashua faced mounting trouble, especially after the first world war. Time took a heavy toll on the managers who in their youth had been incisive and daring. Now they were willing to let well enough alone, to keep on doing business as they had done it before. The plant and its equipment were kept in

excellent repair, but the managers stayed behind as new techniques and ideas moved forward. Nashua was in the middle of the nightmare that hit the whole textile industry in the thirties; only the surpluses of past years staved off bankruptcy. Even so, Robert Amory, the third manager in the family line, promised in 1937 to keep the mills open "so that their thousands of employees might not face hardship." The New England conscience continued to regard general welfare above and beyond personal gain.

What might have happened to the ailing textile industry without the second world war is anyone's guess. But the war gave textiles a vigorous shot in the arm and temporarily revived the industry. Ironically, though, that lift was the beginning of a relapse for the 5,000 people then employed in the big mills at Nashua.

III

One of the most spectacular war babies was a new textile empire called Textron, Incorporated. The name was suggested by the firm's advertising agency to reflect textile products made from synthetics. The most synthetic thing about it was the method of financing.

It was a fantastic conception, the invention of Royal Little, Textron's president and himself the possessor of a New England background dating back to colonial days. Little is a direct descendant of George Little, who settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1640. A wiry, athletic man who until recently remained an active skier and liked to pilot his own airplane, he was born at Wakefield, Massachusetts, in 1896, lived for a while in California and then returned east to stay with his uncle, the industrial chemist, Arthur D. Little. Lacking a flair for scholarship, Royal Little decided on his return from the first world war to enter business. After one or two unsuccessful ventures, Little conceived the idea that a textile company should control the entire operation, from the primary yarn spinning to the merchandizing of finished consumer products. He built his empire on that principle.

Little entered the second war era with a small struggling concern, the Atlantic Rayon Company. For war purposes he converted his facilities to the manufacture of parachutes, which is essentially a sewing operation. When the hour of contract cancellation arrived, Little made a bold decision which others thought of making but never did. He realized that he faced circumstances never likely to be repeated during his lifetime.

The war had fattened the textile manufacturers, yet not enough to dissolve their fears of another famine; mills could be bought inexpensively without much personal capital outlay or risk, with the banks supplying the money in expectation of public issues floated in an expansive stock market. Here was an incentive to expansion, since in many cases previous losses of newly-acquired properties could be written off as tax savings against the enormous wartime profits of a parent corporation. The strategic element was timing—inaugurating the expansion program before the boom burst wide open—and Little's timing was superb. In less than three years, Textron, from its modest beginnings in Atlantic, became a producing institution with an annual business volume of more than $110,000,000.

While Royal Little was building the Textron empire, a clerk in a Boston brokerage firm offered his boss a few shares of Nashua Manufacturing common stock as collateral for a personal loan. The broker, J. Arthur Warner, after investigating the company, was fascinated by the contrast between the quoted price of the stock and the company's prospects. So shortly before Pearl Harbor he had initiated a quiet, well-organized campaign to obtain large blocs of Nashua stock. Once he had presented himself to the Amory management as their largest single stockholder, he was invited to join the board of directors. Warner's purchase price was never made public, but it is said to have ranged between twenty-five and thirty-five dollars a share. Eventually, he obtained control of the company, but he used his position only to advise on advertising and financial policies. Two years later, the financial structure of the company was overhauled under Warner's tutelage. Preferred stock was retired in exchange for common on a basis of sixty dollars a share. Warner's firm underwrote the deal.

No sooner had the reorganization taken place than a short strike (over the union-shop issue) and a dip in textile prospects gave

Warner the jitters. He began to doubt the wisdom of putting all his eggs in one basket, and he sought to diversify his wealth. Nashua's board chairman, J. W. ("Mike") Farley, who was also a director of Textron, knew of this. The word was passed to Royal Little that Warner's interest in Nashua was for sale. At the current market, Little knew that the old company was a good buy. In fact he was even willing to bid more for it.

Little offered Warner a hundred dollars a share for his holdings and made the same proposition to other stockholders—a good price, as Nashua common was then quoted at 68-72. But Textron was up against it. The pains of rapid growth had been considerable in 1945, and the company lacked the cash to absorb Nashua. So Little negotiated a loan of $7,500,000 with the First National Bank of Boston, apparently without informing one of the bank's senior vice-presidents who was also a member of Nashua's board. With the loan, plus $3,000,000 of Textron's money, Royal Little became the owner of the Nashua Manufacturing Company just before the end of 1945. The company's stockholders, notably Warner, had made a profit of fifty dollars a share in less than two years' time.

At the time of acquisition, Little told Nashua's business men, at an off-the-record, country-club luncheon, that he had come to the city to stay. He was a gambler, he said, and this was a good gamble; the big mills fitted perfectly into his program for an integrated textile industry. He proposed to retain the former management and recommend only such changes inside the mills as were necessary to improve their efficiency. The business men left the luncheon with the feeling that Nashua had acquired a rich asset in the person of Royal Little. His mild, infectious charm and his earnest straightforwardness created an impression of modesty and competence that they liked. They agreed that Royal Little was good for the city of Nashua.

A YEAR later they had a different opinion. It took Little about eight weeks to recognize his error. Nashua didn't fit in with his plans at all. Textron's objective was the processing of dressed goods to be sewn into lingerie and other garments. Nashua, long a wholly integrated operation in itself, made cotton, woolen, and rayon cloth which was finished as sheets and blankets there at Nashua and sold directly to the retailers. Little had realized his mistake when he heard of the availability of the Gossett Company in North Carolina, which produced the type of cloth Textron needed for its sewing units. But the price of Gossett was $12,000,000, and that kind of money wasn't handy at the moment.

Little informed the old Nashua management that they could buy back the mills for the price he had paid. But they had to buy back the assets, thus giving him a tax saving through his selling of the machinery at less than its book value. When Textron's board told Little that he could neither buy nor promise to buy Gossett until he had rid himself of Nashua, Little made great efforts to complete a sale—on a basis which would have given him a minimum profit of $3,000,000, or almost 30 per cent on an eight-week investment. Some people assert that a gentleman's agreement was reached between Little and a syndicate that included Robert Amory, but at any rate the sale was never completed. In the meantime, Little had found other ways to get possession of Gossett.

But if Nashua didn't fit the Textron scheme as it was, Little lost no time in adapting it. First, he fired the Amory management and replaced it with himself and other key Textron men. Then he began a streamlining operation. This is what he did:

After doubling the hidden assets by using the cotton on hand for speculation instead of making blankets, he cut blanket production by two-thirds and sold off the excess raw material—at a profit of several million dollars. Here, with the cash from operations and accounts receivable, was the money to meet his bank obligations. The question was how to apply Nashua's wealth to the amortization of Textron's debts. If he declared a dividend of almost 100 per cent, he would have to share the bonanza with outsiders, for at that time Textron owned at most 90 per cent of the common and none of the preferred stock of Nashua. Instead of the dividend, Little exchanged the cash and notes of the Nashua division with Textron for authorized (but as yet unissued) shares in other wholly-owned properties in New England

and in the South. And by this neat arrangement, Textron—which had purchased Nashua for $10,500,000—now had $9,500,000 back within a year's time and still owned the plant and its future earning capacity.

That wasn't all. Nashua's acquisition of stock in Textron Southern as part of the deal was at a substantial loss, and that loss was written off as a tax saving. Similarly, Nashua's plant at Cordova, Alabama, was sold to Textron Southern at a more than 33 per cent loss, which also turned up in the tax savings' column. Then Little sold the North Monmouth, Maine, division of Nashua for $325,000 plus an unreported amount for inventories. And to wind up the "integration," $1,200,000 of Nashua's reserve cash was siphoned off to organize a new subsidiary; eventually Nashua's equity in the new firm was transferred to Textron and the shares were distributed last March as a dividend to Textron stockholders.

During this financial juggling act, Royal Little decorated the stage for the headline attraction. Many production reforms were instituted; machinery was shifted from one building to another, departments were doubled up, new and up-to-date looms and spindles were purchased. This made for a tighter, more efficient operation in everyone's opinion—that of qualified experts as well as mill supervisors and the workers themselves. Through these consolidations and changes, Little was able to sell off the left-over looms and spindles at a fancy profit in the starved export market. He also had large areas of plant space available to other companies, and he promptly unloaded them.

When he was through, Little called an emergency meeting of city and union leaders and broke the news that he couldn't make enough money out of Nashua. Either they would have to co-operate in a thorough reorganization program or Textron would have to close down. Both Textron and the city, he declared, were too dependent on the mill operations as they were; the mills were still inefficiently operated despite his reforms; they could not compete favorably with Southern mills, where manufacturing costs were appreciably lower. So he gave them his ultimatum, the "New Nashua Plan" of 1947.

The plan included further consolidation, reduction of the work force from over 4,000 to less than 2,500, dismissal of overage supervisors, increasing of individual work loads to a par with those in the South, savings on taxes and power supplies. In return for acceptance, Little promised to keep take-home pay in line with the mills' most efficient competitors, spend $1,200,000 for plant improvements, pay severance to workers with more than ten years' service, and pension employees over sixty-five years of age for a maximum of twenty-four months.

The CIO Textile Workers Union, which obviously didn't like the plan, had no alternative but to accept it—though phrasing its acceptance in wholly ambiguous terms. All concerned heaved a sign of relief. In a public announcement Little expressed the hope that "this action will end any further public discussion concerning these properties and our relations with the workers in the community . . . . We wish to assure the community that the fifteen hundred employees to be laid off will not be discharged immediately or all at one time. We are gratified with the realistic point of view of the workers and the union in connection with our negotiations . . . . We have full confidence that one year from now, the mills in Nashua will be among the most efficient textile operations in the country. A fine old textile name and industry has been saved for New England."

As the end of Textron's first year at Nashua approached, Little announced that it would take still another year's time to complete the streamlining of Nashua but that afterward the mills would be on an excellent competitive basis. No one will ever know whether or not he was right. Six months later, the two-paragraph notice that it was all over but the shouting came up over the teleprinter.

IV

The blow to the city was a stunning one. At the time, the mills employed a fifth of the entire working population, and in Nashua there were no immediate job prospects for those to be thrown onto the streets. Neighboring towns, hearing of Textron's decision, advertised for textile workers to ease their own local shortages. But families long settled in Nashua didn't want to break up, and daily commutation to distant

places added still another hardship to work in the mills. And always in grim days before this the management at the last minute had found some plan for continuing work, even on a curtailed basis. The workers couldn't quite get it into their heads that Royal Little really intended to shut the place down.

Shop-owners were undecided whether or not to cancel Christmas orders. Many of them were uneasy, believing that the layoffs would result in a widespread tightening of purse-strings. George E. Harris, president of the Nashua Trust Company, one of the city's three banks, predicted a period of anguish and adjustment. Mill workers coming into the bank had already been worried about the homes they had bought with bank mortgages.

Yet some of the credit stores said they would carry the mill hands after the layoffs until they could find new jobs. Confusion and gloom were about equal, but soon the town rallied to the support of the workers faced with this sudden dismissal. Mayor Oswald Maynard, a retired physician who had delivered many children to the mill-hand families, invited a group of three business men and three aldermen to form a committee, hoping to find new firms to occupy the plant space that Textron intended to vacate.

Hostility against Royal Little began to grow. Textile union leaders from Rhode Island finally convinced the workers that Little wasn't like the former owners of the mills; he meant to close down the plant, they said, pointing for evidence to other shutdowns by Textron in their own state and in Massachusetts. On the evening of September 23, about fifteen men from the night shift gathered outside the blanket mill and hung Little in effigy. They had filled a burlap bag with rags and strung it up on the gate of the mill, shouting, "Down with Little!"

Business men denounced him. The general feeling was summed up by Adolph Schmidt, executive secretary of the Nashua Chamber of Commerce, who said: "The sooner we get rid of Textron the better off we'll be. We'd like to get five or six diversified industries here immediately and run Textron out of town. They've given us nothing but trouble since they've come here."

The Textile Workers' Union demanded an investigation and got one. Senator Charles W. Tobey, who lives in the nearby village of Temple, arranged for hearings by a subcommittee of the Senate's Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, of which he is a member. For three days, Little, city officials, and union leaders—including the Textile Workers' President, Emil Rieve—testified before the Tobey committee in Nashua. The atmosphere was enlivened by the presence of the townspeople who said they were ready to "lynch" Little if they got the chance.

Royal Little added to their indignation by challenging the ability of Nashuans in particular and New England workers in general. Their union restrictions, he said, made them poor producers compared to the textile workers in the South. They refused to work a three-shift operation in order to cut overhead costs; they kept output very low. Besides, he said, the state and local community conspired to prevent him from making a sufficient profit—which he defined as ten per cent after taxes. Power rates were way out of line; tax rates were almost exhorbitant. This was also a warning to all of New England, Little added; unless the region made efforts to reduce textile costs, the entire industry would be forced to find a new home.

But Little made Nashua a proposition. Let him fire workers at will and give him a guarantee that aggregate state and local taxes on mill properties would remain limited to $20,000 annually for the next ten years and he'd find an immediate purchaser for the facilities. Little called it a challenge; the Textile Workers called it an insult; state tax experts called it illegal.

Then Little turned humble. "I am just as responsible for the failure of the Nashua Plan as anyone else. We took on a job that was humanly impossible." Some textile men and many Nashuans explained that he should have realized this at the time he began stripping the mill, after the negotiations to return the properties to the original owners fell through. For, they held, the steps he took did not represent sound industrial management; the "streamlining" of the mill was carried so far that only a useless skeleton remained. Emil Rieve used even stronger language.

"Mr. Little," he said, "hasn't used Nashua

as a mill; he has used it as a mine—a gold mine. He has mined it and stripped it . . . . We have in Nashua, not a city threatened by competition, but a city about to be crushed as a by-product, an incident, in the financial manipulations of one man."

In the sharp exchanges which followed, attention was focused on Little's use of charitable trust funds in the expansion of his Textron empire. These funds, created ostensibly to provide support for deserving causes, have become a handy means of tax avoidance. As they are tax-free, any transactions they make permit tax savings. Little was charged with making them purchasers, sellers, or lessors of mill properties, each time at a profit to Textron. For example, a profitable plant could be sold to one of the trusts at a figure substantially below its book value and the difference could be written off as a tax saving. Then the trust could lease the plant facilities back to the operating company on exceedingly favorable terms.

At one time, the Bureau of Internal Revenue began to ask questions about one of these transfers, and the matter of tax disallowance is far from settlement. But there had been no persistent inquiry by the federal government into these activities until the Tobey investigation began. (Curiously enough, Senator J. Howard McGrath, National Democratic Chairman, is one of the trustees appointed by Little. Rieve recently charged that the union was approached by its political friends in Rhode Island and asked not to press an investigation into the closing of a Textron mill at Esmond, Rhode Island. "They said it would be embarrassing in view of Senator McGrath's position," Rieve added.) In some states, the use of trusts for speculation is against the law, but in Rhode Island (where the Little trusts are established) there is no such restriction.

In the face of these charges and this unflattering publicity, Little came up with a new proposal. He agreed to continue the sheeting operation on another one-year trial basis with the pledge to keep it going if it ran profitably in that time. Thus he would save a thousand jobs and possibly more in the future by adding a sewing division. Meanwhile, he would liquidate the rest of the Nashua properties and make further effort to sell the plant facilities. Again, there was some relief in Nashua, though no one knew when trouble would brew up again. But at least 1,000 of the 3,200 jobs had been saved since the September notice.

V

In the interval between the announcement of the impending shutdown and Little's agreement to continue a part of the Nashua operation, there was much discussion of the industrial future of New England. Economists offered statistics to support Little's assertion that New England was washed up. But several textile men appeared not to agree. When Little predicted that Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, makers of Pequot sheets, would have to leave New England, Naumkeag's President Rudolph C. Dick fumed. "This company," he announced emphatically, "does not contemplate leaving New England." Other textile mill operators took similar exception to Little's blanket write-off of the region.

While it is true that over the past few years New England has witnessed an exodus of textile mills to the South, there is some evidence to show that firms which went looking for cheap, unorganized labor have found that unions are moving south, too; the differential advantage over the North is rapidly diminishing. In any event, the drift to the South has never amounted to more than ½ of 1 per cent over the past nine years, and this loss has been offset by the start of new or the enlargement of old operations. The situation at Nashua, it would seem, was hardly indicative of any "breakdown" in the New England textile industry.

Little, however, continues to believe that the New England textile industry is in need of repair. He speaks of it with almost the intensity of a fanatic, though his speech is soft and charming. In his simply-furnished offices in Providence, on the second floor of a colonial bank building standing since Revolutionary days, he told the writer there were 70,000 textile workers in New England, but that 50,000 could do the same amount of work if they practiced the methods of the South. The 20,000 left over, he said, could be used on second and third shifts to increase production and reduce overhead by using a twenty-four-hour work schedule. He

said firmly that he has no regrets about the events that occurred at Nashua. He believes that by creating a dramatic situation he posted storm warnings for all New England. For unless New Englanders and their communities mend their ways, he said, their industrial future is dim.

"It's my feeling," he said, "that once a company realizes it's got an impossible situation that can't be corrected—where it's making consumer products in competition with lower-cost areas—that corporation owes a duty to the community to liquidate as quickly as possible in boom times so as to make available floor space and other facilities to other industries." But what causes "an impossible situation" to develop he did not care to say.

WHAT happened in Nashua reminded many of the experience of nearby Manchester in 1937, when the Amoskeag, once the world's largest textile mill, went into bankruptcy. The citizens of the town, faced with catastrophe, rolled up their sleeves and rebuilt Manchester into a city with a stable economic future founded on diversified industry.

At Nashua, the committee created by the mayor worked to get new industries to buy the mill properties from Textron. Little refused to name a sale price, yet the committee continued to advertise the desirability of locating at Nashua, the advantages of the Textron facilities. Their efforts were valiant but bore little fruit. Finally, a group of local citizens, like their predecessors at Manchester, arranged to buy the mills themselves. At the center of the group is Hugh Gregg, an aggressive young attorney and son of an old Nashua family. Gregg's partners are Vasco E. Nunez, Eliot A. Carter, and Oscar L. Tacy, all of Nashua Gummed and Coated Paper Company; former Governor Francis P. Murphy, Walter L. Barker, of the Improved Paper Machinery Corporation, and Robert C. Erb, of the J. F. McElwain Shoe Company.

The group of seven bought the 2,500,000 square feet of mill space for an unannounced sum, with a small down payment and a ten-year mortgage held by Textron. The purchase was made in the name of the Nashua–New Hampshire Foundation Trust, whose beneficiary is to be the New Hampshire Society for Crippled Children and Handicapped Persons. It is the intention of the new owners to lease parcels of space to operating firms and turn over any profits from their venture in real estate to the Society.

The first lease was signed with Textron, which contracted for the sheetings mill for an initial period of ten years. Instead of the one-year experimental trial, Royal Little was now committed to remain in Nashua for a decade at least, and in his pocket were a series of five or more ten-year options. So it seemed that Nashua was not really through with Textron after all. But in a side-street tavern, an old Yankee, tugging at his pipe and fingering a beer glass, took a deep puff and told the bartender out of the corner of his mouth, "You never can tell."

The Strange World of the Skater

John Chamberlain

Last year, after the Olympic winter games had been completed, the papers were full of two photogenic youngsters, the pretty, blue-eyed Barbara Ann Scott from Canada, and the acrobatic Dick Button of Englewood, N. J. Winners respectively of the women's and men's figure skating Olympic titles, this pair made everyone forget those who had merely placed second and third. Meanwhile, Gretchen Van Zandt Merrill, the Ladies Figure Skating Champion of the United States, who had taken a couple of bad spills at St. Moritz, came home amid a silence broken only by her talk of having "over-trained." A Tris Speaker can make a career by being runner-up to a Ty Cobb over twenty years of baseball batting competition; a good heavyweight challenger has his day in the sun. But in the esoteric, incredibly difficult sport—or art—of top-flight figure skating, there is no fame in finishing second.

Miss Merrill, for six or more years the greatest woman skater in the United States, had the bad luck to try for the world's and the Olympic championships during a period of Barbara Ann Scott's perfectionist ascendancy—and only the fact that Miss Merrill is a gracious loser can compensate for the long-laborious hours of childhood and adolescence spent in learning a series of techniques that are far more difficult than those of an Olympic skier, diver, or track athlete. No such fiendish concentration is required for any other sport, unless ballet is considered a sport; the champion figure skater, like the concert violinist, must begin at a young age, preferably around eight or nine. And, since there is usually only one reigning champion in a decade, the chances of making the long novitiate pay off in *réclame* are dim indeed.

If you are first in Olympic figure skating and come from Ottawa, Canada, the Canadian House of Commons will stop legislating and pass a resolution commending you for able defense of the national honor. If you finish down among the also-rans you may be invited to be Apple Blossom Queen of the Shenandoah Valley—but the gears will not cease to grind on Washington's Capitol Hill. To take the vows as a figure skater is hardly worth it unless you are of the breed that can actually reach the top of Everest or hit sixty-one home runs a year, which is one over Babe Ruth's record. Yet hundreds of girls set out every year to undertake a figure-skating discipline which, if followed out through passage of the complex figures of the eighth—or final—test, is far more rigorous and restricted than life in a nunnery. A figure

If he had not written "Brains, Baseball, and Branch Rickey" for us last April, we would have to introduce John Chamberlain, not as a sportswriter, but in his other capacities as a literary critic and an editor of Life.

skating champion is not made by mere winter skating; usually it takes eight or ten years of all-year-round concentration on seventy-two "school figures," with summer treks in search of ice to Lake Placid, to Vancouver, or to Schumacher in the Ontario gold mining country. Boys don't go in for the regimen as often as girls for the simple reason that a boy skater is usually drawn off by ice hockey, which is a cinch as compared to the high-speed, high-tension acrobatics which an occasional Dick Button can perform on ice.

Most aspiring figure skaters fall by the wayside after going as high as the second or third test. Having learned to make a few basic turns and shifts, the second-test skater is ready to master the skating rink equivalent of advanced ballroom dancing—which means that he or she can have fun for a long lifetime. (Even eighty-year-old men still continue to waltz and foxtrot on ice.) But the girls and boys who continue beyond the second test are in for it, both financially and otherwise. It used to be said that expertness at the pool table denoted a wasted youth, but what of an expertness that can give rise to such items as one can see month by month in *Skating*, the official magazine of the United States Figure Skating Association? "Yvonne Sherman," said the magazine recently, "will be putting all her efforts into skating this winter to devote herself exclusively to singles competitions. Yvonne worked hard all summer, mainly at Lake Placid except for about four week's training in Schumacher. Since her return to New York she has joined the tennis club in Forest Hills and worked out on the courts daily. She also has been participating in a ballet class once a day, not to mention keeping in practice at the piano." All of this would seem to prove that the eighteen-year-old Yvonne is a gifted and versatile youngster. But the important sentence in the note about Miss Sherman is the concluding one: "With her eyes on the Worlds, possibly, and the Nationals and North Americans, *Yvonne doubts whether she will do any studying this winter.*" (The italics are ours.) As for the finances of skating, Gretchen Merrill has spent as much as $5,000 a year to keep herself, her skates, and her wardrobe in shape for her quest. In Canada, of course, a girl can become a champion on the cheap, but the salt winds of Miss Merrill's home town of Boston mean that she must pay a good deal for patch space on indoor ice.

II

FIGURE skating champions are made only by an intense triumph of the will exerted from an early age, and one does not need to be the sort of person who finds Freudian or Adlerian explanations for everything to see that they must in many cases be compensating for something. Both Barbara Ann Scott and Gretchen Merrill, for example, are fatherless girls. In Barbara Ann Scott's case, her career began before she was born, when her father, Lieutenant Clyde Scott, was mowed down by shrapnel in France in 1915. Left on the field for dead, Lieutenant Scott was accidentally kicked by a German soldier—and his unconscious groan caused him to be pulled from a pile of bodies and taken to a hospital. Two years later, after a long recovery ordeal, he surprised everybody at home in Perth, Ontario, by turning up alive. His hips and one knee were badly damaged, but he still had enough control of his limbs to play a halting game of golf. He married a divorcee, and settled down to work in Ottawa. In due course Barbara Ann was born. Lieutenant Scott, a virtual cripple, decided that his daughter would do all the things he could never hope to do; it is scarcely imagination to say that Barbara Ann is the triumphant projection of her father's will.

The juvenile Barbara Ann—or "Tinker"—caddied for her father as he hobbled around the golf course, learned to ride horseback and play golf herself, and was deep in figure skating at the age of nine. Her father taught her to swim in a little over a week; later she learned to fly a plane.

Being a natural athlete didn't hurt Barbara Ann as a figure skater, but there is nothing "natural" about giving up school at the age of nine, as Barbara Ann did, to spend all day on ice with the exception of a couple of hours out for tutoring in arithmetic and French. When other kids were sitting at desks Barbara Ann was down at the Ottawa Minto Club, practicing loops and change of edge. Her father died in 1941, the victim of wartime overwork at the Canadian Ministry of National Defense. The shock caused

Barbara Ann to redouble her efforts. Money came hard; the family pension was only $3,000 a year. But a group of Ottawa business men, friends of Clyde Scott, chipped in to carry Barbara Ann along. When their old crony's daughter needed money to travel to Stockholm for the world's championship contest in 1947, these business men raised the money to send her there. She won the contest and came home famous, the best-known amateur in the world since Sonja Henie turned professional in 1936. Friends tried to give her a canary-colored Buick car for her triumph, but she returned it so as not to jeopardize her amateur standing.

Being victorious, Barbara Ann Scott can naturally afford to be happy. She loves ice, calls it "warm" and "living" and, though she has just recently turned professional, she claims to be more interested in home economics than in making a million dollars like Sonja Henie. But what if Barbara Ann had failed to win at Stockholm and at the Olympics at St. Moritz?

Gretchen Merrill's childhood was almost as dedicated as that of Barbara Ann Scott. It was also a luckier childhood in some ways, for Gretchen, whose father died when she was nine, inherited a Beacon Hill background in Boston, and she has never had to worry about money. Like Barbara Ann, Gretchen gave early evidence of being a natural athlete; she won juvenile swimming and diving contests on Cape Cod, and she was on her way to becoming a tennis prodigy when she turned to figure skating as a means of getting away from Beaver, a Boston Brahmin school she didn't particularly like. From ten to sixteen Gretchen skated not too religiously; she lacked the young Barbara Ann's almost monomaniacal precision. But when she failed at sixteen to win the Senior U. S. Championship for the third time, after twice finishing as a runner-up, she decided to make a life of skating.

To her mother, who tried to get her to quit, she said, "You underestimate me." There followed some years of really arduous practice, some of it under ex-champion Maribel Vinson Owen, and in 1943 Gretchen won the Senior U. S. title at last. She has won it ever since, but her eclipse at Stockholm in 1947 and at St. Moritz in 1948 (she ducked competing for the European title at Prague just before the Olympics) has evidently left her feeling a trifle deflated. At any rate she has been threatening retirement, which is not what a happy skater does.

III

WHETHER the long novitiate was worth it for Gretchen only time will tell. She must be a real amateur (in the original loving sense of the term) if she is to have no permanent regrets. For what she has to look back upon is an adolescence that often saw her crying in bed at night from the effects of eight hours a day spent tracing and retracing the same fundamental patterns on a patch of ice some fifty feet long and fifteen feet wide, which is approximately the space required for three skating circles joined together. The cost of a patch in Gretchen's case often came to as much as $500 a year. Lessons from various professionals came to $2,000 a year more. If a dedicated skater, aspiring to top-flight amateur competition honors, hasn't this sort of money to spend on patch-space and lessons, there are various Spartan makeshifts. For example, Miss Mary Hamm, now a professional with the New Haven Skating Club, persuaded a rink manager in Philadelphia to let her come in at 4:30 in the morning and use the ice free until 6:30 when she was undertaking her training. Economic considerations kept Miss Hamm from taking her eighth test; instead, after a few years of amateur practice, she took up touring with the Ice Capades.

The discipline required for a good Ice Capades or Ice Follies skater is rigorous enough, but it need not be quite the exhausting regimen that brought Barbara Ann Scott or Gretchen Merrill to their peaks of performance. For what the ice shows do is to emphasize the eccentric and the spectacular, not the rigid "triple repetition" of each school figure pattern that is required of an amateur champion. An Olympic pattern skater must be able to repeat any school figure three times in the same exceedingly narrow trace to qualify as great. This superimposing of hair-line on hair-line requires a body control that is absolutely uncanny. An ice show skater is at least free to deviate within certain margins, provided the grace and *élan* are there for the customers.

Although the quest of absolute perfectionism has its moments of sweetness as well as its long torments, maybe it is better in some ways to reach a peak of comfortable proficiency, as many girls do, and then make a try for the Ice Capades or the Ice Follies or a career as a professional with an ice club. Maybe it is still better to be the complete amateur (again in the original sense of the term) and learn only as much as one comfortably can do in one's spare time. One doesn't have to give up one's adolescence or one's schooling to get a lot out of skating. For the plain fact of the matter is that skaters, once they have learned the basic edges and turns, are happier than most people.

Indeed, when *Life* magazine published the results of its Round Table seminar on that elusive third of the Jeffersonian triad, the "pursuit of happiness," it brought an outraged response from some people who thought it extremely queer that no skaters had been asked to participate in the discussion. One letter, from Perry B. Rawson of Asbury Park, New Jersey, took up the cudgels for both roller skaters and figure skaters. Wrote Mr. Rawson, "More than twenty-five million contented Americans, who have pursued happiness in their leisure time and found it, were overlooked and unrepresented in the Round Table. They are the skaters of America, seventeen million strong on rollers and probably eight million or more on ice, those who follow the art of skating for fun, relaxation, uplift, and the pursuit of happiness. Skaters are the happiest of all the happy groups in the nation. . . . There is no gloom in skating rinks or on the frozen rivers, lakes and ponds; all is happiness. The skaters are unanimous about it, not divided as was the Round Table."

Although Mr. Rawson conveniently overlooks the tail bruises and occasional fractured wrists that can come from the attempt to learn how to skate a back outside edge, he is probably justified in his feeling that the right to skate should be added to the Bill of Rights. Even old men go on exuding a contentment on ice that has long since disappeared for them on the tennis court or golf links. (Figure skating takes tough leg muscles, but it is no great tax on heart and lungs, which is why one can continue it up to the very time of death.) The reason for a skater's exhilaration is not far to seek, even though figure skating and dancing on ice are cryptic arts that almost defy explanation in words. In most other sports an athlete must reckon with a certain recalcitrance of medium: a pole vaulter must get up there on his pole before he can let himself go, a runner is painfully aware of the drag of earth or cinder track, a baseball player must get a heavy stick of wood around in time to meet a dipsy ball, a plunging fullback must reckon with the crunch of antagonistic bodies, the jockey can do little against the whim of his horse. But ice is relatively frictionless, a medium that interposes virtually no recalcitrance. A good Ice Capades prima donna can go the whole length of a rink on one leg, going from figure to figure on the strength of a single clean push-off. Even the tyro feels the easy exhilaration; once he is set on the prescribed edge of his skating blade, with his body weight disposed in a co-operative way, the tyro feels that he is bound by no earthly trammels for the duration of his stroke.

The illusion of absolute abandon, of complete freedom in space to describe loops and spins, "threes" and rockers, counters and Mohawks, brackets and Choctaws, is, however, dependent on absolute precision of execution; the freedom is attained only within a pattern of unyielding rigidity. Even the vocabulary of skating requires unusual concentration. The difficulty begins with the geometry of the figure skating blade, which is gently curved from the sharp spur of the toe down to the heel. If one cants or leans to the right on one's right foot (this particular cant being known as a right outside edge) one will end up doing a circle to the right. But a mere shift of weight, producing a cant to the left or inner side of the right-footed blade, will take one on a circle in the other direction. (This second circle will be the pattern traced by a so-called right inside edge.)

The basic strokes of figure skating are eight "edges," inner and outer, left-and right-footed, forward and back, with the back outside edges being the most difficult of all. And if edges are hard to master on ice, they drive illustrators crazy. Indeed, the unfortunate artist who was faced with the problem of illustrating Barbara Ann Scott's Olympic

figures for *Time* magazine produced two anatomical impossibilities—unless the drawing happened to be done from a fish's point of vantage underneath the ice.

The seventy-two "school figures" which a good skater must master to qualify for championship competition are all skated on variations of the basic figure eight, which consists of two circles put together. To the basic forward and backward "edges," however, one must add a whole series of turns known as threes, brackets, counters, and rockers. These are made by rotating shoulders, arms, and free foot in various directions as one shifts the direction of one's skating foot. A three which is commenced, say, on the outside left forward edge will, when the turn of the body is completed, see the skater going backward on the left inside edge. All of this involves body weighting and checking of a fairly complex order. The pattern produced by a three turn on ice will closely resemble the Arabic numeral 3, whence the name.

Counters, rockers, and brackets are more difficult than the simple three. When one first realizes that one can multiply various body rotations by various edges at many varying moments on the conjoined figure eight circles, one feels rather like a centipede trying to remember all his legs at once. The counter or rocker turns are hard enough to follow with the naked eye, let alone describe in diagrams or print. And in addition to all the edges and turns one must also master the art of changing edge while going in the same direction. This figure of the serpentine is done by a trick of shifting the free foot forward, then backward. Loops are accomplished by twisting the body like a spring and then, at the middle of the loop, bringing the free foot forward. The rapid shifting in a loop will carry you around and across your pattern in the twinkling of an eye.

As one moves toward the eighth or final school figure test one has to do more and more turning and looping on a single foot before coming down with the other foot. To keep going on a single foot through a long series of turns and changes of edge requires stupendous control of momentum and body weight. It is duration of control that marks the good skater off from the middling skater, and the middle skater from the novice. Duration of control applies to ballet-type free skating as well as to school figures; one must have virtually absolute control to be an Olympic skater or an ice-show prima donna, whereas only medium control is needed for pattern dancing with a partner or for chorus work in an ice spectacle.

The reason why it takes so much time to master everything from school figures to jumps lies in the pinpoint precision of balance that must be allied to a speed which tends momentarily to destroy that balance. The dazzling freedom of an Axel Paulson jump (involving a turn-and-a-half in the air) depends like all other skating motions on geometrical precision in three dimensions, and the skater who would do it must have a body control that makes a skier's control over a Christiania seem as crude as the aim of a blunderbuss. The precision of motion on the surface of the rink is measured by judges by the crispness and regularity of the pattern, or print, which one's blade cuts on the ice.

But regularity of print is not the whole story by any means; there must also be vertical regularity of form. The two regularities are, by their nature, each dependent on the other. Regularity of print is not obtained merely by holding the foot in the right way—indeed, the skating blade is the least important element in figure skating. To get geometrical precision on ice one must have geometrical precision from the top of one's head to the sole of one's boot; if the head is not directly in line with the heel a wobble will result on the ice.

Skating teachers go mad trying to get the English language to convey what they mean, for it seems a contradiction in terms to speak of controlled relaxation, or rigid abandon. Engineers who take up figure skating —and many of them do—resort to figures of speech invoking the plumb line; it takes an engineer to understand that the free run of a skating blade must inevitably be interrupted by wrong pressure from the force of gravity if one's head moves out of straight up-and-down relationship to the heel. The hip joint of the skating leg must be pulled into a somewhat unnatural rigid position in the general up-and-down line of the body; the knee, on the other hand, must bend and rise and bend again with a velvety smooth-

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ness as one completes a 3-turn. And as one goes from edge to edge of a skating blade, one must avoid "flatting" as one would avoid the plague. A "flat" will carry you off on a straight line, and so cause a wobble in the figure.

Competition in figure skating awards sixty points for perfection at school figures, and a maximum of forty points for a free skating ballet routine that is up to the choreographic imagination of the skater and his or her coach. The school figures are used in free skating in any number of combinations, but to them are added jumps, splits, one- and two-foot spins, sit-spins, stork spins and spirals. Competition in dancing with a partner is a separate thing, but it can be almost as treacherous as imaginative free skating when it comes to mastering such things as the rocker fox trot. All skating clubs hold dance tests, from the simple "bronze" dances on up through the "silver" category to the advanced "gold" dances. There is no such thing as ad libbing of dance steps on ice; dances have set patterns to which a couple must rigidly adhere under peril of a dangerous collision or pratfall. But the rigidity is compensated for by a wide variety of dances; in the waltz category, for example, there are the Dutch waltz, straight waltz, three-lobe waltz, Westminster waltz, and Viennese waltz.

The United States Figure Skating Association, which stages competitions and enforces the rules of style and measurement, acts as a sort of intellectual and moral holding company for skating clubs from Boston to Dallas, and from New York to Spokane. Its magazine chronicles the comings and goings of practically every good figure skater on the North American continent, keeps elaborate records of those who have passed the various tests from one to eight in school figures and the three tests in dancing, and reports the occasional changes in dance patterns. The moguls who run the USFA used to be extremely top-lofty toward those who had turned professional, but of late years they have bowed to the times and recognized that professionalism is hardly a sign of indecency. Professionals, they admit, are at least needed to teach amateurs. As for the professionals, they divide into different schools which are sometimes as snooty toward each other as the amateurs used to be about skaters who turned pro.

One group of professionals thinks it must teach perfect posture and perfect school figure fundamentals before the student can be allowed to dance or to indulge in free skating whims; another group lets a student go on to dancing with smudged 3-turns and erratic swings of shoulders on the general theory that you've got to keep a neophyte interested in order to keep him at the sport. The skating "mamas" who badger the professional coaches to perfect their offsprings' edges often jump erratically from one type of teaching to another—and the good coach must be a diplomat in order to survive very long in a skating club that gets into a battle over fundamental theory.

As is usually the case in any sport or art, so is it in skating: the fundamentalists produce the more finished athletes, but at the expense of interesting a wider segment of people in their specialty. Some skating fundamentalists even attend demonstrations of surgery to learn about body mechanics. William Chase, a fundamentalist who has gotten beautiful results with a few people like the coming star, Andra McLaughlin, sometimes begins his teaching by analogies: he will show a golfer or a tennis player how to turn a three by setting him on an edge and then getting him to follow through with a tennis or golf swing. Almost miraculously, the golfer or the tennis player discovers that he has achieved a follow-through rotation that has turned his skate blade about without his being aware of the process. Conversely, a skater who has learned to hold his body in the proper position to make a good outer edge on the skate blade will discover that he can master a twist service at tennis in half the time that it might take him otherwise. He will also discover that skating balance carries over into skiing, and that a stem-turn on skis is a relative cinch after one has learned to do even a wobbly figure 8.

IV

Since figure skating is difficult, the adult usually writes it off as something to be learned in youth or not at all. Yet at every skating club there is a percentage of

older people taking it up because they have come to watch their children at it and remained to fall practicing victims of its fascination. The reason why the sport is difficult to learn in middle age is not stiffness of the joints, which disappears with practice, but simple fear of falling. If that can be conquered, the edges and the more simple turns can be mastered. And they are sufficient for dancing, which is what adults prefer to do on ice anyway.

The benefits of figure skating, one soon discovers, are not confined to the rink. For skating is a great hardener of the legs for other sports. The tennis player who finds he has difficulty in lasting for two sets of singles after the age of forty will, after a winter of skating, suddenly discover that he can go five or six sets without tiring. Some day Branch Rickey, the Big Brain of Baseball, will catch on to the hardening benefits of a winter spent on ice and enroll the whole personnel of the Brooklyn Dodgers at convenient ice clubs. His team will go through the subsequent baseball season without charley-horses, and his pitchers will last for the full nine innings.

Even at the rink there are some extra benefits of a nature that transcends the skating or dancing itself. In most sports, experts tend to be bored by beginners. But good skaters, even those who are reasonably close to the Barbara Ann Scott standard, seem to be born teachers and philosophers of their subject. A novice struggling to maintain the body control necessary to close his circle after making a simple three turn will often discover he has an interested spectator in someone who has gone through the advanced tests. There may follow a series of generous though sometimes bewildering tips: hold the right shoulder back, keep the left hip in line, point the right foot outward at the circle's close, and so on.

This camaraderie of the rink links good skaters and duffers together in a free-masonry that is unique in the sporting world, to say nothing of the world at large. And skaters, as they grow older, tend to converge in their interests as dancing becomes the main reason for skating. A person who has learned to spin and jump in his or her teens will usually do a fox-trot or the quickstep after the age of thirty-five. Meanwhile the person who has begun skating at a relatively late age generally catches up with at least some of the medium-difficult dances before old age descends upon his reflexes. This convergence adds to the democracy of a sport that is mistakenly considered snobbish, and it is perhaps the chief reason why a technique which is difficult enough at all levels does not repel the adult beginner before the first exasperatingly slow year of his appenticeship is over.

The Sense for Style

THE most austere of all mental qualities . . . the sense for style . . . is an aesthetic sense, based on admiration for the direct attainment of a foreseen end, simply and without waste. Style in art, style in literature, style in science, style in logic, style in practical execution have fundamentally the same aesthetic qualities, namely attainment and restraint. The love of a subject in itself and for itself, where it is not the sleepy pleasure of pacing a mental quarter-deck, is the love of style as manifested in that study. . . .

Style, in its finest sense, is the last acquirement of the educated mind; it is also the most useful. It pervades the whole being. The administrator with a sense of style hates waste; the engineer with a sense of style economizes his material; the artisan with a sense of style prefers good work. Style is the ultimate morality of mind.

—from *The Aims of Education and Other Essays,* by Alfred North Whitehead, Macmillan, New York, 1929

The Best Bread

A Story by Bentz Plagemann

Illustrated by John Groth

THERE were nine Branwells in their house on a mountain top in the North Carolina Appalachians. It is of Molly, the eldest daughter, that I wish to write, but I find it impossible to see her apart from her family. Indeed, to attempt to do so would be unfair. They stood about her protectively, with an instinct deeper than the mind, such as might prompt creatures of the wood to conceal one stricken of their own. But the comparison may be misleading. They were mountain people, it is true, and unworldly, but they were neither simpler nor more complex than you or I.

When I said to Adam Branwell, the father, for example, that farming on top of a mountain must be difficult, he smiled and said that they liked the view. "And we are safe from the atomic bomb," he added.

He pronounced the word atomic differently than we did. He said atom-ic, not a-tomic. But perhaps that is correct, I reasoned; after all the Branwells had, in their way of speech, a noble precedent. Their people had lived in these mountains since the middle of the seventeenth century. Scholars said it was still possible to trace influences of Elizabethan English in their idiom.

Adam Branwell was a tall, spare man in his fifties. In repose his face had something of that grandeur which life in the wilderness imparts. Lincoln had such a face, and he, like Adam Branwell, was a man easy to caricature. I think it was this quality which prompted our Southern friends to caution us when we went to spend the summer in a cabin deep in the North Carolina hills. The mountain people are kind, a letter told us, and we might persuade them to help us in necessary ways, such as in cutting wood, or the bringing in of supplies, but we must not patronize them, or regard them as lesser people.

We had been surprised at this. Our concern had been that the mountain people might patronize us, or regard us as lesser people, but when our son first saw Mr. Branwell he said, "Oh, a hill-billy." Then we knew what our friends had meant.

We asked Brent, our son, to wait in his judgment. We asked him to be silent and to watch with his eyes, and perhaps he might learn something from Mr. Branwell. He might, if he had any wisdom in his twelve-year-old head, learn to respect him. But we spoke rhetorically, I think now. All of us learned from Mr. Branwell, and our respect gained substance and was translated into human terms, but we had to overcome our own handicap of chewing tobacco and overalls, just as Brent had to learn to see Mr. Branwell outside of the comic book.

Mr. Branwell had shown himself to us first in his most vulnerable light, as if to test our understanding. He came to us almost drunk, with a Mason jar of corn whisky in the pocket of his overalls. It was impossible for him completely to submerge his instinctively good manners and he waited until my wife

had left the room to put the boy to bed before he offered me a drink. "It is mountain dew," he said with a wink.

I asked him to wait until she returned. "She needs a drink," I said. "We traveled far today. And she has never tasted mountain dew either."

I admit I was rather concerned about his visit. It was dark and we were alone in a strange land with only the light of the kerosene lamps and the burning log in the fireplace to show us the outline of Mr. Branwell, tall and uncouth in his overalls, his black hat at his feet, his tobacco stained teeth revealed in a smile.

But my wife was not alarmed. With her when she came back into the room she brought some woman's magic, and all at once we were not strangers before a fire, but a man and his wife in a new home to which a neighbor had come to call and welcome. We drank some of the liquor he had brought us, in kitchen glasses, and when our eyes smarted at its potency, Mr. Branwell rose to demonstrate it further. On the hearthstone of our borrowed cabin he poured a small amount and put a match to it. Limpid blue flames danced above its surface. Afterward we said it was then Mr. Branwell had dedicated our cabin. He had made it our home.

And then he talked.

"I take the Charlotte *Observer* because it has the best foreign news," he said.

And, "Bear fat makes the best bread. Ma always used bear grease when she baked."

He said, "Dewey is not politician enough to be in the White House. Even a good man has to be a politician to be President."

And, "You must learn to know the touch-me-not which grows along the branches. You put the leaves in sweet milk and pour it down the dog's throat when a rattler strikes him."

And finally, "On our mountain we raise everything we need but baking soda and flour. We are safe from the atom-ic bomb."

IT RAINED all that night. It had rained all the day before, the day we arrived, and on the following morning the trout stream which tumbled by our door rose high enough to carry away our foot-bridge with a noise like a tree falling. We were halfway up the mountain on which the Branwells lived, and our car was on the other side of the stream.

"We wanted to be isolated," I said as we stood on the front porch watching the rain, watching the distant mountains dissolve and reappear, like a series of Japanese prints in which almost nothing can be seen but mist.

Suddenly there was a hallo on the steep narrow path which led down to us from the Branwells and while we watched a row of figures emerged in single file from the rhododendron. First was Mr. Branwell. After him came a girl of about seventeen, after her three small children. Each carried something in his hands, and a dog brought up the rear, like a guard.

They came to the porch and put their burdens down. They had brought us two freshly-killed dressed broilers, a gallon of fresh milk, a pound of newly-churned butter, corn, string beans, squash, onions.

"It will help you until you get to the store," Mr. Branwell said. "When the rain stops I will bring down Prince, my horse, and pull the foot-log back across the branch."

Gratitude is difficult. Particularly if it is felt deeply in the heart. And we were baffled, remembering our friend's letter. Were we to pay for these things? Sometimes the only way is to ask. And so while we sat together on the porch, echoing our thanks, I did just that. "Can we pay you for this?" I asked, hesitating over the words.

Their composure banished our indecision. "We brought these things to you," the girl said. "But you can buy things from us after this, if you like."

In the conversation that followed we learned to identify our callers. The young girl was Mary, youngest daughter of the family, unmarried; the children were those of her sisters. The small girl with the lovely pensive face, wearing a Kate Greenaway pinafore, and a Kate Greenaway expression, was the daughter and only child of one sister, Martha. The two boys Henry and "Tiny" were the sons of another daughter, Molly.

And then there was the dog. I did not recognize his breed. He had thick hair, gray and curly, and a blunt muzzle and dark eyes. In the shy silence of the front porch I sought him as a topic of conversation and I noticed that as he lay with his eyes open his legs twitched, and every now and then a strong tremor passed through his body. "Is he ill?" I asked. "Why does he tremble?"

"He is a psycho-neurotic dog," Mr. Branwell said.

I thought I had not heard him correctly and I looked at him with a expression of bewilderment.

"He is from the veterans' hospital," Mr. Branwell said.

I said, "Oh," as if I were thoroughly familiar with psycho-neurotic dogs from veterans' hospitals, but the bewilderment must have remained in my face because Mr. Branwell explained further.

"The hospital is five miles over the hills," he said. "Bully—we call the dog Bully—came over one time with some friends of Molly's husband, and since then he comes to see us every once in a while. He was mascot for a group of flyers. He doesn't speak English."

"He doesn't?" I asked.

"At first we thought he was deaf," Mr. Branwell said, "but then afterwards we realized he was a foreign dog and didn't speak our language.

"Molly's husband was killed in the war," Mr. Branwell added.

There is nothing to say to that, and we said nothing.

"These are his sons," Mr. Branwell explained. "He was killed near Luxembourg, and he never saw Tiny here. Tiny's a mean one."

From his tone and the expression on his face I gathered that the word was spoken in affection, with a different meaning from the one we applied to it. Tiny had found the rocking chair on our porch and with feet extended he was now busily occupied in rocking back and forth as violently as he could. He smiled broadly, showing pink gums and white, little-boy's teeth, but in that smile you could see the man that he would be, and the man that his father was.

"He calls me Pa," Mr. Branwell said. "He's a mean one. He gets mad, just like that. Sometimes you don't even know why. And then he goes into the parlor and sits in his rocking chair and rocks. It's an old chair and we were going to throw it out, but Ma says it's his chair now and he can have it."

Tiny smiled. On the floor Bully twitched again and Mr. Branwell leaned over and ran his gnarled hand softly over the uneasy haunches. "I could pet him to death," he said, without looking up.

WHILE the stream was high, Thomas Branwell came down to fish for trout. He looked like his father, and he dressed like him in overalls, and in his pocket along with his can of fishing worms he carried a plug of chewing tobacco. He was twenty-five, and he was a little boy.

"You don't need to worry about Tommy," Mr. Branwell had told us, as something of an afterthought, when they had started back up the hill the day before. "He was sick when he was little. They say it was meningitis, and his mind never grew up after that. But he's a good boy. He won't hurt nobody."

Our son found that out for himself. We had forgotten to tell him about Tommy, and he had not heard about him because he had gone from the porch before the Branwells left to bulwark the dam he was building in the stream. And when Tommy came down to fish we found them together, sitting back on their heels, like Rousseau's noble savages. Tommy fished and Brent watched.

"Like to fish?" I asked Tommy.

"Yep."

"Catch anything?"

"Nope."



After that the conversation died. It might have been easier to make a further attempt if Tommy hadn't turned to look at me every time I spoke. His eyes were mild and clear and incredibly blue, but they were intimidating because they were so pure. I had once seen a deer with eyes like that. He had been born and raised in a game preserve and he had never heard the hunter's gun.

("I like Tommy," my son said later. "He's fun to be with. He always smiles.")



Tommy's fishing technique was something to watch. He carried his worms in a Prince Albert tobacco can in his rear overall pocket. He would pull his empty hook from the water, shake his head, reach for the tobacco can, extract a worm, and then he would hang it over the hook until he had achieved a nice balance. Back into the stream went the line. In a moment he would pull out the empty hook again, shake his head, reach for the tobacco can, etc. In this sort of friendly fishing, in which neither worm nor fish are disturbed, there is, eventually, an end to the worms, and when he had reached this, Tommy threw away his tobacco can, searched for flat stones where he sat, and practiced skipping them in the water. He skipped one stone nine times before it reached the opposite bank. Brent was rightly impressed.

"Tommy's a good boy," the voice of Mr. Branwell said behind me. I had been so interested I had not heard him approach. He had come with Prince, to pull the foot-log back from the side of the stream where the current had left it. The great, lumbering work horse looked odd in the forest, for no reason that I could explain. He looked as if he had been placed there by Picasso, in a *collage*, perhaps, to achieve a disturbing sense of juxtaposition.

But no one else thought it strange. Tommy arose to help, and he was a good assistant who spoke little and cheerfully obeyed instructions. They worked slowly and well, Mr. Branwell, Tommy, and Prince, entertaining us with a running conversation.

"Tommy won't drink beer no more," Mr. Branwell said, laughing.

"Nope," Tommy said, emphatically shaking his head, bracing the log which Prince would pull across the stream.

"I had him in town," Mr. Branwell said, "and before I knew what was happening—I was talking with neighbors, you know—they had bought him three glasses of beer. Had to hold his head while he threw up. Old lady gave me hell when I brought him home. 'Getting our son drunk,' she said. Tommy wants no more beer."

"Nope," Tommy said, smiling, shaking his head.

Mr. Branwell smiled too, and suddenly I saw him in the round, as now and again we are privileged to see another man, by some sense generally submerged. In his smile as he looked at his son was the same protective kindness which I had seen when he looked at Bully the dog, and at Tiny his fatherless grandson. It was there also when he looked at me where I stood by the stream, leaning on my son and my cane, unable, because of my war-time injury, to help.

WHEN the bridge was up the world was ours again, and we went on Sunday to have dinner with the Branwells. We had to drive down through old stream beds to do it, and around the base of the mountain, and start up from the bottom on the other side where the Branwells had their road. After we reached the top I realized that my neck was so stiff from strain that I could scarcely turn it, but I had never driven up a dirt road which circled a mountain, so that at every turn there was nothing ahead of the car but space. Stones rattled away under the tires and sometimes the car skittered nerv-

ously over loose gravel. It was a road on which you dared not hestitate and could not turn back and you had a curious sense that the normal landscape had unaccountably tilted up, because you passed cows grazing in perpendicular pastures, and corn growing in neat rows at a forty-five degree angle.

At last we came to a clearing near the top, and there was the Branwell house, rising up on a stone base, with a tin roof slanting down over dark-stained batten board. The scene was like a diorama in a museum, cunningly contrived to operate with hidden wheels. Chickens ran helter-skelter from the car, dogs barked, and from his pen the pig groaned. Wood smoke arose lazily from the chimney, ascending upward into limitless space, and all around as far as the eye could see stretched the mountains as God had made them.

The Branwells came to meet us. Mr. Branwell, deliberately, and Tiny, running, the other children in shy eagerness. Mrs. Branwell stood framed in her doorway with her hands folded in her apron.

There is a woman like her in every family, preserved in memory, perhaps, or in a dim daguerreotype. She had a mother's face, and when afterward I had studied it long enough at discreet intervals I knew what brought my eyes back to it. It was a round face, and soft; there were no lines in it yet, but the eyes held, like a mirror, the hope and sadness and questioning of life. They were quiet, and they were so innocent that one knew the end of the world was a long way off, but there was no resignation in them. No challenge, either; an acceptance, and a belief that someday still the answer to everything might be made known to her.

"I declare," she said, "I meant to come to see you long before this. But it seems like I'm so busy now, what with beans to can, and tomatoes, and the cows to be milked every day."

We went into the living room and sat down. We met Martha, the little girl's mother, whose husband was gone away somewhere, and Molly, the girl whose husband had been killed in the war. Everyone was rather quiet, from shyness we thought; not until after dinner did we understand what presence lay in the room.

We had, as Mrs. Branwell explained, a simple country dinner. There was sausage, homemade, and meat loaf, and a large platter of fried chicken. There was macaroni baked with cheese, and mashed potatoes, and hot biscuits. There were garden beans, and sliced tomatoes, and corn on the cob, pickled cucumbers, and fried okra. There was cake and there was pie, and there were pitchers of milk for those who did not like coffee, and for any unfilled corners there was homemade jelly to eat with fresh bread.

Afterward, when we had managed to get back into the parlor, Mrs. Branwell told us what occupied their minds. Molly was not in the room; she had gone into the kitchen to wash the dishes, and with a glance in that direction to make certain that she would not be overheard, Mrs. Branwell told us they had received word that Molly's husband's body had been sent back from overseas. It was, in fact, in New York City, and it was now only a matter of days before it would arrive in North Carolina.

Mr. Branwell shook his head. When he spoke we could tell from the expression of his voice that he was repeating an opinion which he had stated often before. "It is a mistake," he said. "The boy should lie where he fell. And how will we know it is his body in that sealed coffin? How will we know there is anything in it at all?"

I HASTENED to report that from my own past observation I knew that the graves registration corps was one of the most efficient and conscientious units of the army. "You may be assured it is he," I said, with all the emphasis I could muster.

Mr. Branwell still shook his head. "It isn't good," he said; "It stirs up old feelings."

Here Mrs. Branwell spoke up. "Tiny," she said, pointing to the small, smiling figure, even now rocking violently in his own chair, his sturdy little legs stuck out in front of him, "was born on one day, and the telegram came the next."

"Had I been there," Mr. Branwell said firmly, "she would not have had the telegram. They brought it to her in the hospital."

"They said it was orders," Mrs. Branwell said mildly, the look of innocent questioning even stronger in her eyes. "They said it had to be delivered in person." She paused. "Molly hasn't had a well day since," she said.

"And she wanted her husband brought home?" I asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Branwell said. "It was her wish."

Molly came into the room at this moment and she heard what we were talking about. "We have to be ready," she said. "He may be here any day. We have to go to the cemetery."

I spoke then rather tactlessly the question that was in my mind. "Why did you want him brought home?" I asked.

"For the boys," she said, without hesitation. "The oldest doesn't remember him, and Tiny never saw him. When they are grown up I can take them to the cemetery and I can say to them, there is your father."

As I met her clear eyes I reversed my conviction about such things. "Yes," I said, "I think he would like to be brought home. I think he would like to lie here in the hills he had always known."

BEFORE we left their house I said to Molly and her mother, in the conventional, helpless way one says such things, that if there was anything we might do to help them they must not hesitate to call upon us. When such a thing is said among the people I have always known it is generally accepted in the manner of its delivery, as a sort of coinage of kindness. But the next morning Mary Branwell came down the mountain with a message from her mother. Since I had been good enough to offer my services, would I drive them to the cemetery so they might clear a place for his grave?

I would indeed. I would feel honored to do so. It touched me to be taken into their lives, for there were others in the hills with cars or wagons, kin, or neighbors long known. I drove, at the appointed time, down through the stream beds and around the base of the mountain, but when I came to the perilous road they were waiting for me at the bottom. They had walked all the way down in the hot sun because they sensed my uneasiness about it.

Mrs. Branwell and Molly wore bright-printed house dresses. Mrs. Branwell carried, with a smile, an old hat of her husband's, to protect her from the sun. In his hand, Mr. Branwell carried the tools. He had brought a hand scythe and a hedge clippers and we put these in the back of the car.

It was a bright day and we drove back into the mountains with an unaccountable feeling of holiday. The cemetery lay some ten miles distant, away from the highway, where the older people had lived. It seemed, as we drove, not so much a passage of miles as a journey backward into time. The Branwells pointed out to each other with delight certain familiar landmarks. Aunt Jessie had lived there, for example, and down that road old Mr. Cooney used to walk in the evening on his cane, to catch a breath of air and talk with the neighbors at the store.

The houses here were more as I had imagined the houses of hill people would be like. They had an endearing sense of familiarity about them, with their verandahs supported by thin poles, the stone spring-houses covered with creepers, the pink mimosa and lilac and myrtle in the yards. They struck a responsive chord in the memory as if always in dreams one had been a child here in a world firmly defined by staunch elders, a world which would always exist unchanged here in the valleys, away from the paved roads, and the soft-drink signs, and the tremulous uncertainty of time.

At length we came to the cemetery. The road into it was impassable, rains having deepened the heavy indentures of hearse wheels, so we took to the open pasture and drove across it toward the grove of dark pines before which the tilted grave markers were discernible in a tangle of briars and weeds.

When we drove as near as we could approach we got out of the car, Mr. Branwell carrying the clearing tools, and made our way into the tangle among the stones. Only a few of these grave markers had been cut; what I had taken for stones whose legends had been obliterated by time had never been anything else, I was told, but rude markers, and now that the men who had placed them were dead, and those who had been present when it was done were gone, no one knew who lay beneath. It was true that here and there were conventional monuments from the stone-cutter's yard, bearing names and dates, and sometimes a few words. The stone on the grave of Mrs. Branwell's mother, for example, explained sorrowfully that "the joy of our home has left us." But

I was not to be deceived into thinking that where she lay was new burial ground.

"Every time they dig a grave here," Mrs. Branwell said, "they uncover others."

This bothered them; they did not like to disturb the rest of the dead, but one was buried here where one's fathers had been buried, and if an early grave was uncovered inadvertently, then it was reverently closed and another spot chosen nearby. "No one knows who all these dead are," Mrs. Branwell said, "although we think that some are Indians who were friends of the early people."

We were standing, as we talked, at the edge of the Branwell plot; our job was to choose the spot where Molly's husband would lie, and clear that, and mark it with a stake, which Mr. Branwell now cut from a nearby tree, and then old friends would come in and dig and make it ready.

"We'd better clear a path, too," Mrs. Branwell said, "because the Legion Post is going to send some boys with a bugle, and there will be both families, too, to stand here."

They set to work. Mr. Branwell wielded the scythe, and Mrs. Branwell, her husband's old hat on her head, went to work with the clippers to clear away the vines and brambles which would slip away from the scythe's blade. They were clearing generally at first and Molly stood at the edge of the plot to watch them. "Here is old Mr. Lampion and his little colored boy," Mrs. Branwell said, pointing with the clippers. "We must not dig here, and over there by Mama are eight graves, but there is room there, anyway, Molly, if you want him to be near the family."

I turned my head away. Some family moments are too intimate for the presence of a stranger, and although they seemed to have forgotten me, temporarily, I wished that I might have been anywhere else but where I was. I turned toward the pine grove which fell away behind the cemetery, cool and silent, so closely grown that the trees branched only at some height, and looked at the distant mountains through the tall, dark trunks.

Molly's voice was clear and light when she answered. It jarred oddly on the ears, as the cry of a child in the night does, or the voice of delirium in the sick room. "I want him over in that corner," she said. "I want him all to myself, so that I can do anything I want with the grave."

When they had cleared the corner spot and marked it with the stake, and cleared about it a place for the mourners to stand, we returned to the car and drove away, out of the past and of memory, into the present. The sun was very hot now and beside me Mr. Branwell wiped the moisture of his exertion from his face and Mrs. Branwell fanned herself with the old hat, where she sat in the back seat beside Molly. We talked a little, quietly, as people do when not to talk is a dangerous thing.

When we reached the foot of the mountain they would not allow me to drive them up, even though I insisted. "We will bring the cows in on the way," Mrs. Branwell said.

They thanked me, almost too much, I thought. For some reason I could not understand I was almost offended by their gratitude. "Say that I did it for him," I said. And then I drove away with the feeling one sometimes has that the episode was incomplete, that none of us had been able to conclude it with a remark that might have given it meaning.

I went on to our house thoughtfully, hoping that in conversation with my wife I might resolve this feeling and give the day shape. She was in the kitchen, cooking our supper at the wood range, but while we talked Brent came in to say that Mr. Branwell was on the front porch. "He wants to see you," he said.

There was a gravity in Brent's manner which suggested that if he did not prepare me for it I might not arise to the demands of special occasion. I went to the door and found Mr. Branwell sitting heavily on the front steps of the porch.

I was relieved to see that he had a Mason jar of mountain dew with him and I took a drink gratefully. We sat together for a while in silence. I wondered, not at the solemnity of his manner, which I could well understand, but rather what had brought him down the mountain so soon after seeing him.

Then he said, "They don't like me to drink," and I began to understand a little.

"Who doesn't like you to drink?" I asked.

"My wife, the girls," he said. He was already a little drunk. But then it is very easy to get drunk in the sunlight at that altitude, especially on mountain dew. "They say it isn't Christian," he said.

"They do?" I asked. And it occurred to me how I might come to his defense, or offer him a defense for his own use. I felt it was very clever of me. "In the Bible," I said, "Jesus turned water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana. And wine of the very best quality, too."

MR. BRANWELL shook his head. It was evident he had been presented with this defense before, or tried it himself. "That was only wine," he said. "It says nothing in the Bible about strong spirits."

We sat in silence a while longer. I sensed then that Mr. Branwell had come not only to share his drink with me, but also, and even though I was alien to him in many ways, because I was a man, and there are times when a man wants to be with another man, especially if he spends his life with women and children, and a grown son who is only a boy.

"It isn't that I'm not a religious man," he said at length, his thoughts traveling some path opened to him by the liquor. "I believe in God. But this preacher, now, at the church where the women go. I've known him all my life. He was a mean one when he was young. He's got more than one bastard in this county. And then he was saved, you know. He didn't go to a school where you learn how to be a preacher. He just had the call. But when I go to be talked to about God, I feel that I ought to go to a man wiser than myself."

As I turned to look at him, seeing the unmasked mortality in his eyes, I knew all at once why the gratitude of Molly and her mother had troubled me. It was because I felt they did not know where their true indebtedness lay; that familiarity had blinded them to the magnitude of this man. They did not seem to realize that only he stood between them, between Tommy, and Molly, and her fatherless sons, and the world.

But I could not say this; I could not even say what the mountain dew prompted me to say, that perhaps a man wiser than himself would be difficult to find. Something other than natural reticence held me back, however, some subconscious feeling that in a world where so few men fulfill themselves he must have his own reward. He did not need my statement of his stature, or my defense.

"Sometimes we can only help ourselves," he said, drinking again from the Mason jar and wiping his mouth on his sleeve. "Like Molly, for instance. It will take time. But I will bring her out of her darkness."



G. W. T. W.

George R. Clark

RECENTLY in New York a visiting London publisher, who is also the editor of a literary magazine, posed a question to an equally literary American editor over a drink in the Oak Room of the Plaza. They had been discussing the state of American fiction and had come to the conclusion, as people who discuss the state of writing in the Plaza commonly do, that in all probability nothing of permanent value has been produced by American writers in the past quarter of a century. The Londoner's question was this: "What book, then," he asked, "do you think has the greatest chance of survival?" And the answer, which seemed to satisfy them both, was: "Why, *Gone with the Wind,* of course."

This kind of prediction from these particular people prompted us to a little research. We knew, as everyone else knows, that Margaret Mitchell's novel is one of the phenomena of publishing history, but the dimensions of the phenomenon far exceeded our expectations. Here is what we have found out.

So far as survival goes, it would take years merely to destroy the existing copies of *Gone with the Wind,* even if some evil genius were to order them methodically stoked into a furnace; since the book was first published by the Macmillan Company in the summer of 1936 more than three million eight hundred thousand have been printed in America alone. Unquestionably many copies in foreign languages were destroyed during the war, by intention as well as by accident, for the book was banned wherever the occupying forces of the Nazis established themselves. But even so our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren are likely to find a good many copies of *G.W.T.W.* lying around in the quaint bindings of the second quarter of the twentieth century.

The flood has not yet abated. Copies go right on selling in America at the rate of more than fifty thousand a year. But the story of the sales here, tremendous as they have been, is less surprising than the sales figures from foreign countries. Miss Mitchell, to whom the editors of *Harper's* addressed a question about the foreign sales, has explained them in a letter which we quote at length:

> . . . Miss Baugh, my secretary, and I have been digging up the information for you. Once a year we bring the foreign accounts up to date and it generally takes us two weeks to do it, for it means reading and rereading of correspondence and sales reports, which are generally meticulously rendered but, alas, sometimes in languages beyond our abilities to translate. Now I have the foreign report ready to send you. I am going to render it country by country.
>
> I do not have reports from some countries since 1940, and I think you will understand why; from other countries no reports later than 1946, and I know you will understand that too. *Gone with the Wind* had a remarkable record (at least publishers assure me so) in Europe before the war. Since the war publishers have been hampered by paper shortages and in some countries a complete lack of binding material. They write me, however, that the demand is now greater than before the war, because almost every country in Europe knows what it means to be occupied by an enemy or besieged by an enemy. . . . I never really added up, either on paper or in my own mind, what the sales were in Europe. When I read them, it does take my breath away and makes me feel humbler than you can imagine.
>
> Here follow the sales reports from abroad:
>
> Brazil (through June 1948)..... 25,785
> Chile (through June 1948)..... 61,171
> Belgium (in French)
> (through Dec. '47)..... 20,000
> Belgium (in Flemish) (1945)..... 7,000
> Bulgaria (through March 1945).... 8,000

Czechoslovakia (in Czech) (through '48)	84,000
Czechoslovakia (in Slovak) (Aug.-Nov. '47)	5,000
Denmark (through 1948)	90,000
Finland (through April 1948)	50,600
France (through Feb. 1948)	172,641

In March my French publisher put on sale an edition of 80,000 copies, to be followed by another edition of 50,000. He wrote that he already had a guaranteed sale of three-fourths of the 80,000 edition.

Germany (through 1948)	368,629
Holland (through June 1948)	48,549
Hungary (through Feb. 1947)	56,902
Italy (through June 1948)	81,132
Latvia (through 1939)	2,453
Norway (through 1947)	47,356
Rumania (through March 1947)	20,000
Spain (through 1947)	25,047
Sweden (through 1947)	67,363
Yugoslavia (through March 1948)	4,665
Poland* (through May 1947)	5,500
China**	
Japan***	
Palestine	

I have had no report from the Hebrew edition in Palestine, which should have come on the market about the time the bad trouble broke out there.

England	716,048
Total	1,967,841

* Poland: No report on the prewar edition, as the publisher was liquidated. The firm which took over the unsold stock was bombed out and their records lost, and the present publisher has not yet reported. I understand from letters from Polish refugees, newspaper correspondents, etc. that *Gone with the Wind* was popular during the occupation, when it was banned by the occupation authorities, as it was in other occupied countries. I will never know how many copies were published clandestinely in Poland, or in other countries, by the Underground or the forces of the Resistance, for they used *Gone with the Wind* for "morale-building purposes." These figures on Poland are fragmentary.

** China: I can give you no figures on the Chinese editions. There were two of them, one in Chinese and one in English, both pirated. . . . (I am always interested to see how different nationalities endow my photograph and their pictures of Scarlett with their own national characteristics. I must say I was a bit startled when I saw my photograph in the Chinese edition. In order to make me attractive to their readers, they had painted out all age and character from my face, leaving it a smooth blank. They had slanted my eyes just a little and given me a dainty little rosebud mouth. There was a long introduction which I finally managed to get translated by a returned missionary. I am sure you can understand why my family has never let me forget the following part of the introduction: "Miss Mitchell is pure, benevolent, filial, and obedient to her husband."

*** Japan: I can give you no figures either on the Japanese edition, or I should say "editions," for I was informed that a number of publishers brought out translations before the war. I cannot call the Japanese editions pirated, and will tactfully call them "unauthorized by me." The United States-Japan Treaty of 1907 gave to the Japanese the right to translate and publish, free of charge and without royalties to author or copyright owner, any written works of American citizens. I was informed by Far Eastern newspaper correspondents, returned missionaries, prisoners of war, etc., that *Gone with the Wind* had sold "in the hundreds of thousands" in Japan.

The book has appeared as a serial in Argentina, Cuba, Denmark, France, Greece, Mexico, Sweden, and Uruguay.

Miss Mitchell does not, herself, know how many editions there have been in America, but there have been, in addition to the early "trade" editions, movie editions illustrated with technicolor stills, a two-column 89¢ edition, fancily boxed two-volume sets, and "gray-backed editions and red ones and blue ones." The novel has been printed in Braille and recorded on Talking Book records for the blind. Miss Mitchell recently gave permission for recordings to be made in France, also for the blind.

Best-seller statistics are among the most confusing in existence, what with the number of publishers who are likely to exploit any popular work in different editions, and the difficulty of collecting foreign sales figures; but on the basis of the data given above, it seems likely that if *Gone with the Wind* (which has already passed *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to become the best-selling American novel) is not by now the best-selling book in history—barring perhaps the Bible—it is on its way to that distinction.

After Hours

WHAT happens when you make a movie on a shoestring, with a 16-mm camera? You cut and edit the picture on the sixth floor of a sixth Avenue tenement, and you put the director to work cleaning film because there are only five of you. You send it away to be developed and parts of it come back spoiled—reels you had to travel ninety miles to make, waiting for the right weather and for your cast of juvenile delinquents to behave themselves. Finally, after two years of work, you have a battered copy, with a sound track that makes you ashamed, and you send it to Edinburgh for the Film Festival, hoping for the best. Then the storm breaks.

The afternoon I called at the new office of Film Documents, Inc., whose story this is, the storm was still going strong. The phone rang fairly constantly while I was there, and as Bill Levitt, the associate producer, returned from one call he said, "That was the Johnston office. They've seen our picture, and they say it shows what the movies can really do—what the industry can do. How do you like that?" Janice Loeb, the producer, a red-head to whose person the use of the word *petite* might well be reserved, had been slumped in an armchair trying to explain how it felt to have an unexpected success on your hands. In another corner of this bare room in the top of Miss Loeb's house in the East Seventies, Bill Levitt's sister Helen, a photographer who has exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art, had been silently cutting and splicing film. As though on a signal at Mr. Levitt's remark, they all laughed briefly and bitterly, brought up short with—I thought—the realization that this after all was the big time.

The big time has come upon them suddenly. Their film was shown four times at Edinburgh, and Basil Wright, whose opinion matters, came on the BBC to say that the surprises of the Festival had been two American films, "Louisiana Story" and their own, but that theirs was the more important. It is called "The Quiet One." It cost less than $30,000 to make. At this point the members of Film Documents might have fallen back on the assurance of an artistic success, but there was more to come. A screening was arranged at the Modern Museum, and Edward Steichen, whose opinion also matters, said that it was "one of the great films." Then a man named Joseph Burstyn, whose opinion may not be quoted in the ads but who distributes movies for his living, told Film Documents that he wanted to push the film commercially, enlarged to 35-mm. They were sure then that the exhibitors would never touch it, but the next thing they knew the Little Carnegie in New York had contracted to run "The Quiet One," beginning in the latter part of January. "We thought there wasn't a thing in it," said Bill Levitt, still a little dazed, "and we ended up in the best theater in town."

If thirty thousand dollars doesn't sound to you exactly like a shoestring, remember that it is roughly what it costs in Hollywood to set up a camera and *get ready* to take a single scene. It represents the cost of film and equipment, and union-scale pay for the members of the company, for two years; but it also represents a devotion to the film that broke down the subdivision of labor and brought them all into the act. Most of the indoor photography was done by Richard Bagley, an army combat photographer from the Pacific, and the "documentary" photography, by Helen Levitt and Janice Loeb. They all pitched in on the editing. Sidney Meyers, the film's director, played one of the parts and carried cans of film with the rest. "Everything we did was improvised," Bill

Levitt said. "I'm even in it." Mr. Levitt, like several of the others, has worked on films for many years. "We've all done the conventional stuff, but we wanted *not* to do it—not to do what we have been doing all our lives." This was their first picture together. It had to be good, and it is.

"When I watch them playing," James Agee's background commentary begins, "they seem like ordinary children." This is the Wiltwyck School for Boys, in Esopus, New York, an inter-racial and non-sectarian school for delinquent and neglected children between the ages of eight and twelve, at which age they may become "eligible" for the state farms. Since there are very few inter-racial schools open within these age-limits, Wiltwyck gets many Negro boys; and it is one of them, Donald, who is "the Quiet One." Donald is the actual name of the boy, not himself a member of the school, who played the part. They tried many other names, but "Donald" seems to be mysteriously congenial to the young male in trouble. Donald's trouble, and the ways in which Wiltwyck tried to help him, are all that the film is about. It is not a case-history but a combination of many. "There were other better ones," Bill Levitt said, "but we didn't want the usual cop-and-courtroom scenes, and we didn't want to make any special plea. We've discovered—and this was our fondest hope—that many people who talk about Donald have forgotten that he's a Negro. That's what we wanted—for it to be a story about any child."

"If only," I said to Mr. Levitt, "the same could be done for that word 'documentary!' " He nodded his approval. Much of "The Quiet One" takes place in Harlem, and much of the impact of the film comes from the city landscape and the way of living that crowds in front of the camera wherever it looks. Why should so restrictive a word be applied to the technique that turns the camera loose? The skills that make an experience of "The Quiet One" are not the secrets of highly-paid technicians but the sensitivity and understanding of—without implying lack of skill—amateurs. Perhaps the highest compliment paid to the film came at an advance showing to the Parent-Teachers Association of the neighborhood in which it was made. Mr. Levitt asked some members of the audience why they had laughed so much at a sequence in which Donald's grandmother feeds him peanut butter and bread just after beating him with a bundle of electric cord. They said, "Why, that's just the way it is." If the gray tenements and alleys that make the film so pictorially alive were only a landscape on the moon, "The Quiet One" could be praised in the abstract just for being lovely. But this is the way it is, and there is something to be said, said best of all by Mr. Agee's text at the end, as the night drops around the black buildings. We are asked to do something about Donald ". . . lest the generations of those maimed in childhood, each making the next in its own image, create upon the darkness, like mirrors locked face to face, an infinite corridor of despair." Mr. Agee, once a poet and since then a excellent movie critic, should write more often for films like this one.

Film Documents, Inc., wants to make more like "The Quiet One"—"somewhere in the middle between Hollywood and the usual documentary." They are off to a good start, though this is unfamiliar ground and new problems follow each success. I had assumed myself that independent documentary films had little future except as a neutral agent at the service of clients who could pay for them. Perhaps not, though it is hard to say where the audience will come from to make them commercially feasible. One of the questions that Bill Levitt has found it most difficult to answer is on this same theme—"What audience did you make this film for?" He says that his only possible answer seems to make the questioner angry, but I pass it along as the answer to many other questions besides. "We tell them," he said, "the only thing we can tell them, that we made it for *people*. If they aren't satisfied with that, we sometimes say 'for people like ourselves,' but that seems to make them madder still."

Woof

HOWARD TEICHMANN, the author and producer of a radio program called "Theater U.S.A." said to his wife at a rehearsal of the show recently, "Don't you know it's the twilight of radio?" Before radio's sun sets entirely, leaving the world to darkness, to television, and to me, I thought I would like to witness what goes on during the conception, gestation, and

finally the birth of a successful radio production. It's an exhausting experience. Birth, as always, takes place in an atmosphere of tension . . . .

"Give me a woof at twenty-six and a half," said Mr. Blair, the production man, looking at his wristwatch. A few seconds' pause.

"Woof," said Mr. O'Leary, the engineer.

This was three and a half minutes before "Theater U.S.A." went on the air on the evening of December eighth. John Houseman, who, you will remember, was the director of the calamitous Orson Welles broadcast about the Martians, sat in his shirtsleeves in the control booth at one side of the stage of what was once the 48th Street Theater and is now the ABC Playhouse. The stage curtain was down, the twenty-odd musicians ("short-haired long-hairs") had finished warming up by running through a fast number called "Trombone-ology"; Nate Kroll, the musical director, was perched on a high stool clutching a baton; Connie Ernst, representing the American National Theater and Academy, stood in the wings at the far side of the stage with the stars of the show lined up behind her; Ralph Bellamy, the master of ceremonies, waiting at his microphone, muttered his lines to himself; and the announcer, Mr. Sweeney, was out front warming up the audience.

"I assume you want the usual laughter and burst of applause," he said to Mr. Blair before he stepped through the curtain. We in the control booth could hear, happily muffled, laughter and applause of the variety peculiar to people who attend radio broadcasts.

A couple of minutes earlier, the sound man had stuck his head in. "There weren't any changes in the script that affect me, were there?" Mr. Houseman reassured him, and he took his place just outside the booth by a table with a drawer in it and a small blue door mounted in a frame. On top of the table was a red plush jewel box which contained a pair of orange dice and some wood screws. They rattled satisfactorily when he put them in the drawer.

"Curtain man ready," Houseman was now all concentration and intensity. "Stand by . . . Curtain!" He pointed at the orchestra leader as though he were throwing his forefinger onto the stage; the theme song started. This was "air time."

THEATER U.S.A., as millions of radio listeners know, is a Thursday evening variety show sponsored by the U. S. Army and Air Force Recruiting Service and produced by the American National Theater and Academy. By some magic that I do not understand this half-hour of opera singers, comedians, jazz artists, and a scene from a current Broadway play induces young men to take up soldiering as a career. The answer is probably quite simple: if enough people can be got to listen, a certain number of them are ready to topple, and a push from radio sends them scuttling off to their local recruiting stations. By the nature of its material (stars, stars, stars), the skill with which it is written and produced by Mr. Teichmann, and the pace and freshness endowed upon it by the affable but intense Mr. Houseman, who was director the night I was there, it is bound to be listened to by a great many people.

Aside from the elaborate arrangements that must be made to get the personnel of the show lined up, it takes about six hours of occasionally interrupted rehearsals to get it ready for broadcasting. When I arrived at three, five members of the cast of a play about a New England girls' school, "The Young and Fair," were reading their lines into two microphones, the members of the orchestra were beginning to assemble, and Ralph Bellamy sat slumped down in an orchestra seat. Houseman's voice occasionally interrupted the actors. "Give a little more to that *no*, Frances," or "You're just a little off mike, Dru," or "Connie, has Miss Stevens arrived yet?"

The girls worked hard, especially a redhead named Julie Harris, a extraordinarily talented young actress who, being unused to radio, gave her lines the full treatment with gestures and an intensity that prompted Mr. Kroll, the conductor, to remark to me, "I wish some *radio* actors could see that kid work."

Connie Ernst, who seemed to be everywhere in her brown velvet skirt and yellow blouse, reported, "We've got Georgie Price locked in a room going over his part all by himself." A few minutes later he appeared on the stage looking like a stockbroker, which in fact he is, and after assuring the gentlemen of the orchestra that he hoped they would like

his number, he started through an elaborate parody on the Figaro aria from what he called "The Barber of Schlemiel." The gentlemen of the orchestra seemed to like it.

Just as he finished, Rise Stevens, the mezzo from the Metropolitan, arrived in a mink coat, shook hands amiably with everybody, sang through the "Seguidilla" from "Carmen" twice. "Lovely," said Mr. Houseman's voice from the booth. "You'd better stand back a little," Mr. Teichmann said, "when you hit the high notes all stations the other side of Des Moines will go off the air." Miss Stevens laughed. "Be back at seven ten, please," Mr. Houseman's voice said. "Better make it seven o'clock," Miss Ernst corrected. Miss Stevens put on her mink and was off. "She's a real performer," Miss Ernst whispered to me. "Gets here when she's supposed to, runs through her number a couple of times, then leaves; no funny business."

Then Tommy Dorsey arrived in a polo coat, accompanied by a young man carrying a handsome leather case which contained a handsome but slightly beat-up trombone. It seemed that most of the boys in the orchestra were old friends of his. He blew into his horn a couple of times, and then was off effortlessly through an elaborate virtuoso piece that he had written for himself, with the long-hairs who had just played "Carmen" for Miss Stevens ramping along like first-rate short-hairs. The young man handed Mr. Dorsey his polo coat and they disappeared.

Stevens and Dorsey had been timed and their numbers couldn't be cut anyway, so they didn't have to appear for the dress rehearsal. Everyone else did. By this time the girls from "The Young and Fair" had on make-up (for the evening performance of "The Young and Fair"); the orchestra knew all its innuendoes, and the only thing missing was the name of next week's comedian; Miss Ernst had been trying desperately to get Bert Lahr on the phone. A sergeant-photographer from the Air Force flashed his camera at everybody he thought was important. Mr. Houseman threw his forefinger at one after another of the cast to cue them. Mr. Blair marked the times on his script. Mr. O'Leary clutched his dials at the control panel. After the rehearsal everybody knocked off and had sandwiches and coffee, courtesy of Sardi's restaurant.

The show was not, as you might expect, an anti-climax. The atmosphere in the control booth was tense but not hectic. At moments the show was fifteen seconds off and at other moments exactly on time; it ended on the dot. Everybody congratulated everybody, and everybody looked exhausted. Mr. Houseman put on his jacket.

"You have seen," he said, when I went to say good-night to him, "the most exhausting single operation in the theater. I think I'll go get something to eat."

New Direction

One of my pleasantest surprises this past Christmas was a poem. It was a splendid example of the direct honesty, the clear-eyed freedom from sentimentality which distinguishes the best of modern verse. Unlike much of the 1948 poesy crop, however, it was perfectly intelligible. Moreover, it was accompanied by a small check—a sort of interest payment, so far as I can figure out, on my deposit account at one of my favorite stores.

Nothing I can think of would restore poetry to popular favor more quickly than this custom of enclosing a modest cash payment with every verse. It offers a strong argument for taking the poetry industry away from the Greenwich Village boys and turning it over to our more prosperous and genial corporations, such as R. H. Macy and Co. (and Margaret Fishback?), the author of this gem:

> We wish this were diamonds,
> We wish it were mink.
> We wish it were anything
> Nice that you think.
> For you our affection's
> Not fleeting or hazy;
> You have an account
> and you buy here like crazy.
> This 1% part of the money you spent
> Is our proof that we love you 100%.
> And next year our hope (said with warmth and with vigor)
> Is that you'll spend more and your check will be bigger.

—*Mr. Harper.*

NEW BOOKS

Blue-Eagle Saints and Others

Jacques Barzun

For the sake of warning or reassurance our time has been compared to many others: the post-Napoleonic period or the preceding sweep of social revolution; the chaos of Greek city-states before Alexander's rule, or the fledgling Empire rising from the bloody wreckage of the Roman Republic—it was only the other day that an American college president called for a New Rome, in the sense of an orderly super-national government. The common element in these comparisons is the utterance of a political desire, and imagining our epoch before or after an empire, of any kind, indicates whether the speaker prefers the large or the small unit.

But there is another way of judging periods, a way which is indeed related to politics but which looks rather at the less conscious tendencies of men caught in History's toils. Applying this test by searching our literature yields the suggestion that our political failure and continued unrest may be a by-product and not a primary fact. It may be that deep down civilization is in travail over a changed conception of the good life and the ideal man. If this is true, our time resembles the fifth century A. D. and the men we seek belong to the order of active saints.

One of the characters in M. Camus' *The Plague,* which I dealt with on other grounds some weeks ago, makes a relevant remark: "I've seen enough," he says, "of people who die for an idea. I don't believe in heroism. I know it's easy and I've learned it can be murderous. *What interests me is living and dying for what one loves.*" I have underlined the significant shift of feeling: not heroes but saints. The contrasted ideals overlap, no doubt, but the difference is clear. The hero is suspected of enjoying his activity, he is an individual fulfilling himself; the saint renounces self and puts his enjoyment in serving the thing he loves. And we who clamor for saints, we are the thing he is supposed to love.

Nor are we lacking in self-dedicated souls who would "live and die" in the service of the rest. In his new novel, superbly called ***The Grand Design,*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) Mr. John Dos Passos presents a collection of would-be saints in the most natural way imaginable: he writes of the New Deal. No one's face need freeze up. The movement was no mere political device, it was a crusade, and like the earlier historic crusades, it occurred on a scale which permits every kind of judgment to be true. Mr. Dos Passos makes this plain by means of his special technique of the Camera Eye, which he continues to use, though unlabeled, with his usual versatility and power. The brief introductions which give the time, mood, and setting of each of his chapters are almost as good poetry as the choruses in a Greek tragedy, and superior to them in sheer intelligence. They bear re-reading, a unique quality in modern fiction since E. M. Forster. Unfortunately, I do not think the same can be said of the narrative parts of *The Grand Design;* some of them, I felt, could hardly bear being read once. As a convinced admirer of Mr. Dos Passos' *U.S.A.,* I find this distressing to say and even more painful to account for.

Given the theme of *The Grand Design,* no one required of the author a closely plotted tale. He undertook, rather, to give us an epic of devotion, frustration, and mingled triumph and despair, in which individual lives would be crushed or enhanced. Here was America in 1932 on the brink of economic ruin, possibly of social chaos, and at the call of a staunch leader a host of generous hearts moved to join him. They left their

farms, factories, classrooms, or law courts to give their knowledge and experience under arduous conditions that the country might recover its being. It is incidental to such a subject whether the Woolen Goods Schedule was well drawn up or whether the whole attempt failed: the Trojan War was a mess too. The real subject in each saga is the emotions, indeed the simple *motions,* that took place, and, for us, the grand passions of the *Grand Design.*

But to make these convincing, Mr. Dos Passos has recourse to the most punctilious realism of detail. His people are ordinary—which may be lifelike—but also dull, which is unforgivable. After 300 pages it is really impossible to distinguish between Millard Carrol, the factory owner, and Paul Graves, the farm expert. Only Georgia Washburn, the tragic heroine, has any real electricity in her, and this is due to the identification of her private emotions with the currents of public feeling.

As for Walker Watson, the moody, powerful semi-mystic who is cheated of the Vice Presidency at the third term —a figure who must be the one alluded to in the prefatory note which says all the characters are imaginary—he is a complete dummy. The reason, I repeat, is that the author's realism is invariably too minute, too good in the sense of too exact. He takes a hundred words to say: "Millard took a bath and dressed while his wife did up her hair." One has in fact the impression (no doubt inaccurate) that an enormous amount of bathwater flows down the drains during this novel. It is at any rate full of hats, clothes, doors, and drinks, although the impression we had a right to expect was that of red tape *and* high ambition, petty office miseries *and* a grand design, selfish scheming for and by women *and* the selfless expense of spirit in a waste of shams—in short the contradictions of life calling for a sharp contrast in techniques.

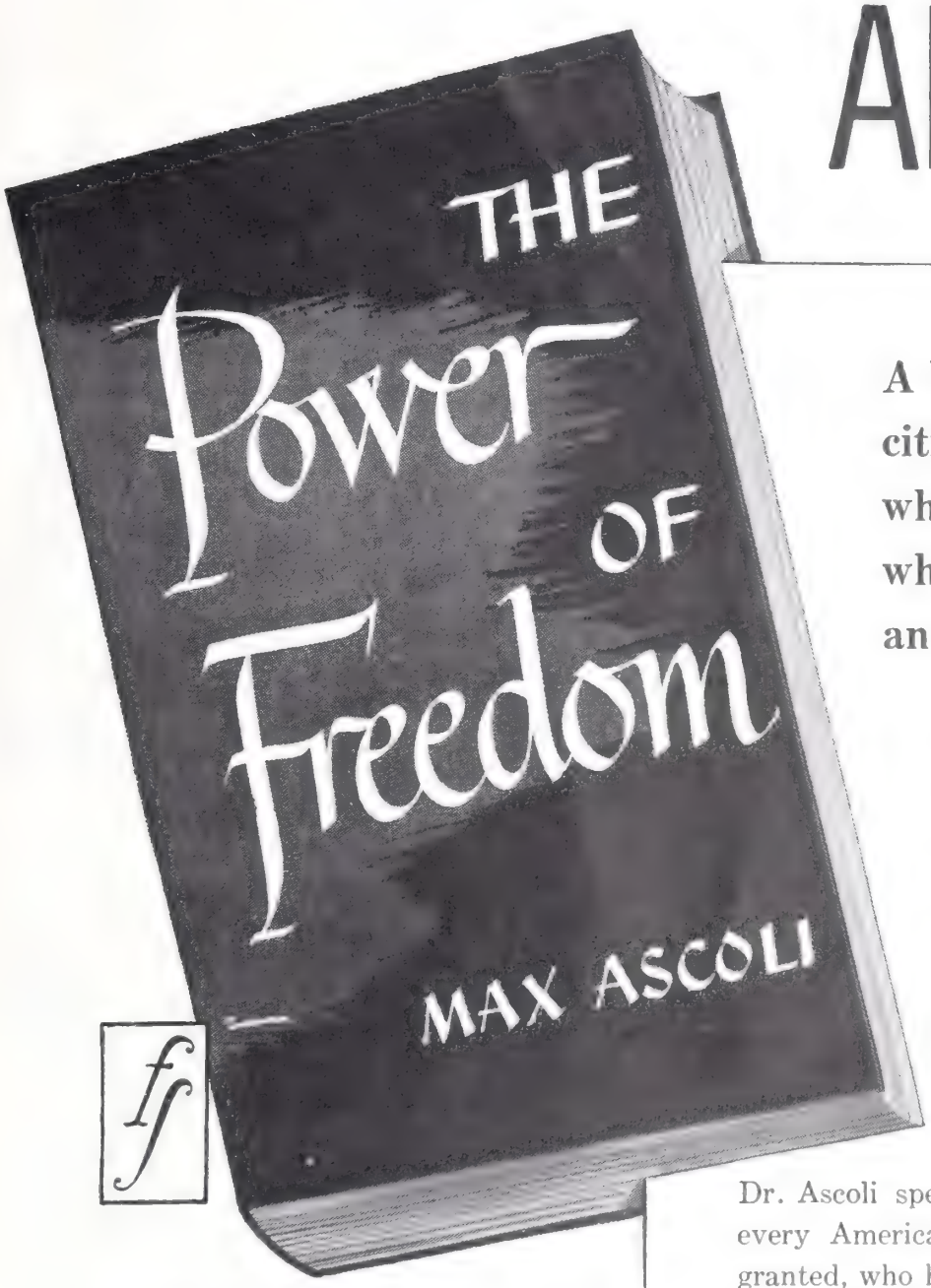
That this is no extraneous intention foisted by the critic upon the author is shown here by the always moving treatment of the land, from the trip of the first Washington-bound characters to the climacteric episode of Paul and Georgia on the farm. But the language Mr. Dos Passos is willing to use about the hills and grain, he refuses to give us (except in his choruses) about the thoughts and feelings of his Designers. None of his characters speak, they all *chat.* Some of the chatter is funny, or stupid and right in its place, but the novelist should have falsified reality in order to give us truths. Balzac was a realist, too, and could make his women talk convincingly about the price of curtains, but he knew that an accumulation of such details would never convey the headlong rush, excitement and power of Napoleon's reign.

Our loss in this particular book is at the same time a sign of the change I sketched above. There is the wish for saintliness but the will is hindered by a sort of disease of the critical spirit. The realism we boast of is not merely a technique but a doctrine which flatters us by saying, "Heroes are frauds, the proof being that when they catch cold they sneeze like you or me." This absurd arithmetic which subtracts a pound of triviality from an ounce of greatness makes us think of Tolstoy, who argues in *War and Peace* that since Napoleon is not always brilliant, one general is as good as another. The next step is: men are puppets. Tolstoy of course had to recant when he discovered his mission as a modern saint. He then saw that hero and saint operate *inside* life, and that they are not frauds precisely because they resemble what they work in. A god is no hero, nor can angels be saints.

Holiness in action

It was only five years before Tolstoy's death that Albert Schweitzer, sharing in the same world-weariness of the early 1900's, decided to give up his promising career as pastor, theologian, organist, and music critic in order to devote himself to curing the sick in French Equatorial Africa. By now his work as missionary, medical man, and moral philosopher is almost a legend. He still lives and writes, and as his fame spreads in widening circles, he more than ever seems to preach saintliness to our lost generations. Within a few months there have appeared ***The Africa of Albert Schweitzer*** (Harper, $3.75)—a collection of pictures with a concluding chapter on colonization by the subject of the volume; ***Albert Schweitzer, An Anthology*** (Harper, $3.75)—a sampling of over twenty volumes; and some essays, two on Goethe and one on ***The Psychiatric Study of Jesus*** (Beacon Press, Boston, $2 each). After this output and the response to it, one may say that the personality of the man who looks more like Stalin than anyone else and follows the

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creed farthest from dialectical materialism, has become public property. Next to Ghandi with whom he disagrees on fundamental points, Schweitzer is the personage who seems most to defy our inherited standards of greatness and whom we are most likely to honor because of his successful defiance.

This juxtaposition of Schweitzer, Ghandi, and Stalin is not fortuitous: all are men of faith, all have devoted their lives to an exploited non-Western people, and all have continued their efforts to convert the civilization from which they drew their first impulse. If it did not lead to a possible misunderstanding of Schweitzer, it might even be added that all three have risen up against a debased liberalism and its fatal lack of iron in the soul.

Schweitzer's beliefs are of course not to be summarized so simply, but his beginning and his end are in religion and his first religious work was an attack on the liberal Protestant notion of Jesus as merely a great man. Schweitzer discerned a more tragic, messianic, and supernal being. Whereupon "modernism" in the form of psychiatry explained Jesus away as a paranoiac, which led to Schweitzer's attack upon this new naturalism: the essay now republished was in fact his medical thesis of 1913. In one way or another Schweitzer wanted to make room for humility and fervor in a world that prided itself on being cool and rational.

The big work on Bach, that wonderful product of Schweitzer's musical gifts and training, was but another attempt to show that art came out of passionate belief and expressed the tragedy of man and his divine mission—this in a period of artistic daintiness and pose at the tired end of a great century. According to Schweitzer, as you may read in these selections, Bach belongs with the musical dramatists, Schubert and Berlioz, not with Debussy or even Wagner.

Yet Schweitzer also makes it clear that his is not the heroic ideal of the Romantic period. He calls Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship* a shallow book, and what appeals to him in Bach as in Jesus is renunciation, apparent non-fulfillment, losing one's life to save it. This difference between hero and saint comes out again in Schweitzer's study of Goethe. He admires but does not trust the powerful vision which could not resolve the mystery of guilt.

Rubbing out the Stain

This question takes us into the heart of today's problem, and not merely the spiritual problem, the political as well: we live primarily in a guilt-ridden world. The great impulse to a New Deal which Mr. Dos Passos imperfectly dramatizes was guilt; the recurrent weaknesses in our statesmanship, from Munich to Prague, is guilt; the great urge to join movements in which self counts as nothing and atonement is made by sacrifice to the unseen goal is guilt. In our literature, the overflowing love for the poor, the simple, and the childlike expresses a widespread yearning for innocence. We might ask Schweitzer why, when he decided on a career of work for mankind, he chose the most primitive spot on the map.

His remarkable works and days at Lambaréné are of course not impugned by the question. They represent a true conquest born of sacrifice, sweat, and faith, which may serve as the prototype of a new ideal. And besides the alleviation of pain and sorrow in those touching Negro faces we see in the collection of photographs, we must honor Schweitzer for the indefatigable search he has recorded in his books. He has tried to explain the moral exercise by which those who feel lost and guilty and burned dry from their own energy might find a salvation akin to his. It is necessary to understand precisely what it is he has done, if we are to imitate, or rather learn from him. For not everyone of us has Schweitzer's versatile powers, and if we should too literally follow him, Africa would soon be too small for all our saintly endeavors.

The problem obviously is to adapt Schweitzer's lesson to our own conditions of whatever kind, and in this there is a danger which I find illustrated by Schweitzer's authorized translator, Mr. Charles R. Joy. Mr.

Joy seems to me to translate his author rather baldly in both the literal and the spiritual sense. In the Introduction to the *Goethe,* for instance, he tells us that Schweitzer might be writing his own autobiography in discussing the classic Romanticist; yet says Mr. Joy, there is a great difference underneath: "Goethe was brilliant, self-confident, proud, and autocratic; Schweitzer simple, humble, lovable, and democratic."

The tendency is clear, and it is one Schweitzer himself would repudiate: sentimentalizing the saint will not right the world's wrongs and will not cleanse us of guilt. It is on a par with the rechauffé religiosity of certain of our literati, who think that attending the most vestimentary church they can find and dating their letters with the latin names of the appropriate saint is something like the ministry of Jesus or the discipleship of Paul.

So we must dread the little Schweitzerkins who will go about behaving "simple, lovable, and democratic." What is needed, if the saint is the answer, is St. Augustine —another "African" incidentally— who also was theologian, poet, organizer, and ruler. We must dwell on Schweitzer's tough, unliberal views about colonial rule, and measure the role of a thorough intellectual training by re-reading Augustine's *Confessions.* It so happens that Professor Whitney Oates of Princeton has just edited for Random House ($10) ***The Basic Writings of St. Augustine.*** I dislike that jargon word "basic," which seldom applies to such collections, but the present one may be highly recommended all the same. Anyone wishing the full text of say *The City of God* (certainly "basic" altogether) will find it in the handy volumes of the Cima publications of all the Fathers now being edited and re-translated by a company of Catholic scholars.

But the reader of Augustine, and even of Schweitzer, will find their critiques of civilization couched in a language which, though easily understood, is nevertheless alien to our secular thought. The very words "spirit," "suffering," and "renunciation" offend our skeptical materialism. Or again we attach vague, do-nothing meanings to the terms that sound grandest, and feel puzzled by such commands as Schweitzer's moral imperative of Reverence for Life—he himself, we think, has no reverence for the life of wound-bacteria, of termites or poisonous snakes. In short, intellectual obstacles stand between us and genuine faith, not merely our own sensuality or hardness of heart.

It is these difficulties that Mrs. Barbara Morgan tackles in her small book ***Man's Restless Search*** (Harper, $2.50). It is a gem of exposition, as indeed was the version published two years ago under the brisker title of "Skeptic's Search for God." In reading her one has a sense of complete intellectual power, and the result—which may not suit the author's wish—is that one recognizes more clearly than ever the literal impossibility of preaching God. The mind clears a few hurdles, after which forward motion is beyond one's unaided powers. Augustine's great Manual (*Enchiridion*) puts this as plainly as ABC, and if one is a student of history one jumps thence to Calvin's doctrine of the elect, and in recoil from it to the modern liberal Protestantism Schweitzer combats: an endless circle.

Curiously enough, the prolific M. Sartre has put the human part of this dilemma into the form of a novel, whose title ***The Chips are Down*** (Lear, $3) plainly shows his agreement with Calvin in a mood of friendly atheism. The compact story, cast in movie form, also shows that M. Sartre's great talent is as a writer of melodrama and that he should not depart from it to write philosophy or psuedo-novels. His true existence is on the other side of the foot (or kleig) lights.

In the present tale the four elements of heroism, saintliness, ethics, and love that I have been dealing with are put in sharp alignment by the increasingly popular trick of the post-mortem: the main characters are dead. One is a beautiful unloved woman, poisoned by her husband: the other a courageous anti-fascist leader, killed by a traitor. They fall in love beyond the grave, having been destined for each other but

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mismated through a clerical error. They are given a second chance at life on condition that they spend the first twenty-four hours of it without a single misgiving or misunderstanding between them. They fail, of course, not only because such love is improbable in modern life, but because the man feels a resistless obligation toward his comrades, as well as solicitude about good government and his own good name: the hero and the saint fight within one breast. Again, we conclude, genuine love for another is not within our unaided power. And so the world searches restlessly and contradictorily for a formula to produce the miracle.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

An Edge of Light, by Frank K. Kelly. When this novel begins in March 1946, Hammill, crack newspaperman of Consolidated Press, veteran of two wars, is disgusted with the apathy of the American people toward world affairs. He quarrels with Brenden, his boss at Consolidated, over the kind of news Consolidated should give its readers. . . . . The quarrel, complicated by Brenden's attitude toward one of the two women in Hammill's life, gets him fired from the Big Desk and he gets what seems a dull assignment covering the United Nations. But it is just the time of the Iranian crisis: Hammill, because of his experience, makes a terrific news beat when Gromyko takes his walk, and the book ends with Hammill re-established at Consolidated and more content with the state of the world as the UN pulls successfully out of the Iranian affair . . . . There is plenty of love interest, there are worthy sentiments on every page, but as a novel it doesn't come off. The people don't grow or change; only the situations change. And there are passages of high thinking made so intolerably prosy and wordy that one reluctantly agrees with Brenden that at least in these terms readers have the right to be bored. The noble ideas drown in a mess of verbiage.

> 'You believe in one thing,' Hammill said. 'You believe in trying to make people see what's going on.' . . .
>
> 'I believe that,' Radford said, 'I'll keep trying. But I don't know whether we can make people see the whole truth.' . . .
>
> 'There's always darkness in the world,' Hammill said. 'And there's always an edge of light.'

Look for the silver lining, folks. Little, Brown, $3

Hound-Dog Man, by Fred Gipson. This book has all the elements that traditionally make a popular novel. In it there is a boy, and dogs, and a raffish and lovable character—the Hound Dog Man—who knows everything dear to a boy's heart about living in the woods, about hunting and animals, and who has and imparts (in dialect) that salty wisdom about the adult world which in the eyes of a boy give him a godlike stature. During one Christmas week the boy is allowed to go off alone on a hunting trip with him and his dogs. The book is the story of that adventuresome week. Personally I am not one who goes for the huntin', shootin' type or for the child point of view in fiction, but I know I am in the minority. It is not as profound—or as long—a book as *The Yearling* but it has something of the same quality and will probably appeal to much the same audience. Book of the Month, with *Cheaper by the Dozen,* for January. Harper, $2.50

The Season of Comfort, by Gore Vidal. To an admirer of some of Mr. Vidal's shorter writings and of his first novel, *Williwaw,* this, his fourth book, comes as a disappointment. The story of a sensitive boy's struggle with his dominating mother is done in a kind of shorthand—flashbacks, parallel scenes, insets—mostly without introduction or conclusion. The reader is supposed to do the filling in. The boy, grandson of a Southern political family, is a normal, intelligent, if somewhat dreamy lad. The mother who is self-centered and spoiled, hates her own mother, her husband, her son—everyone except herself. The characters are well-portrayed in one dimension. But when an author can

write as capably as Mr. Vidal the reader resents having to do so much of the work himself. Finding one's own way through the disconnected scenes, sharp though some of them are, seems hardly worth the trouble. Four novels in three years is a lot of writing even for a talented novelist, and this is a tortured book, making tortured reading.

Dutton, $3

The Golden Net, by Ruby Redinger. The trials, tribulations, and limitations of life in a college community are admirably illustrated in this story of academic turmoil in an Ohio college town. It differs from most stories of academic life in that the characters are not caricatures and the life is as credible on the campus as anywhere else. Not an exciting book, but a workmanlike first novel. Crown, $3

The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. This book says in dynamic, forthright argument what Mr. Kelly's novel (see above) is not successful in saying in fiction. It is "an attempt to interest more Americans in the specific task of saving our country from an unparalleled catastrophe." In pithy, amusing, and sometimes ferocious passages he beats the reader about the ears till he gets his points across. Many of them cry for quotation.

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> Nationalism may—but need not—be overcome by education. The nation could be superseded. But the state is as permanent as human nature. There is, however, nothing to prevent all states from uniting into one state. . . .
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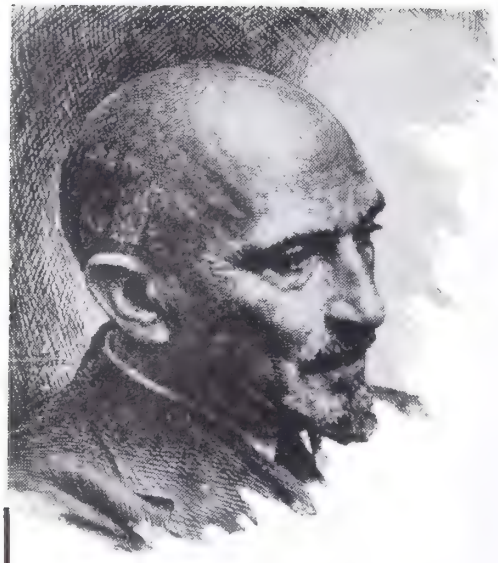
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The Embers Still Burn, by Ira A. Hirschmann. "An innocence of history" is also precisely what one feels is portrayed in this very moving personal report from Germany and the Near East. Mr. Hirschmann was sent as Mr. LaGuardia's deputy to inspect conditions in these areas for UNRRA. What he tells of misery in DP camps, of the search for lost children, and of inefficiency everywhere is heartbreaking even when it is familiar. It is obvious that Mr. Hirschmann felt it all deeply as a personal experience. This was in 1946 and one wants to know instantly what has happened since. Unfortunately he doesn't tell us. He switches from narrative to general exhortation along the political Party Line and one loses interest. There seems no connection between the particular story he tells with such feeling and the political steps he recommends to better it. He found Poland and Czechoslovakia happy countries and our diplomats there pure villains; he believes ERP should be abolished; like many other people he is worried about our building up Germany. It is all so predictable. With half the world interested in the problems he states so admirably, one wishes they could have been discussed from a less politically partisan point of view. Simon & Schuster, $3

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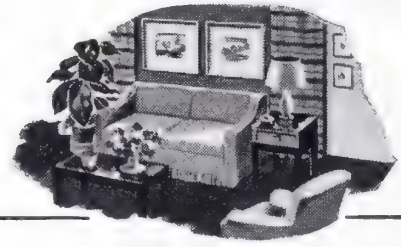




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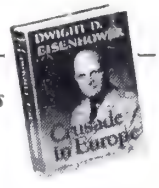
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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

If you've ever cracked your head trying to get into a new automobile that appears to have been designed for a dachshund, if you've ever had a three-figure repair bill for a dent in the fender, or if you've ever bought, ridden in, or simply looked at one of "Those Big Fat Cars," we think you'll enjoy and probably agree with Alfred Sinks' critical look at what the American automobile industry is turning out these days.

As this is written, the series of riots in South Africa has just ended, but the cause is still there, and next month Martin Flavin, the Pulitzer Prize novelist, in a graphic account of his visit to a South African gold mine, explains some of the reasons. This is the first of two pieces by Mr. Flavin; the second, to appear in May, is about a colorful, new-style native chief. Mr. Flavin's dramatic series is one of several we're planning, incidentally.

C. Hartley Grattan, who has the knack of taking a tough subject and making it readable, does a much-needed job; he looks at "What the War Cost," including all nations, enemy and Allied—in money alone, it added up to four trillion dollars. And as if taking on the automobile manufacturers weren't enough, we've also scheduled (probably for May) David Bernstein's "Our Airsick Airlines," the story of an industry in which everybody seems to be operating at a loss; Mr. Bernstein is the author of our recent piece about the Philippines' Dr. Laurel. John Fischer is at work on an analysis of the new Truman Administration; Aldous Huxley has written "Death and the Baroque," an article which anyone familiar with Mr. Huxley's mind won't expect to be summarized in a sentence; and Edith Iglauer tells us "What's Good about the UN." As for poetry and short stories, we have manuscripts on hand from Alfred Hayes, J. D. Salinger, Peter DeVries, and R. L. Marks, the latter as yet unpublished.

Editor in Chief: Frederick L. Allen. *Editors:* Russell Lynes, Katherine Gauss Jackson, Eric Larrabee, Catharine Meyer, Merle Miller. *Contributing Editors:* John A. Kouwenhoven, John Fischer. *General Manager:* David Frederick. *Business and Advertising Manager:* Waldo W. Sellew. *Assistant to the Publisher:* Fred M. Singsen. *Circulation and Promotion Manager:* John Jay Hughes.

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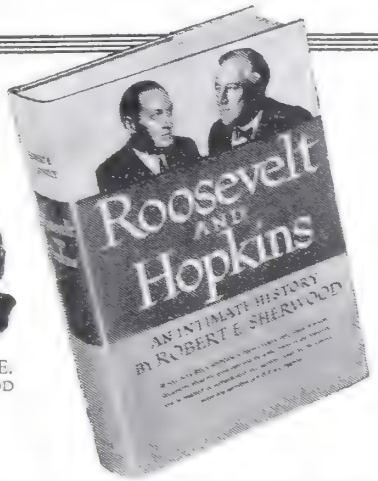
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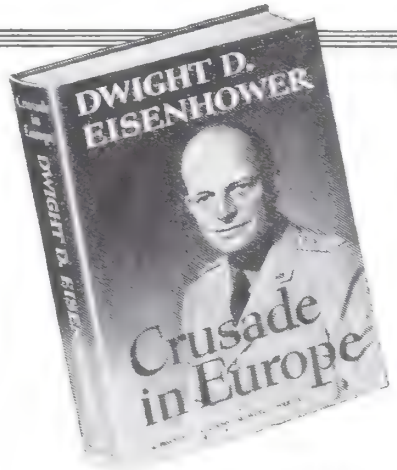
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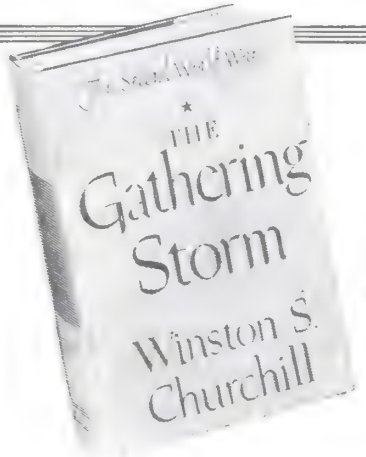
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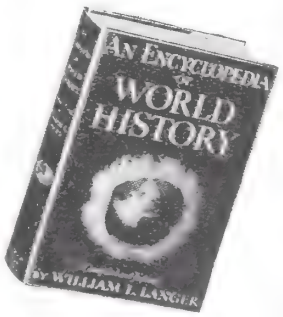


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The Club's five judges, every month, choose an outstanding book—sometimes a double selection — as the Book-of-the-Month. In addition, the Club makes available "special members' editions" of many widely-discussed books—making a total of 25 to 30 each year from which you may choose.

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Personal & Otherwise

LAST April we published the first of a series of three articles on "The Universe and Dr. Einstein," by Lincoln Barnett. We did so with considerable fanfare because, as we said at the time, it is one of the tragedies of our age "that the science upon which our civilization is founded and upon which its future—or its catastrophe—depends remains as mysterious and incomprehensible to most of us as is the magic of a tribal priest to the most ignorant race of savages." Mr. Barnett was clearly one of those rare and gifted writers who could translate abstract scientific concepts into everyday language, a job which desperately needed to be done, and we felt sure that many readers would be grateful—as we were—for what was certainly the most intelligible available explanation of modern science's conceptions of the universe.

But we didn't realize how grateful they would prove to be until we came across the following comments by Mr. Barnett in connection with the recent publication (by William Sloane Associates) of his book, *The Universe and Dr. Einstein:*

> I have received approximately ten times as many letters on the series in *Harper's* [he wrote] as I ever did for anything I wrote for *Life*—a fact which impressed me in view of the huge difference in circulations. There is no doubt in my mind that the *Harper's* series stirred more people to reflection and correspondence than anything I have ever done. Eventually I had to give up even acknowledging the letters that came in, because it was taking up all my time.

Well, those articles of his were remarkably fine ones, as some expert witnesses have testified. Harlow Shapley, the astronomer, called the series "one of the best-written presentations of a hard subject I have ever read," and Dr. Einstein himself, in the foreword to the book version of them, gives them high praise. We sincerely hope that the book will be widely read, for, as Dr. Einstein says, it is important that the efforts and results of scientific research should not be restricted to a small group; and nowhere better than in Mr. Barnett's articles will the general public find an opportunity "to experience—consciously and intelligently" those efforts and results.

American Plan

TO TRACE the course of an idea is often difficult. Sometimes the same thing occurs to many people almost simultaneously—as if it were in the wind. But at any rate we were reminded of an article in our December issue, "World Revolution—American Plan," by Isabel Cary Lundberg, when we heard the latter part of President Truman's Inaugural.

Mrs. Lundberg had argued that American technology was a revolutionary force more effective than Soviet ideology—if only we had the wit to realize this fact and act upon it.

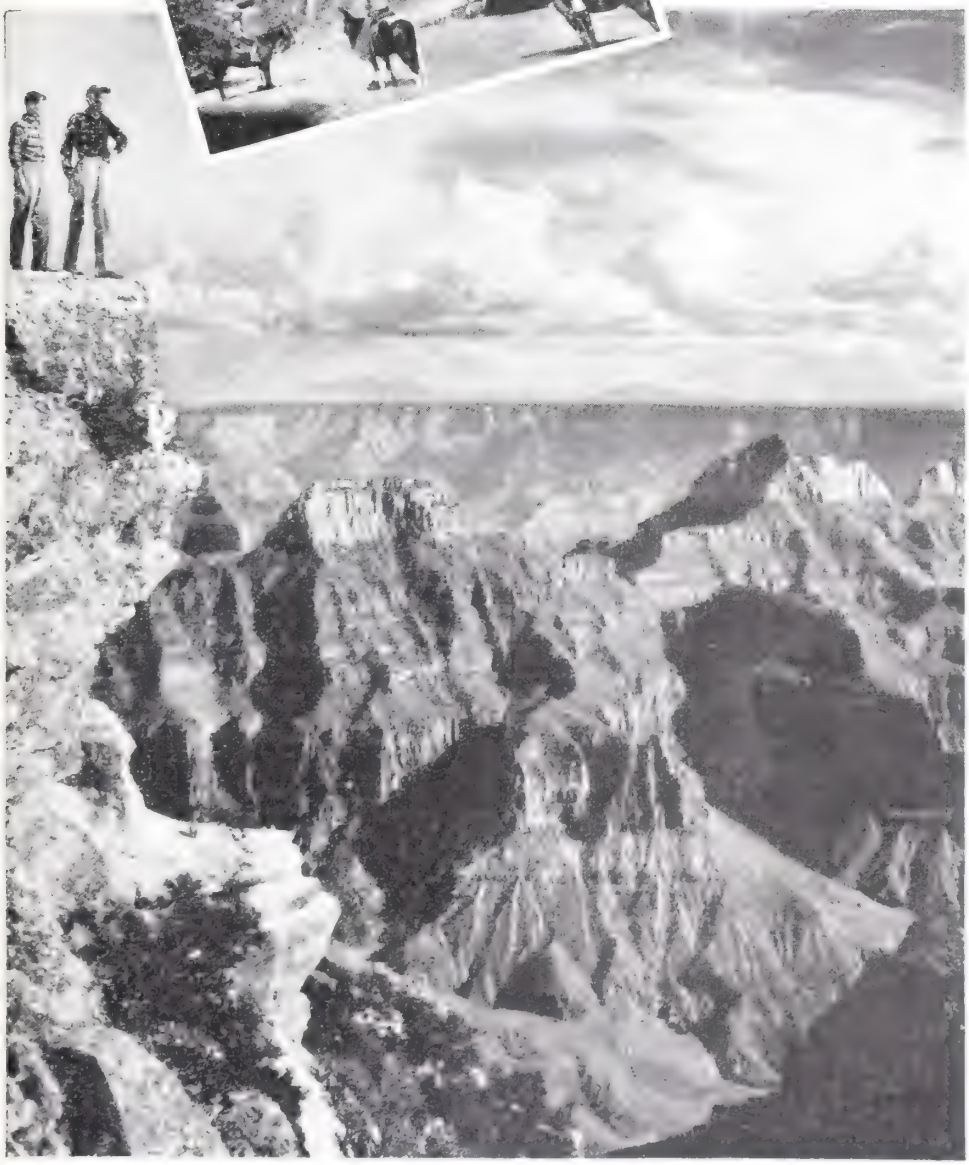




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She said that Woodrow Wilson's magnetic words about "oppressed nationalities" were "an ideological weapon stronger than any in the Soviet's arsenal"—but that the United States, as of December 1948, was letting Russia "win the world championship by default," because we too often appeared to be on the side of the oppressors of impoverished peoples, in colonial areas and elsewhere. She wanted American policy to make its support of freedom clear.

Now listen to Mr. Truman:

> . . . Fourth, we must embark on a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of undeveloped areas.
>
> More than half the people of the world are living in conditions approaching misery. Their food is inadequate. They are victims of disease. Their economic life is primitive and stagnant. Their poverty is a handicap and a threat both to them and to more prosperous areas.
>
> For the first time in history, humanity possesses the knowledge and the skill to relieve the suffering of these people.
>
> The United States is pre-eminent among the nations in the development of industrial and scientific techniques. The material resources which we can afford to use for the assistance of other peoples are limited. But our imponderable resources in technical knowledge are constantly growing and are inexhaustible.
>
> I believe that we should make available to peace-loving peoples the benefits of our store of technical knowledge in order to help them realize their aspirations for a better life. And, in co-operation with other nations, we should foster capital investment in areas needing development.
>
> Our aim should be to help the free peoples of the world, through their own efforts, to produce more food, more clothing, more materials for housing, and more mechanical power to lighten their burdens.
>
> Such new economic developments must be devised and controlled to the benefit of the peoples of the areas in which they are established. Guarantees to the investor must be balanced by guarantees in the interest of the people whose resources and whose labor go into these developments.
>
> Only by helping the least fortunate of its members to help themselves can the human family achieve the decent, satisfying life that is the right of all people.
>
> Democracy alone can supply the vitalizing force to stir the peoples of the world into triumphant action, not only against their human oppressors, but also against their ancient enemies—hunger, misery, and despair.

Idealism as a Political Force

Not long ago we read an interesting, and rather terrifying, cabled report from *Time's* Paris Bureau chief, André Laguerre. It was a report on what has become of Garry Davis, the band-leader's son who gave up his American citizenship and declared himself a citizen of the world. Six months ago, young Davis was a pathetic and somewhat absurd figure, staging a one-man sitdown strike on the doorstep of the UN Assembly. Now, to his surprise, he is the leader of something called "The Association for the International Registry of World Citizens and People's Assembly," which will issue certificates of world citizenship to all those who write in for them, and in 1950 plans to elect an "assembly of the peoples of the world." He is supported by a group of intellectuals which astonishingly includes Albert Einstein, the novelist Richard Wright, British food-expert Sir John Boyd Orr, and a number of prominent French literary figures such as Albert Camus, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Gide. To thousands of bewildered and frightened people all over Europe, Davis is fast becoming a symbol of their hopes for peace. ("I think you must be Christ returned," one woman wrote him.) Letters pour in, though the "Registry" is not yet officially open, and *"le petit homme,"* as his admirers call him, draws cheering thousands whenever he speaks in public.

Whatever else it proves, the Davis movement certainly dramatizes the emotional appeal which "world citizenship" now has to millions of people throughout the world. Clearly, here is a "force" in world opinion which, however irrational or even hysterical it may be, has no nationalist affiliations. As Laguerre observed in his cable to *Time*, the essential element in the movement's appeal is "that its ideas are tied to no national policy."

Which brings us, naturally enough, to this month's leading article by ***Chester Bowles:*** "World Government—'Yes, But. . . .'" (p. 21). Those who believe in world federalism—and there are a good many, even outside the ranks of United World Federalists, the largest organized group—are working to create a supra-national organization which will have the power to prevent war and assure the security of people in all lands. Unfortunately, but naturally enough, the world federalist movement has attracted a number of idealists who are as politically mitten-headed as those who have become Davis' disciples. (Davis himself, who once was interested in United World Federalists, gave them up as "a cocktail-time plaything.") Charming and even admirable though some of these people are, their advocacy of a world federalist program has not endeared it to the disenchanted and the skeptical.

That is why we are glad to publish Chester Bowles' analysis of the case for world government, which was prepared in collaboration with Norman Cousins, the energetic editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. It seems to us to be a clear and hard-headed statement of the problems involved, one which on its own merits will challenge intelligent consideration. Added to that, of course, Mr. Bowles' record as a successful business man (partner in the Benton & Bowles advertising agency before the war), as a government administrator (head of the wartime Office of Price Administration), and as a politician (winner in the recent campaign for Governor of Connecticut), gives weight to his opinions.

The Lavish Hoarders

Edwin R. Embree, author of "Timid Billions: Are The Foundations Doing Their Job?" (p. 28), does not claim to be a philanthropist. He calls himself a "philanthropoid," a term which he and Frederick Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation coined some years ago to describe a person who gives away other people's money. Dr. Embree has had unusually wide experience in foundation work. He served as Secretary, Director for Studies, and Vice President of the Rockefeller Foundation, then for many years as President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. He is now President of the Liberian Foundation, which together with the Liberia Company represents a new partnership between business and welfare "for the equal development of natural resources" in this republic on the west coast of Africa. His history of the thirty years' work of the Julius Rosenwald Fund has just been published by Harper & Brothers under the title, *Investment in People.*

He did his college and graduate work at Yale, and before entering his foundation career served for a year as a reporter on the old New York *Sun* and for several years as assistant secretary of Yale University. His chief interests are education and human relations. He was the organizing chairman of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations, the pioneer municipal agency in the field; one of the organizers of the American Council on Race Relations, the Bureau for Intercultural Education, and Roosevelt College of Chicago; and is a trustee of Sarah Lawrence College and Fisk University. Among the best known of his books are *Brown Americans, 13 Against the Odds* (a series of biographies of distinguished American Negroes), *Indians of the Americas, Island India Goes to School,* and *Peoples of the Earth.* He is a frequent contributor to American and British magazines. His only other article in *Harper's* appeared eighteen years ago under the title, "The Business of Giving Away Money."

Britain Again

In "Good News Out of England" (p. 48), ***John W. Vandercook*** gives a fresh appraisal of a social revolution which is to some *the* pioneer movement of our times and to others but a dying ember of past greatness. One of the most capable reporters among that tireless company who have seen us Americans through the travail of accepting our world citizenship, Mr. Vandercook has never sacrificed the zest of the traveler to the zeal of the journalist.

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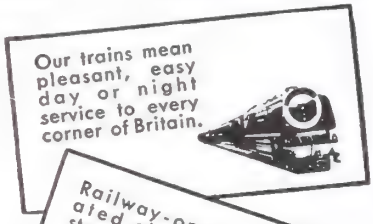
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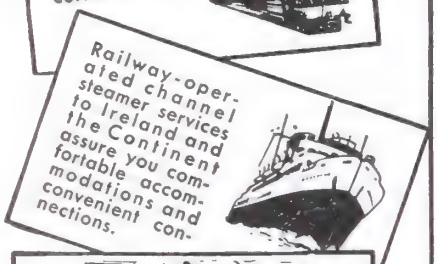
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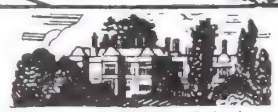
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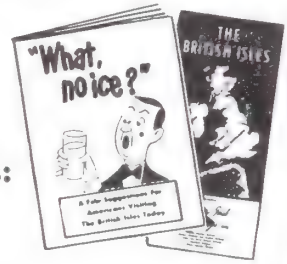
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father was co-founder with E. W. Scripps of the United Press Association and its first president; his mother is a novelist. After a year at Yale and a brief and normally depressing career as a would-be actor, Mr. Vandercook was not yet twenty when he took his first newspaper job, with the Columbus (Ohio) *Citizen*. In 1925, he made the first of many expeditions into remote and little-known parts of the earth, to the jungles of Dutch Guiana. Out of this experience he wrote "White Magic and Black," his first article for *Harper's* (October 1925), and later his first book, *Tom-Tom*. Since then his articles and books have reported both factually and in fiction his journeys in Haiti, Liberia, New Guinea, and the Solomon and Fiji Islands (before these areas of the Pacific became part of our national history). Two biographical studies are among the most widely read of his books, *Black Majesty* (1928) and *Empress of the Dusk* (1940).

The war took him as a radio commentator to Anzio, Normandy, and Buchenwald. He has revisited Europe each year since the war's end.

Continental Farmer

Doing what little farming we do by a combination of hand-power (our wife's, chiefly) and Model-T power (ourself at the wheel), we are spellbound by the picture ***Joseph Kinsey Howard*** presents of Tom Campbell plowing and harvesting on a continental scale with converted Army half-tracks and M-6 tank-retrievers (see "Tom Campbell: Farmer of Two Continents," p. 55). Of course, Mr. Howard always succeeds in making his subjects fascinating, and this article is no exception. The whole business of agricultural production is absorbingly interesting, anyway, in a time when food is so desperately needed. And it is downright exciting, in these days when so many of the big farmers and stock-raisers are apparently bent on mining the daylights out of the soil, to hear that the biggest of them all believes in conservation.

Mr. Howard is a veteran Montana newspaperman, writer, and lecturer. He worked on Montana dailies for more than twenty years, as reporter, radio news broadcaster, and news editor. For two years he was research associate for the Montana Study, a Rockefeller Foundation project in the humanities, operating with the co-operation of the University of Montana.

His first book, *Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome,* was published late in 1943 by the Yale University Press and won wide critical acclaim. It is currently in its ninth printing. In 1946 he edited a large collection of writing by and about Montanans; the result was a second Yale Press book: *Montana Margins: a State Anthology*. He has contributed to several other books, including *Our Fair City, Northwest Harvest, Promised Land,* and two still to be published.

The miniatures of Mr. Campbell's farm machines were drawn by ***Sigman-Ward*** of New York, illustrators who specialize in technical drawings of all kinds.

Everyone Is Entitled to Their Own Opinion

Norman Lewis' article, "How Correct Must Correct English Be?" (p. 68), is based on what we studiously avoid referring to as a poll of *Harper's* readers and other literate citizens. We call it an informal nose-counting, hoping thereby to avoid any suggestion that it is intended to be scientific or final.

What happened was that Mr. Lewis, the editor of *Correct English Magazine* and the author of *How to Speak Better English* and other books, came to us with the suggestion that it would be interesting to see how *Harper's* subscribers stacked up against other language-conscious groups in their hostility or friendliness toward colloquial (or "incorrect") usages. We supplied him with lists from which he could make a random selection of names, and from there on he proceeded as he describes in the article. We will be sorry if everyone he asked gets mad and cancels their subscription, and the reason is because we have got to practically insist that due to the excellence of his article, which you will like the make-up of, and which

"An old sea captain in Devon made it for our Jim..."





"We'll never forget old Captain Yeo! In that Devonshire fishing village, he and our boy became firm friends.

"I can see them together as if it were yesterday—Jim, then eleven, the Captain near seventy—going off fishing or sailing . . . both of them laughing and talking . . . exchanging the story of their lives.

"That's why this model the Captain made him has a place of honor in our home. It recalls so many pleasant scenes and happy hours . . . the real warmth of the welcome we were met with everywhere in Britain.

"Our stay in Devon, you see, was only the beginning of a varied, wonderful vacation.

"Now, each time we look at Captain Yeo's schooner, we seem to set sail on a voyage back into memory . . ."



"Remember Henley Regatta . . . like a brilliant patchwork on the Thames? And how quickly Jim became quite an expert with a punt pole?"



"Remember Edinburgh Castle — poised above Prince's Street, like a sentinel on horseback—that day we bought the lovely Harris tweed?"

"Remember the 'Horn Dancers' at Abbots Bromley . . . with their curious knee-breeches, and the stags' antlers they carried on their shoulders?"



"Remember how small and *compact* Britain seemed . . . how quickly and easily one moved from place to place . . . and, as it were, from century to century?"

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is different than any other piece we've done lately, you'll be awful sorry if you miss it.

Mr. Lewis is the author of more than five hundred magagine articles, believe it or not (he writes us that the total is now 505), and teaches speech courses in the Adult Education department of the City College of New York.

Radio Monitor

H. N. Oliphant, author of "Fulton Lewis, Jr., Man of Distinction" (p. 76), has written and seen published a number of works since he amazed himself by placing in the "Hit Parade" for sixteen weeks in 1940 with the song, "The Same Old Story." His interview with Japanese prisoners of war, secured while he was covering the invasion of Leyte for *Yank,* was one of the most widely reprinted stories of the war. He was with *Yank* for three years and since his discharge from the Army in 1945 he has written for *Reader's Digest, McCall's, Mademoiselle, Coronet,* and other magazines.

He was born in Forest, Indiana, went to school in Frankfort, and was a reporter on the *Morning Times* in that town. At the University of New Mexico he founded, with the poet Norman McCleod, a Southwestern literary magazine called *Jackass* (alack, now defunct). He spent several years with dance bands touring the country and received a scholarship to study with Josef Borissoff in California. After three years of study of violin, composition, and theory, an injury to his wrist forced him to give up the violin. He is now married, has a three-year-old son, and is writing full-time.

To Brush or Not to Brush

"How to Keep Away from the Dentist" (p. 98) is the work of ***Herbert Yahraes,*** former editor, newspaperman, and Nieman Fellow, who has concentrated recently on medical and scientific articles. The American Association for the Advancement of Science–George Westinghouse Committee has cited him for "excellence in magazine science writing." After assignments for articles on epilepsy, alcoholism, blindness, and other socio-medical problems for the Public Affairs Committee, he attacked the subject of teeth for the same organization and found an article imperative. Three years ago he left his editorship of *PM's Picture News* to write full-time.

With his wife and two daughters (the elder now in college), he lives in a big old farmhouse in Dutchess County, New York, four miles from a grocery store and buckets away from the running water, Wappinger's Creek.

The Stories and Poems

•••***Ralph Kaplan,*** author of "The Artist" (p. 38), was born in 1917 in the Bronx and has spent most of his life there. He likes the Bronx better than other parts of the country which he has seen. Having worked in a factory like the one in "The Artist," he says, "I guess I have known people somewhat like the people in the story."

The Army took him to Florida and California as an airplane mechanic, and he became a sergeant. When he came home, he set up as a small business man. He has had fiction published in *Story* and *Tomorrow,* written by hand in the Army barracks.

Taro Yashima appears in *Harper's* for the first time with the extraordinarily sympathetic drawings for "The Artist." He is a painter (see "Summer Road" in the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, D. C.) and the author of two books (*The New Sun* and *Horizon Is Calling,* published by Holt). Born in Japan in 1908, he broke artistically and ideologically with the prewar militarist authorities. His denunciation of the repression led to his jailing ten times; his wife was also seized, and they escaped with their son to the United States. During the war he worked for the OWI, serving in this country and in the Pacific. He is at present doing the drawings and text for a new book.
•••In "No Boat for Four Months" (p. 86) ***Maxence Van Der Meersch*** explores a theme similar to that of his widely-read novel about a doctor, *Bodies and Souls.* In France, this work has sold 250,000 copies; it was published in this country last year by Pellegrini & Cudahy and has been

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Philadelphia, Pa. — THE BARCLAY
Buck Hill Falls, Pa. — The Inn
Baltimore, Md. — SHERATON-BELVEDERE
Williamsburg, Va. — WILLIAMSBURG INN
Norfolk, Va. — NANSEMOND
Virginia Beach, Va. — CAVALIER
New Bern, N. C. — QUEEN ANNE
Wilmington, N. C. — CAPE FEAR
Charleston, S. C. — FT. SUMTER
Savannah, Ga. — DESOTO
Jacksonville, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON
Daytona Beach, Fla. — PRINCESS ISSENA, SHERATON-PLAZA
West Palm Beach, Fla. — PENNSYLVANIA
Miami Beach, Fla. — FLAMINGO, MACFADDEN-DEAUVILLE, SEA VIEW, SHELBORNE, SHOREMEDE
Miami, Fla. — THE COLUMBUS, VENETIAN
Fort Myers, Fla. — FRANKLIN ARMS
St. Petersburg, Fla. — SUWANNEE, VINOY PARK
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taken for the movies by MGM. For another novel, *L'Empreinte du Dieu,* M. Van Der Meersch won the Prix Goncourt in 1936.

Born in Roubaix, France, in 1907, he took two degrees, in law and letters, at Lille, and practiced law for some years. During the war he wrote for resistance publications. Among his special interests besides medicine, he declares a passion for music, mechanics, and dogs.

The illustrations for this story are by ***Tracy Sugarman,*** a free-lance illustrator whose work has appeared in *Collier's,* the *Ladies' Home Journal, American,* and *McCall's.* He received a bachelor's degree in fine arts from Syracuse University in 1943 and was a lieutenant in the Navy for two and a half years. He and his wife and small son live in New York in the winter and in Westport, Connecticut, in the summer.

•••All four of the poets in this issue have a nodding acquaintance with *Harper's* readers: ***Thomas Hornsby Ferril*** ("Words for Time," p. 74) appeared bi-monthly as the regular contributor of "Western Half-Acre," and ***James Rorty*** ("The Voice in the Sand," p. 63) frequently comments on nutritional matters.

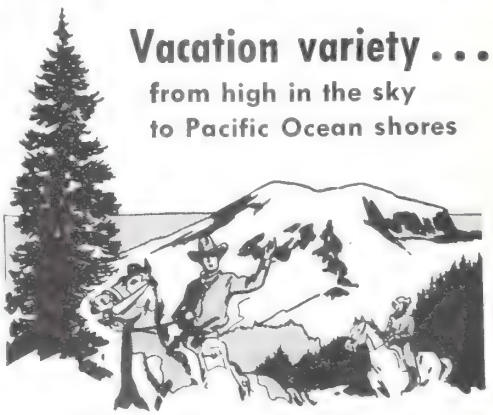
Poems by ***John Frederick Nims*** ("For My Son," p. 54) and ***Robert Brittain*** ("Anniversary," p. 84) have found their way to us occasionally. Mr. Nims lives in Michigan and Mr. Brittain in New York.

General Manager

We welcome to the councils of *Harper's* ***David Frederick,*** whose name appears on our masthead as General Manager. Mr. Frederick comes to the Magazine from the vice-presidency of Crossley, Inc. He was previously director of advertising and sales promotion for the Columbia Broadcasting System; during the war he was director of war programs for the domestic branch of the Office of War Information; before the war, after many years as a newspaperman, he was publisher of *Tide* magazine. As General Manager he will exercise on behalf of Harper & Brothers, the publishers, general oversight over the multifold business policies and operations of the Magazine.



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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

LETTERS

On his Record—

To the Editors:

. . . I was very much interested in "How Kefauver Beat Crump" [by Charles Edmundson, January 1949] —enthusiastically so . . . A phase of the matter I should have wished to be stated more clearly, with greater emphasis, is that a large number of Tennessee voters had noted and been impressed by Kefauver's progressive and statesmanlike opinions, as revealed by his voting record in the House and by his public appearances and in the press. Even living in a rural community at the far end of the state from his home city, and with practically no outside connections, I had heard a good deal about his advanced ideas: as had many friends who appreciated these and were hoping he would offer for the Senate. The sentiment was more widespread than is indicated by Mr. Edmundson's article, and I am confident that without it all of Kefauver's maneuvering during the campaign and preceding it would have failed to put him over. . . .

C. H. Sharp
Rutherford, Tenn.

War about Wars—

To the Editors:

It is disappointing to realize that Elmer Davis, who has often made sense in the past, is actually serious in his article "What Are Wars For?" [January 1949]. Apparently he has at last been hoist by his own petard: he has come to believe that wars are fought for the glorious ideas which propaganda bureaus dispense to make dying more palatable. What matter the lessons of history? What made safe for democracy? Or that the "Four Freedoms" are still to be established throughout the world? Or that the threat of military fascism shadows American life as never before? Next time it's going to be different. "A world of free nations composed of free citizens — that should be our war aim as it is our peace aim; and if it came to war, every instrumentality of our war effort should be devoted to that end —as it should be now when we can still hope to avoid war" Laudable, Mr. Davis, laudable. You do it with a democratic army led by democratic generals fighting a democratic war. You take mass armies, atomic and supersonic bombs, the murder of a few more millions, and the destruction of incalculable resources, you take war and make it an instrument of national policy. Come now, Mr. Davis. Make mine blueberry.

Irwin Stark
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

My salute to *Harper's* for Elmer Davis's "What are Wars For?"—a cogent, forthright facing-up to the most momentous problem of the decade ahead. In this never-completed task of making Americans literate about international affairs, Mr. Davis's study in perspectives is signally useful.

Carlton F. Wells
Ann Arbor, Mich.

To the Editors:

As a conscientious objector, I am probably too biased to consider Elmer Davis's "What Are Wars For?" objectively. I do want to comment on one sentence—by all odds the most ominous and shocking statement I have recently seen. It

> The American people are far better educated in world politics than they were eight years ago; far more ready—or at least resigned—to do whatever may need to be done in the national interest.

Read it several times. Its totalitarian implications will stun you.

Richard Shufflebarger
Martinsville, Ind.

To the Editors:

The article by Elmer Davis . . . is so wise, timely, and unanswerable, that the President, every member of his Cabinet, and every member of Congress should read and ponder it. Can you . . . send a copy to each of them?

L. L. Rice
Ware Neck, Va.

Unmentionables—

To the Editors:

Re your article on "bad" words—["The Easy Chair," by Bernard DeVoto, December 1948]:

Wonder if you know of the case of Dr. David Greer of Chicago. Dr. Greer suffered a severe fine for using the word "syphilis" in a leaflet on the subject of social diseases. This was some thirty-five years ago. The court in announcing the fine declared that had the word appeared in a leaflet intended for circulation among the medical profession it would have been OK. Dr. Greer's crime was that the leaflet was intended for general distribution.

E. D. Loewenthal
Michigan City, Ind.

Scandal—

To the Editors:

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HARPER

LETTERS

Own" by William Harlan Hale in your December number? To me the manner in which General Clay has been permitted to make American policy in Germany and thereby to prevent the consolidation of Europe is one of the major scandals of our time.

Mr. Hale's admirable study may be one means of inducing the President to remove General Clay from Germany and his confederate, General William Draper, from the War Department in time to save something from the European wreck.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER
Washington, D. C.

Pounded Pavements—

To the Editors:

Just as I was feeling very good to note two articles by Nieman Fellows in the January *Harper's,* one of the current Fellows came in, exclaiming, "What has *Harper's* got against the Nieman Fellowships?" "Nothing," I assured him. "Well, what do you make of this?" he said, showing me the Personal and Otherwise pages, which I hadn't seen, and pointing to these sharp digs: "In recent years, at least partly as a melancholy result of the Nieman Fellowships . . . the pavement-pounding reporter has been disappearing"; and . . . "A Nieman Fellowship doesn't necessarily spoil a good reporter . . . ."

If either crack is to be taken seriously, a few points for the defense might be in order. One is that it is rather unrealistic to hold that a handful of 122 Nieman Fellows, product of our first ten years, would make much numerical difference in the number of pavement-pounding reporters—even had they all gone high hat and futile as your melancholy reference seems to suggest. Actually, some of the best pavement-pounding reporters are Nieman Fellows. Let me just mention Ed Lahey of the Chicago *Daily News,* whose reporting on this last Presidential campaign was of the hard-looking, fishy-eyed, pavement-pounding kind. On the Crump case, about which Nieman Fellow Charles Edmundson writes for you, some of the most effective and persistent pavement-pounding reporting in season

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and out, to show up the Crump machine locally, has been done by a Nieman Fellow, Nat Caldwell of the Nashville *Tennesseean*. Two Nieman Fellows by hard pavement-pounding reporting have brought Pulitzer prizes to their papers, and another has won one by his editorials. The Westinghouse Science writing award went to a Nieman Fellow in 1947 and also in 1948. Among Washington correspondents three Nieman Fellows, Carroll Kilpatrick, Vance Johnson, and David Botter, have done the pavement-pounding kind of political reporting that tells readers the score.

Bob Manning has proved a pavement-pounding reporter of UN affairs for the United Press. Mary Ellen Leary is a pavement-pounding political reporter for the San Francisco *News*. Ed Donohoe pounds pavements on all the strikes in Scranton, with recognition in a Broun award. And I could cite many more.

I know nothing melancholy in the work of the Nieman Fellows. I trust it is no disparagement of their ruggedness that they are literate enough to write for *Harper's*. Let me assure you that as I have known them over ten years,. nobody believes more heartily in pavement-pounding reporting at all levels of journalism than the Nieman Fellows.

LOUIS M. LYONS
Curator of the Nieman Fellowships
Cambridge, Mass.

P. S. It wasn't any lack of pavement-pounding reporters that accounted for press performance in the campaign, but the fact that such operators were ignored or shelved by their offices in favor of pollsters.

Day in Court—

To the Editors:

Some months ago, receiving Cedric Belfrage's article about General Clay's action against me, I did not think it proper to do anything about it. Only now, seeing Mr. Federn's attempt in *Harper's* August edition to support General Clay by slandering me, I think the "villain in the play" may speak his word too.

First: I see no reason to defend myself against Mr. Federn's attack. He—formerly a would-be lawyer—does not think it necessary to give time and place of my "crimes" and the names of witnesses or at least those of my "victims." When, in 1945, the U. S. Army liberated Buchenwald, at least three branches of its Intelligence Service—Psychological Warfare Department, War Crimes Department, and CIC—asked every prisoner for statements about crimes committed under the SS regime. Then Mr. Federn did not speak; he knew very well that thousands of witnesses could speak the truth! Today he publishes his slanders—knowing as well that it is impossible for me, as a German who does not possess any dollars, to bring a libel suit against him in the U.S.A.

Second: General Clay had me ousted from the editorial board of the *Frankfurter Rundschau* not because of "war crimes"—neither he nor his subordinates dared to take refuge in such nonsense—but *without giving any reasons!* The infantry officer commanding the then Information Control Division, Colonel Textor, at first stated to reporters that my license had been revoked because of "moral" reasons. But some days later, when I came to Berlin and asked him face to face to prove this statement, he stepped back from his words! CIC—the U. S. Army's secret police in Western Germany—would not have been slow to take action against me, if there had been the slightest possibility for its agents. (They arrested some of our best Buchenwald-comrades—Otto Kipp of Halle and Wilhelm Hamann of Gross-Gerau—and held them *for more than a year* in Dachau. Then they had to be released, because even CIC could no longer deny their innocence.)

Third: Mr. Federn's attempt to prove his anti-un-American activities by defending General Clay's action against me cannot alter the bare facts: I was ousted because—as an anti-fascist—I was an enemy of Dr. Schacht and Obersturmbannführer Skorzeny, General Halder, Ilse Koch, and General Franco not only in 1945, but I fight them today and will do it tomorrow too—with or without the blessings of Messrs. Clay and Federn.

EMIL CARLEBACH
Frankfurt a. M., Germany

Harper's
MAGAZINE

World Government—"Yes, But..."

Chester Bowles

THE people of Connecticut voted last November to give the United Nations the powers of a limited world federal government. In an official state-wide referendum on election day, they voted by a margin of almost twelve to one for a resolution passed by the State General Assembly calling upon the United States to take the initiative inside the UN in bolstering it with authority to enact, interpret, and enforce world law.

Connecticut thus became the second state —Massachusetts was the first by a vote of nine to one in 1946—in which the national campaign to strengthen the UN was carried directly to the people. In both states—indeed, in fourteen other states in which world-government resolutions have been passed by the state legislatures—the question cut across all party lines. In Connecticut, my Republican opponent, Governor Shannon, joined me early in the campaign in taking the world-government referendum out of politics.

Let no one suppose that the Connecticut and the Massachusetts popular vote for world government through the UN was of the I'm-agin'-sin-and-war variety. In the months before election day, you could tell by the questions put to you after talks and in letters that the people were trying to think it through. In fact, the strongest opposition came not from die-hard isolationists, but from many sincere, world-minded persons. Such persons tend to say *yes* to world government as an ideal, *but* don't believe in it as a practical or attainable reality. They say *yes* to the basic arguments which point to the need for enforceable world law, *but* don't see exactly how it is to be achieved. More particularly, the "yes-but" approach to world government is best represented by these three specific categories of questions:

(1) *World government "vs." UN.* Isn't the campaign for world government actually harmful to world peace in that it diverts people's attention from the needs of the United Nations? Shouldn't we first try to make a success of the UN—which at least has the advantage of being in existence even if it

Chester Bowles, Governor of Connecticut (and former head of the OPA), has prepared this article in collaboration with Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature.

isn't too much of a going concern—rather than bypass it or scrap it in an idealistic but dangerous short-cut to some political utopia? In short, if the UN doesn't work, what right have we to expect that anything more ambitious will?

(2) *How do we get it?* What are the specific steps leading to world government? Since a government could not be established except through the co-operation and consent of the world's statesmen, who obviously cannot now agree on matters of lesser consequence, what reason is there to believe that they will agree on nothing less than the abrogation or destruction of that great untouchable, National Sovereignty? Wouldn't those statesmen be called upon, in effect, to repudiate their own authority and their own careers? And if, by some cosmic miracle, you could get them to agree, wouldn't that very act of agreement make world government unnecessary? In short you can't get world government without agreement; and if you could get agreement, why would you need world government? Wouldn't world government, then, be as superfluous as a referee in an empty ring after a fight had been called off?

(3) *What about Russia?* By what political hocus-pocus do world federalists* propose to eliminate the vast and terrifying differences—differences of ideology, religion, philosophy—now separating America and Russia, to say nothing of the rest of the world? Isn't the capitalist-communist struggle too basic to expect both systems to co-exist within a common government? By its own definition, world government means *all* nations. If Russia doesn't accept, what then?

In asking these questions before they would support the world-government resolution, the people of Connecticut were actually reflecting, it seems to me, the general popular attitude about world government everywhere. For while most people accept the need for world law, their doubts follow the general lines of the questions listed above. Thus the campaign has moved on to a let's-get-down-to-business level on which practical answers will have to be supplied to practical questions. My contention is that there *are* such answers.

* In using the term "federalists" throughout this article, I am referring to world-government advocates in general, and not necessarily to the members of any formal organization.

Let's begin with——

1 *World Government "vs." the UN.* The argument that world federalists seek either to bypass or scrap the UN has its source, I suppose, in some of the early arguments over the effectiveness of the Charter. When the tale of two cities, as written at San Francisco and Hiroshima, clearly revealed the inability of the UN to deal with a revolutionary new situation brought about by an absolute weapon, the lack of world control which of itself constituted a combustible danger, some federalists called for the immediate scrapping of the United Nations and for a full government to take its place. But most federalists—and this includes the United World Federalists, the largest single organization working for world government—were then and are today opposed to any and all efforts to undermine the UN, or to scrap it, or to bypass it.

My own work and association with the UN should certainly make me highly sensitive to any misguided efforts that would have the effect of destroying the agency. Nowhere have I found any deeper or more real concern for the United Nations than among believers in world federation. Their program is to save the UN, to give it blood and bones, to give it something to work with, to make it in fact a world organization capable of keeping the peace. But this cannot be done through dodge, drift, or delay. It can be done only if there is a supreme popular effort to invest it with appropriate authority.

What is the threat today to the UN? Is it the demands of the federalists for giving it the required strength? Or is it the fact that it has become—even if it was never intended so to become—an adjunct to the foreign policies of the great nations instead of a central agency with power to avoid the inevitable collisions of those foreign policies?

There is a curious atmosphere of unreality in which public campaigns are being conducted in America and everywhere to promote popular faith and support in the UN. If a serious crime wave were suddenly to sweep down upon an American community—a wave of murder, arson, theft, and kidnaping—and it became clear that the town constable and his three assistants were plainly inadequate to meet the threat, I doubt that

posters would be distributed pointing to the importance of maintaining a constabulary. I doubt that resolutions of faith and confidence in the constable would be considered sufficient. Faced with a crime wave, the citizens would build up the constabulary into a police force large enough and strong enough to do the job, pronto.

But the movement to support the UN in America, it seems to me, has tended to become an end in itself, promoting a label instead of a reality—as though the important thing were to publicize the product regardless of the product itself. It has an all-too-typical charity flavor about it, like supporting the Red Cross, or contributing to the building fund for a new church around the corner. Belief in the UN is becoming ritualized—above criticism, and, in this case, above meaning and reality.

I certainly do not quarrel with—indeed, I applaud—the effort to make the American people conscious of the critical importance of the UN. But I do not think the cause of the UN or peace is served through advertising acceptance alone. Nor do I go along with the idea that serious criticism, however honest, must be discouraged at all costs. This can only have the result of creating disillusion and severe reaction against the very concept of world organization as it becomes increasingly obvious that the UN, like the local constabulary, is unequal to the job of keeping the peace.

If the UN is to become in fact what the preamble of the Charter says it is to be —namely, a world agency charged with the responsibility for averting war—then the first order of business will be to put an end to the double standard governing the relations of the nations to the UN. Under this double standard, the large nations proclaim that their first line of defense is the United Nations, but put about four hundred dollars into armaments for every dollar they put into the UN. Under this double standard, the American people sent men, money, and military equipment into Greece and other areas, declaring that we undertook this responsibility only because the UN itself lacked the means of safeguarding American security interests in those areas. But strangely, we refuse to propose that the UN be invested with such means or power. Under this double standard, we condemn the use of the veto, but soft-pedal the fact that we ourselves proposed the veto at San Francisco, or that in the summer of 1948 the State Department opposed a congressional resolution calling for a strengthening of the UN, declaring that the United States favored the retention of the veto for its own protection.

Why, then, it may be asked, doesn't the United States announce publicly and flatly that it regards the UN as secondary in its foreign policy, that it does not want to see the UN become a law-making and law-enforcement agency on a world scale? The answer is that the resultant public outcry would have an earthquake effect in Washington. Hence the double standard—proclamations in favor of collective security but an actual policy of unilateralism and coalition-building inside the UN.

I know that President Truman has earnestly favored a policy looking to a strong UN; but the influence of the military at the end of the war, a hostile 80th Congress, and his own reasonable doubts as to the willingness of the American people in the past three years to cross the Rubicon to a sovereignty higher than our own—all these have apparently kept him from declaring publicly what he has often stated privately, that world peace is impossible without world law.

But with a new Congress ready and anxious for Presidential leadership and with a better balance between the civil and the military in the making of American foreign policy, prospects for an American policy of clear, uncompromising support for the UN are looking up. The decisive factor, of course, is public opinion. Very properly, the President will have to be convinced that the American people are not frightened by the idea of modifying their sovereignty in favor of a higher security than is obtainable through national military supremacy alone.

That is why the program of the United World Federalists impresses me as being both promising and realistic. Far from attempting to undercut the UN, this organization is working hard on the community level to produce a groundswell of popular support to save the UN. It is dramatizing the self-evident truth—made all the more striking by the daily headlines—that the UN can

be preserved only through a supreme supporting effort to give it authority. In sum, the federalists regard the UN as the world's best chance for averting the last of the great wars, but believe this can only be done by finishing the job begun at San Francisco.

Specifically, the federalists are working for a UN with jurisdiction and powers confined to matters affecting the common security. They believe that control of armaments must not be limited to atomic weapons but must include all weapons adapted to mass destruction. They believe that armament control must proceed out of a definite body of law, executed by an enforcement agency with clearly defined powers. Such an enforcement agency would necessarily represent preponderant force over the individual nations; only under those conditions should the United States feel secure in relinquishing its own military program. In order to be effective in terms of *averting* crises instead of *coping* with crises, the strengthened UN should have authority over individuals—again limited to those matters affecting the common security. The principle here is the same as laid down at Nuremberg; what the federalists propose is that acts leading to war be made the basis for determination of individual guilt—*before* rather than *after* the damage is done.

It will be observed that the powers of law here are fairly well restricted to the security area. The broader aspects of world citizenship represent the long-range objectives. Nothing could be more harmful to the chances for world government than to attempt to impose upon it at the start all the attributes of a common citizenship. Once the peace is secured, there will be a magnificent opportunity—made attainable by the revolution in communication and transportation—for the peoples of the world to release their energies in the building of a world community. But such a community cannot be legislated into being overnight; what the United World Federalists seek to do is to lay the foundation for it through a world security organization represented by a federation of the United Nations. This brings us to——

2 *How do we get it?* The proposal for giving the UN the powers of world law can only come, if it is to have any real chance for acceptance, from the United States or Russia. Obviously no move to revise the UN could even be attempted unless under the active leadership of either or both of the two great nations. Proposals for world law have already been made inside and outside the UN Assembly by delegates of other nations. More than two years ago, Foreign Secretary Bevin announced that His Majesty's Government was ready to sit down with representatives of other governments to explore the requirements of a world organization with effective powers. The new French Constitution contains a specific provision authorizing France to become part of a world government. Pandit Nehru has repeatedly declared that the UN could have meaning only by being given the powers of government. Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo of the Philippines has been perhaps the most eloquent orator of all on the need and possibilities of world government. At San Francisco, China actually proposed world government, but the United States and Russia, in their role as leaders, were too intent upon establishing the UN as subordinate to their own sovereignties to permit even serious consideration of the Chinese proposal.

All these points bear considerable emphasis. They help to answer the question: what about the rest of the world? They indicate that the world government movement is something more than an "American fad." They make it clear that it is absurd to say that *all* the statesmen are concerned only with the protection of their own national sovereignties. Indeed, it is possible to assert that America and Russia are actually *holding back* the natural political evolution of the nations into a higher unit. Some of the main reasons for America's opposition to a strong UN we have already discussed; later in this article, we shall speculate on some of the Russian reasons. But whatever Russia's reasons may actually be, one thing seems certain: the proposal for world government will not come from Moscow—which, indeed, has already characterized world government as an imperialist plot. That leaves the United States as the only possible effective proposer for UN revision—in fact, it leaves the United States as the one nation to which the peoples of the world are looking, and have been looking since the end of the war, for vital leadership in building world law.

Let us assume that the President and the Congress are convinced not only that they have the popular support for American initiative in revising the UN, but that public opinion actually demands such initiative. What, then, specifically, do we do? Our first job, obviously, is to attempt to establish the atmosphere in which our proposals can be seriously considered, and to leave no doubt of our sincerity in attempting to create a real system of collective security through the UN.

Article 109 of the Charter provides the principal means for UN revision. Under 109, a review conference for amending the structure and functions of the UN can be called whenever two-thirds of the member nations decide to do so. *Such a call is not subject to the veto.* We should make clear in proposing the calling of the conference that our aim is solely to examine whatever weaknesses may have developed in the operation of the Charter, and to remedy those weaknesses in keeping with the spirit of the preamble.

The United States should point out that the fundamental danger of the UN as presently constituted is not only that it is too weak to cope with an actual crisis, but that this very weakness tends to create crises. For the inability of the UN to *guarantee* security has made it necessary for the larger nations to take security measures of their own which frequently overlap or are in direct conflict with each other. Since most of the world outside the United States and the Soviet Union is a power vacuum, and since almost every spot in the world is now of strategic military significance, the struggle for security has meant an inevitable competition between America and the Soviets for predominant influence inside that vacuum. Thus security means expansion, and expansion means conflict.

The most constructive first step for the review conference would be to undertake a security inventory of the nations. Just as an economic inventory of the European nations prepared the ground for the Marshall Plan, so a security inventory would assemble the facts on which a strengthened UN could be built. Let each nation state under what circumstances or conditions it would feel secure, first in reducing its armaments, then in disarming. Let the nations define the basis of their geographical security. Then let them state what guarantees of security each would require from the UN before giving up their unilateral security programs.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that such an inventory would reveal that most nations, including the United States, would be willing to undertake armament reduction so long as there were *enforceable guarantees* against secret violations by other nations. With respect to atomic weapons and other weapons adapted to mass destruction, for example, the United States would logically restate and reemphasize the provisions of the Baruch Plan calling for a comprehensive system of inspection and control. This time, however, we would not be advocating, as we did under the Baruch Plan, the establishment of a separate agency that actually had *greater* powers than the UN itself—an agency to control weapons but not an agency to control war.

It is to be hoped that this time we would make clear that the problem of inspection and control is not to be separated from the problem of world law; that possible violations can be dealt with only against a definite background of statutory law, with due process, and with a law enforcement agency equal to the job. Anything short of that could not possibly guarantee that the mechanism of inspection and control was being fairly administered, and was not the means by which one nation would seek to prevent another from making full use of the industrial application of atomic energy.

These would most likely be some of the questions considered at a review conference, which would then be faced with the problem of recommending the machinery for implementation. If decisions of the UN in those matters clearly related to the common security are to be exempt from the veto, precisely what is to be the machinery for compulsory jurisdiction? And if compulsory jurisdiction is to be effective, what would be needed in the way of preponderant force to back it up? Of what would such preponderant force consist? And what would the basis of representation be in the revised Assembly? One nation, one vote? Or weighted representation according to population, industrial capacity, and other relevant factors? And if the UN is to have authority

over the individual in certain matters, what rights will the individual have in return?

These problems, it will be observed, go to the heart of the making of government. No more complicated and delicate problems have ever faced any group of constitution-makers in the past. But the difficulty is dwarfed by the necessity; and the important thing is that at least and at last we address ourselves to those problems. At the same time, we need not intimidate ourselves by the size and scope of the job. For the conference will not be venturing into entirely uncharted territory. Responsible studies pertaining to representation, for example, have already been undertaken by such well-qualified international-law experts as Grenville Clark. On a more ambitious level, there is the draft of a world constitution worked out by a group of distinguished political scientists brought together by Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins, of the University of Chicago.

In any event, the most serious difficulty of all is not represented by a definition of compulsory jurisdiction, or by the creation of a preponderant force, or by the relationship of the UN to the individual. All these can be worked out—assuming there is general agreement on their necessity as general objectives. The most serious difficulty is represented by our next question.

3 *What about Russia?* Before we attempt to speculate about what Russia might do or ought to do, let us examine a basic fallacy commonly held about world government. The purpose of world government is not to bring Russia and America together; *the purpose of world government is to keep them apart.* It is precisely because both large power systems are moving toward a catastrophic collision that some means must be found to head it off. In the absence of a superior force, each seeks the security that can be obtained only at the expense of what the other regards as its own security. And the job of a UN with powers of government will be to insert itself between the two, to establish fixed limits to the competition between the two, to keep the differences that separate the two from becoming combustible. World government, in theory or practice, is no steamroller designed to flatten out the differences, however great, that for better or worse are the lot of the human race. It doesn't seek to impose a stifling uniformity but to make the world safe for diversity. But no part of that diversity must be greater than the whole.

The gap—ideological, philosophical, economic, historical—between America and Russia is too profound today to expect that any conceivable formula could be worked out for a unified social system immediately acceptable to both. A world organization which had this as its objective would succeed only in precipitating a civil war. But an organization strong enough to eliminate the competition for security between the two, that could assure both America and Russia a free hand in the development of their internal economies, would provide the best possible proving grounds for the *peaceful* competition between democracy and communism.

Deprived of the economic hypodermic of war or armaments races or military-aid programs, American economy will have to prove itself capable—as I am confident that it can—of avoiding the bust that follows the boom; it will have to prove there is nothing inconsistent between a comprehensive program of social welfare and the preservation and indeed enlargement of political and economic liberties. Similarly, Russian communism, deprived of the excuse that a hostile outer world is forcing it to pour most of its industrial, political, and emotional energies into war preparation, will have to prove its ability to raise the living standards of its people.

THE argument, often advanced, that political democracy and economic democracy are moving toward each other in a beautiful blend, with America and Russia as the centers of the approaching gravities, seems to me to be fallacious under existing conditions. What is happening today, and what will continue to happen, is that spiraling war tensions will promote militarism in the United States and place increasing pressure on our political liberties—to say nothing of the pressure on free enterprise. Make no mistake about it: *preparation* for defense in an atomic war eventually and inevitably involves much more than the mere stockpiling of atomic bombs. It involves what the experts call "vulnerability reduction"—a polite military

euphemism to describe the relocation of populations, the decentralization of industry, the operation of underground war plants, the possible conscripting of capital and labor. If under these conditions the American and Russian systems approach each other, it will not be on the basis of mutuality in economic and political democracy, but a mutuality in totalitarianism.

But in a world with the war factor removed and with something better than quicksand for a foundation, it is entirely likely that over the years the vast ideological gap between America and Russia may be narrowed. Whether or not the gap eventually disappears is a matter of speculation. What is of central importance today is that a basis for co-existence be defined and established; and if there is a better way of doing it than through a world agency stronger than either nation, I have yet to hear of it.

All these considerations should figure largely in the effort to get Russia to go along with us in revising the UN. Our aim should be to make it as difficult as possible for Russia to refuse, although some circles advocating UN revision seem primarily interested in making only those proposals which they are certain Russia couldn't possibly accept. In initiating a call for a revision conference under 109, in calling for a security inventory, in drafting a basis for world law under the revised Charter, and in taking the moral and psychological offensive on a world scale, we can be sure we are putting the pressure on Russia where she is most vulnerable. For the one thing the Soviet leaders dread is the danger that she will be cut off from the mass of the world's peoples; every important Soviet move of the past three years has been accompanied by the most painstaking effort at justification before the bar of world public opinion. This is understandable enough, for the Soviet leaders know, even if we do not, that the fate of both Russia and the United States may very well be decided by the 1,500,000,000 people outside the two nations. And any really sincere and constructive attempt by America—clearly recognized as such by the world's peoples—to bring some measure of sanity and moral leadership to the world at large, would shift to Russia the burden of demonstrating her own good faith. After all, we would not be asking her to give up anything or to do anything we aren't ready to give up or do ourselves. We would be making it clear that what we propose is not the legalizing procedure for a coalition but the genuine basis for mutual security.

If the Soviet's actions of the past three years have been motivated primarily by *fear*, and if, as Mr. Henry Wallace has intimated, she has been "reacting" rather than acting, then nothing could be better calculated to allay those fears than a world organization which alone could guarantee her requisite physical security. But if Russia's actions have been motivated primarily by *ambition*, then only a world organization possessing an organized preponderance backed by the moral weight of justice and duly-constituted law, could provide adequate means of containing such ambition. In either case—whether Russia is motivated by fear or ambition—by proposing world law, we make the only move which adequately covers both contingencies.

Let us suppose, however, that despite the sincerity of our approach and the reasonableness of our proposals, Russia decides to stay out. What do we do then? I believe it is our responsibility to go ahead with as many others as are willing to join with us in strengthening the UN with powers of government. We would still work in good faith for Russian adherence, for the goal is a government of the whole. In so doing, we would have the day-to-day opportunity of demonstrating the advantages of participation in the world body. We would know, too, that it would be difficult for any nation or bloc of nations to remain indefinitely outside an integrated world community possessing both physical strength and a firm moral sanction of the popular will.

Yet speculation as to what Russia will do is futile. The only way to find out is to put the question. And right now the big job is to get the United States to do the asking. Not until we put the question will we get, or be entitled to, an answer.

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Timid Billions

Are the Foundations Doing Their Job?

Edwin R. Embree

American foundations grew out of the spectacular fortunes amassed during the swift expansion of this new country. They were created to bring to bear on human welfare that private initiative and free enterprise that their founders had so boldly used in the building of commerce and industry. In addition to endowments for specific subjects and institutions—churches, hospitals, colleges, and the like—there are over five hundred general foundations in America with charters as broad as the whole of human progress. They own capital of over two billion dollars and pour into the stream of American philanthropy a hundred million dollars a year.

Are foundations showing the imagination and resourcefulness on social issues that their founders showed in business and that modern society so desperately needs?

Basic American industries are represented in the fortunes that created these foundations. Iron and steel made the millions that appeared in various Carnegie endowments. Oil produced the great Rockefeller boards, the (Harkness) Commonwealth Fund, and the new Cullen Foundation of Texas. Cotton built the John F. Slater Fund and harvesting machinery, the McCormick Memorial Fund. The financing of pioneer industry created the Russell Sage Foundation. Copper was the base of the several Guggenheim endowments and the Phelps-Stokes Fund. Tobacco produced the Duke and Reynolds trusts. The typically American automobile industry made possible the Ford and Sloan funds, and food processing created the Kellogg Foundation. From merchandising on the grand scale came the Kress and Kresge and Field Foundations and the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

The aims set for them by their founders were ambitiously broad. Andrew Carnegie endowed the Carnegie Corporation for "the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States and the British Dominions and Colonies." "The well-being of mankind throughout the world" is the chartered purpose of the Rockefeller Foundation. The Milbank Memorial Fund was set up "to improve the physical, mental, and moral condition of humanity" and the Markle Foundation was endowed "to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge among the people of the United States and the general good of mankind." The Julius Rosenwald Fund was directed by its founder to expend its total resources in a single generation "for the well-being of mankind."

Mr. Embree, the author of Investment in People, *has been vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation, president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, and is now president of the Liberian Foundation.*

In pursuing these broad purposes, foundations are unique in their opportunity to pioneer. They have free funds and freedom of operation. Not restricted to narrow purposes, their mobile resources can be used on any front for any cause that presents special need or special opportunity. They do not have to cater to a standardized constituency by doing popularly accepted things. They are not engaged in the direct operation of large plants and so do not need to be engrossed in details of administration nor bound by institutionalized traditions. Many of them are permitted by their charters to expend principal as well as income and can rush huge forces into any enterprise they select. They can assemble the keenest minds from all over the world and provide stimulating settings for conference and planning, and they can provide ample funds to experiment and to demonstrate new procedures for human welfare. If their experiments do not come up to expectation, there is no social catastrophe. If they succeed, the work is taken up by the state or by general giving, leaving the foundation free to move on to pioneering in other fields.

A few of the foundations, especially in the freshness of their early years, have lived up to their high opportunities. Nothing in American achievement is more brilliant than the practical application of ideas by the group of men associated with John D. Rockefeller as he set up his foundations at the turn of the century. Frederick T. Gates, a Baptist preacher and early Rockefeller adviser, was probably the greatest statesman in American philanthropy. Mr. Gates found worthy associates in Wallace Buttrick, another Baptist preacher; in William H. Welsh and Simon and Abraham Flexner, who represented new ideas in medicine; in Wickliffe Rose and General Gorgas, pioneers in public health. Just look at the scope and achievement of some of the early efforts of the Rockefeller group.

Fifty years ago medicine and public health were only at the threshold of their growth in America. Medical schools for the most part were taught by busy practitioners in their spare time; research scarcely existed; preventive medicine was a stepchild. Wise use of the Rockefeller millions was a transforming force in this whole field. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research was set up so that doctors and scientists could give their full time to the study of disease and its prevention and cure. Into this institute, Mr. Rockefeller and the foundations he set up poured sixty-seven million dollars—a bold attack on a basic need. To remedy the mediocrity of medical education in America, Abraham Flexner was commissioned to study the medical schools of Germany and other countries. And on the basis of his findings, demonstrations of modern medical education at a number of our leading universities were supported by one hundred millions of Rockefeller dollars as well as by millions which flowed in generously from other foundations and individuals. Today American medical education leads the world.

In applying the new knowledge to human welfare, the Rockefeller Sanitation Commission (later merged into the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation) undertook dramatic demonstrations of the ability of man to rid himself of one after another of the great contagious diseases. Starting with the homely hookworn, members of the commission showed how simple it was to curb an infection which had lowered the vitality of hundreds of thousands of people in the southern United States and of millions throughout tropical and semi-tropical lands. They moved on to conduct war on a wide front against malaria, one of the world's oldest and greatest scourges. And in a concerted attack on yellow fever, they have actually eliminated this deadly plague from all but a few isolated spots in Africa and South America.

These were magnificent attacks on one phase of human welfare; and in a quite different field the early Rockefeller advisers took up an equally creative enterprise. They stimulated the building of a great university in the capital of the Middle West. Contributing seventy-eight million dollars to the University of Chicago, the Rockefeller fortune helped to raise the level of higher education throughout the region. The galaxy of Midwest state universities—Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa — could scarcely have come to their current high standards without the compelling influence of the University of Chicago.

There are other examples of bold and persistent attack on basic problems: the early Carnegie program that put public libraries in hundreds of cities and towns and affected the reading habits of the nation, and the Carnegie insurance and annuity plan which has added to the security of thousands of professors and scholars; the forty years' service of the Russell Sage Foundation in transforming social work from fumbling and patronizing charity to a skilled and constructive profession; the application of social science to public administration by the Spelman Fund; the cultivation of the finest young talent through the Guggenheim fellowships; the contributions to music of the Juilliard Foundation; the thirty years' work of the Julius Rosenwald Fund in equalizing opportunities for all the people in America, especially in enlarging and enriching education and other facilities for the Negro tenth of the nation. And, of course, many foundations have lavishly supported the physical sciences, which have added so much to our wealth—and our dangers.

II

UNFORTUNATELY, comparable instances of creative attack on basic problems are singularly lacking today. In spite of the increasing number of funds and the desperate needs of the world, there is an ominous absence of that social pioneering that is the essential business of foundations.

I undertake the criticism of current foundation work with modesty and respect, for I recognize the traditional and potential greatness of American philanthropy. The Rockefeller family, for example, has a record for wise and generous giving, extending now over three generations, that is probably unequaled in human history. The various Carnegie boards have been a strong influence in education and many other phases of American life for nearly half a century. The officers of the Carnegie funds, running from Henry S. Pritchett and Frederick P. Keppel to Charles Dollard, the present president of the Carnegie Corporation, have been leaders in the intellectual life of the nation for two generations. Among the trustees and officers of many of the five hundred or more foundations are some of America's finest thinkers and leaders. And I remember with contrition that foundations which I helped to direct were not without certain of the faults I censure.

My criticism is not so much of given individuals or given boards as it is of the present trend. And I speak not only for people outside the foundations but for many trustees and officers who are distressed at the present lack of pioneering. Somehow policies have got confused and timid; foundation giving, instead of concentrating on the social frontiers, is losing its leadership and becoming conventional and stereotyped. Medicine and health meant pioneering fifty years ago; today they are the philanthropic fashion, so firmly established that governments and private individuals support them abundantly. Yet the best reports available show that almost half of all foundation appropriations still go to these fields. Another third goes to colleges and universities and various phases of education. Support of welfare agencies and research in the natural sciences account for much of the rest of foundation giving.

Even in these conventional fields foundations are tending more and more to avoid enterprise and initiative. Instead of pouring brains and money into frontal attacks on fresh problems, they now tend toward what Frederick Gates used to call the great foundation sin, "scatteration"—that is, the sprinkling of little grants over a multiplicity of causes and institutions.

THE published reports of almost any of the foundations show this trend. A recent report of the (Rockefeller) General Education Board, for example, lists forty-nine "major grants" to Southern white colleges and twenty-eight "major grants" to Negro colleges, thus covering with a light philanthropic dew a cross-section of the respectable institutions of the region. In addition during the same year this foundation made scores of smaller gifts ranging from $4,100 to as little as $300 to 137 separate individuals and projects, such as a study of Blue Ridge flora by Lynchburg College, help in a nutrition laboratory for the University of Alabama, part of the salary of a bacteriologist at the University of North Carolina, a dairy technologist at North Carolina State College, a teacher of nursing at Florida

A. & M. College, training in laundry and dry cleaning at Piney Woods. Such grants are not only a dissipation of the attention and resources of a great foundation; they are a usurping of the administrative function of the duly-constituted authorities of these institutions.

The only even moderately large grants of the year by this board were conditional pledges totaling $950,000 to the endowments of Millsaps College, Randolph-Macon, Southern Methodist, Sewanee, and Washington and Lee. Another $620,000 was spread over capital additions to Erskine, Guilford, Hampton-Sydney, Hendrix, and Salem Colleges and the University of Tulsa. These are proper enough institutions, and it may be argued that such grants contribute a multifold attack upon a single problem, that of higher education in the South; but the addition of around $140,000 each to the buildings or endowments of these eleven respectable colleges for white Southerners is not going to bring any profound changes to the education of the region.

The Rockefeller Foundation, one of the greatest of the philanthropic boards (holding securities with a market value at the beginning of 1948 of over two hundred and thirty million dollars), is now divided into five divisions or bureaus. These divisions cover a wide gamut of human interests from the humanities through the social and natural and medical sciences to public health. But they so sharply divide the field that it is hard to get any project considered which does not fit snugly into the set pattern of one of these compartments. Yet most of the fresh ventures which lead to social progress are by the very newness of their concepts outside of the ancient molds. This foundation lists in its recent report grants in a single year to over one thousand separate projects and individuals, ranging all the way from a few hundred dollars for graduate medical education in an Army hospital and for instruction in German at Connecticut College, to gifts of a hundred thousand dollars or more to the National Research Council and to the building of a cyclotron at the University of California. One is staggered by the sweep of the gifts, covering almost every subject in institutions in almost every state of the union and many foreign countries. But one cannot but feel that these gifts are so thinly spread over such a diversity of projects that they are not doing much more than pouring oil on the existing machinery. The officers of such a foundation are engrossed in the review of hundreds of projects for which they have assumed some responsibility as well as in consideration of thousands of appeals from a welter of needy agencies and individuals. Just to keep the wheels of such a philanthropic factory going becomes as absorbing a task as running a hospital or managing a department store.

Occupational diseases that easily infect foundations are traditionalism and self-preservation. Officers and trustees, constantly appealed to and deferred to by applicants, can scarcely avoid getting an exaggerated idea of their own importance and becoming preoccupied with holding and enlarging their roles. The easiest way to hold a traditional place is to play it safe. Far from contemplating bold experiments or risking fresh ventures, the tendency is to invest in social welfare—as in bonds—only in the safest securities.

The trustees of foundations are heavily weighted toward conservatism. A study made some years ago by Eduard C. Lindeman showed an overwhelming preponderance of bankers, lawyers, and friends of the founder. There are directors of industry but few of the active scientists and technicians who are daily pushing the industries ahead; there are university presidents but few active scholars or teachers. Labor is not represented on any of the big boards. When the Julius Rosenwald Fund elected Negroes to its membership, many thoughtful people approved. But none of the large foundations have followed this example, though several include Negro institutions and race relations among their contributions. Often the founder's eccentricity or special interest determines policy, and in the case of the family foundations, friends and business associates on the board often serve more as executors to carry out his will than as socially responsible trustees. There is little evidence to support the claims of some critics that these conservative trustees try to use the power of foundations to bolster up the status quo and oppose change. And still less to support the recent diatribes of the Chicago *Tribune* that foundations are

"fostering the red menace." The real criticism is not that foundations are vicious, but that they are inert.

In several foundations new proposals are passed around among a large staff. To get by the doubts of half a dozen distinguished and self-important critics, a proposal has to be so "sound" as to be almost innocuous. In such an atmosphere cynicism easily develops; one seldom finds foundation groups on fire with new ideas, enthusiastically discussing new ventures, fervently struggling to find fresh procedures and wider horizons.

In what seems to be an effort to concentrate on fresh ventures, several boards have recently announced that they will no longer give to buildings or endowments but will support only special projects and those only for a trial period. But often the support is so small and so brief that little lasting good results. Colleges and social agencies busily scan their programs looking for some item they can call special. They peddle this project to a foundation only to find that often they have to spend a great deal of their regular budget in bolstering up the special item. And they find that, after three or five years, the tapering off of the foundation grant leaves them saddled with a department swelled beyond its merit by temporary foundation aid and not necessarily any more useful than other departments that have been starved to cater to a philanthropic fad.

A natural foundation practice is to put off action in a given field until it has studied and deliberated, often for years. When this means keen analysis, looking toward active work after the facts are in, it is wise procedure. But often the surveys seem to become ends in themselves and the deliberations trickle off into nothing. A wealthy New Yorker recently incorporated a substantial part of his fortune, and the new foundation employed consultants and settled down to studies of what fields it should enter and what procedures it should follow. At the end of a year the nub of its findings was expressed by one of the men who had taken part in the studies by this quip:

"A foundation is not justified in giving to a project until that project has proved its usefulness, and after a project has demonstrated its value it should not need foundation stimulus." So that particular fund settled quietly back to supporting the pet charities of its founder.

BUREAUCRACY perpetuates its own molds. One of the older foundations has a professional staff of nearly a hundred persons highly trained in work started more than a generation ago. However competent in their own profession, these officers cannot be expected to do much pioneering in other fields. So this foundation is almost doomed to continue in a realm which, however fresh and significant forty years ago, is now so firmly established and fully accepted that it should be turned over to support by the state and by popular giving.

Concern for self-preservation often leads trustees not to search for ways to use their funds most effectively, but to be preoccupied with conserving their assets. One foundation, during the depression of the thirties when funds were more needed than ever by social agencies, deliberately voted to withhold two million dollars of its income each year as "reserves to protect capital." A year ago this foundation put more into capital reserve than into all its philanthropies, and over the years by curbing its gifts, it has added some twenty-five million dollars to its permanent assets. Reports of generous giving sometimes turn out to be merely the passing around of funds among allied boards. For example, nearly half of all "payments for philanthropic purposes" made by the Rockefeller Foundation in 1947 were transfers to its sister funds, the General Education Board and the China Medical Board. Expenditures over the years by the Carnegie Corporation include payments of nearly one hundred million dollars to other Carnegie boards and allied agencies. A foundation with a capital of fifty million dollars lists expenditures for a year of only seven-tenths of one per cent. Another has set aside nearly half its present resources as a "reserve fund to assure income for administrative expense."

An attack on the diseases of hoarding and traditionalism was made by Julius Rosenwald. In setting up his foundation, he provided not only that it might spend principal as well as income but that it *must* spend its total resources within one generation. He wanted his money spent while vision was fresh and enthusiasm high. The various

Rockefeller boards and several of the newer trusts have the right to spend principal as well as income and from time to time are making substantial allocations from their capital funds. But in general, prudence, not boldness, is the rule.

Of course imaginative projects are not absent from current foundation grants. Henry Allen Moe and his associates continue with uncanny insight to search out and give opportunity to the finest young talent through the Guggenheim fellowships. And in special fields other foundations are generous in providing opportunities for young Americans to pursue the highest reaches of education at home or abroad and for students from many foreign countries to travel and learn. While foundation "studies" have become a by-word, several of them are of wide influence, notably the brilliant analyses of economic issues by the Twentieth Century Fund and the study of race relations a few years ago by Gunnar Myrdal, initiated and supported by the Carnegie Corporation, which resulted in the outstanding treatise, *An American Dilemma*. The medical sciences of the Rockefeller Foundation have been extended under the leadership of Dr. Alan Gregg to include the newer fields of psychology and psychoanalysis. And no one could accuse the Rockefeller Foundation of conventionality in its support of the studies of Alfred Kinsey which brought forth the provocative report, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*.

New leaders are coming into many of the larger foundations at just this time. They have an opportunity to turn these great social forces from traditional activities to fresh attacks on currently pressing problems. An encouraging sign is the recent decision of the Carnegie Corporation that it had reached the point of diminishing returns in programs which it had been carrying for two decades or more. It has announced that it is moving out of its long-continued efforts in adult education, library developments, and college art. It has also divested itself of its long concern with college examinations by helping to set up and endow an autonomous agency in that realm, the Educational Testing Service. As a result of its self-discipline the Carnegie Corporation is able to turn to fresh problems, especially in the social sciences. During the past year, for example, it has put three-quarters of a million dollars into the Russian Research Center of Harvard University, which aims to keep us acquainted as fully as possible with all phases of Russian life and to make the results of its research fully available to government, industry, and education.

Such decisions are terribly hard for any foundation to make. Yet they are necessary if these potentially creative funds are to avoid traditionalism and vested bureaucracy.

III

WHATEVER lacks may exist in the classic foundations, they are at least within the recognized patterns of tax-exempt philanthropy. But many of the newer funds do not recognize even a minimum of social responsibility. Two or three hundred of the so-called foundations, including some of the biggest, are simply family trusts: receptacles into which men put funds which thereupon become free of taxes. Their boards of trustees are often simply the founder, one or two members of his family, and his attorney. The money in course of time presumably finds its way into charity, and may thus justify its tax exemption. But there is strong suspicion that in given instances the "trustees" have used these funds to bolster up a family business. The founder continues, in fact if not in law, to control the funds of many of these trusts and can invest them in any way that suits his whim or his business interests. In some cases a foundation holds the controlling stock of a company, and the administrative expenses of the fund may provide tax-exempt management for the corporation.

Suspicions grow because many of the foundations publish no accounts of their holdings, their expenditures, or their procedures. The careful surveys periodically made by the Russell Sage Foundation and others have to report "no information available" or "data refused" in the case of scores of these trusts. In the most recent survey 240 foundations, out of the 505 canvassed, refused to give any information.

Some of these were among the biggest aggregations of wealth in America. The Ford Foundation is reputed to have assets even greater than the Rockefeller and Carnegie

endowments; it is reported that in addition to his earlier gifts, the late Henry Ford willed to this foundation most of the non-voting stock of the Ford Motor Company. Yet this foundation during all the years of its existence has never made any report to the public, nor furnished any detailed information for publication in the national surveys. The Cullen Foundation of Texas, with assets said to exceed one hundred million dollars, the Charles Hayden Foundation, with a reported capital of fifty million dollars, and many other large foundations give no public accounting of their holdings or their expenditures. Even so long established a board as the New York Foundation, which has done some fine things, has made no report to the public during the forty years of its existence.

In the absence of regulation of trust funds, abuses of tax exemption are springing up. One device is for the owners of a business to offer it as a "foundation" to a college or charity, with the unwritten understanding that the institution will thereupon hire the former owners at fancy salaries as managers of the business. This is a very pretty deal. The institution gets tax-free revenue from the trust and the former owners get a larger net income from their salaries than they would get from the earnings of the company after normal business taxes. The only losers are Uncle Sam and all the rest of us in America who have to pay larger taxes to make up for this evasion.

A congressional committee this very winter is unearthing some strange manipulations of tax-exempt funds, for example the Textron trusts. Whatever the legality of particular transactions, the current carelessness—or callousness—in failing to give any public accounting of tax-exempt funds is intolerable. If these trusts were treated as a regular part of the businesses that are creating them, the annual earnings would be subject to a tax up to 38 per cent. If they were treated as personal holdings the individual income taxes would of course be much greater. This means that for every ten million dollars received as income by philanthropic trusts, there is a loss in normal business taxes of $3,800,000, or loss in income taxes that might run as high as seven or eight million dollars.

If trust funds are to continue to have the great benefit of tax exemption—which means extra taxes for all the rest of us—they must be subject to public accounting at least as strict as that required by the Securities Exchange Commission of companies whose stocks are listed on the public marts. This does not mean that a commission would regulate the gifts of a foundation. The commission would simply require and supervise a public accounting which at a minimum would mean publication of the names of all trustees and officers, a listing of the capital holdings together with all changes in those holdings each year, a detailed statement of income and a listing of expenditures including both gifts and compensation to individuals. Pitiless publicity and objective accounting are strong forces in America. These regulations need not affect colleges and churches and similar institutions. A clear distinction has been recognized between agencies engaged in operating their own services and trusts set up to hold capital and disburse funds to others.

Public regulation of trust funds is high on the legislative agenda for the year 1949.

IV

QUESTIONS of tax evasion and unfair manipulation of trust funds must be handled by law. Questions of service to society are less easily appraised but are equally important.

Insofar as foundations let themselves become concerned with self-preservation, bound by tradition, and busy with hundreds of small projects, they cannot have time or creative energy for viewing the basic needs of society and devising fresh ways to meet them. Before turning to examples of fields in which foundations could be doing creative work, let us mark off some large areas that, however worthy in themselves, no longer have any special need for foundation stimulus.

Research in the Physical Sciences. Of course we need to continue to study natural forces. But the armed forces and industries are pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into the natural sciences. And already our physical knowledge is so far ahead of our understanding and control of ourselves that the whole human race is in danger of being destroyed by its own scientific miracles.

Medicine and Public Health. These are now thoroughly accepted in principle if not always in practice as public responsibility both by government and by community chests and private givers. The difficulty here is not so much to enlist public support as to persuade private groups to relinquish monopoly control of pet charities. One foundation trustee is reported to have complained recently, "We raised three million dollars for cancer research and then read that the government proposes to appropriate thirty million to the same cause; it's very discouraging." This competition to control causes and win credit may be very human but it has no place in foundation policy. Of course new movements in medicine as in any subject are always calls on foundation interest. But in general medicine and health, which were such crying needs fifty years ago, are no longer pioneer areas.

The Regular Run of Schools and Colleges. Education is now firmly established as a public responsibility in America. There is still need for experiment and pioneering; foundations may well continue to support fresh spurs to the learning process. The Bureau for Intercultural Education, for example, is pioneering in finding ways to introduce democracy both in the organization of our school systems and in the education of the students. At least a dozen colleges are working at fresh methods of stimulating the educative process. Sarah Lawrence in quality and Roosevelt College of Chicago in democracy are notable deviates from tradition. Ironically, pioneering colleges and fresh experiments in education —the only points at which foundations can make creative contributions—are just the ventures that find it hardest to enlist philanthropic support.

Social Agencies and Local Charities. No foundation has staff enough to judge the merits of the thousands of appeals that pour in from hospitals and charities and local agencies of every sort, nor money enough to cover even a fraction of the needs. And carrying the burden of accepted institutions is not the special function of foundations.

IF FOUNDATIONS will leave to the state and to general giving the support of work being done in areas already established in popular acceptance—into which at least three-fourths of all foundation money is now going—they can turn their energies to social pioneering as heroic as any of the achievements of the earlier days. And there are urgent needs today, maybe greater than ever before. Here are a few areas calling for the very kind of initiative and enterprise that foundations are created to give:

(1) *Teacher Education*

America has developed good professional training in medicine, law, and engineering. We have sadly neglected preparation for the most important profession, teaching. The need is not for more or bigger normal schools and teachers' colleges. God forbid! The need is to find and demonstrate sound and realistic preparation for a great profession. The improvement in medical education indicates the profound influence a foundation can have. One of the clearest and greatest opportunities today for private enterprise in philanthropy is in showing the way to make teaching the magnificent profession it must become if America and democracy are to grow to full stature.

(2) *Heroic Development of the Human Studies*

The fabulous support given to physical research during the past fifty years has brought rich rewards but it has squeezed the study of social organization and personal growth into the shadows. We need to understand the processes of child growth at least as fully as we understand the growth of plants. We need to know the causes of mental derangement as well as we know the causes of bodily disease. We should study just as objectively the types of family life and social organization that will be most useful to mankind as we have studied what physical forces can be most destructive. It is true that vested interests will oppose objectivity in the social studies. They have opposed all science, yet in the end objective truth has triumphed.

The whole range of human studies must be fostered. Creative students will be found not only in universities but in business houses, advertising firms, diplomatic corps, psychiatric clinics—wherever keen minds are grappling with problems of understanding and influencing human conduct. And revealing insights will come not so much by

cloistered study as by participation in various realms of active life where human behavior may be experienced in the raw. Many procedures to stimulate additions to knowledge will be found by any foundation willing to give to the human studies the resourceful imagination and magnanimous support that have gone into medicine and the physical sciences.

(3) *Human Relations*

Along with human studies must go active application to human relations, just as public health is an active partner of medical research or as improved agriculture and industry are tied in with scientific study. In our American democracy there is need for continued effort to equalize opportunities and bring all groups of our people into the full stream of American life. Negroes are not the only sufferers; three million Spanish-Americans live under gross discrimination; four million Jewish Americans are subject to slights and abuses; Catholics and children of recent immigrants, especially from Asia, are handicapped by prejudice; women are not yet given full equality; labor and management are still struggling for a fair balance in their common task of producing our wealth. We must find ways within the democratic framework of curbing discrimination and giving members of all groups a chance to make their full contribution and receive their full share of our material and spiritual riches. Cities and states and the federal government are beginning to give official attention to these problems; they will promptly make use of any new findings that study and experiment can offer.

In the larger field of human relations, we must fit ourselves for wise action in our new role as leaders in a closely interdependent world. Agencies in many cities and towns throughout the country, notably the Foreign Policy Association, are spreading knowledge of current world affairs and stimulating the thinking of hundreds of thousands of influential citizens. They deserve magnanimous and persistent support in their cultivation of this new frontier.

(4) *The Arts*

It is amazing that American foundations have done so little for the arts. In olden days this was the realm patronized most heavily by rich men and nobles. The Juilliard Foundation has fostered music, the Guggenheim and Rosenwald fellowships have cultivated artistic promise as well as talent in other fields, and other foundations have taken some interest in art. But the great emphasis of American philanthropy has been on scholarship and social reform. Some foundation can have a wonderful time developing civic theaters, promoting literature and the dance, fostering the whole realm of folk and fine arts.

(5) *A Great University for the South*

This is a very specific project as contrasted to the more general programs outlined above, but its results would be of benefit to a whole region and to the nation. Early Rockefeller leadership in the building of the University of Chicago transformed the scholarship and the cultural level of the Midwest. Leland Stanford's munificence did somewhat the same thing for the Pacific Coast, setting standards which had much to do with the quickly emerging greatness of the University of California. The South needs such a standard desperately. A great university could rise above the parochial problems and the petty restrictions of race and caste that beset the region. It would draw to its faculty the finest thinkers of the world regardless of creed or color or class. It would naturally admit to its select departments of higher learning whatever students would meet its high requirements. Its scholarship would enrich the region through the application of every phase of scientific knowledge and human understanding. Many foundations have scattered gifts over scores of the existing institutions both white and Negro. In fact Southern education has long been a pet hobby of American philanthropy. But no concerted attempt has been made to erect a great intellectual pinnacle in the region.

(6) *World Peace and Prosperity*

World issues may seem too vast for any private foundation to tackle. It is true that the fateful decisions are made by governments. But responsibility for peace must be assumed by the people as a whole just as the consequences of war fall on the whole people. The Carnegie Endowment for International

Peace was created specifically for work in this area, and several foundations are making contributions largely in the form of "studies." The need of the times is for much more aggressive effort on many fronts. Here is a place for initiative and enterprise of the highest order. I cite two examples of creative concepts in quite different phases of world problems.

THE Great Island Conference under the leadership of Beardsley Ruml has proposed assembling the top brains of the country to attack the moot problems of world organization and world prosperity. The issues are so varied and so knotty—as shown by the struggles of the United Nations—that the most resourceful minds both in and out of government should devote themselves to the search for solutions. Private individuals from the various countries can discuss issues with an objectivity and frankness impossible to government representatives who are bound by current national policies and questions of national prestige. Yet governments, however proud and jealous, would gladly use ideas and procedures that could be shown to be feasible and for the common good. Ruml and his associates have not suggested particular projects or specific personnel but have urged that foundations set aside twenty million dollars to bring the ablest men of the country into continuous thinking and planning. The conference suggests salaries comparable at least to the secondary brackets of law and industry, say around fifty thousand dollars. So far, the foundations have shuddered at the mention of such large sums and have doubted the possibility of enlisting the ablest brains for such tasks. Yet this is not an issue to be attacked with the conventional social-service hand-out of a few tens of thousands of dollars to be used by the conventional run of social bureaucrats. Either big thinking and basic planning will come out of it or nothing. And if any ideas can be produced to prevent war and promote co-operation, they will save not millions but billions of dollars, to say nothing of blood and sweat and tears. It is a gamble but a magnificent gamble.

Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. and Nelson Rockefeller are working out, with business and educational associates, new patterns of co-operation between nations, which stress the equal development of natural resources and human resources. They point out that one-quarter of the people of the earth now have most of the wealth and the scientific and technical know-how, while three-fourths of the world's people are poor, ridden with disease, and ignorant of the technology by which they could raise themselves to higher living. They believe that the present balance is unnecessary and that the peace of the world depends on bringing all people into a fairer share of education and prosperity. They are setting out, independently of each other and by quite different methods, one in Africa and the other in South America, to help to develop the resources and the peoples of those continents.

These projects represent a new form of investment. Trustees of endowments have too often followed opposite policies in the dealings of their right hand and their left. They devote their income to gifts for social betterment with no regard for money value, while they invest their capital with a sole view to financial returns without regard for social welfare. Here are investments that combine financial returns and human development. An evidence that American industry is still more willing to pioneer than American philanthropy, is that practically all of the thinking and financing of these new ventures in world co-operation have come not from foundations and the directors of social agencies but from business men.

THESE are just examples of opportunities lying ready at hand for foundations to turn their unique energies to the solution of acute and basic problems.

Arnold Toynbee, in his monumental *Study of History*, points out over and over again the transforming power of the "creative minority" in the development of civilizations. He and many other historians have recorded the decline of peoples when this minority becomes complaisant and formalized—more interested in the preservation of itself and its world than in stimulating further growth. By the very nature of their organization, foundations are especially fitted to be the creative minority to spur society on.

The Artist

A Story by Ralph Kaplan



Illustrated by Taro Yashima

THE El was passing, rushing with its fearful, clattering grind, making the old building tremble, raising the dust from the black, splintery floor and shivering delicately the broad, grimy panes of the row of large windows at the front of the loft, and when the rear door opened they did not hear it. Besides, they had fallen into the thoughtful, musing tiredness that came toward evening, working automatically, hands moving as if of their own volition and thoughts elsewhere; thinking about going home, of eating, of changing and getting out of the house; of small pleasures carefully, preciously conceived and tenuously drawn out, re-played in endless variations, dreaming; and when the figure came out of the darkness of the rear of the loft and into the light around the bench they were startled.

A young man stood nodding and looking from one to the other of the three people around the bench, Ruben at the soldering iron and the two girls sitting at their work across from him, smiling at them with an open, friendly regard, modest but seemly and yet grave, without diffidence. "I'm looking for Mr. Finkel," he said, smiling as at a rare, quiet joke. He looked at Alberta, but she turned her head sharply, avoiding his gaze, strangely confused, a large, handsome young colored woman in her early thirties. She had been humming to herself her favorite tune, "I'll be rich as Rocky-feller," and when she looked up and saw him it startled her half to death, and then the reflective, friendly, and confiding look that he fastened on her disconcerted her oddly and she took to working furiously, her fingers shuttling swiftly. "Isn't this Mr. Finkel's place? Is he here?"

"He's upstairs," Clara spoke up, staring at him with open curiosity and her usual tentative belligerence, a young Italian girl, extremely stout, affecting a defensive brusqueness. "You can ring the elevator and Charlie'll call him for you. He'll be down soon, bud; he's just chewin' the rag."

"Thank you. It's all right," he said, waving a deprecatory hand. "I'll wait." He went to the window and stood looking out and they watched him with a mild, furtive interest. He was small-looking with an insubstantial leanness, the head looking large for

the slightness of him; hatless, the dark hair curling over his neck, giving it a soiled look; and he had his shirt open at the throat and folded over the collar of his jacket, although there was a touch of winter in the air outside, weather for an overcoat; and when he turned from the window with a smiling, depthless good nature, Ruben thought he recognized the faint, sad droop and aquilinity, and the subtle, imponderable stamp around the eyes and mouth, and felt a strange, sharp pang, seeing the eyes and lips foolish, sad, and guileless, glancing quickly and instinctively at the others to see if they knew it.

"Isn't it lovely?" he said, turning with a confident friendliness, smiling into their wary faces, looking from one to the other. He gestured toward the window. "It's so very lovely." When he moved his hand, talking, there was evident a style and gentility unfamiliar to the loft, a graceless, mean, and vulgar place. They stared at him blankly. "The sky," he said.

IT WAS an evening in late autumn, the darkness falling early. A large neon sign on the roof across the street sprang garishly alight against the deepening sky, the intensely luminous blue found often in the evenings of that time of year. Ruben looked out and thought with a sharp quickening that winter was coming, reminded of it suddenly and resentfully; each year it came to him with a faint, unpleasant shock and he always faced it numbly, like the prospect of decay or dissolution; it marked for him an inexorable passage, the loss of a year. He felt with an acute realism a cold, squeamish wetness on the soles of his feet, curling them, like slush through thin soles, and thought that he would be no better prepared for this winter than he had for the last. He had not wanted to think about it.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" the guy was saying, turning to Clara the mild, sad gaze of his eyes, large and gray with the dark curling lashes of a girl, and she melted a bit before them, arching her brows. "So lovely, a beautiful, subtle shade; but cold and sad, like a beautiful dead girl; doesn't it make you sad?" They looked at him and thought that his eyes, wide and grave, had in them a sad completion, a bitter certainty or wisdom or knowledge, but then the voice betrayed the inane assumptive lack of self-awareness of the child or fool. He misread the little smiles that sprang to their lips, answering with a smile of complicity, friendliness. Ruben felt the pang wrench upward in him, turning and sinking like a sodden log, familiar and sad, and felt an unreasonable flush, of resentment and embarrassment.

Clara stared at him with her large black eyes wide in her blandly humorous fat face. "Me," she said, "makes me wanna go home an' eat my little supper."

He smiled at her delightedly. "You know," he said, "I can grasp it, the beauty of it, I can feel it, because, you see, I happen to be an artist." He ducked his head and shrugged one shoulder with a sad, smiling humility and a certain proper pride, looking happily into their faces as if to share a good fortune, offering to the world to partake in it, not shutting anyone out.

Alberta looked over at Ruben, trying to catch his eye, her hands, looking a dusty tan under the droplight, moving with a deceptive speed. She stole a glance at the fellow and when he smiled to her, nodding, she ducked her head into her hunched shoulders and turned her eyes to the corners as if trying to see him without herself being seen, letting her mouth fall open, her face trembling on laughter.

Alberta was working beside Clara and Ruben was across from them, soldering connections. The bench was more properly a long table, extending down the center of the loft at right angles to the front windows, made crudely of boards and covered with cheap oilcloth, strewn with small piles of ceramic insulators, little bolts and nuts and washers, condensers to be soldered into a cheap gadget which sold in the five-and-ten and was supposed to eliminate static in radios but didn't; and they worked from these, hands striking out swiftly and consecutively for one thing after another, putting them together, discarding them, fast and purposeful, with a precipitate and desperate quickness and with no waste of motion; even when they talked the words seemed to fall timed between the movements, not interfering with the working of their hands; they were on piecework.

"Do you paint pictures or what? Do you make statues?" Clara inquired innocently. "Draw my picture?"

"I'm not a finished artist, of course," he



said, as if momentarily interrupted in a pleasant discourse, constrained by politeness to continue it. "But I'm only a young man yet, although people take me for much older; probably because I have a serious outlook. I'm only twenty-two. How old did you take me for? I imagine you took me for much older?"

"Oh," Clara said, pursing her lips with deliberation, "I figured . . . oh, twenty-two."

"Really?" He looked at her pleasantly, his face open and sad and confiding. "People take me for much older. You know, you might say I was a student. I study art, I instruct myself; I go to the museums and study the great artists. Sometimes I stand there and look at something, some wonderful painting, let us say, and I feel like crying, or like singing; something like a music goes through me. It happens sometimes too when I set a clean new sheet before me, perfectly clean, white, like snow; it makes me want to cry; I look at the whiteness, clean and perfect, and I want to cry or sing. I feel music, and I think of all the wonderful wonderful things I could put down and it fills me up so tight I think I'm going to bust. I study life, too. I observe and look at things."

"That must be interesting as hell," Clara exclaimed.

"Oh, it is." He pulled a stool over and sat beside her. Ruben shook his head to Alberta, thinking, the poor, poor dopey bastard, oh the poor fool.

"You know," the fellow was saying, "you have a very nice face." Clara glared at him warily, laughing, shaking a little with the false laughter of a tickled, complimented woman, preening, her cheeks reddening. She was not unhandsome, with large dark eyes and the small facile features of a slyly humorous little girl. Her arms and upper body were heavy, but it was only from the waist down that she attained her full proportions, with inverted pyramids of legs swelling up from the burdened creased ankles to great thighs and the full, round, dimpled, magnificent buttocks of a draught horse.

"You have a pleasant and attractive face. I find stout people are usually very pleasant."

"What the hell," she said and gave him a perplexed and bitter look. She grew red and said briskly, "Now look, don't be wise. Nobody asked for any wise remarks." Alberta could not contain her laughter, whooping, and Ruben grinned.

"Don't be smart," Clara said, but the artist smiled at her with a mild and utter innocence, only the least bit puzzled, looking over at Alberta to share in the joke.

"Fat people is pleasant," Alberta said to herself, laughing and shaking her head, letting her big-boned shoulders tremble softly with laughter, eyebrows raised and eyes peeking from the corners toward the artist, as if afraid of unexpected developments, putting her head down and laughing, the light catching her coppery, brown skin and vaselined, straight black hair.

THE two shaded droplights over the table were the only ones on in the shop except for the small red exit bulb over the door all the way in the back of the shop, and only the immediate vicinity of the table was lighted, a little island in the pitch blackness. There was another large work bench against the wall and toward the rear of the loft a clutter of sewing machines and a cutting table, all covered over; it was rather slow, the work Finkel had had for the sewing machines had petered out—some sort of cheap novelty bags

of imitation leather—and now there was only a dribble of work from the people Finkel contracted for, a radio and electrical outfit. Times were very bad, as bad as they were going to get: Chatham Square and the adjacent streets were full of men standing around with paper in their shoes, sitting on the curb with their heads in their hands, standing in doorways and passing fifteen-cent bottles of diluted wood alcohol from hand to hand. Times had been bad so long it seemed they had never been otherwise, and would remain that way forever.

The sky had darkened to a very deep blue, but still with a vibrant, luminous quality. Lights sprang up in the buildings across the street and on the bridge approach just past the next intersection, and the neon sign shone in ghastly alternating red and blue through the windows. The El trains that rushed by every few minutes bearing crowds home from work made a terrible, intolerable clamor in the narrowness between the buildings, made the windows tremble, jostled their brains, and they would stop speaking, waiting numbly, closing their minds and tensing themselves as if against an assault.

"On the sunny side of the street," Alberta sang softly.

"What are you, a comedian?" Clara said bitterly.

"What?" the artist said. "What do you mean? I'm sorry if I offended you."

"Ah, go stick your head in a hole." Oh, nuts, she said to herself, and her mouth pouted up and she felt like crying. Here she'd been starting to think almost that he was nice, he had such nice eyes, even if he was a fool. He sat with his chin on the palm of his hand, watching her work as if fascinated, looking at her with a smiling good nature, the trustfulness of one who knows he cannot arouse other than friendly or generous impulses.

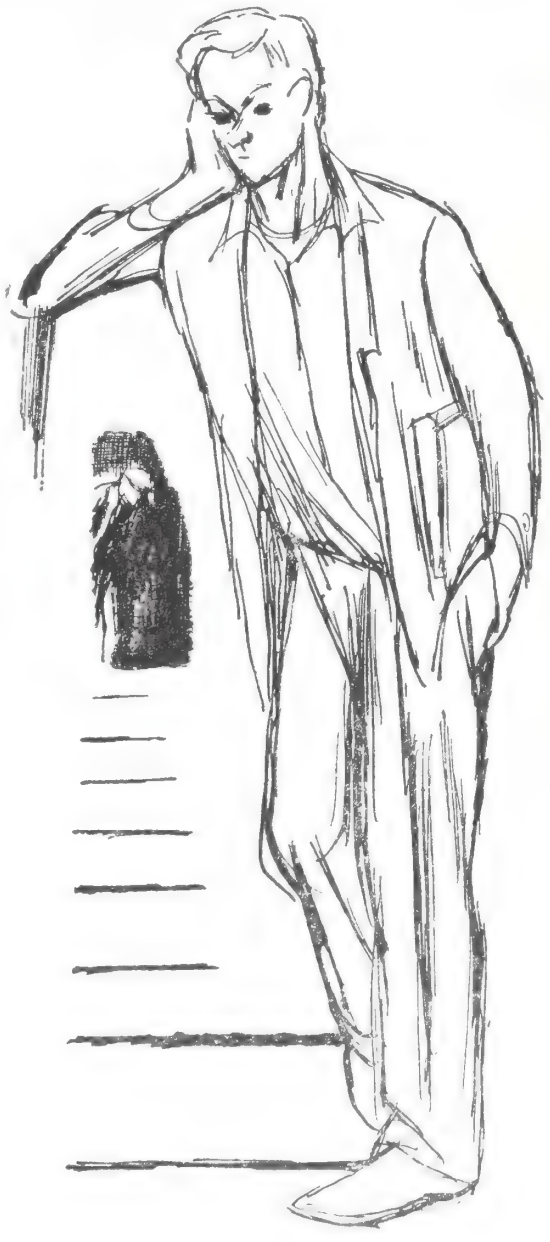
They heard the elevator door open and Finkel's quick, birdlike steps. He stopped when he saw the artist and came blinking into the light, cocking his head. His skin was dark and jaundiced, tight on a bony skull, and he narrowed his eyes, blinking uneasily behind thick glasses, the eyes dark like berries. "Hello? What is it? What can I do for you?" He did not like intruders or visitors, did not even have his name on the board downstairs.

The artist rose with a cursory dignified nod. "How do you do? Mr. Gorelnik, my uncle, said you had some work for me." Finkel pursed his thin purple lips and rubbed the flat of his palm against his thinning, gray hair, stiff and wiry, and somehow like the man, slyly stubborn, impervious to discouragement, and though without real assurance, the blind impulsion of a grub, having a certain servile nerviness when he needed it. He looked away, thinking, the little eyes receded and speculative.

"How is it you are here so late?" he demanded suddenly, turning on him.

"Late?" the fellow said.

"Late, yes; soon time to go home." He was getting a little short with him, suspecting sarcasm, and turned away from him before he





could answer, leaving the fellow standing there and making of the little fixed smile and slight, ingratiating figure an awkward and importunate thing.

"I didn't imagine you needed me very urgently; I didn't expect you'd want me to go to work today."

"Need you?" Finkel said, shrugging airly. "No need. Do you want to work? I have, yes, a little work. But not for lazy people, not for fooling around."

"Oh, yes, I would like to, I need to work. I'd like to make some money. It's for my mother, mainly. I should be devoting my time to art, since, you see, I'm an artist. Still, one needs money even for that, and besides my mother would like me to work, and could use the money. I intended to be here earlier, you know, but I walked across the bridge and it's really much farther across than you would think, and I stopped and rested a while. I watched the boats passing and made some sketches. A man stopped and watched me and then he spoke to me and said he had some knowledge of art and that I showed great talent, that it was all a matter of hard work, of application (which is true, don't you think?) and he said he had wasted a talent himself, that he would have been an artist but had taken to drink. He asked me for a nickel for a cup of coffee but I said I was sorry—and I really was: he was a very nice man."

"There's a bus running across the bridge."

"Oh?" the artist said; "yes," looking away vaguely.

Ruben shook his head, writhing faintly with a curdling distress and embarrassment. "Sure, and they got fare boxes on them too. Why don't you leave the poor fool alone, you old bastard?" he muttered to himself with a fierce sarcasm, and yet, looking at him, there was something about the guy that asked to be hurt.

"Here," the artist said, and pulled out of the pocket of his jacket a pad, "would you like to see some of the sketches I made on the bridge?" Finkel took it in his hand and held it toward the light and stared at it for a moment without expression. "Here," the fellow said, and turned a page.

"This is nothing. I have so very much to learn, about color, for instance, light; there are so many things to know. I'd like to paint people. People are so wonderful, so interesting. Look what Rembrandt did with the human face"—he tossed his head and smiled with a modest, sad irony. "I'd like to paint my mother."

Finkel had got the bored, distant, and sullen look that came when things got away from him, eluded or puzzled him. "Look," he said, "if you want to work you can be here at eight o'clock tomorrow, in the morning, that is, not the evening, if it's not too much trouble. Take the bus, stops only a few minutes from here.

Or maybe you would like better to look at the boats?"

"I'll be here. I would have been here earlier, but it took me much longer than I thought and I stayed on the bridge a while. There is a beautiful view, a fine perspective, it was something interesting and useful to me as an artist: you have to observe things, you know. Then, when I got off the bridge I asked a man the way but he couldn't speak very good English—he was Chinese, I believe—and he sent me in the wrong direction. Then I asked another man, but he was drunk or sick maybe, sitting on the curb, and he used some terrible language, and said I should beat it. I walked around a while, and I guess I was so busy looking at things that I lost track of time. I'll be here tomorrow on time, though. Now that I know I've got the job I'll take the bus over."

"I'm very happy. Eight o'clock tomorrow morning, then? All right, now you can go home, you can draw all the pictures you want; we'll see you tomorrow. Good night."

"Oh? Oh, yes." He stood for a moment, turning from one to the other and smiling. "Good night." They watched him go out the back door.

"Don't fall down the stairs," Clara called loudly.

Finkel looked at them quizzically, shrugging. "An artist," he said, and made a long impressed face, blowing his breath out, "oo-whah!" Actually he was more than a little impressed that an artist, even a fool, should come to work for him. "He showed me something, but the truth: I wouldn't know. I don't understand pictures; not even photographs. I look at them, but they make no meaning to me."

"He gon' draw Clah's pitcher," Alberta said. "He like Clah. He say stout people is very nice, pleasant."

"Oo-whah!"

"Awright," Clara piped. "That's enough."

"Such a match I would pay money to see."

"Are you starting? Are you gonna start that, too?" She took her apron off. "I'm goin' home, if you start that stuff. Buncha comedians."

"Go home, go home; it's time to go home anyway, almost. Go home, enough for today; you can get rich tomorrow."

"Rich, shoot," Alberta said.

They washed at the encrusted black sink in the back and the girls changed in the ladies' rest room, a makeshift of plasterboard which Finkel had put up himself because of the labor regulations, just big enough for a clothes rack made of a broom handle, an empty medicine cabinet and a canvas cot, provided by regulation in the event that some young woman become indisposed, and on which Finkel took a regular nap every day after lunch. The girls emerged transformed in their street clothes and with lipstick and powder on their faces, Alberta strutting on high heels, stockings hastily straightened on her trim legs, horsing around at the elevator door with the exuberance and release that came always when it was time to go home, even Clara forgetting she was angry to tease shy Ruben and provoke irascible, white-haired old Charlie, the elevator man, going home, leaving the grimy loft to the darkness and the great prowling rats.

When Ruben came in the next morning, Finkel had the fellow at work on the riveting machine, standing behind him, watching him; the machine bulked large and rather impressive among the cheap or second-hand appurtenances of the shop: Finkel rented it but was rather awed by it, proud and careful, thought it lent a dignity to the place, looked imposing and expensive. He watched the artist carefully, looking over his shoulder as he riveted metal clips to small rectangles of bakelite. It required only fitting the hole in the bakelite over the pin in the post which projected like the lower jaw of a fossil horse, placing a fibre and the metal clip on the pin in turn, and simply pressing the footpedal. This tripped a cam, meshing the gears rattling in the head and bringing the hammer crashing down with the rivet. The object to be riveted was held by the edges and there was enough clearance between the hammer and the fingers; you wouldn't get hurt unless you didn't watch what you were doing, or messed up on your timing, nervous or working too fast.

The artist looked at each piece carefully before putting it on and then glanced at Finkel before pressing the pedal. Finkel would nod impatiently and stood behind him scratching himself and shaking his head. Once he stepped on the pedal too lightly with an anxious tentative toe and the rivet came down crooked; the next time he kept his foot fixed

on the pedal and the machine repeated, splitting the bakelite piece and almost nicking his finger.

"No, no, you'll break the pin like that. Here"—he pushed the artist's hands clear and reached his own foot to press the pedal, wasting a rivet. "There. It's nothing to it."

He watched him do it, once, twice. "See, you have it," he said, but he shook his head to Ruben. He kept looking over all morning, watching the studied, careful progression, the artist turning each piece over in his hands and putting his foot down like someone about to trample a scorpion barefooted. Once he stopped altogether and started counting.

Alberta threw her hands up, laughing silently. This white boy was crazier than hell. "What are you doing," Finkel groaned. "First make some, then count."

It was too tiring to work all day standing and Finkel had improvised a seat by nailing two wooden boxes together and upholstering the top with burlap. It was not the most comfortable thing in the world to sit on and the artist kept squirming, raising and shifting from one side to the other. The machine made a great din, the ratchet clattering on the gears, the head smashing down.

Lunch time, Finkel came over and shut the machine off. The artist got off the seat carefully, like a man dismounting, flexing himself. Finkel peered into the corrugated carton into which the riveted pieces were thrown. "Oo-whah!" he said softly. The bottom of the box was barely covered.

Ruben was washing up at the sink when Finkel came up behind him. "Well, what do you think of this buffoon?" he said, speaking Jewish. Ruben shrugged, lathering the grime from his hands in the cold water. He would try usually to avoid conversation with Finkel, feeling a certain propriety which proscribed friendliness with the man, his boss, and never having liked him.

Finkel was standing close, leaning over and whispering in the confidential manner that Ruben found intolerable, the voice emerging from the loose denture with a whistling stale sibilance, the aging, weathered, lean flesh of his ribs pressing against Ruben's elbow. "The mother I once knew. An attractive woman, a clever girl, proud and delicate. Now, not to be recognized, a widow, middle-aged, desperately poor, like a stone in the fields, nothing; husband dead and buried with the consumption; and with a son like this. What an odd world, eh? The uncle I know slightly, met me on the street and asked me to take the poor fool on. But this is no ordinary one; you have to search diligently for fools like this."

"You don't have to be very bright to work here," Ruben muttered sullenly and unhappily, flushing.

"True, true." Finkel smiled softly, shrugging.

THE girls and the artist had gone out and Finkel and Ruben sat at the bench eating the sandwiches they had brought from home. Ruben went back to get a glass of water and Finkel called to him to get one for him too. "Thank you," Finkel said when he brought the water to him. Ruben wiped the crumbs from the table and then stood looking out the window at the traffic on the bridge, conscious of the man's ironical eyes on his back. Finkel inspired in him a hot, unreasoning resentment and a bitter distaste. After a while Finkel went into the dressing room to take his nap and Ruben went back to work.

The artist came in and came over directly to Ruben, nodding and starting to speak without preface. "I've been walking around. I like to look around at things, observe things. I saw a man lying under the bridge. He was all dirty and his shoes were torn and he had blood on him, his nose was bleeding. People went by but nobody looked at him. You know, I shook his shoulder, but he didn't move. Maybe he was dead, do you think? He had a terrible smell." He furrowed his brow and stared at Ruben out of his large, mild eyes, eyes of the forest herbivore, innocent of guile or evil.

Ruben remembered suddenly how he had used to see men lying beside the El pillars or in the doorways, sodden and sick, or dead, in a pool of blood or filth. For a long time he had not noticed them, he realized, although they were still there. He had just got used to them, he thought, like the colonial Englishman and the famine corpses.

The artist came up close and watched Ruben working. He asked him what he was doing, displaying an interest, asking a question or two, and Ruben suddenly pulled the cord out and pushed the iron away. "Gotta

go to the toilet," he mumbled. The men's toilet was out on the landing and he went out and sat on the wooden steps. He had felt it coming on, even with the fool. It had started some time previous, he was not exactly sure when. Someone had come and stood behind him, watching him, and suddenly his hands started trembling faintly. A sweat had broken out on his forehead, and he had sat there, numb and appalled, hands trembling and the sweat rolling down his face. Then it would happen when he was eating out, in a cafeteria with a friend, perhaps, and he was sure someone was watching, and he would put the fork or spoon down without finishing.

When he went back in Clara and Alberta were sitting at the bench eating candy before going back to work and the artist was leaning against the bench beside them, regarding them pleasantly.

"You know," the artist said, "I'd like to be able to make enough money to go to art school. I went for a little while but then my father got sick and I had to quit. And now, since he died, there's no one to bring any money in the house. You know, I don't like to talk about it so much, money, but lately I seem to be thinking about it a lot." He stared vaguely outward, as if he had lost track. "Before my father passed away he called me over and told me not to let anyone alter my determination. He said there were a lot of people who would envy me, be jealous of me, would try to persuade me that a man should spend his life working. Look what working did for me, he said, ate my lungs out in a rotten shop. He was right, I think; don't you? He said, 'Alvin, if you feel you want to be an artist, be one.' " He mused off, staring out the window.

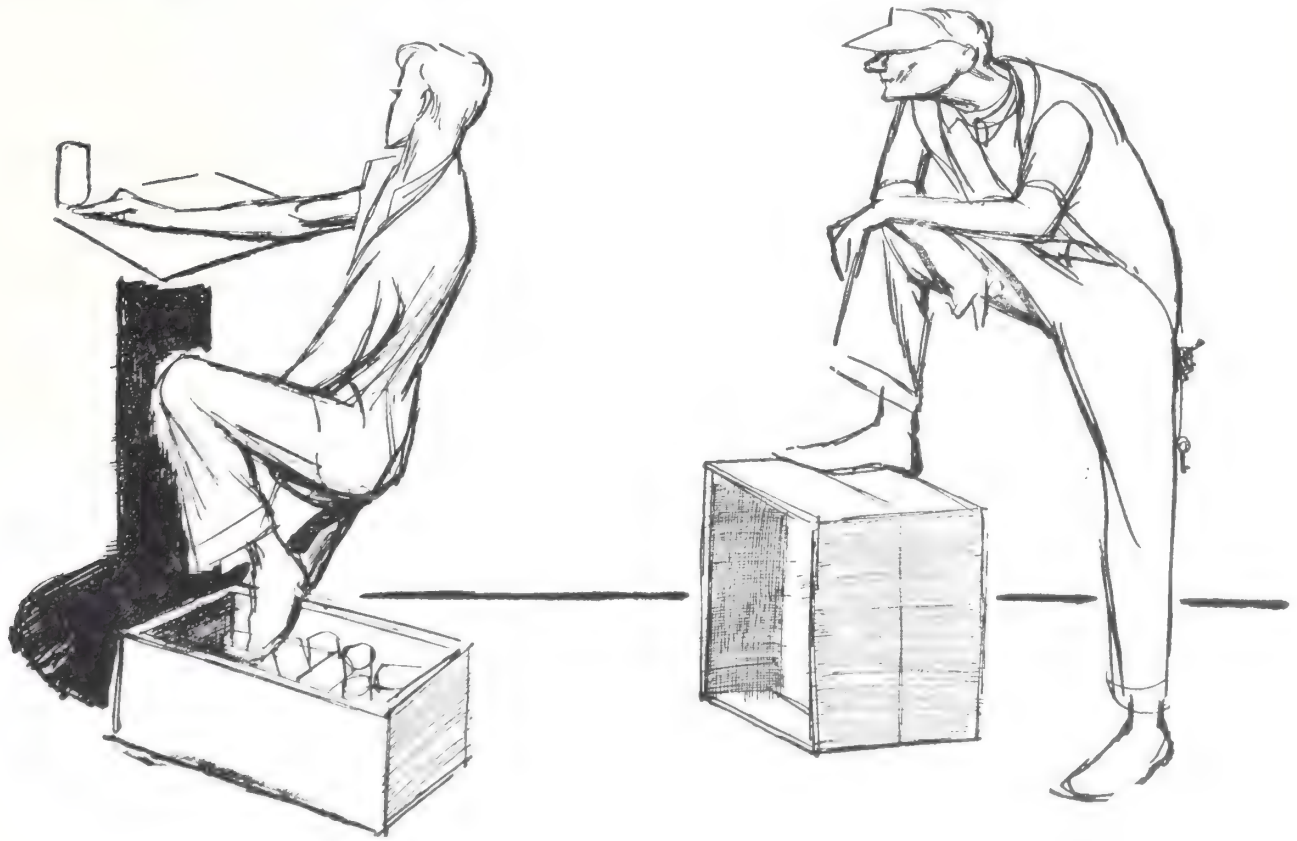
"You know," he resumed suddenly, "when I went to art school they had girl models and they would pose naked."

"Oh," Clara shuddered, with a feigned and delicate disgust; "don't talk to me, willya? You're disgusting."

"Oh, it's true," he protested. "It used to bother me when I went home to sleep; I couldn't."

Clara glared at him with a clever simulation. "You got a filthy, evil mind, you know what?" Alberta burst out with her tremendous laugh. She stared at the artist, her eyes tearing. Her laugh was fierce and loud, galvanic, startling in its fierceness and spontaneity, and Finkel came to the door of the dressing room. "What's the matter?"

"Why don't you pose for him, Clara," Ruben prompted. "You can go in the back of the loft; nobody'll look. You can undress in the toilet."



"Go on, don't be smart. Nobody sees me like that, except the man who marries me; not even him."

"Oo-whah!" Finkel said.

"Well, I don't know," the artist said. "You have a very nice, in fact a handsome face, but you're a bit too stout to pose naked; I don't think you should, really."

"Oh, goddammit, shut up, willya?" Clara shouted. "Don't be so damn smart. You're gonna get a bat in the eye, if you don't watch out."

THEY went back to work, the artist at the clattering, jarring riveter, working with no evident increase in speed. Finkel went out to see if he could wheedle some work. The day was oppressively gray, a low scud sweeping in from the river, and the building throbbed with the vibration of sewing machines in the lofts, and the windows rattled and dust rose every time the El went by. There was a strong, sour stench of leather from the loft below, and the acrid smell of solder from the iron Ruben was using.

Alberta hummed softly to herself, her hands flying swiftly, a phrase audible here and there. It was a sad, weepy day and she half-sang a little song to herself, one of the blues she had known down South in her home, singing one phrase over and over with variations as subtle as shadows or the gradations of sadness.

"Gonna lay my head on
Some ol' railroad track.
Gonna lay my
Head on some old railroad track."

Ruben sang it after her, sly but not mocking. That was all he knew of it. "Hush, boy," Alberta said, directing a distant supercilious stare at him, pursing her mouth with the fierce affectation of aloofness she always used when she was being twitted and sometimes when she was annoyed, except then she did not smile.

When the riveting machine was going it was almost impossible to converse, and besides, they had exhausted most topics of conversation for the while. They had talked about food the day before: that was a good one; you could kill an afternoon easy talking about different foods, kill a few hours, anyway. Then there was the boss, but they were tired of talking about him, heaping studied, bitter invective on him. They picked on something to think about and concentrated on it, turning it about in their minds, considering every facet of the matter; it helped a dreary and endless day pass.

Clara was thinking about love, dreaming the flesh had sloughed away, leaving her slender and lovely, her shoulders delicate and innocently beautiful, like the girls in the magazines and the movies, hips mean and sinuous like a snake. She played with the thought a while and then it palled on her, hopelessly. "Oh, nuts," she said, half aloud, "nuts, nuts. Hell." She turned her thoughts to supper.

Ruben was thinking furtively about what the artist had said about the girl models, but then, after a while, it made him bitter and angry, and he focused his anger on the artist for bringing it up.

Alberta was thinking about Billy-bee, her little old boy who had died. She thought about him quite often on dismal, gray days. Sometimes she thought about him when the sun was shining. He had been her little old boy, down home, and he was always smiling, layin' there in his little old bed and smilin'. She had never told the others about Billy-bee; she had started to tell Clara about him once on a lonesome, crazy impulse but then she had realized that there was nothing about him she wanted to tell. She thought about him now and it gave her pleasure, thinking about him, lying there, smiling, her little old boy. It was after he had died that she had packed up and come North. She thought about him and sang her little old blues softly to herself in a repetitious whine.

"There's something wrong with the machine," the artist called. Alberta, who was nearest, went over and looked. It was out of rivets and she poured some in. She looked over into the box and he asked, "How did I do? Is that very much?"

"You're doin' up a breeze, boy," she said. She stood shaking her head, looking away. "Here," she said suddenly; "let me show you somethin'." She got up on the stool and started working with furious intensity, a quick, controlled savagery of motion like music, reaching for a new piece with one hand as she discarded the other.

"Here, that way," she said, climbing off the stool. "You shoulda made them in a hour, boy." She looked away from him, sorry for

the poor fool, afraid she would smile into his disappointed face. She shrugged and went back to her work.

THE artist sat at his machine as if sunk in thought. "How much could I make if I worked like that all day?" She named a figure, not much even for those days. He sat thinking about it. "That would be nice," he said. "I could use some money. My mother would like for me to bring some money home. And I would like to buy some brushes and paint. I saw a nice box with everything in it that an artist would need." He shut the machine off, but the clattering of it hung on tenaciously and finally faded.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't like this work. I think it's dangerous; I don't think I should take the chance. What good is an artist with a damaged hand? I shouldn't take the chance, you know?"

"Alberta's worked on that machine and so have we; you won't get hurt if you watch yourself," Ruben said.

"Why should I have to watch myself? I'm an artist."

"You ain' gonna lose no fingers, boy," Alberta said; "just watch yourself."

"Yes, but I'm always thinking about something. It's my nature, I'm a dreamer. Suppose I'm preoccupied and make a slip. I could very easily lose a finger or cripple a hand."

"He's crippled already," Clara said.

Alberta was laughing. "Boy, why don't you say right out you don't wanna work? Why don't you jus' say you lazy?"

"It's all right for us to lose our fingers, maybe?" Clara made a loud aside. "Too bad about you, kiddo."

"You don't understand," he said unhappily. "Not at all."

"The Bowery is full of would-be artists," Ruben said suddenly. "The man you saw under the bridge is probably a broken-down artist. They're a dime a dozen." He spoke with a slow, reflective bitterness, not knowing why but wanting to hurt the poor fool, and immediately the blood rushed to his face, guilty and regretful.

In the grayness, the unrelieved gloom of the loft with its hopeless grime and slatternly unwashed windows and black, splintery old floors under which the huge rats ran, in the old rotten building with its brutal, scabrous walls, the artist must have felt the curious, unprovoked bitterness and meanness he was somehow, unwittingly arousing, and he drew back, his face clouding, a good, simple prince wandered in among bitter gnomes. Silently he left the machine and removed the apron Finkel had lent him. He took his jacket out of the ladies' rest room and without uttering a word walked down the loft and out the back stairs.



Good News out of England

John W. Vandercook

THE world can offer an American few experiences more startling, these days, than a first-hand view of things as they really are in the United Kingdom. Especially for those who knew England well before the war, a visit there now brings a feeling of dazed discovery. For a revolution has taken place. If a revolution does not fulfill the requirements of headline writers unless there is shooting, the "r" may be left off. But call it what you like, it has happened.

Our vast American machinery of news-gathering has left most of us in this hemisphere in a state of ignorance about this change almost as astonishing, and as complete, as that which lately obscured the vitality of the Democratic party in our own United States. Ever since the British general election of 1945 swept a Labor government into power with a whacking parliamentary majority—taking our press and radio by surprise, it will be recalled—most of us have seen events in Britain through a fog of more than common density. We have read, it is true, of Mrs. Smith, who was sick and tired of having to stand in line forever to do her shopping. We have been told the distressing anecdote about Mr. Brown, who had (mysteriously) come by all the necessary building materials to knock together an addition to his house, yet was forbidden by a soul-less bureaucracy to do so. Space has also been given to Robinson, who got into trouble because, on his own freehold, he planted buckwheat instead of wheat. But for some reason—perhaps because it is the exceptional incidents, rather than the characteristic ones, which get newspaper space, so that news items and the great trends of history falls into separate bins—or possibly because it has been thought that we free-enterprisers in America could not bear to hear about a salutary change which has had the bad taste to take place under a Socialist government—we have been very scantily informed about the central fact of British life.

This central fact is that in Great Britain, since the war, the standard of living for the great majority has risen to the highest level reached since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, more than a century ago. For all practical purposes, real poverty has been abolished. In a geographic and economic situation as difficult as that of a city besieged, an antique land (with an undeserved reputation for conservatism) has stolidly undertaken the great task of seeking to eliminate, for everyone, all of the baser forms of insecurity. With an impatience as wonderful as its unreadiness, the same nation has dedicated itself to an attempt to distribute the gifts, the knowledge, and the techniques of healing as even-handedly as it distributes bread.

Success in these three sectors has not been complete, of course; but it has been so sub-

Mr. Vandercook, author and radio commentator, has revisited Europe each year since the war. His trip year before last brought us an article on Austria, "Once Liberated, Twice Shy."

stantial as to constitute one of the great triumphs of our time. Returning pessimists, who have moved only in the best society, are accurate in reporting that there has been, for many, a marked decline in prosperity. What has been little noted is that vastly many more are more prosperous than ever before in their lives. Under the rule of austerity few Britons eat well, but except for a nagging deficiency of fats and sugar, all eat enough. Few are sicker than they were; millions are healthier. In the first three months of 1948 the death rate for England and Wales was the lowest ever recorded. And the birth rate is climbing like a released balloon.

THAT mighty, creaking turn of the wheel of British life has not been sudden. War, not Socialism, was the great leveler. Most of the members of the rapidly disappearing upper-bracket classes are fair-minded enough to remember that the high taxes under which they stoop were imposed by the wartime government and not by Clement Attlee. The heavy death duties which have most severely sapped the once great British fortunes were, as a matter of fact, instituted long before World War II for part payment of the costs of World War I.

In the matter of taxes, the Tory complaint against Labor is simply that if the social program now in effect is continued they see no hope ahead for tax reduction. Most of them are also willing to admit that they doubt if any government for many years to come could rescue them. It is estimated that Britain spent and lost in the past war one-third of her capital wealth. A deficit like that cannot be made up quickly. Only the emotionally forgetful, therefore, blame Labor for the tremendous pulling down (or, if they are of a dour and envious disposition, credit it). But the fact is unescapable: the taxing away of wealth has been tremendous.

There are today in the United Kingdom just 45 persons whose income, after taxes, is more than $24,000 a year. There are 900 more persons for whom it is more than $16,000 a year. And there are only 35,500 whose take-home income is in the $8,000 to $16,000 bracket. The rather scant indications one still sees of big spending, it is explained, are coming out of capital, or—as elsewhere—are ingeniously deducted.

There is little or no disposition to chortle over this annihilation of wealth. Certainly not in official circles. Only a very few vestigial Hegelians imagine that cutting down is in itself a useful exercise. The tremendous erosion of the leisure class, though it has been often sad, has, however, been going on a long time and the phenomenon is not confined to England. So there is undoubtedly a tendency to take it, should one say, calmly. When all the passengers are in the same lifeboat and alike on short rations those who have dined at the Captain's Table may deserve, but they do not get, special sympathy. That isn't Socialism. That's just plain human.

But what has so profoundly altered England as to make whole stretches of it scarcely recognizable has been the relative enrichment of the poor. In the past ten years the number of workers earning between $12 and $40 a week (after the payment of income taxes) has increased from 6,320,000 to 13,175,000. The number in the $20 to $40 a week category has risen from 1,820,000 to 5,225,000. And there are now half again as many who can spend a weekly wage of between $40 and $80.

By that reckoning, at least half the families in the British Isles are materially better off than they were a few years ago. They dress better. They are fast beginning to enjoy better housing. They have gained conspicuously in self-confidence. In spite of the insistence of the government that no further improvement in the standard of living is possible before 1952, most ordinary people give every outward token of being happier.

II

THE Labor government is not so fatuous as to claim full credit for that extraordinary change. The same war which abolished great wealth abolished great poverty. Between 1939 and the war's end the energies of Britain were more fully mobilized than those of any country in the world, not excepting Germany. The grim, familiar curse of unemployment was dissipated in the smoke of the first blitz. The truth is that the twin reforms of better wages and of rationing (which for the first time distributed clothes, food, and housing more or less evenly among all the people) were instituted by the coalition government of Winston Churchill.

The difference between Labor and the Opposition today is that Labor is committed to the retention of those gains. The Tories might, just might (it is far from certain), go back to *laisser-faire*. That, essentially, is why Labor won in 1945. Its mandate was primarily to keep what the majority of British voters found good. And, cautiously, to go on from there. Wages, by American measurement, are still not glamorous. But it is pointless to compare Britain's present with anything but Britain's past. It was not a pretty past. English cities, all of them, were scabrous with what were universally conceded to be the worst slums in the West. Millions lived dirtily, hungrily, and in ill health.

In 1933 a committee of the British Medical Association drew up a standard to determine the minimum weekly expenditure on foodstuffs necessary to maintain health. Using that standard as a guide, surveys made in 1936 in the not especially poor city of York revealed that 31.1 per cent of the working population suffered—by the Medical Association's own definition—from poverty. More than half of the children under a year old, and nearly 40 per cent of those between five and fifteen years old, simply were not getting enough to eat.

Six million British wage-earners are now making 114 per cent more than they did in 1938. Many coal miners who before the war took home between $8 and $20 a week now earn between $40 and $50. Miners collectively are making 206 per cent more than in 1938. Their outlook upon the whole spectacle of life, not unnaturally, has been transformed. The number regularly employed in the nationalized coal mining industry, which had been declining alarmingly for many years, has risen 28,000 since 1946. Absenteeism is down a third.

Take, for illustration, the instance of a kind of "worker" with whom an American tourist comes in contact, but seldom cross-examines; a chambermaid in an upper-middle-class London hotel. An extremely intelligent young Cornish woman told me that her wages before the war were $2.40 a week, and her hours (with two off) were from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M. six days a week. She now earns, in the same hotel and on the same job, $10 a week; she has one full day off in seven and works alternating seven- and fourteen-hour days.

She admitted she had voted Conservative. But she was beginning to wonder. A weight of fear had somehow been lifted. For the first time in her life, despite rationing, she had some "nice" clothes, she was a few pounds ahead, she was no longer in mortal dread of her job collapsing under her.

She said, with conscious interest in the occurrence, that lately she "had found it easier to talk to people." She meant, to people of another class. She was liking it. Her manners were perfect; but it was clear that there would be no more bobbing and curtseying to the ill-bred well-bred from her. Not ever. She said she imagined things were like that in America. Did she want, I asked, to leave England? Go to America, or the Dominions? "Oh dear no, not *now!*"

Mechanics, bus drivers, pottery hands, and textile workers, with appropriate variations, tell the same story. Though England is grim and gray and cold, many of the old tensions nevertheless have disappeared. In the breathless race between wages and prices, wages have kept well ahead. That has been achieved largely by a gravity-defying performance which may or may not, in the long run, work. Government food subsidies currently run to so staggering a total that the Exchequer is in effect paying $2.50 a week toward the grocery bill of every family. One result of the subsidy and of continued rationing is that children—all children—are drinking more milk than ever. Through the institution of thousands of factory canteens where those who are actively producing can get good meals for about 27 cents apiece without ration points, the poor are actually eating more than are most members of the middle class.

What has undoubtedly contributed most to the new feeling of personal security has been the exorcizing of the ancient dread of unemployment. Before Hitler, twelve out of every hundred British workingmen were out of a job. The percentage has fallen from 12 to just 1.5—and there are more unfilled jobs than jobless men.

Far less time—and pay—is being lost through strikes. It is reckoned, for the sake of a rather hazy comparison, that in the 36 months following World War I, 147,000,000 working days were lost through walkouts, while in

the same time period after the end of World War II, only 8,000,000 man-work-days were lost because of strikes.

III

THE Conservatives point out with heat—and justice—that the social gains which I have been describing are the ones for which Labor has least right to take the credit. Most of those changes took place before Labor came to power. The wage and food situation of the British working classes would probably be exactly what it is today were Gladstone himself Prime Minister.

Labor does not insist. As politicians, they know some voters have an agreeable habit of giving the administration credit when there is credit to be given. Since Labor is in the saddle it is also blamed for many things of which it is even less responsible; one wrong emphasis tends to balance with another and cancel out. As conscious reformers they incline rather to call attention to the deliberate acts which the Socialist majority has imposed in the teeth of Tory opposition. As to the importance of these—whether for better or worse—there can be no question.

The accomplishment of British Socialism in the past three years which has been most discussed in the American press has been the nationalization program; the group of parliamentary measures which have brought the coal mines, electric power, the major phases of public transportation, and the banking system under direct government ownership. But in England one discovers that those extensions of the state's authority into realms we still regard as part of the sacred province of free enterprise have all but ceased to be live issues. With a sensation which affects many as would the glide of an ice cube down the spinal column, the Conservatives have learned the bitter truth that in England the great majority of citizens simply don't care. Try as you will, you cannot get the vote out, or man a barricade, to reinstate embattled bank presidents. However wrong it may be of him, the Man in the Street just keeps walking when he is informed that the power and light company is going to be run by the state.

What John Bull does discuss is *how* the railroads and the gas works are run. If he decides they are being run badly he will become very audible indeed. But the mere fact of change of ownership does not disturb him. His sense of justice has been satisfied by knowing that none of the properties was taken without compensation. All were liberally paid for. "Those people" are getting their dividends, if anything, more regularly than before. For the rest, John Bull is unable to see that his liberties—and after six years of fighting Nazis they are doubly precious—have been any more affected by nationalization than by the General Post Office or the London County Council's operation of the subway.

WHAT does dominate thought and conversation is the working of the National Insurance Scheme, brought to its final cradle-to-grave fruition on July 5, 1948. It would be hard to think of any act of legislation by an orderly, peaceful, and duly-elected government of more far-reaching effect. It would be close to impossible to think of one as popular with the public at large.

The Labor party did not invent Social Security. Having inherited scraps and bits of laws, what it did do was to weave them into a solid, single fabric. The half-dozen major pieces of social legislation passed by Parliament between 1908 and 1936 had one common characteristic. None conceded that the principle embodied in the phrase "social security" was either desirable or necessary. Help to certain individuals under certain conditions—that was as far as any previous government had been willing to go. One result of that basic indecision was an almost inextricable confusion.

By 1941, however, under the stimulus of war (and the vastly enhanced sense of personal insecurity induced by war) the idea was gaining currency that security, *per se,* was infinitely precious. The Beveridge Report, after long committee deliberations, was issued in 1942. It recommended completeness and simplicity. And the British public was enraptured. In the midst of war, the Beveridge Report gave the war itself new purpose and direction.

The Conservative coalition government poked gingerly at it, heard but did not measure accurately the clamor for its adoption, and in 1944 went so far as to publish a Government White Paper. And—as an educated

guess—thereby committed political suicide. Labor, by contrast, cheerfully sponsored the Beveridge idea. And so, by the successive passage by the Socialist majority of four major pieces of legislation, all forms of social insurance in Great Britain have now been placed under one big top.

Everyone—men, women, children, rich, poor, idle, and employed—has a (usually battered) little booklet into which to stick insurance stamps, on sale at every post office. Employed men "contribute" a dollar a week, employed women sixty-five cents a week. Those sums are matched by the employer. People who are not working—housewives, viscounts, and the like—pay slightly more, and the self-employed still more. That is all.

Everyone equally is thereby entitled to a long list of benefits. There is no "means test." When a child is born on Mile End Road its family is assisted to meet that added expense by a grant of $16. If the next of kin of a freshly deceased peer should care to fill out a simple form they will be given $80 to help give him Christian burial. Few vicissitudes between those termini are overlooked.

There are allowances for sickness, injury, pre-natal care, old age, and unemployment; for widows, widowed mothers, and young children. No sum is lavish. The allowance, for example, for a household consisting of a temporarily disabled man, a wife who is not working, and their two young children, is $10.60 a week.

National Insurance is a cushion against complete disaster. But it is a thin cushion, deliberately so. A citizen would have to be remarkably insensitive not still to feel through it the bumps and pricks and knobs of poverty. There is no incentive to stop trying. On the contrary, all the evidence—most convincingly the evidence of faces from which the lines of tension, of tight, habitual fear, fear of life itself, have disappeared, of straighter backs and easier smiles—points exactly the other way.

That is the kind of testimony which—between elections—is too often held in low esteem, or disregarded altogether. But it shines from the face of England. It fairly shouts to any ear from the Welsh valleys, the "distressed areas" of a dreary yesterday, from the long, no longer gloomy rows of little houses that lie east of Holborn Viaduct. It is written in letters tall as the smoke-belching factory chimneys in Leeds and Liverpool and Hull. It whispers from the footfalls of crowds newly alert and purposeful on trams and buses going home through the fog of ugly Birmingham and the grimy Glasgow rain: "War can destroy me. I can destroy myself. But the burden of life itself no longer can." A new energy, a new quality of energy, has been released.

THE most intense enthusiasm, all but un-British in its articulateness, is reserved for the last, latest, and greatest experiment of democratic socialism, the National Health Service, instituted last summer.

Its working, too, is simple. You choose your own doctor. If he accepts you as his patient, your name goes on his list. (If you don't like him you can change.) Unless you wish such additional comforts (rather than necessities) of medical treatment as a private room in a hospital, you pay for nothing, except insofar as you are helping to pay your bills and those of everyone else through general taxation.

Both office visits and visits to the patient's home are free. Medicine, surgical operations, anaesthesia, the attention of specialists, X-rays, biological tests—even eyeglasses, hearing aids, and artificial limbs—all are free. Complete dental attention is included.

British dentists are already flirting with nervous collapse from overwork because there are not nearly enough of them to go round. The reason there are too few in that profession is that a literal majority of the British population has previously stayed away from dentists because it could not afford them—and has suffered torture, disfigurement, and infection as a result.

One need only imagine with what a gasp of incredulous relief such a colossal bounty would be met by millions of people of the United States to reckon the even deeper gratitude, the sharper emotion it has produced in immeasurably poorer England.

General practitioners under the scheme may earn as much as $12,800 a year. Specialists may make even more. They now have, they discover, the advantage of having their patients come to them at once, instead, as has too often been the habit of the poor, as a last desperate resort. Hundreds of thousands are seeing clearly through properly-fitted glasses

for the first time in their lives—and, not remarkably, have overnight become more skillful workmen. Not the least beneficiaries of the scheme have been people of small fixed incomes, for whom going to the doctor used to be an extravagance.

Whether under the plan incompetence will thrive and corruption flourish time must tell. Government, people, and the medical profession are together breaking new ground. The territory is unexplored. Predictions—all but one—are unsafe. The one exception is a prediction that whatever modification may be necessary, the British will never go back to the old way. If you doubt this, you have only to listen, on the Underground, in queues:

". . . You know that 'eadache ma's always 'ad? It was just her eyes. It's gone right away. Bright as a lark, she is."

"George 'asn't been able to chew solid food these twelve years or more. They're making a whole new set of teeth for 'im. Can't think what it would have cost . . . ."

"Extraordinary sense of relief it gives one, doesn't it? I'd always rather opposed the scheme. But to know a great lot of doctors' bills won't wipe out completely everything one's managed to put away . . . . ."

"Frightfully embarrassing to tell our man we've gone to all these years that we wanted to be put on his list. My wife rather favored slipping off and signing up with some one else. But I must say, he took it rather well . . . ."

For all practical purposes the doctors, after long opposition, have capitulated. Ninety-three per cent are co-operating. Hospitals which in a period of rising costs and declining fortunes have, almost impossibly, been trying to live by charity, have cast their financial burdens on the government; and have promptly seen their costs diminish as free clinic patients have taken their minor ailments where they always should have taken them, to general practitioners.

IV

BRITAIN is infinitely far from being an earthly paradise. Red tape can weave a sticky web. The slick operator and the fixer we know so well have already put in their appearance. The mighty question of "where will all the money come from" has not been satisfactorily answered. Individual insurance payments fall millions of pounds short of meeting the bills.

But—the human plant is being put in order. The theory behind the Labor policy is that people, above all else, constitute the national wealth. As those people become safer and healthier and better educated it is assumed their productivity will rise.

Current figures at least hint that the theory may be right. A third more food is being grown on that far from Iowan isle than in any prewar year. Though tools, buildings, everything, are worn from war, over-all industrial output is 25 per cent above 1938 volume. There is confidence in the air. One cannot fail to detect an unmistakable resolution, a steadiness, most of all, a brand-new feeling of personal hopefulness. Exactly how the statistical tide of opinion is really running no doubt Dr. Gallup would be the first to hesitate to say, but an appreciable number of Britons are convinced they have stumbled on the right and possibly the only road.

Whether or not it is the right road, whether or not the passage of time will prove these various reforms to have been salutary, the significance of what has been happening in England is immense. Twenty, ten, even five years ago it was widely accepted that the concept of non-violent, moderate Socialism, within the framework of a completely free democratic society, was as dead as Fabius Maximus. It was feebly conceded that Marx had won. We were assured that the Middle Way, alas, was closed. If there were to be social and economic reforms they would have to be achieved under the bludgeons and at the bayonet's point of Communism. Or, by the exercise of truly redoubtable patience, within the doubtfully delimited frontiers of planless Capitalism. Keir Hardie, the Webbs, the earlier and more coherent Shaw had been wasting breath. If there were "men of good will" they were flat-chested and ineffectual. Liberals, Fabian Socialists, and Social Democrats were one with the Vanishing Red Man.

Nowhere did that defeatist idea have such currency as in the United States. Under its depressing influence many were indeed driven into the intellectual prison of Marxism. Our curiously unconfident conservatives added to the all-too-literal division into sheep and

goats by their inability to observe any difference between Dnieprostroi and the Tennessee Valley Authority, between the Kremlin and Hyde Park.

What—astonishingly—the English people may well have done while we weren't looking is to implement an abrupt change in the direction of the political thinking of the modern world. They have asserted beyond further discussion their contempt for the Marxian prescription. They have reasserted their devotion to every valid political and private freedom. They—the Fabians, the Liberals, the Middle-of-the-Roaders and Social Democrats who were so wishfully buried by both Right and Left—have turned out to be very much alive. They are, they are certain, leading their still very considerable nation and empire not into the Red but out of it.

Intelligent Englishmen are conscious of American unawareness and of the puzzling American thought-pattern which still seems to confuse Attlee with Stalin, H. G. Wells with Freidrich Engels. Oddly, they do not appear particularly to care.

As Sir Stafford Cripps has observed: "The only thing we do not regard as an article of export is our political and economic system."

For My Son

(J. L. N., born summer, 1948)

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

How the greenest of wheat rang gold at his birth!
How oaks hung a pomp in the sky!
When the tiptoeing hospital's pillowy arms
Godsped him in suns of July.

Then dizziest poplars, green-and-white tops,
Spun spinning in strings of the wind.
As that child in his wicker
With two great safeties pinned

Slept twenty-two hours with a Buddha-fine face
(His hands were palm-up like a dancer's).
Or his tragic mask's sudden pink-rubbery woe
Sent us thumbing four books for the answers.

And the grave clouds smiled over,
Smiled, flowing west to east, countering sun;
Fields at their leaving all spurted up green!
Old fences limped by at a run!

O elms, fling up up up corinthian fountains.
Fields, be all swirl and spangle, tangle of mirth:
Soon you will root in his woodbrook eyes more deeply
(O reborn poplars) than in Michigan earth.

Tom Campbell: Farmer of Two Continents

Joseph Kinsey Howard

It was one of the greatest literary enterprises of all time and one of the most urgent. Its sponsor was the mighty Senate; some of the finest intellects of the nation were drafted. When their job was done, thirty-two volumes had been translated and copies had been distributed to the libraries, there to be studied by the colonists bound for the west.

The Senate was that of Rome, and the thirty-two volumes constituted Mago's treatise on farming in Carthage. It was the first known agricultural study which now would rate the adjective "scientific," and the first ever written about growing cereals on "dry" (non-irrigated) land. After it had been translated into Latin from the ancient Punic idiom of Carthage it became the basis for a vast agricultural literature; but of more immediate concern to the Senate was its value as a manual for the Romans who were being sent to the North African provinces to step up food production.

Erosion and neglect had taken a heavy toll in the fields of Italy. Farmers drawn off to fight the Empire's wars came home to find the productivity of their land so reduced that they could not survive, and they fled to the cities. In this crisis the new provinces could save Rome from starvation; Carthage had become the wealthiest state of the ancient world partly by virtue of its discovery of a method of large-scale grain production on semi-arid land. The secret was the power factor—the use of large numbers of slave workers. Carthage industrialized agriculture.

Conquered Carthage proved the validity of Mago's theories. For centuries its fields and those of Sicily, which had been its province, fed Rome. War veterans and other colonists were permitted to acquire farms of about 240 acres, much larger than were allowed in Italy. *Latifundia*—landed estates —which were larger still were granted to the senators. The power factor was unchanged: the citizens' crops and the senators' crops alike were sowed, cultivated, and harvested by slaves.

That was eighteen hundred years ago. Today the power factor in farming is the internal combustion engine, and Mago's successor, the world's best known champion of industrialized agriculture, is a wiry, white-haired, handsome Montanan, Thomas D. Campbell. North Africa, Tom Campbell says, must and can again become a granary for a hungry Europe. After he had completed the 1948 harvest on his 65,000-acre Montana ranch, he visited ancient Carthage

Mr. Howard is a veteran newspaperman, writer, and lecturer who holds approximately a fee patent on the journalistic fief of Montana, where Tom Campbell's farms are located.

(now Tunisia) to advise the French about increasing production in that protectorate and the neighboring countries, Algeria and Morocco.

Tom Campbell operates the biggest privately-owned wheat farm on earth; he uses more and bigger machines than anyone else; in 1947 he harvested a record half-million bushels, worth about one and a half million dollars. He is a brigadier general in the United States Army Reserve, attached to the General Staff; during World War II he served in every theater and participated in several combat engagements. As the acknowledged "wheat king of the world" and one of the most theatrical figures in public life, he has been a favorite of writers for thirty years, the subject—or target—of a million words in everything from the most obscure country weekly to *Fortune*. Praise and castigation have been equally intemperate (a woman correspondent once addressed him as "Dear 95,000-Acre Hog") and few have been able to make sense out of his complex character.

Master of mass production, Campbell nevertheless recognizes the social indispensability of the small "family farm." Owner of a livestock spread of nearly half a million acres in New Mexico, he preaches conservation and praises the Forest Service. Head of a multi-million-dollar corporation and once a *de facto* Morgan partner, his economic and social principles are those of the New Deal. Avowedly a hater of war, he has served in two and won the Legion of Merit for inventing one of the most horrible of weapons —the fire bomb which deluged enemy targets with vast quantities of blazing petroleum jelly. Associate of presidents and princes, he dines by choice with his harvest hands.

At sixty-six he has the enthusiasm, the physical stamina, and even the trim figure of a man thirty or more years younger. He is vain about this, and he is proud of his achievements in peace and war; but he escapes conceit by virtue of his acknowledgment of his many mistakes—they have cost him a million dollars—and his contempt for ostentation.

Campbell has learned tolerance. In all the thousands of words of malediction which have been called down upon his head, very few have made him angry. Some of those few were spoken by Montana's acidulous former Senator Burton K. Wheeler in 1942 when Campbell ventured to criticize the farm bloc and to suggest that it did not truly reflect the interests of the Western grain-grower. Wheeler retorted that his fellow Montanan was "a promoter, not a farmer." Campbell did not reply publicly. Had he chosen to do so, the Senator would have learned that the "promoter's" father, a Canadian Scot who had been a champion cradler—a top hand with a scythe—in his own country, harvested his first wheat crop on his own land in 1876 in North Dakota, and that Tom Campbell, born in a sod hut on what is now the campus of that state's university, managed his family's 4,000 acres when he was seventeen. Last year's harvest was the seventy-second in the Campbell family. In the West, land of boom-bust-and-blow, that makes him a farmer.

In 1947 and again in 1948, French and Tunisian officials and agriculturists were Campbell's guests on the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana, where his wheat properties are located, to observe the application of techniques which have revolutionized farming on this continent and abroad. He then went to North Africa to advise in the establishment of co-operative demonstration farms and other steps toward the goal which he has convinced the French government is attainable—a crop at least double the present annual average.

This was not his first trip, for he had served in North Africa during the war and had spent much time in all three countries. (Algeria is a colony, the others are protectorates.) Nor is his enthusiasm for the region's food potential just a sudden caprice; he has been thinking about it for more than thirty years and has written three reports on it for his own government and for the French. Within a year or two, he believes, North African yields could be boosted 50 per cent and ultimately perhaps 150. Lest his purpose be misunderstood by those who are becoming concerned about dissipation of the world's soil resources, he emphasizes that it is *yield*, not *acreage*, that he proposes to increase. Some day, after determination of its suitability for cultivation, new land might be plowed, but poorer land now in crop would be retired. The immediate goal is to build up the soil and to get more and better grain on existing farms.

Attainment of that goal is a matter of life and death for Europe, as it was when Mago's treatise was designated an "essential" book. Greater African exports are urgently needed to lighten the burden now borne by the United States. Our producers and consumers are likely to waken some hot, dry morning and find that burden insupportable; yet even today our exports are not wholly adequate to forestall starvation.

We have been shipping up to 500 million bushels of wheat annually. We have been able to do so only because the Plains have enjoyed an unusually long series of good years; Montana, for instance, has had eleven consecutive drought-free seasons, a "wet cycle" equal to the longest in its recorded history. Campbell and all other informed wheat-growers know that such luck cannot last.

French North Africa now produces each year some 60 to 70 million bushels of wheat and 70 to 80 million bushels of barley, but it sends only 22 million bushels of the two cereals to Europe, less than 5 per cent of the Continent's requirements. The average yield of its wheat farms is only about 7 bushels to the acre and the barley yield is not much better.

Most Americans probably regard the region as part of the Sahara. Actually, however, much of the coastal zone lying between the Atlas Mountains and the Mediterranean is as fertile as the northern plains of the United States. This zone is 1,200 miles long and 50 to 100 miles wide. Climatically it has much in common with Montana and North Dakota, once regarded as the northern edge of the Great American Desert. The North African grain belt has annual average rainfall of 15 to 20 inches; the average at Campbell's ranch at Hardin, Montana, is 16 inches. In both regions the rainfall varies widely from year to year and droughts are frequent; in both the growing season is short. Soil composition is similar. But the yield from land farmed in North Africa by the natives—and that is about 90 per cent of the arable acreage—is less than one-fourth of that obtained from wheat lands of the American West.

The tools of the native farmer are those used in Mago's day, but the power factor, slave labor, is no longer available. So the native's farm is small and he uses a wooden plow of ancient design, drawn by an ox, a horse, or occasionally by his wife. He cultivates not at all; he harvests with a sickle and threshes with a flail, or turns his oxen into the field to tread out the wheat and then winnows it by tossing it into the air so the wind may blow out the chaff.

Campbell has an Arab's plow in his office at Hardin. He bought it for $5 at Morocco's biggest "factory" in Marrakech, where the implement had been crudely carved by hand. The plowing edge is whittled down to form a beveled "blade" which must be constantly renewed, though some of the more prosperous natives manage to have this edge tipped with steel. Under such handicaps, the Montanan feels, even a seven-bushel yield is a tribute to the industry of the Arab and especially to that of his children: Campbell watched the youngsters, grimy and undernourished, grubbing like locusts in the dusty fields to retrieve kernels knocked from the wheat heads by the scythe.

Larger crops are necessary not only to build up the exportable surplus but also to feed these toil-worn children. The population has increased by more than five millions in the past decade.

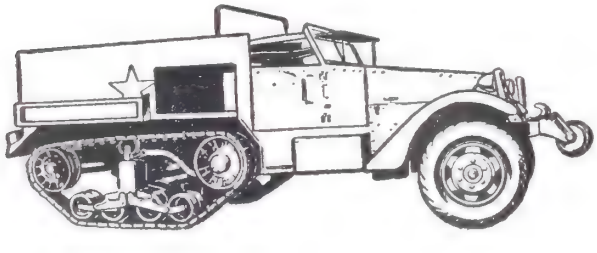
THE first step in Campbell's plan will be government - subsidized, co-operative demonstration farms, one in each of the North African countries under French domination. The next is to provide the native farmer—probably by outright subsidy—with a steel plow to be drawn by horses. In addition Campbell proposes that the co-operative undertake to plow, with large mechanized equipment, those native farms which are within easy reach of the demonstration units. In a few years, as yields become large enough to justify it, he would have the co-operative provide threshing machines or combines which would tour the grain belt as the "custom combines" tour the American West.

Campbell would not attempt to interfere with the present complicated ownership pattern. The Arab has a strong sense of property and his farm may have been in his family for centuries. But the native also has traditional tribal or community loyalties which might contribute to the success of a plan that will require co-operative land management and sharing of equipment.

The demonstration farms would have the responsibility of teaching the native, first of all, what grain to plant and how to do it. Winter wheat perhaps should replace spring wheat in some fields. Campbell has always grown Russian Kharkov, though others abandoned it; now as the major producer of this strain he sells most of his crop at a premium, for use as seed in Europe. The seed perhaps should be sown more sparingly; a mistake which contributed to heavy losses for the Montanan was seeding too heavily, causing excessive diffusion of the meager moisture. The demonstration farms also would attempt to convince the Arab that summer fallowing, now little practiced except by European colonists, will pay even on his scant acreage. They would show him how to plow so as to build traps in the furrows for the precious rain, and persuade him to cultivate so as to prevent waste of water and energy from the soil upon weeds.

Finally, storage and transportation must be provided for the larger crop. There is virtually no farm storage in North Africa and, by American standards, there are few elevators. Most of the export grain must be sacked and loaded directly on the ships. Roads are few and poor, which handicaps even the progressive European farmer; as for the native, he carries his grain to market in sacks on the back of an ass. Transport conditions therefore are such that the ordinary American farm truck probably couldn't handle the job. But Campbell knows something better than the ordinary truck. He demonstrated it for the French and Tunisians who witnessed his harvest in Montana.

After World War I the Americans left their horses in Europe. This time they left motor vehicles, among them hundreds of Army "half-tracks," ugly, shovel-nosed, armored lorries which look like the freak offspring of an unnatural union of tank and truck. They can carry seven tons or pull three times as much; they are maneuverable, though they don't look it, and fast. With wheels and oversize tires in front and rubber-shod caterpillar tracks in the rear they are adaptable to almost any terrain. They carried weapons, troops, and supplies, and acquitted themselves well everywhere—especially on the rough sod and loose sand of North Africa.



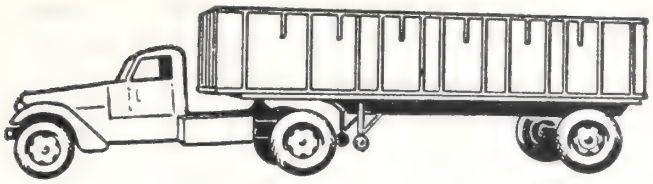
Army half-track . . .

On the Campbell Farming Corporation's properties in Montana, a dozen transfigured half-tracks, bought at a sale of Army surplus for $300 each, pull plows, deliver supplies to field camps, and haul the greatest quantity of wheat ever moved in single loads. The metamorphosis of this ungraceful military vehicle is outstanding evidence of the mechanical skill which made Campbell the world wheat king; General Eisenhower called it the most remarkable "swords into plowshares" job he had ever seen.

Campbell became familiar with the half-track's wartime achievements when he was assigned to observe and report on the maintenance of motorized equipment in the North African campaign. One of his first acts upon his return to management of the Montana ranch was to buy twelve of the machines at a "surplus" auction in Ogden, Utah. He had them driven to Hardin for $28 each (saving a freight bill of $300 each) and put them in his shop, where the remodeling job began.

Campbell had noticed in Africa that the front drive weels of the caterpillar track were mounted on a standard Timken axle. He had the track removed from most of the machines, had this axle remounted at the rear, and fitted it with wheels and tires. The half-track thus became a four-wheel-drive truck. The swivel hitch to which a semi-trailer is attached, known as the "fifth wheel," was then mounted on the truck bed behind the cab.

The next move was the purchase of eleven Army semi-trailers—brand new, but surplus—for $1,100 each. These have a capacity of 25 tons; hitched to the converted truck, each brings 700 bushels of wheat, 21 tons, from the fields to the elevator and storage bins in Hardin at a governed speed of 35 miles per hour. Two trailer loads fill an American freight car. One load would fill a French car



. . . converted to pull semi-trailers

of the type used in North Africa—or the outfit could be substituted for that car when railroad service, as is often the case, is not available.

The half-track's original cost, including the drive to Montana, was $328. Conversion cost $650, and the trailer $1,100. Total cost of the outfit was thus about $2,000, and Campbell estimates that it would sell for $12,000 if it were commercially manufactured. His haulage cost now averages less than two cents a ton-mile, or about 2 cents a bushel; in previous years, using his own standard-size wheat trucks and contracting for extra haulers, the cost was 6 cents a bushel and the job took much longer. Speed in moving the crop is vital, for the harvest is often a race against hail, cold rains, or some other elemental catastrophe. The truck-trailer combination saves the corporation $800 a day during harvest season; within three years the aggregate saving was $75,000, three times the total investment.

The big trucks are painted a fresh white inside the cab, to create an illusion of coolness and cleanliness for the drivers. Outside they are a blazing fire-engine red, and the fleet was named by Campbell the "Red Ball Outfit," in honor of the famous supply convoy from the Normandy beachhead to Paris. A harvest is a war too, he told the drivers, and his record 1947 crop (510,000 bushels; hail reduced the 1948 harvest to about 75 per cent of that) was moved faster than any crop had ever been moved before. Veterans are hired whenever possible and drivers for the Red Ball Outfit get a cent a bushel. Most of them can make two round trips daily—the most distant fields are 40 miles from ranch headquarters in Hardin—and thus earn $14, occasionally $21 when a third trip can be squeezed in.

In North Africa the half-tracks probably should retain their caterpillar treads until highways are improved. In Montana, wheels give more speed and hold up better on the dirt and gravel roads which Campbell built from his Hardin plant to the fields. Nevertheless a few units of the fleet still have tracks because these proved their usefulness in a crisis. Bad weather during the spring of 1946 kept the roads impassable for trucks for several weeks, and Campbell suddenly was confronted by the necessity of getting 250,000 bushels from storage bins in outlying camps to the railroad to fulfill a contract. The half-tracks did the job and saved him from the penalty he would have incurred by breach of the agreement.

But the half-tracks are only one of the more spectacular instances of Campbell's utilization of cheap but adaptable military items. His latest acquisition dwarfs even those husky vehicles: it is an M-6 tank retriever, converted (largely by removing its armor) into a 450 horsepower Diesel tractor, the biggest ever built. It draws a battery of plows 78 feet wide and can turn 800 acres in 24 hours. Despite its great weight—38 tons—the ground pressure beneath its wide treads is less than that of the human heel; it therefore does not damage the field as many big tractors formerly did. It cost the Army $48,000. Campbell bought it at competitive sale for $1,183, paid about $1,200 freight, and spent $1,000 remodeling it.

If it were economically feasible to use it for the purpose, the M-6 could pull 10 of the semi-trailers at 22 miles per hour, taking 7,000 bushels of wheat to town in one haul requiring two hours. Twenty-five years ago Campbell startled the agricultural world by hitching a dozen wagons, holding 200 bushels each, to a tractor which crawled to town at 3 miles an hour, taking a day and a half for the trip with 2,400 bushels. That was a publicity stunt, he now admits; it couldn't hold a candle to the stunt he could stage with the M-6, but so far he has restrained himself. The behemoth will be assigned to the function for which it is best fitted.

So will the Army well-drilling rig, worth $21,000 and bought for $7,860. And the fifty army water-tanks of heavy duck, bought for $12 apiece, which make excellent wheat storage bins, holding 300 bushels each. And the 100-foot galvanized metal warehouses, $811 each, ideal for sheltering farm machinery.

The big canvas hangar designed for C-54's and built to withstand seventy-mile gales in the South Pacific, would have held 300,000 bushels of wheat. Campbell tried to get it, offering $7,000, but he was outbid. That item would be of great value in North Africa.

Hundreds of the precious half-tracks and much other equipment which could have been converted to farm use went to junk dealers who disassembled the machines and peddled the parts. Campbell saw twenty half-tracks sold in Omaha to dealers for $150 each. He deplores this waste of government money and useful machinery; sale of such items to the public, with some engineering counsel on their likely adaptation, he thinks would have gone far toward liquidation of our war debt.

THERE is a point on Campbell's Montana ranch from which a visitor may look across a golden basin to a blue-shadowed mountain ridge. Between the viewer and that ridge lie 28 miles of wheat. At one time, before drought and depression forced the company to relinquish 30,000 of its original 95,000 acres, this surging sea of grain extended for 45 miles; but it is still one of America's most spectacular vistas, never to be forgotten by anyone who sees it.

Nor do the visitors who have registered in Campbell's "guest book" from all over the world ever forget the harvest. In 1926 Mary Roberts Rinehart watched while clumsy steam-powered machines threshed 33,000 bushels of wheat in one day, a record. Now 40,000 bushels can be cut and threshed by the combines and delivered to the warehouses by the truck-trailers between dawn and dusk. The big trailer outfits are never still during the daylight hours in harvest time, unless they are in the shop for repair. All day and occasionally, in a crisis, all night, they are on the road or jockeying into position in the fields to be filled from the combines.

The harvest takes two weeks, two hundred extra employes. Then the lonely land is full of the roar of machines and the sun burns red in the dust from the roads. After sunset on the weekly pay-days (the Campbell payroll tops that of the local beet sugar refinery) the men stream in to Hardin, a drab prairie town—to the Arcade Bar or Olsen's Barber Shop, where forgotten neckties hanging from nails in the wall are mute testimony to the fact that Olsen's customers are not used to wearing them. Campbell's men don't need Olsen's shower bath, for 50 cents; there are clean, roomy shower buildings at the camps. After a movie a few of the men may drop in at the Farm Café and sit alongside Tom Campbell on the worn stools. The boss, a teetotaler, will be drinking a glass of milk before he goes to bed in his cheerless room at the hotel, his home for months in every year.

Forty thousand of the 65,000 acres in the Campbell spread are now cultivated, and half of these lie fallow every year. About 17,000 are seeded to wheat and the rest to barley, oats, and flax. Fifty combines, 22 of them owned by Campbell and the rest operating under contract, lumber through the miles of wheat. Sometimes 16 of them work in one field, their drivers watching the signals of a field boss stationed in the center, their maneuvers recalling those of mechanized cavalry. Campbell's machines are old Holt models with 20-feet cutter bars, the largest ever made; he has used them for twenty year. The contract cutters have smaller combines, with 10- or 12-foot bars. In their haste these operators occasionally "set the cut" too high and miss many heads of wheat which have been blown over by the wind. Campbell bumps through the dusty stubble in a clattering old car and checks up; sometimes the contract cutter is sent back to do the job over.

He is a crank on waste, and war experiences such as the sight of Arab children crawling about in the sparse rows of wheat fortified his resolution to let no life-giving kernel escape. When a trailer is unloaded in the elevator or into the hopper from which the revolving auger carries the grain up into a storage bin, a red tarpaulin is spread to catch what might otherwise be lost and the tiny grains are swept up with a clean broom. In an operation involving thousands of bushels an hour such meticulousness pays cash; but the fact that a salvaged bushel may be worth $2 is less important than the fact that it will make 45 loaves of bread.

THE men are housed and fed at two permanent camps where they pay $1.25 a day for board and room. They have electric lights, clean quarters, and good food. The wage scale usually is higher than that of

any nearby industry; consequently harvest hands return year after year, and some members of the permanent staff of about 25, employed year-around, have been with the corporation since it was established almost 30 years ago. Mrs. Ola B. Maddox, secretary-treasurer of the corporation and office manager, has one of the most exacting jobs held by a woman in American business; she started with the company 29 years ago as a stenographer. Her husband, Dan, is the corporation counsel. Tom Hanes, superintendent, also was with the firm at the start.

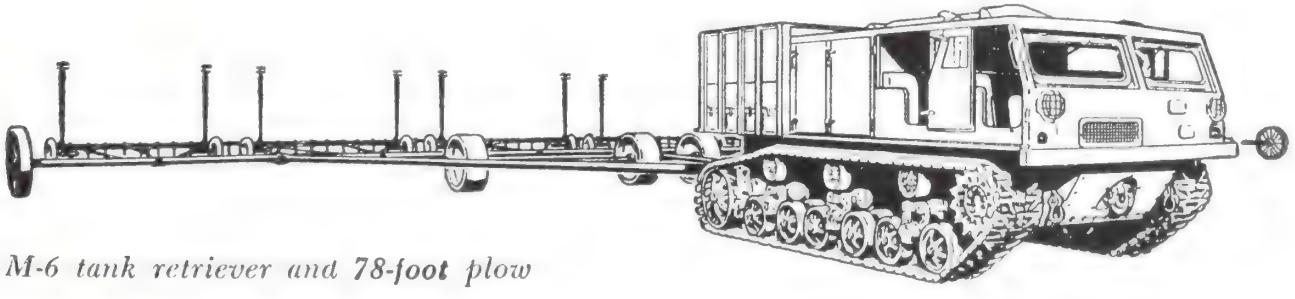
The permanent staff is responsible for the maintenance of equipment, for plowing (1,000 acres a day), seeding, and cultivating. Deep basin listing, a method of catching and storing moisture in the soil, is practiced. The war against weeds is incessant: several times a year a "rod weeder," which runs below the surface and destroys weed growth, is employed. Deep furrow drill seeding is favored because it provides a wide, tapering channel to catch and hold the snow and rain. Strip farming—alternate strips of crop and fallow ground—is not practiced. It is designed to check wind erosion, which is not as severe at Hardin as it is in some other Montana wheat areas.

Mechanized agriculture cannot succeed, Campbell acknowledges, without continual attention to soil and moisture conservation, and he favors legal compulsion to insure the use of conservation practices. He is a member of the local soil conservation district and claims he can now prove that his operations build the soil and do not destroy it. But he admits that this was not always the case. For years only a third of his land, rather than the present half, was allowed to lie fallow each year to absorb moisture and recuperate. His plowing and cultivating methods were much less conducive to conservation. In those days he spoke grandiloquently of "manufacturing wheat" and he was hailed in the big-business journals as "the Henry Ford of agriculture." Now he talks earnestly about helping wheat to grow by scientific tillage and preservation of every drop of water.

The ranch is a vast laboratory and experimentation is continuous. Spraying to kill grasshoppers and eradicate weeds was tried on a large scale for the first time in 1948; 10,000 acres were treated by four planes at a contract price of $2.25 an acre. The cost was high but results justified it: one field, so badly infested by weeds that it was about to be abandoned, was sprayed for $3,000 and produced $40,000 worth of wheat. Some new ideas emerge from accidental discoveries. When Campbell noticed that small areas of flax in the vicinity of his wheat fields attracted grasshoppers, he called in federal entomologists for advice on poison. Baiting the flax at the right time may destroy the pests before they get into the wheat, and even save the flax; if this experiment works, it counsels the creation of special "trap strips" of flax, deliberately planted alongside all large fields of wheat.

Sixty-five thousand acres, 425 horsepower tractors, and 78-foot plows are a long jump from the 80 acres, team of oxen, and cradle scythe with which Tom Campbell's father started. Yet the world's largest and most thoroughly mechanized ranch developed from that primitive Dakota homestead because the sight of the drudgery to which his parents submitted without complaint engendered in young Campbell the determination to make machines do the work.

By the time he was seventeen, drudgery had built the Grand Forks ranch to 4,000 acres and Tom managed it for a time before entering the University of North Dakota. There he acquired, in five years, degrees in both liberal arts and mechanical engineer-



M-6 tank retriever and 78-foot plow

ing, then went on to Cornell for a master's in engineering. In 1906 he married a Grand Forks schoolmate, Bess Bull, whose father developed Cream of Wheat, and in 1910 they moved to California for the benefit of her health. Their home is now in Albuquerque.

Campbell was interested in several ventures in California, including large-scale bean raising, before World War I, which he entered as a captain. Food for Europe was then, as it is now, a major concern, and he presented a plan for large-scale wheat growing on hitherto untilled land. North Africa was briefly considered at this time but discarded because of German submarine operations in the Mediterranean, and Campbell was told to select land in this country.

He chose the Indian reservations and "sold" his idea so well that the federal government reversed its Indian policy to permit him to lease all the acreage he wanted, paying the Indians 10 per cent of the value of the crop—one-third the present lease fee. But no money was forthcoming from the government, so Campbell went where he had heard money was—the House of Morgan In twenty minutes he sold his idea to J. P. Morgan, Jr., and emerged with two million dollars supplied by a group of New York banks. This almost incredible feat rocketed Campbell to fame, for the financiers had never before betrayed any interest in Western agriculture; but it is probable that the shrewd Morgan, then being vilified by many liberals as a greedy international banker who had helped to put us in the war, saw in Campbell's breathtaking plan for food production an excellent good-will gesture. And he knew he could apply his losses to his income tax—which, as it turned out, was what he did.

Campbell leased 95,000 acres on the Crow and Fort Peck reservations in Montana, bought 33 tractors, 40 binders, 10 threshing machines, 4 combines, a hundred wagons and scores of drills, plow bottoms, and other pieces of machinery. He used 5,000 gallons of gasoline a day, broke 7,000 acres the first year, 1918. But in his second year of operation the worst drought in Montana's history began, and the year after that the government withdrew its support of the wheat price. The Morgan-Campbell venture collapsed. Campbell got the leases and $400,000 worth of machinery and all other assets of the corporation for $150,000; Morgan tore up about a half-million dollars in obligations to the banking group. He was, says Campbell gratefully, "the best partner anyone could have."

The Montana Farming Corporation died and the Campbell Farming Corporation took over—three-fourths of its stock held in the Campbell family and the rest distributed to the permanent employes. But drought continued until 1926 and started again in 1929. By 1934 the corporation was nearly a million dollars in the red. Two years before this the whole crop had been surrendered at 14 cents a bushel to pay off a bank loan of $86,000, though it could have been sold 90 days later for 65 cents. There was no federal farm credit system in 1932 and that fact cost Campbell $230,000. In 1933 and 1934 the yield from his drought-parched fields dropped to 4 bushels an acre, but an AAA payment of $24,000 in that last year marked the turn in the road. Triple-A, Campbell devoutly believes, is the greatest single act of legislation since the Civil War.

Since 1935 the corporation has prospered, paid off its debts, and expanded. It acquired more than 400,000 acres in New Mexico, now leases it to stock raisers. Most of the Montana land is still leased from the Crows for terms of five years; but fees are climbing and competition for the Indians' acreage is increasing, so the days of the Campbell Farming Corporation in Montana may be numbered. The boss, who likes the Indians and employs many of them, would like to see the tribe take over his spread someday.

Campbell is a member of the tribe, and adoption is an honor which the Crows, unlike the Blackfeet, rarely bestow. His Indian name is *Ahwagoda-Agoosh,* "Known all over the world." As adviser on agricultural problems, he has visited Soviet Russia, France, North and South Africa; he has not yet had time to take up invitations from Argentina, Venezuela, and Brazil.

Nor has he had much time to reflect upon the ironical coincidences of history which seem to be following him around. For one, there's that assignment in 1948 to help reestablish industrialized agriculture in Tunisia, where one of Tom Campbell's kind, a man

named Mago, invented it some 2,000 years ago.

And there's another. The first wheat crop in the Campbell family was harvested in 1876, a few weeks after some Sioux and Northern Cheyennes won a battle but lost a war, the last desperate stand of a primitive people against men who could build machines. Sometimes now as Tom Campbell climbs into a half-track in the field to ride back to Camp 4, he pauses to watch the shadows reaching eastward across the tawny stubble, the stubble cut just so high by the great machines he loves, stubble as uniformly trimmed, as neat and clean as a nylon brush. Well, it's time for supper with the boys. . . . The shadows have reached Custer Battlefield, fifteen miles away.

The Voice In The Sand

JAMES RORTY

Suddenly resolving, he left the loud box
Clamoring in the sand, and walked into the sea. . .
So it must have been, the time about sunrise, with the breakfasting gulls
Cruising the shore breakers, while far out on the sun path
A lonely swimmer breasted the long rollers rolling in from Spain.

So it must have been; all day the strange box
Spoke on and on into the sky bowl ringing
The low land, the brimming ocean; all day
The frantic news, the poised announcer, the implacable salesman, the pause
For station identification, all day——
The pawing breakers snarled and rumbled, Arrgh!

Noon, and an eddy of gulls over the shore litter; toward sunset
A twitter of curious sandpipers; with nightfall a rising wind
Blew sand in the teeth of the distinguished commentator.
Midnight, and the Coast Guard patrol heard a voice singing Sweet Sixteen
Far up the beach between cliff and sea; his flashlight showed
Clothes neatly piled, the wristwatch not yet stopped,
The uncensored box upturned like a dying crab
Still crying weakly at the stars. . .

Carefully, he turned off the switch, covered the box with a coat, then searched
The shore drift where the gulls still eddied and cried.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

Last September a forest fire started on the side of a peak in a remote part of Yosemite National Park. Before it was put out it had burned more than ten thousand acres of timber (in the direction of the Hetch Hetchy Reservoir, which helps to supply San Francisco with drinking water) and had cost the United States $90,000 for fire-fighting alone. The scar of that fire will disfigure Rancheria Mountain, in one of our most famous scenic areas, for many years. Ugliness is an intangible, so its cost cannot be appraised, but the manager of a privately-owned scenic resort would understand that forest fires depreciate his capital assets. There is no way of appraising tangible but indirect costs of the Rancheria Fire, either, but they amount to a good deal more than the cost of fire-fighting. As taxpayers you and I have to pay for damage done to property of which as citizens we are co-owners.

Why did this fire do so much damage? Because it took twenty-four hours, instead of two minutes, to get word to Park Headquarters that fire had broken out. Why did it take so long? Because it had been impossible to keep Park Service telephone lines in distant areas in good condition and the one that led to this area had been forced out of operation. How could such deterioration occur in one of the most publicized places in the United States? Well, the National Park Service simply did not have enough money to maintain all of the Yosemite telephone system in working order.

Olympic National Park contains eleven public camp grounds. Minimum public health standards cannot be maintained at any of them. Nowhere in the Park are facilities for water-supply or garbage-disposal adequate. Some toilets have decayed and collapsed. Many individual camp sites are no longer usable because tables and fireplaces have deteriorated beyond repair. Some bridges in the Park road system have had to be condemned; some still in use are dangerous. All the roads are degenerating. Some of them are regularly flooded because revetments, culverts, and drainage ditches cannot be kept in repair. Some roads have had to be closed; long stretches of others are being undermined. The Park Service cannot get money to take care of them.

Death Valley National Monument has an area of nearly two million acres. The permanent force which the Park Service is able to assign to it consists of a chief ranger, three rangers, and a naturalist. They cannot even man the checking stations at the three main entrances (where visitors register so that they can be kept track of in a desert that is sometimes dangerous) because they must patrol the main roads, clean up camp grounds, and serve as janitors for toilets. The water lines—important in a desert—have deteriorated so badly that they may have to be shut off. The Park Service has about seventy buildings in the area, some of them shacks originally erected in the understanding that they were to be temporary. The maintenance staff consists of one man and there are practically no funds to buy materials for repair. Three hundred miles of highway built more than fifteen years ago have been so neglected that they cannot be repaired, they must be reconstructed. There are no funds for reconstruction.

At Grand Teton National Park a visitor must arrive at a public camp ground before 2 P.M. or there will be no room for him to camp. The Park has at last got all its trails open for the first time since 1941 but cannot afford to put them in first-class condition. The Tetons attract mountain climbers and they are not all experts, so that half a dozen times a season one of them must be brought down from some precarious place on a stretcher. The Park is so understaffed that when this happens from fifty to seventy-five per cent of the whole ranger force has to abandon everything else in order to do the rescue job.

At the Statue of Liberty, a National Monument, most of Bedloe's Island is closed to the public because the walks cannot be put in proper condition. Many of the half-million people who visit it every year wonder aloud why there is no historical and interpretative museum; one has long been planned but there are no funds to build it. Beginning in March there is a season when moisture condenses on the inside walls and the water drips on the visitors. A heating system would obviate this unpleasantness, would make the place comfortable in cold weather as it assuredly is not now, would protect the health of the Park Service personnel, and would prevent deterioration of the symbol that means the United States to hundreds of millions of people. A heating system cannot be installed: no funds.

Three years ago, administration of the Lake Textoma Recreational Area was turned over to the National Park Service. There were practically no visitors then; last year there were two and a half million. And last year the Service could hire only three men for sanitation and clean-up work. It has no administration building; most of its office furniture has been borrowed from other government agencies. It brought forty-five trucks and automobiles to the area; eighty per cent of them are more than eight years old and the maintenance crew consists of two men, who must also take care of roadmaking equipment. The rangers who patrol the lake have one motor boat, a ten-year-old, thirty-one-foot cabin cruiser that can travel twelve miles an hour. When someone seems to be in a hurry about drowning, the rangers borrow a private boat, if one happens to be at hand.

These are just specimens. The National Park Service administers 180 areas all told: national parks, national monuments, historical parks and sites, military parks, recreational areas, parkways. From many parts of this large system similar reports have been made to me. Lack of adequate funds is causing one of our great public possessions to deteriorate at an alarming rate —while the demands put on it by the public are rapidly increasing. Many requirements of the public cannot be satisfied. Measures necessary to safeguard their health and comfort cannot be taken. Much irritation has to be inflicted on them. Many camp grounds are overcrowded and new ones cannot be built. Enough guides cannot be hired; enough maps and interpretative pamphlets cannot be printed; enough lectures cannot be given. There are not enough museums. Many people come away from parks without seeing what they wanted to because enough guided tours cannot be provided.

Meanwhile much of the physical plant is wearing out: telephone systems, sewage systems, power systems, warehouses, living quarters. Construction machinery and even fire-fighting equipment are deteriorating for lack of proper buildings to keep them in. Nearly everywhere roads are going to pieces. Some have had to be closed. Some trails for hikers, riders, and mountain climbers have also had to be closed, either because they could not be maintained in a safe condition or because they could not be patrolled.

No government bureau is more efficient, more dedicated, more hard-working, or public-spirited than the Park Service. The National Park system, an American invention, is the admiration of other governments, many of which send representatives here to study it. The National Parks and the areas integrated with them by the Service were set apart for the preservation of priceless scenic beauties, natural spectacles, and historic and prehistoric sites. But the appropriations for the Service are simply not large enough to enable it to do the full job that Congress and the people have charged it with. Meanwhile the eventual, the once avoidable, bill for deterioration goes on pyramiding. Meanwhile also irreparable damage has been done.

TAKE another consequence of the lack of funds. Morning Glory Pool was once one of the most beautiful places in Yellowstone Park but it finally revolted against the debris thrown in it by tourists, blew its crater, cleaned itself out, and is now just any spring, its beauty much diminished. The mere presence of a ranger is a deterrent to such vandalism as that which destroyed Morning Glory Pool but a ranger who cannot be hired deters nobody. So a large case of exhibits at the foot of Bright Angel Trail, in the Grand Canyon, was destroyed last year when somebody broke the cover, a sheet of plate glass so large that it had had to be carried down the eight miles of trail by manpower since it could not be packed on mules. Grand Canyon also lost a heavy oak cross in the "Shrine of the Ages," where religious services are held. The superintendent reports his inability to maintain mounted binoculars at observation points. So does the superintendent of Vicksburg National Military Park. The plate glass over a big panoramic picture-diagram in Rocky Mountain National Park was twice broken and each time the exhibit was ruined by subsequent rains; cabins high on the side of Long's Peak where first-aid equipment is stored are regularly broken into and the contents scattered. At Zion Canyon merrymakers climbed to a ledge and rolled boulders down on the toilets, destroying them. At Scotts Bluff National Monument the observation station, with its bronze markers and orientation map, has been destroyed repeatedly. At the birthplace of George Washington an ancestral brass candlestick was stolen. At Gettysburg a sword was pried out of a statue and stolen and in eight years souvenir-hunters have carried away 403 parts of cannon.

Souvenir-hunters operate wherever they are not watched, chipping off pieces of stalagmite at Mammoth and other caves, chipping rock or wood from other famous sites, pocketing small objects in historic buildings, wrenching off hardware, digging up bulbs, and stealing signs. Directional signs are also favorite targets for people who like to throw stones, and those that are made of wood are popular for fuel. So are picnic tables. And, of course, everywhere people write and carve their names. Various "pioneer registers," rock faces where historic figures recorded their passing or where Indians left their signatures in pictographs, have been defaced by tourists who carved their own names over the original ones. There are names and initials in masonry, plaster walls (of famous Spanish missions, for instance), and original woodwork that can never be restored. Lipstick, which is almost irremovable, has recorded the peripatetic love of Joe and Polly nearly everywhere, from the Statue of Liberty to the cone of Old Faithful. A common job of Park rangers, who should be serving the public, is removing obscenities from the walls of toilets. An evangelical sect painted its warnings of the wrath to come along Going-to-the-Sun highway in Glacier National Park.

Vandalism is largely a crowd phenomenon. If there were enough rangers to patrol the most crowded, most spectacular, and most famous places, and enough others to catch and prosecute a few offenders, most of it would never occur. But the Park Service has not got funds to hire them.

I cannot treat here the privately-owned areas inside Parks or on the approaches to them or to historic sites, holdings that must be bought for the sake of protection and decent dignity. Many are hideous or vulgar, some are slums, none are subject to any kind of regulation. Certain areas of the actual battlefield of Gettysburg are beginning to resemble Coney Island; a real-estate development locally called "Slabtown" is enroaching on that of Yorktown. Two years ago the Director of the Park Service estimated that all the private holdings inside the National Parks could be bought for twenty million dollars. Last year Congress made the first appropriation toward that highly desirable end: two hundred thousand dollars. At that rate the Parks will be complete in a century, if nobody raises his price. We may also remember that the Park Service's plans for development —construction of new roads and trails, opening up of important areas now inaccessible, relocation of buildings, construction of new camp grounds and other accommodations for the rising number of visitors, increase of recreational and educational facilities—these plans, developed by experts over many years, move exceeding slow and in many places are at a standstill.

In short, the National Park Service is fail-

ing to perform some of the functions assigned to it and is able to perform but few of them as well as it wants to. Great expense caused by unwise economy measures is piling up and will eventually have to be met. A good many areas that are among the favorite vacation places of the American people have become shabby or worse, and some of the wilderness, scenery, and natural spectacles in which the public takes the greatest pride are threatened with disfigurement and even destruction. Almost the entire National Park system is already overstrained by the steadily increasing number of people who use it. The situation is shocking: it is becoming critical.

How did it come about? In two ways: the National Park system is an inadvertent victim of the war, and the postwar attendance has been greater than the prewar set-up, even if it had been fully restored, could have handled. During the war only a skeleton force was maintained, and shortages in material and labor made proper upkeep impossible. Since the war the Service has never been able to get back to full strength and has never been able to catch up with the job. (Not to mention the new Parks that have been created and the new historic sites and recreational areas that have been turned over to it.)

Service personnel, attendance, and congressional appropriations were in a fair equilibrium in the late 1930's, but by 1941, the last prewar season, the Service was already stretched to the utmost, trying to spread appropriations wider than they could be made to go. In 1941 it had 5,104 permanent employes and 21 million people visited the Parks. Last year, 1948, it had 2,393 permanent employes, less than half as many, and visitors numbered 30 million, an increase of forty per cent. The cost of hired labor, material, supplies, and machinery has risen just as much for the Service as it has for the country at large.

For the current fiscal year the Park Service appropriation is 13 million dollars, of which less than five million is for roads, trails, and physical improvements. The Director has estimated that to rehabilitate the Parks and equip them to meet the increased demand would require $145,000,000 for building and rebuilding roads and another $115,000,000 for other needed developments. (The latter figure is considerably less all told than the increase—not the total sum—in appropriations granted in a single year to the Army Engineers for non-military projects.)

Unlike some government bureaus, the Park Service has no enemies, so far as I know, in either Congress or the Bureau of the Budget. The disastrous situation has arisen through sheer disregard—concentration first on the war and then on defense measures has diverted everybody's attention elsewhere. Congress does not sufficiently realize what has been happening, the Service does not and cannot set up such a bull-roaring as the Bureau of Reclamation does when someone threatens to reduce its appropriations, and anyone who wants a reputation for guarding the Treasury can always demand why anything must be done about Old Faithful while the promised twelve-foot channel for barges in Goose Creek remains undredged.

Nevertheless the situation does exist, it is disastrous, and it must be met. Elementary business principles require us to protect a large national investment. The satisfaction of the millions who use the Parks must be assured. And the declared will of Congress and the people, that the areas administered by the Park Service be kept inviolate for succeeding generations, must be carried out. The Park Service must have a lot more money than it has been getting. And it must begin to get it at once.

How Correct Must Correct English Be?

Norman Lewis

"EVEN if you do learn to speak correct English," the late Clarence Darrow once remarked, "who are you going to speak it to?" According to an informal sampling which I have just made for *Harper's Magazine,* you would do best speaking it to the editors of women's magazines. On the other hand, your *least* receptive audience, if you restricted your speech to rigidly formal grammatical patterns, would be made up of professors of English.

With the co-operation of the editors of *Harper's,* I sent to nine groups of people a questionnaire consisting of nineteen sentences, in each of which a controversial grammatical expression was underlined, with space provided for indicating approval or disapproval of the usage. Instructions for answering the questionnaire were as follows:

"Here are nineteen expressions about which there is today a good deal of controversy, and we'd like your opinion, as an educated adult, of their acceptability in everyday speech.

"Do not be influenced by whether these usages do or do not violate formal grammatical rules. Rather, indicate, by an affirmative vote, that you would be willing to use the expression listed or that you believe such an expression has become sufficiently current in educated American speech to be labeled acceptable usage; by a negative vote, that the expression, as used, is unacceptable in educated circles."

On the opposite page you will find the sentences as they were presented on the questionnaire. You may wish to cast a vote for or against each one, so that you will be able later to compare your own conservatism or liberalism, grammatically speaking, with the reactions of nine groups of educated adults who were polled.

Four hundred sixty-eight people, out of 750 to whom I wrote, answered the questionnaire. Ballots were received from high-school and college teachers of English, authors, editors, journalists, radio commentators, lexicographers, and a random sampling of subscribers to *Harper's Magazine.*

Each respondent cast nineteen votes, apportioning them as he saw fit between acceptance or rejection of the usages questioned. I have subsequently worked out what might be called the "acceptance ratio" for each group of people—the percentage of affirmative votes to total votes cast by members of that group. I realize that the number of people in some of these groups was small and that therefore no vast significance should be attached to their "acceptance ratios" (which I shall

Norman Lewis, editor of Correct English Magazine *and author of* How to Speak Better English, *here reports on an informal investigation he has made for* Harper's.

shorten to A.R.'s); but at least it may entertain you to know how the various groups ranked in the liberalism-conservatism scale.

The most liberal group—the one most inclined to accept these usages—was composed of 155 college teachers of English, who piled up an aggregate A.R. of 70. (This result certainly disproves the recurrent rumors that professors are stuffy, musty, pedantic, and unrealistic.) Out of a total of 2,945 votes cast, 19 to each professor, only 891 were negative. A majority of the professors accepted 17 of the 19 sentences, rejecting only "His work is different *than* mine" (No. 4) and "I encountered *less* difficulties than I had expected" (No. 7); and a sizable number of professors voted a straight affirmative ticket. The following professorial comments are typical of many:

"By direct observation, I have noticed that all of these usages are actually used by speakers who are socially and intellectually acceptable." (Robert A. Hall, Jr., Cornell University.)

"If the criterion for 'good English' is usage —and certainly no other criterion makes any sense—then all of these expressions are either acceptable now or will be within the next few decades." (John C. Gerber, State University of Iowa.)

The next most liberal group was composed of the lexicographers, 12 in number, with an A.R. of 65. They included members of the editorial staffs of the Merriam-Webster, the Winston, the Grosset & Dunlap, the Random House, and the Funk & Wagnalls dictionaries, as well as H. L. Mencken. Dr. A. R. Fuchs, of the Merriam-Webster Dictionary, accepted all the usages without qualification. Clarence Barnhart, editor of the American College Dictionary (the new Random House publication) accepted all but No. 7 ("I encountered *less* difficulties than I had expected"), with the reservation that his acceptance referred to spoken rather than written English. As for Mr. Mencken, he rejected only No. 4 ("His work is different *than* mine") and No. 8 ("Everyone put on *their coats* and went home").

The Nineteen Sentences

1. His attitude makes me *mad.* (Mad as a synonym for *angry*)..... ...ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
2. I *will* pay your bill if you accept my check.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
3. The reason I'm worried is *because* I think she's ill..... ...ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
4. His work is different *than* mine.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
5. We had a *nice* time at the party.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
6. *Can* I have another helping of dessert, please? ....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
7. I encountered *less* difficulties than I had expected..... ...ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
8. Everyone put on *their coats* and went home. .....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
9. How much money have you *got?*.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
10. *Due to* the storm, all trains are late.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
11. She has an *awful* headache.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
12. We *only* have five left. (Position of *only*).....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
13. Let's not walk any *further* right now.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
14. We must remember *to accurately check* each answer..... ...ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
15. He's one person I simply won't do business *with*....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
16. Go *slow*.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
17. It is *me*.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
18. She acts as if she *was* my wife.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE
19. *Who* did you meet?.....ACCEPTABLE...UNACCEPTABLE

The 33 authors and the 80 editors (these represented the staffs of book publishing houses as well as of general magazines) ran so close for third position that their differences had to be calculated to two decimal places—56.14 for the authors, 56.11 for the editors. Next in order came the radio columnists, 22 in number, with an A.R. of 51.7, then the 32 high-school teachers of English, with an A.R. of 51.4. (Half or more of the latter voted affirmatively for only 9 of the usages. It was noteworthy that those from small towns were significantly more conservative than those from large cities; and many were vociferous in their remarks about the need for preserving strict grammatical standards.)

A sampling of *Harper's* subscribers throughout the nation brought 60 responses from readers of varied occupations and professions; they turned in an A.R. of precisely 50. Forty-eight feature writers and columnists on several New York newspapers and one Chicago daily (the *Tribune*) made a still stricter showing, with an A.R. of only 47. And the most conservative of all the groups was a collection of 26 editors of women's magazines, with 45. Originally I had planned to group all the editors in one category, but as the early returns began to come in it was evident that the editors of women's magazines were much stricter in their attitudes toward everyday speech than were their opposite numbers on the general magazines. I leave it to the sociologists to account for the discrepancy.

II

Now let us see how the votes ran on the 19 individual expressions in the questionnaire. In each case I have determined the percentage of acceptance among the respondents *as a whole,* somewhat arbitrarily labeling any expression which received an affirmative vote of 75 per cent or more as ESTABLISHED ENGLISH; any expression which received between 50 and 75 per cent acceptance as ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH; any expression which received less than 50 per cent acceptance but more than 35 per cent as CONTROVERSIAL; and any which failed to receive as much as 35 per cent acceptance as REJECTED. There is some temptation, of course, to give extra weight to the opinions of the professors and lexicographers, as these gentlemen maintain a closer touch with historical trends in grammar than do the members of the other groups. But it must be borne in mind that the grammatical attitudes of the general educated populace depend not alone upon the findings of the experts but also upon the influence of those groups whose language patterns are constantly in the public eye and ear, such as authors, editors, and radio speakers. (Proof of this fact lies on the middle-of-the-road voting of the 60 subscribers to *Harper's.*) And one must also remember that high-school teachers do more to condition the attitudes of the general public than do professors of English, because there are so many more of them. So I am not inclined to load the scales in favor of the experts, and will therefore count any vote as equal to any other, regardless of its source.

Here, then, is the way the score runs, expression by expression:

No. 1. His attitude makes me *mad.* ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 68 per cent. Recent editions of the authoritative dictionaries concede that *mad* is acceptable colloquially as a synonym for *angry* and over two-thirds of the respondents agreed. 117 of the 155 professors and 9 of the 12 lexicographers voted affirmatively on the sentence. The high-school teachers, however, rejected the usage by a vote of 18 to 14—the only group in which a majority turned in a negative response.

Random Comment:

"Only the purists shun *mad* in familiar speech." (Marc A. Rose, Senior Editor, the *Reader's Digest.*)

"I would use *mad* for *angry* except in the most pedantic of situations and in instances where the meaning of *mad* might be ambiguous." (Falk Johnson, Northwestern University.)

No. 2. I *will* pay your bill if you accept my check. ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 90 per cent.

The strict and ancient distinction between *shall* and *will* found favor only among 46 of the 468 respondents; 149 out of 155 professors and every one of the 12 lexicographers accepted the use of *will* with *I,* even though no "determination" is expressed by the sentence. (The highest numerical *negative* vote came

from the *Harper's* subscribers, 11 out of 60, the next highest from the newspaper writers, 10 out of 48.)

Random Comment:

"The fact is that *shall* is simply going out of business." (Hervey Allen, author of *Anthony Adverse* and other novels.)

"The insistence on *shall* with the first person is an invention of the schoolmarms; it has never been an essential of good English." (C. K. Thomas, Cornell University.)

"The distinction between *shall* and *will* is rapidly becoming obsolete." (William Dodge Lewis, formerly Editor of the Winston Dictionary.)

No. 3. The reason I'm worried is *because* I think she's ill. CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 48 per cent.

The respondents as a whole rejected this usage in a close vote: 245 to 223. It it significant, however, that a comfortable majority of the professors (89 to 66) accepted this common substitution of *because* where strict grammar requires *that*. The question split the lexicographers evenly (6 to 6) and had the same effect on the *Harper's* subscribers (30 to 30). In all other groups the usage lost out, though generally by a narrow margin, except for the women's editors and newspaper writers, in which groups the vote went against it in a ratio of approximately two to one.

Random Comment:

"On the whole, the writer should judge by the sound of a sentence. Incorrect grammar leads to awkward-sounding sentences. 'Is because' is an example of this." (Harrison Smith, Associate Editor, *Saturday Review of Literature*.)

"Comparatively recent usage, but seemingly well-established." (C. K. Thomas, Cornell University.)

"*Because* meets with a good bit of resistance in my circles, but it is certainly growing in favor in the spoken language." (N. P. Tillman, Atlanta University.)

No. 4. His work is different *than* mine. REJECTED. Acceptance, 31 per cent.

This usage failed to get majority approval from a single group, though paradoxically enough the radio people, generally far down in the liberalism-conservatism scale, split their vote exactly even, 11 to 11. This was one of the only two sentences rejected by the professors, who voted against *different than* by 93 to 62.

No. 5. We had a *nice* time at the party. ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 88 per cent.

The professors accepted this usage by a vote of 144 to 11, the lexicographers by a vote of 10 to 2, and the radio people, again paradoxically, backed it unanimously. Greatest conservatism on this point was indicated by the high-school teachers; over 28 per cent of them rejected the use of *nice* to mean *agreeable* or *pleasant*.

Random Comment:

"*Nice time* is a good American colloquialism." (Betty Smith, author of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and *Tomorrow Will Be Better*.)

No. 6. *Can* I have another helping of dessert, please? CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 40 per cent.

The use of *can* to ask permission found favor in the eyes of 185 of the 468 respondents. Only the professors gave it a majority vote (87 to 68) but there was a fair proportion of support in the other groups. The greatest conservatism on this point was shown by the newspaper writers, who voted against it in a ratio of better than 3 to 1.

No. 7. I encounted *less* difficulties than I had expected. REJECTED. Acceptance, 23 per cent.

This sentence was adapted from one that appeared in *Collier's* magazine, attributed to historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., author of *The Age of Jackson*. Professor Schlesinger, describing his experiences writing an article on Senator Taft, said: "My story propelled itself soberly, methodically, and carefully along scheduled lines; it encounted *less* pitfalls and booby-traps than anything I have done." Though *less* frequently accompanies a plural noun on educated levels of speech and in the writing of educated authors, the voting went against the usage in all groups, including the professors, only 49 of the 155 accepting it. Among the other respondents, the ratio of rejection went as high in many groups as 7 to 1.

No. 8. Everyone put on *their coats* and went home. CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 45 per cent.

It is especially indicative of the generally liberal tendencies of educated people that this clear-cut violation of grammatical agreement should have fared as well as it did. In logic, *everyone, everybody,* and similar "singular" pronouns have a strong plural meaning, and it takes a good deal of linguistic sophistication to keep agreement uniform without sounding like a product of a night-school class in diction. Carried to its illogical extreme, formal grammar requires that *everyone* be followed by *him* or *his* even in curious sentences like the following:

"Since *everyone* in the room spoke Spanish, I addressed *him* in that language."

"As soon as *everyone* was finished, we started collecting *his paper.*"

These sentences as they stand are grammatically "pure"—they are also logically insane, and I submit that only a die-hard purist would avoid *them* or *their* in such constructions. The vote of the 468 respondents went against the usage in question by 259 to 209. Only the professors gave it a majority vote, 93 to 62. All other groups rejected it, the lexicographers by a close vote of 7 to 5, the women's editors by a ratio of almost 2½ to 1.

No. 9. How much money have you *got?* ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 65 per cent.

One hundred thirty-one of the 155 professors accepted this popular usage, but the other groups were less liberally inclined. 55 per cent of the *Harper's* subscribers and 57 per cent of the women's editors voted against it.

Random Comment:

"Historically this is good usage." (Alfred Westfall, Colorado A. and M. College)

"A trifle barbarous, perhaps, but so universally used as to be forgivable." (Waverly Root, author.)

"Fully established; more emphatic than 'How much money have you?'" (C. K. Thomas)

No. 10. *Due to* the storm, all trains are late. ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 65 per cent.

Due to, as a preposition, received a majority affirmative vote from all groups, including the women's magazine editors.

Random Comment:

"Useless to fight; it is established." (Clarence L. Barnhart, Editor, the *American College Dictionary*)

"'Due to' in the sense of 'owing to' has been in good usage for two hundred years or longer." (Charles Earle Funk, Consulting Editor, the Funk and Wagnalls Dictionary)

No. 11. She has an *awful* headache. ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 77 per cent.

The 12 lexicographers voted unanimously for this usage, and over 83 per cent of the professors. Thirty-three per cent of the high-school teachers rejected it and about 30 per cent of the *Harper's* subscribers.

No. 12. We *only* have five left. CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 44 per cent.

It is a little surprising, I think, that this usage fared as poorly as it did. I have rarely heard even the most erudite of people, unless they were speaking with studied formality, place *only* in its grammatical position (before the word it actually limits) rather than in its natural and popular position (before the verb). It is true, of course, that written and edited English shifts *only* to the position which the stricter grammarians insist upon, and in manuscripts prepared for the printer I am sure that this innocent adverb is circled and arrowed more than any other word in the English language.

Nevertheless, despite the emphasis in the introduction to the ballot that this was a poll on *speech,* the vote went against the usage 265 to 203. The professors of course accepted the sentence, by vote of 97 to 58; the lexicographers were split evenly, 6 to 6. Other groups, however, turned it down in varying ratios: editors by 5 to 3, radio people by 3 to 1, women's editors by 3 to 1, and newspaper writers by almost 4 to 1.

No. 13. Let's not walk any *further* right now. ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 58 per cent.

Strict rule requires *farther* in reference to spatial distance, although the dictionaries now concede that *further* is acceptable with

respect either to degree or distance. Eleven lexicographers and 104 professors accepted the sentence; the authors favored the usage with a bare majority of 1. More than half the radio people, newspaper writers, and women's editors voted against it.

Random Comment:

"This distinction has broken down completely." (Frederick Bracher, Pomona College)

"As applied to spatial distance, *further* and *farther* have long been interchangeable." (Charles Earle Funk)

"*Further* and *farther* are hardly distinguishable in ordinary fluid talk." (Robert C. Whitford, Pratt Institute)

No. 14. We must remember *to accurately check* each answer. ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 53 per cent.

A number of respondents noted that they accepted the split infinitive in principle, but preferred to vote against this one as awkward and unnecessary, since *accurately,* in their opinion, could come just as satisfactorily at the end of the sentence. Whether voting on principle or in regard to the specific sentence, only the professors, editors, and lexicographers rolled up a group-majority vote in favor. The women's editors rejected the sentence by a vote of over 2½ to 1.

Random Comment:

"I would like to defend the split infinitive. The structure adds strength to the sentence—it is compact and clear. The adverb, sewn and riveted to the verb that way, cannot possibly modify anything but its own verb. This is to loudly say that I split an infinitive whenever I can catch one." (R. W. Riis, Roving Editor, the *Reader's Digest.*)

"The restriction against the split infinitive is, to my mind, the most artificial of all grammatical rules. I find that most educated people today split infinitives regularly in their speech and only [*sic.*] eliminate them from their writing when they rewrite and polish their material. The only reason they do so is because [*sic.*] they were so taught in elementary school." (Ralph A. Beebe, Editor, Doubleday and Co.)

No. 15. He's one person I simply won't do business *with.* ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 86 per cent.

That few sane people trouble themselves very much about the heinousness of ending a sentence with a preposition is indicated by the overwhelming majority of acceptance for sentence 15. The radio people, however, voted almost 41 per cent against it.

Random Comment:

"This has been a dead issue for so many years that I am amazed to see it still classed as controversial." (Charles Earle Funk)

No. 16. Go *slow.* ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 84 per cent.

Dictionaries will attest that *slow* is both an adverb and an adjective, and only a purist finds any fault with this popular usage. Only 75 of the 468 respondents rejected the expression, among whom are counted almost 36 per cent of the radio people, 28 per cent of *Harper's* subscribers, and 33 per cent of the newspaper writers.

No. 17. It is *me.* ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 62 per cent.

Seventy-seven per cent of the professors, 75 per cent of the lexicographers, and almost 82 per cent of the authors accepted this popular violation of strict grammatical rule. The majority of *Harper's* subscribers, newspaper writers, and women's magazine editors, however, rejected it. Among the high-school teachers the vote was close: 17 for, 15 against.

No. 18. She acts as if she *was* my wife. REJECTED. Acceptance, 34 per cent.

That the obsolescent subjunctive mood is holding on tenaciously, at least in contrary-to-fact conditions such as this one, is evident from the balloting. Though the mood itself is fast falling into disuse in modern English, its popularity after the conjunction *if* seems to be gaining—and you will often hear it used even where the "rules" do not require it. Especially in the phrase, "If I *were* you," it occurs almost universally on all levels of speech, even the most illiterate.

There was an interesting contrast in the way the groups voted on this sentence. Three groups, the professors, the lexicographers, and the authors, accepted the sentence by clear-cut majorities, the authors by the ratio of over

5 to 1. The other groups, on the contrary, voted against it overwhelmingly, the editors and high school teachers in the ratio of better than 2 to 1, the radio people 10 to 1, and the editors of women's magazines by a vociferous 12 to 1.

No. 19. *Who* did you meet? CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 43 per cent.

The growing tendency by all classes of educated speakers to use the nominative *who* as the first word in a sentence, even though grammatically it functions as an object, is attested by the large vote recorded in its favor on the ballots, 200 out of 468. As Professor Kemp Malone points out in a discussion of current usage in a recent issue of *College English,* the scholarly Oxford Dictionary defines *whom* as the objective case of *who,* "no longer current in natural colloquial speech." The professors, lexicographers, and authors gave it a majority vote of acceptance but in the more conservative groups it was voted down: 24 to 8 among the high-school teachers, 33 to 15 among newspaper writers, and 19 to 7 among women's magazine editors.

Random Comment:

"Center your attention exclusively on No. 19. The most loathsome word (to me at least) in the English language is 'whom.' You can always tell a half-educated buffoon by the care he takes in working the word in. When he starts it I know I am faced with a pompous illiterate who is not going to have me long as company." (Kyle Crichton, associate editor, *Collier's.*)

ALTHOUGH this sampling of educated opinion on matters of usage is, to my knowledge, the largest ever taken, I do not pretend that it is definitive or that it settles any questions beyond possible cavil. I think the results indicate with a fair degree of accuracy the comparative linguistic liberalism of those groups of citizens who use the English language as a direct means of earning a livelihood. I think also that we are justified in accepting the final tabulations as incontrovertible proof that English grammar is far more fluid and less restrictive than some "speech manuals" and textbooks admit or than many non-professional people realize. It is certainly obvious that "correct" and "incorrect" are subtle, intangible, and relative terms when applied to informal educated speech, and that reverential adherence to hidebound grammatical "rules" is not a characteristic of the educated speaker in America.

Words for Time

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

Ask a boy on his back
In a track the buffalo cut
How long it takes that cloud
To cross that butte.

How many turns of calico tied to a spoke
Of a wheel
Make a mile
Make a century?

Ask dew on the ox-bow:
Where did the century go?
Ask lantern light on the butternut sleeve
In the evening.

Tonight I was watching a jet-plane lag behind
The spokes of light a hub of sunken sun
Was turning in the under-West
Behind the Rocky Mountains.

The jet-plane, for an instant of twelve mountains,
Held its own with a span of apricot sky
But lost to a fanning blade of choke-cherry;
Nearer, a snow-white-pitch-black magpie bird
Sauntered the West wind faster.

What shall I tell the children about Time?
Children who never counted the sing-back sway
Of the shoes of a single-footer horse,
Surrey by goldenrod or pung by snow,
But know the red light from the green
And when to go
And go
And go so soon
Over and under the poles of the earth
And toss the earth like a toy balloon.

Shall I tell them Time is countable repetition:
Tree-ring, heart-beat, Ocean's coral accrual?
Shall I speak allegory: Time has teeth,
Forgives, is foolish, yawns, rubs like a river,
Is bald, is nick, is nurse, is pale avenger?

Big Time, small Time, war Time, your Time?
Hickory-dickory Geiger Time?
The mouse ran up the isotope,
Five . . . ten . . . fifteen . . . twenty . . .
Twenty-five . . . thirty . . . thirty-five . . . forty . . .
Where you are you shall burn up
In your hiding place or not!

I'll say those things for all those things are true,
And I will tell the children Time is Love,
Like a slogan to laugh at on a greeting card,
Like a One-I-Love song made of daisy petals,
Like bidding the mountains sloughing off to sea
Good wayfaring, my hills, goodbye, goodbye!

Let boys and girls grow old and die one day,
Well taught that Time itself does not exist
Where nothing can go faster than the light
That let me love that magpie's wing tonight:
Love of watching, recognizing, naming,
Knowing why similar ash of men and cattle
Leaves talismans that differ as a hymn
Might differ from an idle opal mine.

And I will tell them . . .
No, I'll let them learn it:
All constellations, bench-marks, citadels
Continuing and lost and starting over
Within a whisper: "Was it all right with you?"
Passion into slumber into being.

Fulton Lewis, Jr.
Man of Distinction

H. N. Oliphant

THE second most celebrated amateur piano player in Washington is a tall, robust, blustery, and bluffly handsome man of forty-five named Fulton Lewis, Jr., who functions professionally, five nights a week, Monday-through-Friday, as a radio news commentator over more than four hundred stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System. Judged by concert-hall standards, Mr. Lewis' piano technique, like that of the maestro from Independence, is modestly tentative and limited.

His newscasting technique, however, is nothing of the sort. It is self-assured, incisive, fluent, and profitable. Supported by 326 sponsors, Mr. Lewis' eruptive disquisitions on the nation's affairs—he calls them "the top of the news as it looks from here"—currently bring him in the neighborhood of $350,000 annually, before taxes, and are heard weekly by an estimated 14,000,000 listeners, a sizable number of whom appear to regard him as the most awesome phenomenon since lightning and thunder assisted Moses in the transcription of the Ten Commandments. "The name of Fulton Lewis," rhapsodized a West Coast business man recently, "is enshrined in Heaven. No man in our time is so fearlessly on the side of Truth, so inspired by God's universal justice."

More recently, one of his devout Midwestern listeners wrote:

"I am writing you, Mr. Lewis, because I need your help. You see, I have been chosen by the All Mighty God to bring peace to the world and its people . . . You see, I died and the All Mighty God sent me back to earth again & you . . . have been Chosen to help in this great work . . . I would like to talk with you . . . I have our instructions . . . Mr. Lewis, this has nothing to do with religion. As God's boy, I'm relying on you. . . ."

The notion that Lewis occupies a position somewhat north of human is shared by other notables, including a good many of the country's most powerful industrialists and business leaders, and by some of the most influential members of the Congress of the United States. One of these, a prominent Republican congressman whose aversion to the late Franklin D. Roosevelt was almost as convulsive as Lewis' own, told one of his constituents not long ago:

"Fulton Lewis, in my opinion, is one of the great patriots of the age. During the early days of the New Deal, when the FDR mob and their Reds and their fellow-travelers had the country mesmerized, when damned few reporters or newspapers or commentators had the guts to question, let alone criticize, their

Mr. Oliphant is a man whose versatility can almost compete with that of his subject. He is a writer, violinist, and composer of a song that stayed on the "Hit Parade" for sixteen weeks.

fraudulent carryings-on, Lewis carried the banner of real Americanism to the people almost single-handedly. Despite their threats, intimidations, and all but deadly hostility—after all, they gagged that great American, Upton Close, didn't they?—Lewis stuck to his microphone and blasted them night and day."

For eleven years since his opening broadcast as Mutual's number one Washington commentator, Lewis has probably been the most influential man of his profession on Capitol Hill. His standing with the new Congress is less certain, but even his detractors admit he is an indefatigable news-gatherer.

"Fulton, for all his bloated sermonizing on the touch-me-not purity of The American Way," says a Washington newspaperman who has watched Lewis operate on the Hill for twenty years, "is a shrewd and tireless reporter. He's alert and aggressive as hell, and he has a knack for getting at the core of a story before most of the rest of us have got the names spelled right. What he does with it after he gets it is another matter, but he's a terrific guy with the negative stuff—I mean he really rides high when he can lambaste something or other."

Lewis, a vigorously self-confident man, tends to think of himself as a National Asset. "The only reason I have the listening audience I have," he says, "is because over a period of eleven years I have told the public the truth and they have known that I was telling them the truth, and subsequent events have proven that I was doing so, and when the time comes when I cease to tell them the truth that audience will shrivel up and vanish into thin air, and all efforts of the Mutual Broadcasting System or sponsors or anybody else to hold on to it will be utterly ineffective."

ALTHOUGH ninety-one-word sentences do not seem to make him either breathless or self-conscious, Lewis is willing to admit that his enemies, consisting chiefly of liberal and pro-labor elements, are numerous—and, like his admirers, rarely dispassionate.

The Writers' War Board (Clifton Fadiman, Carl Carmer, Franklin P. Adams, Rex Stout, Russel Crouse, etc.) was more restrained than many of his critics when in a formal report issued on July 1, 1945, it summed up an appraisal of Lewis' contribution to the war effort by calling his radio period "a shockingly isolationist, intolerant, and divisive program." More representative of the temper of his enemies was the characterization of him by the editor of the union paper published by Local 683, IATSE. "Fulton Lewis," hissed this man a couple of years ago, "is just a paid stooge, a venal reactionary, a fascist-minded prostitute." Other opprobrious tags affixed to Lewis during the past few years—to mention only some of the milder ones—are "one of the most dishonest reporters the American people have," "a mealy-mouthed, mendacious menace," "that blabber-mouthed mouthpiece of unbridled Big Business," "a fiendishly talented architect of mass intolerance and hate," and "the worst anti-labor hate-peddler alive."

Lewis is usually able to dismiss such epithets with a snort of contempt, and, if the target is inviting enough, about 2,500 robustly-compounded words of his own in scornful rebuttal. His favorite preliminary tactic in attack and counterattack consists in characterizing the enemy as something like "a piddle-paddle, double-talking, CIO-Communist-backed, left-wing crackpot." (Lewis has never subscribed to the theory that adjectives are the natural enemies of nouns.) If his target should be an academician, Lewis commonly includes in his initial thrust "inexperienced, impractical, theoretical college professor." A man known as an aesthete is likely to bob up as a "thyroidal poet" or "Greenwich Village expert on art and culture with a capital C." When he is genuinely aroused about someone, Lewis generally adds "shyster," "bum," "gibble-gabble phony," or a "shilly-shallying fuzzy-duzzy."

Lewis can be equally prodigal when dishing out praise. Once, during the summer of 1947, when the Succession Bill was being deliberated in Congress, he sang, with redundant abandon, "If anything happens to Truman, the Republican Speaker Joe Martin would become President—and I might add, a very superbly fine President would little Joe Martin make, too—the very essence of the best." Generally speaking, any legislator who shares his ecstatic passion for Free Enterprise, *laisser-faire* economics, John Taber's frugality, Fred Hartley's philosophy of labor, and J. Parnell Thomas' working definition of patriotism, is an "able statesman," "right-minded," "very meritorious," and (there is a

Cotton Mather streak in Lewis) "clean-thinking."

II

AN ENERGETIC positivist by both training and temperament, Lewis thrives on controversy. He is in a virtually continuous state of righteous indignation over anyone who has ideas other than his own on anything from baseball to economics. Moreover, when he disagrees he has a look-down-the-nose-at-you attitude that, toward his enemies, is infuriating. To his followers, Lewis' slightly condescending mien seems nothing more than the rightful hauteur of one who is obliged to live in constant intimacy with the ultimate secrets of the universe.

Lewis comes from one of Washington's oldest and most prosperous families. Dixon Wecter, the historian, says that "the strength and weakness" of Lewis stem from the fact that he has always lived and moved among the hierarchy of Washington Society. He is a member of the Association of the Oldest Inhabitants, and, like many members of that group, is inclined to feel that temporary residents of the Capital, such as congressmen, senators, Cabinet members, diplomats, and Presidents are "transient interlopers," a phrase often employed by Hamilton J. Saville, Lewis' maternal grandfather, whose status as an Oldest Inhabitant was once placed in jeopardy when he accepted the position of Chief Clerk of the Treasury (now called "Treasurer" of the United States) at the personal urging of Abraham Lincoln.

Even Lewis' Washington friends of long standing sometimes have difficulty appraising him. "Fulton," one of them said recently, "is a remarkably complex, elusive, and contradictory person. He can be the most affable and charming companion you'd ever want to meet, and he can be generous with his friends to the point of lavishness. But there are times when he is so God-damned opinionated that there's absolutely no use talking with him. I personally like him tremendously—I don't agree with most of his politics, either—and I think he is extraordinarily gifted. But he is at times—well—difficult." An ex-newspaperman who worked alongside Lewis during the late twenties and early thirties when both men were Hearst employees describes Lewis as "the most verbose human being now inhabiting the earth. Talking is to him what fighting is to Joe Louis or playing baseball is to Joe DiMaggio. It is inescapable second nature to him. Of course, as with all helpless gabblers, his oral emissions occasionally get him into hot water, but he can be brilliant and unexpectedly informative with his gab, also. You want to talk about scientific or non-scientific farming? Lewis can beat you two to one. You want to talk about piano-playing, organ-playing, composing, shipbuilding, carpentry, joining, cabinet-making, bricklaying, inventing? He'll beat you again, because he knows all those things, and he can prove it by concrete specimens of what he's done in each field. His estate in Maryland is a model farm, and what's more, it's almost self-supporting, thanks to his own ingenuity and dogged persistence. As for his music, well, he composed 'The Cavalier Song' for his alma mater, the University of Virginia. I don't know. I like the guy. Even so, I'd say this: In a town internationally famous for mouth-happy paradoxes, Fulton is the most loquacious and self-contradictory of the lot."

Lewis certainly is neither taciturn nor reticent. Only a few months after his first broadcast in 1937, he was already industriously pointing out to President Roosevelt and his top advisers how far off the beam they were in matters of economics, finance, and general day-to-day policy. Whenever the President happened to do something that coincided with his viewpoint, which was rare, Lewis usually began his program with, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States finally got around to doing something today that I have been insisting that he do for many weeks." Sometimes, when the President failed to make use of his gratuitous advice, Lewis went over his head and broadcast instructions direct to his audience. Once, for example, when a strike had been called in certain Pennsylvania coal mines, Lewis personally advised the miners to get back to work. "I know these men personally," he exhorted the strikers over the air, referring to the mediation board involved. "I can give you my personal guarantee that you'll get an absolutely fair deal."

The fact that Roosevelt consistently ignored his advice is undoubtedly one of the reasons

for Lewis' antipathy to Roosevelt, which has even survived the latter's death. "Franklin D. Roosevelt," Lewis says today, "because of his monstrous ego, turned out to be one of the blackest blots on American history."

Lewis' qualifications to give such advice are obscure. His academic background is negligible ("I bull-sessioned my way through three years at Virginia," he says), but he does have an amazingly detailed acquaintance with the hour-by-hour, practical, behind-the-door, over-the-bourbon aspects of government. When his prejudices have temporarily abdicated in favor of simple, down-to-earth reporting, he is able to reduce the complexity of much of this bewildering legislative by-play to a reasonably understandable pattern.

GRANTING these charities, Lewis' enemies still find his success and ever-increasing popularity baffling. He has certainly produced his share of errors and inconsistencies. For example, late in 1940, discussing some pictures of inductees drilling with broomsticks, he exploded: "[It's] a vast propaganda movement [that] seeks to impress the nation with the mistaken conception that its armed forces are pitifully equipped." He then proceeded to charge that we had enough Enfields and Springfields to equip 150,000 riflemen "not with one gun, but with *nineteen guns.*" "America's defense depends," he concluded, "not on publicity photos dreamed up by a high-priced press agent, but on cold steel and the calm determination of her people." Having assured his listeners that American defenses were strong, he gave the subject little further attention until three years later, on December 7, 1943, when speaking of the period just before the Pearl Harbor attack, he said, "We had little or nothing in the way of an Army, almost nothing in the way of a Navy, and a war production machine that was barely beginning to expand."

Despite unprecedented competition, Lewis' pronouncements during the most recent Presidential election were also singularly misdirected. He predicted a landslide not only for Dewey but, inferentially, for practically every Republican candidate in the nation. Radio columnist John Crosby wrote that, "If there is any difference between a Fulton Lewis comment and any straight partisan campaign speech by a Dewey supporter, I fail to detect it. . . . I think he ought to be recognized as a campaigner, not as a commentator, and his national air time be paid for and so listed by the Republican National Committee."

In 1944 Lewis confidently assured his listeners that it would be "perfectly safe to remove *all* price-ceilings and let prices simmer down to their own level," a prediction that he dispensed unwearyingly up to the end of OPA in the summer of 1946. Despite the subsequent rocketing of prices, Lewis still insists that OPA was a "guilty" organization, "immoral," and operated in the main by a "pack of wild-eyed theorists and statisticians" and "piddle-paddle, middle-talking fuzzy-duzzies." During the early days of his battle, however, he repeatedly assured his listeners that he was basically sympathetic with the over-all aims of the price control set-up, but that in the interests of "objective and realistic reporting" he would be obliged to point out its shortcomings.

In his broadcast on March 28, 1946, he said, summing up his four-year campaign: "Now in the course of the last few years, ladies and gentlemen, the broadcasts over this microphone of mine have been very critical at times of OPA failures and foibles and bunglings and actual dishonesty. It has not been a matter of *any* disagreement on my part with the stated purposes of OPA. . . . I don't want to discontinue OPA and have so stated over this program many times."

But only a few days later, on April 3 of that very year, he sang a confusingly different tune. "The truth is," said he, "the plain truth is that the greatest single force in America today for inflating the cost of living and making you pay higher prices than you have ever paid before, is the OPA itself and the very price-control system which they say is your protection against inflation."

Lewis' private war with the co-operatives offers another example of his more than occasional inconsistencies. "This," he said in his opening blast (he was careful to label them "so-called" co-operatives) in February 1947, "is a question of a new and highly threatening form of super-big-business, which already has reached the point at which it is doing a twelve-billion-dollar-a-year volume here in the United States by the exploitation of special privileges which Congress never for a moment intended to be used as they are being used."

This was followed by almost nightly assaults, until on May 13, when, speaking before the National Association of Credit Men in New York City, he declared, "I don't believe in the movement [co-operatives]. . . . The philosophy, fundamentally and underneath it all, is to tear down and destroy the profit system. . . . The people who are supporting, promoting, and advancing this are the same left-wingers, ladies and gentlemen, who man the *Daily Worker,* the same who support *PM,* the same people who were in the office of OPA during the war, the same people who throughout the United States, the length and breadth of it all the time, are playing government control, playing no profits, no advertising, no private enterprise, government financing, the people who want to take the American economic system out of the hands of private enterprise such as you and put it *all* into the hands of the government."

Yet on November 11, 1947, speaking before a group of farmers at Richmond, Virginia, he said, "Regardless of what . . . anybody . . . may tell you and regardless of what they try to prove, I am a *firm believer* and supporter of co-operative enterprise." (The italics are Lewis' own.)

In addition to an occasionally clouded crystal ball and a sometimes total disregard for consistency, Lewis also makes serious errors in fact. For example, during May and June 1947 Lewis charged that FDR and Morgenthau had callously bilked the taxpayers out of "millions upon millions of dollars" through their irresponsible negotiations with Russia on the redemption of occupation currency in Europe. In the House on June 19, Representative Rich (Republican, Pennsylvania) quoted copiously and approvingly from one of Lewis' broadcasts. Representative Sabath (Democrat, Illinois), bristling with repressed indignation, interrupted, and read an official statement from the then Secretary of War Patterson, which asserted that the government would not "lose one cent on invasion money."

PARADOXICALLY Lewis is responsible for some first-rate reporting jobs that have been of real value to the nation. During the war, for instance, his well-documented criticisms of the Canol project had, most impartial observers agree, a very salutary effect; so did his lengthy series of disclosures about the Latin American Highway fiasco. Lewis also figured prominently in the acceleration of the synthetic rubber program, a signal service for which he won the warm plaudits of a man whose political notions are hardly akin to his own—Bernard Baruch.

But the most striking quality of his work is what might be gently described as his gift for selectivity. All reporters perforce select what facts they consider pertinent and important for presentation; what sets apart Lewis' performance from that of his more judicial colleagues is his eager assemblage of facts that will make his own case for his point of view, and his studied exclusion of facts that might lead to a different conclusion. Everything is chosen to back up his passionate but narrow devotion to a kind of "real Americanism" which closely parallels that of Colonel Robert R. McCormick, who quite naturally thinks Lewis is a "great reporter." He has always been an ardent supporter of the Committee on Un-American Activities, and, when anyone dares point out to him that the committee is not without fault, he is apt to look both hurt and surprised. "God damn it," he usually says, "I love this God-damned country of ours. It's a religion with me, and I'm not going to stand by idly while a bunch of CIO-backed Communist left-wing crackpots try to wreck it."

The idea that a man is to be considered innocent until he is adjudged guilty apparently never occurs to Lewis if it collides with his bias. A year or so ago, when it was disclosed that the Thomas Committee was in possession of a list of case histories purporting to reflect on the loyalties of three hundred or so State Department workers, Lewis began to read to his listeners transcripts of the documents involved! After several nights of it, though, he abandoned the project without explanation.

III

LEWIS got his start as a crusader back in the latter part of 1930 when, as a reporter for Hearst's now defunct Universal Service, he uncovered, practically unaided, the famous airmail scandal. This journalistic feat, his first big-time scoop, which Lewis remembers today with a curious mingling of pride and bitterness, came dramatically close

to not coming off at all. A five-year apprenticeship with Hearst (first, as a fifteen-dollar-a-week cub reporter and, later, as a combination society editor and city editor for Hearst's Washington *Herald*) had prepared Lewis for the rigors of a typically Hearstian career of Crusade and Exposure, but not for the rigorous editorial whims of his employer. After an extensive and complicated investigation, Lewis had discovered that the government had been guilty of wholesale favoritism in granting airmail contracts, and so he sat down and ripped off a scorching 398-page report, which he promptly dispatched to his boss in California. Hearst was appalled—not at the startling disclosures contained in the report, but rather at Lewis' naïveté, or temerity, in thinking that he, Hearst, would publish them, since several of the airline magnates involved were warmly regarded at San Simeon. When informed of the report's brusque rejection, Lewis blew up. Although he was only twenty-seven and surcharged with ambition to climb to the top of the Hearst heap, he stormed impetuously into the office of one of his superiors at Universal and yelled, "Who the hell does that guy Hearst think he is, anyway, refusing to publish my story. Well, by God, he can't intimidate me. I'll show that namby-pamby fuzzy-duzzy!"

He did, too. Brashly enlisting the co-operation of every big-shot in Washington who could conceivably help him, he finally succeeded in getting the report placed on the desk of Senator (now Supreme Court Justice) Hugo Black, who used it, in 1931, as the basis for the much-publicized Black Investigation, which eventually resulted in the cancellation of all private airmail contracts. Hearst, crumpling under the high pressure generated by his upstart reporter in the powerhouses of Washington, had reluctantly released the report to Black's use.

The whole thing backfired, however, and Hearst shortly obtained a measure of revenge. After the contract cancellations the Army undertook to fly the mail, and the appalling casualties that resulted created a scandal almost as big as the one caused by the government's earlier favoritism with contracts. At that point Hearst sent a terse note to Universal's Washington office, suggesting that, while it would be all right for Lewis to continue to collect his salary for a while, it would probably be better for all concerned if he never showed his face in that, or any other, Hearst office again.

The feud, however, gradually simmered down to a controlled mutual distaste, and before long Lewis was back in the fold, working this time for Hearst's other news agency, the International News Service, where he remained, more or less rebelliously, until 1936, when, as he puts it, "The Hearst poison finally floored me, and I threw in the sponge. Breaking loose . . . was the smartest thing I ever did."

Lewis immediately began looking for more lucrative employment. Radio seemed the answer. "I had done some intermittent spot-news broadcasting back in the late twenties," Lewis says, "and I remember thinking at the time that radio might one day be one of my best *metiers*. My keen sense of the dramatic and my knowledge of the use of the human voice, plus my newspaper background, made it clear even then that broadcasting should be an important part of my professional life. When I decided to make the shift, I was lucky . . . the Good Fairy, Opportunity, was waiting for me."

The "good fairy" (who has an astonishing way of knocking at Lewis' door the instant he needs her) presented herself this time through a journalistic friend of his named Art Riley, who at the time conducted a news program on one of the local stations for the Washington *Herald*. In the summer of 1936, Riley needed a substitute while he went on a vacation and asked Lewis if he would fill in for him. Lewis, elated and filled with plans for his assault on a new medium, agreed to do it without pay. Given a live microphone, Lewis at once began to experiment with what he now calls "the personalized feature," a script pattern in which the focus veers from a straight reporting on events into a detailed description of the personalities who make or who are involved in them, the whole abetted by a heavy emphasis on background, color, and—this comes later—dramatically-presented personal opinion.

Lewis' embryonic "personalized features" for the Riley show aroused practically no interest and probably would never have survived had it not been for another timely intervention of the "good fairy," this time in

the person of William Dolph, then station manager for Mutual's WOL. Dolph, a pioneer in radio, had for several months been playing around with the revolutionary notion that news commentators, at that time a comparatively new species, could, if properly built up, command a public as large as those committed to soap operas and jazz bands. Lowell Thomas, the late Boake Carter, and H. V. Kaltenborn were already on the air, but they were just beginning to emerge as "names," their acceptance by the general public had been perfunctory; and anyway, they broadcast chiefly from New York and Dolph's idea demanded that his commentator use the national Capital as his home base. When he heard that Lewis was at liberty, Dolph called him up and, after a long talk, offered him a job at twenty-five dollars a week. There upon Lewis' war with "gibble-gabble phonies" formally began over station WOL, Mutual's Washington outlet, at 7:00 P.M. on November 27, 1937.

He didn't attract much national attention until September 1939, when, with the help of Charles A. Lindbergh, he suddenly erupted onto the front page of practically every newspaper in the country. Lewis had met Lindbergh at a private dinner shortly after the flyer's return from his now-famous prewar tour of Germany, where, as a guest of Hitler and Goering, he had been shown the Nazi war machine. Impressed by Lindbergh's scary picture of Germany's invincibility and equally by his castigation of "England's criminal smugness," Lewis, whose instincts scented a super-sensational story, impulsively asked Lindbergh to appear as a guest on his radio program. Somewhat to his surprise, Lindbergh accepted. Within twenty-four hours after the Lindbergh broadcast Lewis was famous. Isolationists, bracketing his name with Lindbergh's, hailed him as "a great patriot," and interventionists, using the same bracket, excoriated him as "a pernicious exponent of appeasement."

Although Lewis' Hooper rating (currently it stands around 3.7) stays consistently lower than those of his rivals, Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell, most disinterested observers agree that he can make his influence felt in ways that not even those formidable gentlemen can touch. For instance, during the early summer of 1946, when OPA was besieged by the 80th Congress, Pearson and Winchell conducted unprecedentedly intensive campaigns, exhorting their listeners to save the harassed agency by bombarding senators and congressmen with letters. No one knows the exact number of letters that was thus evoked, but it was prodigious even for Washington's notoriously overstuffed mail-bags. Lewis didn't get around to his letter-begging campaign on OPA until quite late, but within one week after he instituted it, more than 10,000 of his faithful wrote him that they, too, fervently favored killing OPA. According to one of Lewis' rabid fans, a well-known congressman from the West Coast, the number of Lewis-inspired letters was "astronomical—bigger than Pearson's and Winchell's put together."

Later a top OPA official soberly remarked, "Fulton Lewis, Jr. contributed more than any other single person to the obliteration of price control."

Lewis' remorseless four-year campaign against OPA is now regarded by his numerous conservative friends in Congress and elsewhere as the most spectacular achievement of his embattled career. Lewis is not loath to admit that the savage blows he tirelessly threw at OPA were damaging—privately he concedes that they do represent the most impressive achievement of his career—but the OPA fight, he says, was simply one skirmish in his over-all war with the New Deal, which in a characteristic outburst of cascading compounds, he once described as "a flim-flam structure of specious flap-doodle and preposterous mumbo-jumbo, honeycombed by termites, and operated by radical CIO-PAC, Communist-backed pseudo-economists."

LEWIS' enemies make a good deal of the fact that he was for some months during the early part of the war on the payroll of the National Association of Manufacturers, something which he has admitted publicly many times. The admission causes him no discernible anguish. "What the hell is criminal about that?" he asks impatiently, whenever the matter is broached. "I was employed by that organization in a perfectly legitimate way to pursue a perfectly legitimate enterprise, namely to make a series of broadcasts, at one thousand dollars per program, at a number of important war plants.

NAM, in other words, was a sponsor. I made those broadcasts entirely and completely without any interference, advice, or suggestions whatsoever from NAM or anybody else, just as I make all my broadcasts, without the help or interference of any outside source whatsoever, and I defy anybody to prove otherwise."

He is especially annoyed by anyone who insinuates that his motives are venal. He has never had to worry about money, and even if he were suddenly required to do so, his belligerent pride would doubtless forstall his stooping to any bogus dealings.

As to his actual motives, Lewis is a little confused himself. In a jovial mood he is apt to say, "I'm a man who revels in a good, ear-burning scrap. God damn it, this wonderful country of ours is based on healthy diversities, on hard-hitting, blood-warming differences of opinion. What the hell?" In one of his dedicated moods, he is likely to startle strangers with something like, "We are at the crossroads. Make no mistake about it. Our country is locked in a death struggle between two irreconcilable forces—those who want to choke the breath out of our economic system by a liberty-throttling, private initiative-killing government control, and those who are fighting tooth and nail to preserve the sacred principles of Free Enterprise that the Founding Fathers farsightedly bequeathed us. I'm in that fight. I'm an idealist about it, a kind of religionist, you might say." In still another mood, he is apt to say, "God damn it, I'm telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and every one of my listeners knows that I'm telling it. It hasn't always been easy. When the CIO-PAC, radical, left-wing crowd under Roosevelt had a knife in Democracy's ribs, it was not easy walking around almost alone down here and telling them where the hell to get off. It was a dark, lonely road . . . but, by God, I chose to walk along it because I am an American, an American who can't sit by self-indulgently twiddling his thumbs while a bunch of drooly-mouthed fellow-traveling rats gnaw at the vitals of our government.'

In carrying on this battle, in addition to the OPA and co-operatives, Lewis has, at one time or another, specifically denounced the TVA, the Atlantic Charter, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, the Army, the Democratic party, the CIO, the Wagner Labor Act, OWI, the National Housing Agency, "radical, left-wing, so-called liberals" who seek to "undermine our liberties by half-baked middle-talk about public housing, socialized medicine, and so on," Wilson Wyatt, "radical, left-wing" opponents of the Taft-Hartley bill, "Communist-inspired" critics of the Committee on Un-American Activities, the U. S. Employment Service, England, Russia, and Civil Service. This is certainly not an all-inclusive list, but it gives an idea of the monumental scope and variety of Lewis' antipathies.

IV

Those of Lewis' enemies who know him only from his broadcasts usually visualize him as a pinched, hate-eaten, unhappy man whose arrogant dogmatism is a necessary protection against the uncertainties that secretly harass him. Nothing could be further from the truth. He is an unusually well-adjusted, exuberant man with no more sense of guilt than a collie. His energy is volcanic. And as for doubts and uncertainties, there is no record that he has ever been bothered by them even for a moment.

His interests are wide-ranging and his aptitudes are protean. He is an intense and knowledgeable farmer. His 275-acre farm near Hollywood, Maryland, is operated under the direct and critical overseeing eye of its owner, and is commercially successful. He is an inventor. In 1940, impatient with an expensive soil-disking implement which he considered the product of an inferior mechanical intelligence, he devised one of his own which, though he didn't bother to patent it, must have been superior; two years later a celebrated manufacturer of farm equipment came out with an implement using the same basic principles that Lewis' brain-child had embodied. He is also an enthusiastic musician. During his three years at the University of Virginia he led his own dance band, distributing his time between the piano stool and the podium, where he performed as the featured vocalist. And today, when he can find the time, he is the organist and choir director for the new Methodist church in Hollywood. The church, incidentally, was built with his financial, architectural, and active brick-laying collaboration. As a composer, Lewis can

stand on the fact that "The Cavalier Song" is still his alma mater's choral theme. He is also a boat-builder, a carpenter and joiner, a stamp-collector, an expert mechanic, and a horticulturist.

Lewis is married to the former Alice Huston, daughter of C. H. Huston, an Assistant Secretary of Commerce and, later, chairman of the Republican National Committee during the Hoover era. A dark, attractive, sharply intelligent woman, Mrs. Lewis actively assists her husband in the preparation of his important "personalized features." "Alice is definitely one-half of the Fulton Lewis commentating machine," he says. The Lewises have two children, sixteen-year-old Betsey and twelve-year-old Fulton III.

Lately Lewis' activities in the Hollywood Methodist Church have become increasingly devoted; for example, he gave three lectures, at fees of upward of one thousand dollars each, to pay for the pipes necessary for the new organ, and he says his preoccupation with the choir and church gives him a satisfaction unlike anything he has ever tried. Referring to Christ's words, "Man does not live by bread alone," he has remarked: "It took me an awful long time to learn what those words mean."

Many Americans will be warmed and heartened by this stirring evidence of Lewis' semantic progress. They will also be moved by the tribute spoken not long ago by Herbert Hoover: "In these days when our precious liberties are being menaced by the machinations of treacherous and faithless men who masquerade as 'liberals' and 'champions of the people,' his [Lewis'] lucid, fearless, and exhaustive examinations of the vital issues of our time are of profound importance to all good Americans."

But a good many other citizens whose sympathies are not such as to blind them to the head-long one-sidedness of Lewis' reports on the Washington scene, will perhaps prefer the simple though plainly prophetic words of an anonymous Negro woman, who during the period of Lewis' early childhood worked as a servant for one of the Lewis neighbors, Marie Manning, the original Beatrice Fairfax of the syndicated columns. This old family retainer, it seems, had for many years been a remarkably calm, competent, and amiable person, until sometime in the fall of 1909, when, unaccountably, she became subject to violent, recurring nervous spells. These seemed to occur in mid-morning and mid-afternoon at about the time the neighborhood children were on their way to and from school.

One afternoon Miss Manning, happening to go into the kitchen, found the Negro woman in tears, mumbling ominously to herself. "Why, what on earth is the matter?" Miss Manning cried. "O, I jus' don' know, Miss Mannin'," the woman said, pointing out to the backyard where the morning washing lay in a soiled heap on the ground. 'It's that bad, bad Flutin boy again. Seem like everything go along all right for awhile, then that ol' Flutin come by and everything jus' blow up."

Anniversary

(San Antonio, 1944)

ROBERT BRITTAIN

THE night comes on. Far down earth's westward slope
Its shadow plunges after the drowned sun.
Oceans and sparrows settle into sleep
With multiple sleepy sound. And in the east
That bloodshot eye men call the bomber's moon
Gropes blindly for the target.

And we here in this warm and alien garden
Where winter blooms in the unaccountable rose
Forefeel the sweet compulsion of that hour
That nightly, ten years now, has drawn our bodies
To the calm incredible pleasure of being together.

How many nights it has come to us like this,
And from how many windows have our shadows
Stood, taller than we, against the widening screen
Thrown by our bedroom lights on the outer darkness.
And we have turned (how often now) together
To pull the switch that would disconnect the world
And leave us the private universe of each other.
So even in this place our exiled hearts,
Though sick for snow and the hemlock hills of Connecticut,
Could find their quiet habitual way to that room
Where no prowling foot creaks in the corridor,
No paper-knife of light slits under the door.

But suddenly far somewhere behind the oleanders
A feathered propeller snorts like a startled beast:
Your eyes widen in the blank stare of the moon;
The hair at my nape quivers.

Somewhere this night
The hoarded violence of a generation
Will burst within the sleeping brain of a child;
Into the body of some tortured girl
Writhing on frozen clods in a Polish furrow
Some half-demented youth, still seeking Strength
Through Joy, will spew the vitriol of his lust;
And in the gloom where furtive warriors meet
Victor will murder victor for the shards
Of shattered rice-bowls in a rifled tomb.
Now there can be no switching off of the light:
For the battle lines are drawn on every counterpane
And there is no lovers' bed but is caught in the crossfire.
Even this moon-bled garden is a no-man's-land
Where rose thorns weave their barbed entanglements
And those are minefields sown behind the jasmines.

O Love, Love, let us not deceive ourselves:
We are by the very fact of love committed.
Against the terror falling from the skies,
Against the crematoria and the machine gun's
Precisely-reckoned area of effectiveness
There is no door to close. No walls can shut
Our love into a safe and decent privacy
From the public agony of countless men and women
Wedded as we to life and to each other
And in such night as lies between the stars
No warmth revives, unless love lay its hand
Where the troubled heart of the world is beating, beating.

No Boat for Four Months

A Story by Maxence Van Der Meersch

Translated by Georges Surdez and Illustrated by Tracy Sugarman

THE island was very small, a platform of volcanic rocks a few degrees north of the Equator in the Indian Ocean. But its importance as a strategic point, as a French naval and air base, had increased suddenly because of the international tension. I reported for duty there a few months after September 1938, after "Munich," and as assistant medical officer I had the job of watching over the health of the Senegalese battalions laboring at the defense works.

Elongated from east to west, the island afforded a roadstead sheltered by a jetty. This jetty was being finished at emergency speed. Inside was a passage with listening posts against submarines and a pipeline to service ships and tankers outside the port itself. The dike was formed by enormous cement-filled caissons. Three diving-bells were on the bottom constantly, connected to the pumps by large air hoses. In these bells, six meters under water, the men worked in shifts of two hours, naked to the waist, closed in like bugs in a bubble. These Negro soldiers, *tirailleurs,* were all robust chaps, selected from the elite of their magnificent race. They did not look as if they needed my services.

At the eastern end of the island, at Port Clementine, less favorable for anchorage but better sheltered from the winds, Colonel Chavaigne was directing the construction of a flying field. Major Daiquin was in charge of our detachment. He was an old colonial officer, with a leathery, tanned, thin face, gray hair, and a sharp tongue.

He immediately assigned an orderly to me, one of his best men, Baghi, a gigantic Senegalese who did my cooking, cleaned my shack, which was in the shade of a clump of coconut-palms, and set traps for the swarms of rats and mice that were eager to share my rations. He had his own method for this: a mess kit propped on a stick greased with bacon fat. The rats would nibble at the stick, the mess kit dropped over them. And in the morning, Baghi would turn them over to my dog, Diogenes, who delighted in snapping their spines.

My shack was next to that of Major Daiquin, one hundred meters from the camp of the Negro troopers and their wives. There were no snakes. There were no mosquitoes because of the strong winds. But there were lizards and nasty black spiders, and ants without number, ants that could bite right through cloth. They would have tormented me at night had not Baghi, each evening, taken care to pour a little kerosene into the sardine cans in which the props of my camp cot were set. Thus isolated from the world, I enjoyed sound sleep.

ON THE fourth day after my arrival, I was finishing my lunch, eating roasted ears of corn served for dessert, when I saw an old Ford touring car, coughing and rocking on high wheels, the black top a sort of majestic hood over the seat. Then a tall, thin man swung long legs over the side, leaped out. I went to meet him, holding the snarl-

ing Diogenes by the scruff of the neck. The man walked towards me with quick steps. I noted the red velvet tabs on his collar, embroidered with the badge of the medical corps, and guessed who he was at once: my superior officer on an inspection tour.

"Mon capitaine," I greeted him formally.

"Hello, Daurigny," he replied. "So! You don't know your schoolmates any more?"

I took another look at him. Under the white helmet, the thin, fine-featured face, creased and tired, quite yellow, sprouted a badly-trimmed beard. It did not mean anything to me. But there were the eyes, gray, lively, intelligent, piercing, and his voice——

"Vialez?"

"Of course."

A senior at medical school, an old comrade! Yet I had not recognized him. People certainly did get old quickly in the colonies. I apologized, "My sight is rather poor——"

He laughed a bit stiffly.

"All right, all right. And so how are you here?"

He followed me into my quarters, inspecting them at a glance.

"Not bad! You've already settled, I can see that. Daiquin must have given you an orderly up to his job! Trust him—a queer old codger, that Daiquin, a rabid vegetarian, and a teetotaler on top of that, but just the same a wonderful guy! By the way, I bring you an invitation to dinner, for Monday. The Colonel is entertaining. Sure, he is—what do you think we are here, savages? Wants to meet you. Be there at six o'clock. You have some way of motoring? Or do you wish me to fix it for you to be picked up? It's all of twelve kilometers."

"Well, I think Major Daiquin would be glad to lend me his motorcycle."

"Fine, but in that case, taking into account the condition of the road—not to mention that of the motorcycle—I'd advise you to start at five. It would be wiser."

We both laughed.

"So, it's understood. Follow the north road, on top of the cliff, beside the shore. Magnificent sight, you know, with the mangroves and the islets. But you'll see for yourself." He took out a cigarette case, offered it. "Don't smoke? Lucky chap!" He sat on my bed and blew smoke into Diogenes' nostrils. "And so! Old Daurigny! I'll be damned if I'd have believed that we'd meet here some day. Eh?"

"Right."

"Getting used to things? Not too much work?"

"Getting along fine. Matter of fact, not enough work."

"Of course not! Those lads are regular Hercules. All you get are severe indigestions, most of the time because they won't chew their food properly. Sometimes a cold, during the rainy season, sometimes a decayed tooth. Can you extract a molar?"

"Well——"

"I'll show you how. I'll lend you a few forceps. For the fakers, a word of advice. You examine them, you take a very serious air and you prescribe a dose of castor oil. Watch out for their women—if you have the misfortune to smear one with iodine, you'll have all the dames in the place after you. They're crazy to get painted with the stuff—decorative, you know."

We smiled.

"But you'll make out. Your infirmary?"

"Pretty good."

"Did you keep Vimmerin as your orderly there? Good. You can rely on him. Did you bring a few boxes for the pharmacy?"

"Yes."

"That's wise. By the way, come to think of it, I need morphine. I haven't any more. Could you spare some out of your stock?"

"Want to get it right away?"

He looked at his watch. "Yes, I have time. Is that your dog?"

"Diogenes? Yes."

"Why Diogenes? Is he a cynic?"

"No. But he lives in a barrel."

"Ah! Very good."

He laughed. We went out with Diogenes, to the shack of the infirmary, where Vimmerin, the orderly, met us and showed us around. I opened the padlocked little zinc chest where I kept my tins of morphine.

"You have plenty?" Vialez asked. "I can help myself?"

"See for yourself."

He took about half of my stock and said, "Keep that chest closed."

"Thieves?"

"No. Ants. Vimmerin, please make a package of this. Imagine your predecessor, on arriving here, had carefully placed his stuff on shelves. Well, one night, old man,

the ants ate up all his labels! Not a shred of paper left on his bottles! A mess—he nearly went crazy, poor fellow! Thanks, Vimmerin."

We went back to the car. He got in, placed the small package on the seat beside him. The motor turned over. Vialez held out his hand. "Then, Monday, agreed? Just a minute—there's something else. If you have any wounded, don't throw away the dressings. Have them washed and disinfected. They can be used again. You often run short of things here. Naturally, with a boat only every four months. So long, old man!"

A friendly smile, then the Ford was off, with a quick leap, like a rabbit springing away. It left in a cloud of dust, with Diogenes racing after it. I went back into my shack, feeling pleased with the interview.

THE next Monday, on the stroke of six, thanks to the smoky motorcycle loaned by Major Daiquin, I arrived at the Colonel's. Port-Clementine, principal establishment on the island, already looked like a little town. The bungalow of the Colonel had a verandah, and in the spacious dining room, with orderlies changing our dishes and pouring the wines, I almost felt back in Europe. There I met Saint-Servais, the engineer in charge of works, Vialez, and the old and gentle Father Pothièvres, chaplain of the *tirailleurs.*

Vialez was brilliant. The wit, culture, polish of that fellow amazed me. Music, letters, sciences, nothing seemed strange to this physician. With Colonel Chavaigne, who had a passion for music which he fed with a splendid collection of records, he discussed an oratorio of Handel. A moment later, he was conversing with Father Pothièvres on the Manicheans, then on Saint Augustine. Then he took an interest in Saint-Servais' troubles with the dike. The speed and precision of his questions showed that, before anyone else, he understood a problem, saw difficulties.

Toward the end of the meal, however, I had the impression that he was growing weary. He talked less. He seemed downcast and abstracted. Two or three times, he passed his hand over his forehead, as if ill at ease. I noticed a slight quivering of his eyelids, a sign of nervous fatigue. Behind him, his orderly, Mongis, watched him with visible concern.

Suddenly, in the middle of the conversation, Vialez rose and left the room. Mongis followed him. Five minutes passed. Then Vialez returned, oddly relaxed, smiling, and somehow stronger. He sat down, resumed the talk. He had recovered all his spirit, all his humor. Again, he was the life of the gathering. And a lightning thought, a terrible suspicion, crossed my mind. I remembered his call on me, what he had asked for—could it be possible?

And the more I looked at him the stronger my suspicions grew. His complexion, his thinness, that sudden fatigue wiped out in a short absence, everything, even to the worried expression of his orderly Mongis, who must know, who loved his boss, who must always dread a scandal, a catastrophe—everything pointed to my having guessed right. Poor mortal!

We finished the evening on the verandah, facing the invisible sea, which we could hear in the long, sighing, endless crash of the rollers on the beach. We talked of the threat of war. Chavaigne alone was pessimistic. All the others, including myself, thought we would behold a gigantic game of poker, all bluff and outwaiting. I left Port Clementine about midnight.

THE week that followed was exciting. Several accidents occurred. A crushed finger. A broken leg. And that fool of a Diogenes during a walk in the bush contrived to get bitten by a cobra. We returned in all haste, I injected twenty cubic centimeters of serum under the skin of his back, wrapped him in warm flannel, shot him full of heart stimulants.

For three days and three nights, Baghi, my Senegalese, watched over the patient like a despairing father. The fourth day, still somewhat wobbly, Diogenes went outside for a short walk, performed hygenic duties satisfactorily, fussed around a while with his nose, selected for himself a few curative herbs and came back with his tail wagging. Everything was all right! But we had worried.

About four in the afternoon, I was preparing a good meal to build him up again, when steps sounded on the planking of the sidewalk before my shack. There was a knock on my door.

"Come in."

It was Vialez, a small parcel under one arm.

"What good wind blows you in?" I asked, a bit surprised.

He looked around before answering, "Are you alone?"

"I think so. Baghi! No. He is in the garden, working."

Vialez took off his helmet, wiped his forehead, sat on the edge of the table. "I need you, Daurigny."

"At your service."

"I have something to tell you—to confide. You are a physician, you understand everything. I am already an old colonial—I stayed three years in Saigon. I've mixed with all sorts of people, I've been in all kinds of places——" I guessed what he was leading up to. There was worry and there was hope in my heart. He went on, "I was young, curious, avid of sensations. Wanted to know everything. A friend took me along——"

"I understand," I murmured, "I understand very well, old man."

"To be brief and brutal about it, I am a drug fiend. I am saturated to the bone."

I made a vague gesture. I suffered for him having to make that confession. I stammered a few words of affection.

"You know, it's never too late, Vialez, when one has the will to——"

"I know, and I have the will. I have the will to cure myself. Help me, Daurigny."

"You want to be cured?"

"Yes. Your arrival here was a rare stroke of luck for me. We know each other, we were friends. I dare tell you anything. And you're a doctor, you can keep check on me, take me in hand. You must save me, Daurigny."

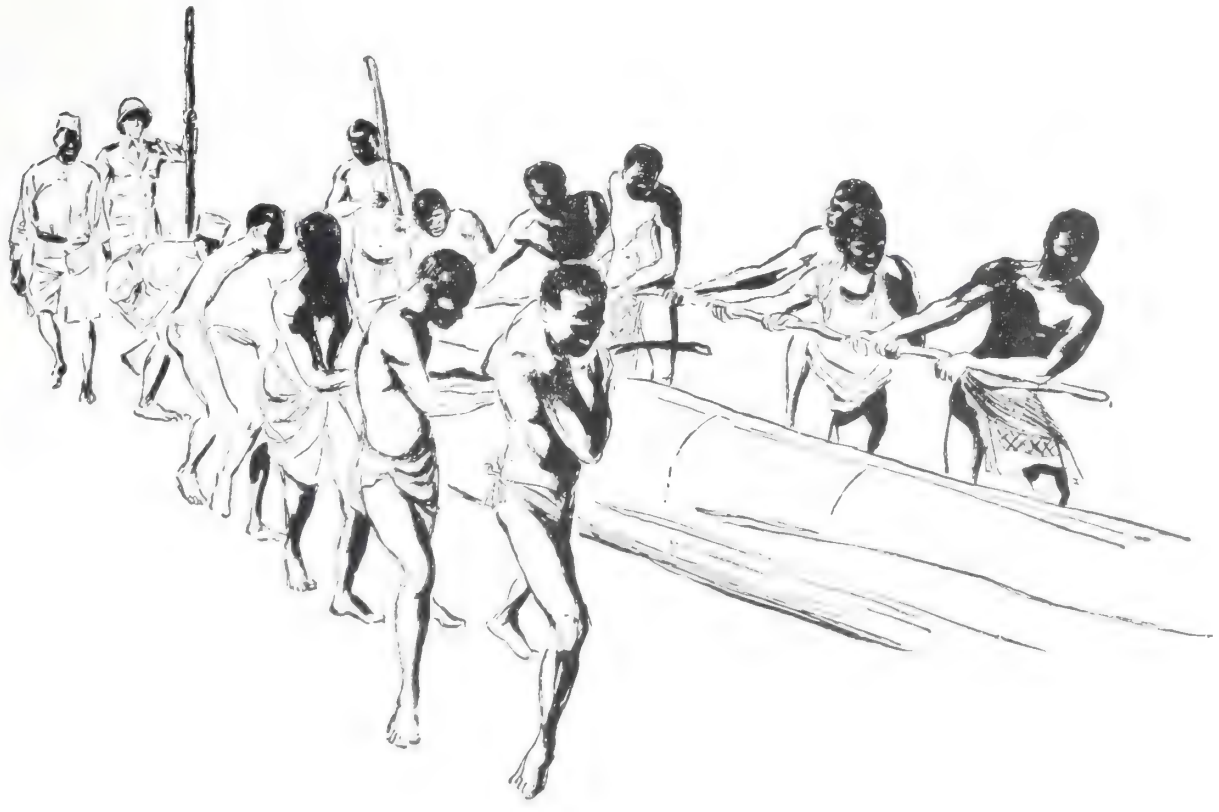
I muttered, as moved as he was, "That's good, that's very good, Vialez——"

He took the parcel from the table.

"Here's the morphine. All of it. I didn't keep any. Not a single ampoule. Seeing that my intoxication is of long standing, we must have a progressive treatment. I'll come here every day for my injection, every day, at the start. Then we'll space it. Right?"

"Yes," I agreed, "yes."

I was so upset that I did not know what to say or what to do. He took off his blouse, his shirt, bared his thin torso, pinched the skin on his arm, pulled it, let it go: "You see? I'm pretty thin already. It was time. So far, the heart is not hurt much. Listen for yourself." I pressed my ear to his chest. Hardly a few slight irregularities. Vialez continued his own



diagnosis, the physician was uppermost in him just then. "Constipation, of course, anorexia. From time to time, palpitations. But still very rare. Want to take a look at the retraction of the pupils?"

I took a look at his eyes and made a few notes.

"All in all," he concluded, "I think the balance is still on the credit side."

"That's my definite opinion," I agreed.

"We'll get out of this mess——"

"I'm sure of that, Vialez! You put yourself in my hands? You become my—patient? You'll obey?"

He pointed to the parcel of ampoules.

"That should prove something."

"Well, you're as good as cured. We'll proceed *descrescendo,* very easily, slowly. The right diet—a little coffee as a substitute stimulant, laxatives—and in six months——"

I smiled at him. I wanted to give him confidence. I loved him with all my heart at that moment, for the faith he had in me, for the burden he brought on me. And I could see that I was doing him some good even then, bracing him up.

Already, the physician yielded place to a sufferer, a sick man, a poor being who called me, who needed me, who hoped in me. He said in a shaky voice: "Ah! My friend—if you get me out of this——"

I gripped his hands. "Don't worry! Everything will be fine."

"Yes, indeed, yes——"

He held on to my hands. He looked at me. And I went on smiling, to give him courage, that courage of which I now needed enough for two. What a magnificent trade!

Vialez visited me regularly. Twice a day at first, then once a day, the injections grew widely spaced, every two days, then every three days. There were a few incidents, but nothing alarming. Like stomach cramps and deep intellectual depression at the start.

Only once, after six whole days without a dose, there was a minor syncope, which forced us to resume injections for a time. I noted the excellent effects of castor oil which accelerated the expulsion of poisons liberated by the cells.

My patient was docile, rather somber in mood, depressed on the whole, despite the coffee I prescribed and of which he drank rather too much, which was understandable in his case. We did not talk at length. I felt him tight with concentration on himself, holding his grip to save energy. He suffered and he struggled. How well I understood!

His visits and my gardening were the only breaks in my life, oddly monotonous, as a colonial physician. Under my very eyes, without much visible change, immense and costly works inched ahead. Dike, quay, port—a vast stretch of sand separated my shack from the sea. Here was a steam shovel, there a huge crane, a little further, an elongated machine with buckets, used to scrape the mud. Afloat near the dike was a motionless dredge, held by anchors. All was rusty, half sunk, rarely in motion, seemingly abandoned. A few Negro soldiers passed by, pick on shoulder, carrying tools. A tractor, squat and black, occasionally chugged by hauling a huge timber, like an insect towing a burden too large for its size.

And all of it was minuscule, as if lost in immensity, in the dazzle of the violent light dropping from the sky, reflected and doubled by the white sand. It was hard to believe that this represented the spending of billions, so much effort and so much pain.

"Our trade doesn't show us off," the engineer, Saint-Servais, once told me sadly. "All our effort is under the earth or water, buried or submerged. Still, it's all useful, and that's what counts."

I kept on with the treatment. Vialez was getting along better and better. One out of two injections, without telling him, I was using distilled water. He did not notice this. I figured that in two more months he would be saved.

Then, as he had several accidents to keep him busy in Port-Clementine, I took to using the motorcycle to go and give him his shots. That allowed me, on August 15, to witness a procession organized by Father Pothièvres in honor of the Virgin Mary. I shall never forget that young Holy Virgin with her black skin, very moving nevertheless, with her beautiful sincerity shining in her naïve eyes, nor that little barefooted Negro who incarnated for us, with his wooly hair and brown face, the most unexpected and touching Child Jesus.

Everything seemed to be going well, so that I was surprised when, a few days later, Baghi came to the works to find me. I was talking with Daiquin, naturally about the threat of war and the endless negotiations. "Lieutenant," Baghi stated. "Major Vialez he be at infirmary."

I went there at the double. Vialez was in the little room used as a pharmacy. He was standing, waiting for me. He flicked his leggings with strokes of his *chicotte,* a sort of riding crop of thick hippo hide.

"Ah," he greeted me. "There you are at last!"

"What's the good news?"

"Old man, I don't feel good. Not good at all."

"Nonsense," I tried to laugh. "What's the trouble? Dizzy spells?"

He cut me short with a gesture.

"Listen, I've had enough. I'm going crazy! I'm suffering too much. Give me back my morphine! I'd sooner croak than live like this."

"Vialez! Vialez! You are not reasonable. Come——"

"No! I'm telling you I've had enough! You don't live with me. So you can't know—I can't eat—I can't sleep, I'm incapable of reading, writing, working, incapable of thought. Everything sickens me, everything exasperates me. I have only one thing in my head, only one thing, one idea, one desire, it's a fixed idea, an obsession, madness, yes, and it will drive me mad, I'm telling you!

"But that's enough, see? Life is not worth living after all, if you have to take this kind of thing. I've made my choice. I'd rather croak with a nice, soft, easy death. Give me back my ampoules, Daurigny." When I did not answer, he resumed, "I appreciate all you've done for me. I admit your efforts, admire your friendship, your affection. I regret everything. But I can't take it, old man, it isn't my fault. Don't hold it against me—thanks just the same. You were swell."

I did not speak, I did not move.

"Come on," he snapped. "Give me my poison." As I still did not move he added, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Nothing," I told him.

"You mean——?"

"Nothing. You know quite well I can't give you that stuff."

"Why not?"

"It's not up to me to poison you."

"What's that?"

"I am a physician. I must cure you."

"In spite of myself?"

"Even in spite of yourself!"

He laughed nervously, whipped his leggings with the crop.

"What do you know about that! You're joking?"

"I'm not joking."

"You won't give me back my morphine?"

"I don't want to kill you!"

"You think you have a monopoly on dope? I can get it, don't worry! A matter of a few days—I'll wait and you won't have achieved anything."

"You know better. You know that the next boat won't be here before four months. That is, if there is no war! And four months from now, you'll be cured."

"So, you want to play retriever at any cost?"

"At any cost!"

He dropped his casual tone and grew angry.

"But, damn it, I'm still my own boss! I have the right to die if I want to!"

"It isn't my job to help you."

My quiet assurance proved disconcerting. He paced around that little room, in the green shade, like a wild beast. Then he whirled on me violently.

"It's childish, come, it's childish! Whether I die from dope or a bullet through my brain, what does it matter to you? It is none of your business, after all."

"You can kill yourself if you like. But don't ask me to supply the weapon. Moreover, I am sure you won't shoot yourself——"

"I won't kill myself?"

"No. You've reached a crisis, Vialez, you are beside yourself, bewildered, furious. But, believe me, tomorrow you'll be around to thank me."

"Enough of that," he exploded. "Cut it out! I don't need a sermon! For the last time, give me back my morphine."

"No," I retorted, firmly.

"It isn't enough to say no," he screamed. "It's an order, do you hear? No such thing as friends, now. It's an order! I'm your superior officer, after all. You must obey!" and he tapped the stripes on his cuff. "I am your chief! And I order you——"

"Primarily, you're my patient. There is no

question of service, of rank. It's a question of you. You trusted yourself to my care. You are my patient. On that ground, I deny you the right to give me an order. The chief no longer exists."

"It's a refusal?"

"Clean-cut refusal."

"Very well! But damn it, that morphine is mine! You're a crook! I gave it to you! You have no right to hold on——"

He tried to wound me, to lash me with insults, but I looked at him without answering. I wanted to remain calm, above him, so that nothing irreparable would occur between us, to get hold of him again later. I held on to myself with all my will. Then he headed for me, fists clenched, lifting the crop, shouting.

"You robber, you dirty thief!"

I did not answer, impassive, with his clenched fist an inch from my face. I waited the blow. I decided not to strike back unless I was forced to, all my being tensed to one purpose: Do nothing irreparable. Leave things so that you can take care of him later, tomorrow. I looked at him, mastering my rising anger mixed with fear, looked into that mad face, which wept, howled, foamed, spouted biting insults.

"Thief! Crook! Coward! Swine! Ah—if I—you know—if I let myself go——" and he raised the crop with a frenzied gesture.

"Watch out, the dog! Diogenes, here, Diogenes!"

Diogenes had slid silently from beneath a cot, legs bent, back bristling, ready to leap for his throat. My shout stopped him just in time. Vialez turned and saw the dog. It seemed as if the sight brought back a flicker of sense, and a human light flashed in his eyes. He hesitated, then, furiously, he threw his crop into a corner, slumped on a chair, hid his face and wept. It was over, that crisis had passed. He felt nothing now but an immense weariness.

I spoke to him gently. He did not answer. I brought him some cold coffee, offered him a cigarette. I walked with him back to his car. He followed like a child. He got in, took the wheel, and was off without another word.

THE war—always the war, coming nearer and nearer, the futile negotiations. My anxiety increased. That enormous dark cloud overhead kept me from thinking overmuch of Vialez. I thought I would see him the following day. Nothing. The day after, still no news. I would have liked to run over to Port Clementine, but Daiquin's motorcycle had run its front tire into a spine bush and could not be used. I would have to wait for it to be repaired, and that would take time.

Work on the dike was geared to a frantic pace. The coast batteries in their cement barbettes were tested daily. The two tugboats were painted gray, and so was the peaceful dredge, an unexpected glory. Daiquin remained optimistic—so far from Europe, so isolated in that dazzling, eternal sun before a sea that seemed sprinkled with diamonds, how could we imagine that great massacre to be possible?

The third day, after lunch, I was ready to take my siesta when the telephone rang. I was needed on the dike. An accident, I surmised. I took my kit and helmet and walked out rapidly under a sun strong enough to boil the brain inside one's skull. Diogenes, heroic and resigned, accompanied me, his tongue lolling out, walking in my shadow.

I found Daiquin bare-headed, directing the handling of a hoist. My arrival surprised him. "No," he said, "I didn't call you. But never mind, I'll walk back with you. You know the sensational news—a German-Soviet pact! So get set."

Up at the infirmary, we discussed the possible consequences of that startling bit of news. Then Daiquin said, "See here, a broken pane. Your pharmacy window is broken."

"The hell you say!" I exclaimed.

"And you know we're short of glass here! And if we do have war, you are likely to wait for your pane until the next armistice—we'll be isolated here, live like savages, my friend—no boat, no nothing."

"Baghi," I called the orderly, who came running. "You broke a pane, you ass!"

He opened his eyes in bewilderment. "Me no savvy, Lieutenant."

I gave him a dressing down. He took it without protest, then went back to watch the heap of coals on which he was baking bread in an old biscuit tin. Daiquin went his way.

I went into the infirmary to paste a paper over the empty pane. And immediately I noticed an empty space on a shelf. There was something missing—yes, that was right, the zinc box in which I kept the stock of mor-

phine had vanished. A fraction of a second, I was as if stunned. Then very soon I guessed, I understood—he must have paid someone to—to steal——

The poor wretch, I thought.

THE war! There we were, isolated from our country, like a piece of France set adrift, like a besieged fortress. Every day now the naval guns practiced shooting. The *Buffle,* our big tugboat, towed the target out to sea, at the end of a long cable, and our coast artillery shelled it. From the dike we tried to follow the flight of the black birds of death flying and snoring toward the target. We would wait for the jet of foam out there, for the black smoke of the explosion, and then discuss the shots.

Colonel Chavaigne and Saint-Servais came almost every morning to check the progress of the works. I was surprised on one occasion to find Vialez with them.

He showed no embarrassment. He smiled, shook hands. His talk was alert, optimistic, careless, sparkling. One would have thought that nothing unusual had happened between him and me, that I knew nothing about him, that there had been nothing to cause awkwardness. He understood very well that I was tied by professional secrecy, that, like a confessor, I could do nothing but remain silent, that I could not talk to anyone about it, not even to him.

But his orderly, Mongis, followed him with a worried glance, the glance of a faithful dog. And the man also looked at me. That fellow loved his chief. He hoped and expected me to do something. But what could I do?

What was odd was that it was I who felt ashamed before Vialez.

A GREAT silence had settled upon our island. The voices of the ships were no longer heard. Aside from a few coded messages, incomprehensible, the wireless was mute.

The pouring of cement went on in port. The naval guns shelled sea and sky in practice barrages. Baghi lived in a state of excitement detrimental to his cooking. I promised, to ease his fever, to take him aboard the *Buffle* so that he could see the shells drop near the target.

So one morning, the three of us started out, Baghi, Diogenes, and I, headed for the dike where the *Buffle* was steaming up and coughing stinking black smoke into the sky. We were halfway there when a sergeant came running after me, gesticulating and shouting.

"Quick, come quick—an accident!"

We broke into a trot. Baghi took the lead, reached the spot first. A steam winch had snapped. There were two victims, a petty officer from the crew and a Senegalese soldier. Nasty wounds. And burns from scalding steam too. Splinters of iron in a belly. Stretchers. Infirmary. First aid. False optimism.

"Right, fellow, don't fret! A matter of a few weeks in bed——"

Worry. Dull anguish and anxiety. Somber days. Sudden calls during the nights. Nocturnal walks between my shack and the infirmary. Tendency to be short-tempered with Diogenes and Baghi. All physicians are familiar with that condition. Their wives also!

Things did not go right. My patients suffered. Buxel, the petty officer, might pull through. But the Negro, Semba Madjou, aroused my fears. His wounds were hideous. The explosion had tossed him into the hold, and he had dropped astride the edge of an open barrel. Although I am toughened to it, I would sooner not dwell too long on that wound. Morphine, morphine, that's all I could do. With only a few ampoules left in my stock, I wondered what I would do when that ran out.

Two days passed. Three days. The thought came: if only Vialez would come. I was sure he had morphine, *my* morphine. But all that week, Colonel Chavaigne came alone, on horseback.

That Saturday I learned that Daiquin was going to Port-Clementine on his patched-up motorcycle. I asked him to take me in the sidecar.

We rolled at a surprising speed, and I couldn't get over Daiquin's skill with that old motor. Ten times I thought we would drop over the cliff into the creeks running to sea. When a bump in the path had tossed me high, he would turn his head an instant to ask, "Still there? Good."

And he would drive on faster.

We reached the chief engineer's bungalow at last, thirsty, burned by the sun, dizzy from the wind. Major Daiquin scorned acid lemonades and was satisfied with a glass of water,

water filtered through a wad of cotton-wool, and he laughed at Saint-Servais' gasps of horror. As for me, I ran in haste to Vialez's place, and found him relaxed in a steamer chair, smoking. He was surprised.

"Oh, it's you?"

"Yes—out for an airing—needed the change."

"Tired out?"

"Annoyed, rather! Two patients that aren't getting along."

"Really?"

I told him about the accident, the condition of the two men. He listened, asked me a few details concerning the burns, the aspect of the wounds, the draining. I explained what I had done and concluded, "So far as Semba is concerned, there's nothing to be done save shoot in the morphine—and that's what bothers me——"

"I understand how you feel," he agreed, "but when you've surely done everything possible——"

"That's not it, it's just that I'm going to run out of morphine."

"So?" he breathed.

Before his long glance of irony, I did not dare say more. Obviously, he did not believe me. His eyes followed me out, as he evidently thought, "Doesn't work, old man!" I felt embarrassed and furious at the same time. I left hastily.

Two days more passed. We heard that our troops had won some small successes in the Warndt Forest. Daiquin stamped with anger to be stuck out here while others were fighting.

So far as I was concerned, the care of my patients took my mind from the general fever for news that burned everyone around me. Buxel was getting on well. But Semba Madjou! I used up all my analgesics to gain a few days, but with poor results. I had to go back to morphine.

"Two shots last night," Vimmerin, the orderly, told me when I went over on Monday morning.

"Go easy, Vimmerin, go easy. From now on, call me for the shots. His heart, you know——"

Alas, his heart was sound, too sound, I was tempted to say. But what were we going to do when we ran out of ampoules? Going out of the door, I ran into a woman with two little kids holding on to her cloth. They stepped in timidly—Madjou's wife and two children——

All through that morning, worry weighed my heart. I went about aimlessly. I watched the working at the diving bell, but all I could think of was Madjou. At noon, I hardly touched my food, berated Baghi, and then made for the infirmary.

Things were not so good. He was suffering. His poor face, drawn and almost grayish, turned towards me and he evidently expected from me, the white man, the magician, the all powerful white healer, that miracle, that priceless aid—that I should wipe out his suffering.

Last joy and last triumph of a beaten physician—to give relief from pain. But that joy would not be mine for long. I hesitated—couldn't he wait a while longer? Then I heard him groan. No matter what, I could not resist the pleading in those eyes, the glance charged with suffering, hope, and imploration. I gave him a shot of morphine. Madjou, relieved, sank into torpor. All right, he would know a few hours of forgetfulness. But I counted my ampoules. There were only four left.

"What about tonight, if he wakes up?" Vimmerin pressed me. "Better leave me some of the stuff——"

"No. I'll come back myself."

Throughout that afternoon filled with work and mechanical activities, I thought of little but my dying patient. At six o'clock, I was back at the infirmary. "How goes it?"

"He's coming out of it, stirring."

I made up my mind quickly. I left two ampoules for the night. I borrowed Daiquin's motorcycle again and hurtled along the cliff road.

I reached Port-Clementine. A servant squatted before Vialez's shack, scouring copper pans with damp sand. He introduced me into the place and I found Vialez, his meal over, nibbling at peanuts and smoking at the same time.

"What a pleasant surprise," he said.

"I need you, Vialez."

"Whatever for, old man?"

"A consultation."

"What's up?"

"My patient is not doing well at all."

He became serious, knocked the ash from his cigarette.

"If my poor skill can be of use, Daurigny, you know——"

"Yes."

"All right! I'll be over tomorrow at noon."

"Make it in the morning, rather."

"Understood."

He had become grave and calm, for the physician in him was taking over. He took me to my motorcycle, asking questions, reflecting. He seemed absorbed. I left him feeling strangely happy through my anguish—the real man was not quite dead in Vialez.

I got back very late, went to the infirmary. All was quiet. I checked on the card—Vimmerin had given Madjou some morphine! I went back to my shack and found that Diogenes had helped himself to my meal, carelessly left on the table by Baghi. All around, it had been a rotten day!

I was shaving in the morning when I heard a car outside. It was Vialez, already. We made for the infirmary. Vialez examined Semba Madjou, and I admired his concentration, his intelligence and sharp analysis as he bent over the dying man. And once again, I felt keen regret that such a—he beckoned to me and I followed him outside.

"Well?"

"Done for."

"Nothing more to be tried, is there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing," I said, "except to ease him out."

"Obviously." Vialez lighted a cigarette. I heard him mutter, "Poor devil!" Then he added thoughtfully, "One wonders why, eh? What's the use of it all, eh? Martyrdom and a frightful death for a poor slob of a Senegalese Negro, in the month of September 1939, in a little island lost in the Indian Ocean. What's the use of that in the monstrous history of this inhuman universe? Eh, Daurigny?"

He laughed a terrible, bitter laugh. And I guessed his worry, his need to believe in something, behind his skepticism and his rebellion. I remembered a saying of Pascal, of which I understood for the first time the pathetic depth, "Pity the atheist who seeks." Vialez wanted me to give him some answer, he wanted me to reply, "No, it is not useless. You are mistaken! Everything serves, everything makes sense!"

But I was mute. I found nothing to say. Why, why, this suffering in a being condemned to death? What purpose will be served in the history of the world, by the obscure finish of this poor being? And I myself felt a fierce anger, rebellion against that unexplainable suffering, against this man, Vialez, who had hurt me, and against myself, who had allowed myself to be shaken, lessened, who had lost a little of that faith, willed and necessary, so difficult to achieve and to preserve, faith in life and in destiny.

"No matter what," I said, "our duty is to soften his end."

"That's sure."

"So, morphine." He looked at me and I insisted, "No?"

"Oh, sure," he murmured.

"But, as I have already told you, I have no more morphine." He looked at me again, and his glance probed me to the soul. I pressed on, "I'll snip off my last ampoule, tonight."

There was a very long silence. He kept looking at me and saying not a word. He yielded to a vague gesture. I guessed the struggle inside him. I hoped. But he did not speak, gestured again helplessly. He shrugged, walked a few paces. He was escaping——

I realized then that I should have understood. It was impossible for him to turn back. He could not give me back the morphine. It would have meant an admission too difficult for a man with his immense pride to make. And then, the stuff is his life, I thought, his food, his bread, the drug without which he can not continue, and that no ship can bring, now. In any case, how could he have told me to my face, "I stole!"

He walked ahead of me toward the car, and I let him go. He waited for me, and spoke of something or other, of the coming rainy season, of the resistance made by the Poles. But I did not answer. What was the use?

It was finished, done with, and it was just as well. I would not get my morphine. I felt resentful, furious, desperate. With little more provocation, I would have spat out my hatred and disgust to his face. Yet I understood that he was also prisoner of an absurd situation without possible issue. In his place, what would I have done? That dirty dope is his whole existence—and could I have admitted, myself, in his place, "I am a thief!"

He got into his Ford and rolled away. I went home.

THERE followed another day of shuttling between the port and the infirmary. The dying man was suffering. And I had only one ampoule left. I wanted to keep it for the night, because suffering is always harsher at night. I would be able to ease him just once more—then what?

What would I do with the poor creature who clung to me, who had faith in me, who was eased by my mere presence, because he trusted in me, in the might of the great white physician. I read all that in his eyes.

His face split into a smile when I appeared. He suffered less. He panted and tried to keep smiling, waited for me to speak to him, to touch him, to ease him. Always, until that time I had managed to do something, to stop his torment, to push away suffering, to achieve, for an instant, the miracle, the poor miracle of erasing his pain, to bring him some sleep, to make him forget a while. And it happened that this would be no longer possible; with terror I saw the time coming when I would not be able to do anything, when I would have to watch his martyrdom, powerless to help—I would have to listen to his calls——

As the day progressed, Semba Madjou became more awake, more lucid, suffered more. I hardly left his side. When I was away from him, I thought of him all the time. I gave him his last shot at six o'clock. It was time. He was worn out with suffering. Instantly, he fell asleep.

"What about tonight?" Vimmerin asked me.

"Finished," I said. "I have none left."

"No more morphine?"

"No."

"So then what?"

"He'll sleep until midnight. At midnight, I'll be back."

I leave the bewildered Vimmerin, my nerves quivering. "I'll be back." Yes, I'll be back at midnight—but what will I do? Live his agony with Madjou!

A physician must have courage. Just the same, I have not much. I did not touch my meal, the braised bananas served by Baghi. I wound up my alarm clock, set it for fifteen minutes before twelve. I sat upon my bed, unlaced my leggings, and remained there, stupid, inert, thinking, thinking.

Diogenes was worried, he came to push his head under my hanging hand, seeking a pat, a kind word. He annoyed me, and yet I would have liked to confide in him. I needed someone to talk to—but Diogenes was merely an animal, could not have understood. I was ready to break down and cry. What a hell of a profession—medicine.

I took off my boots, put the clock under my pillow and stretched out on the cot. Diogenes settled under it. The tick-tock of the alarm clock, like a regular pulse, beat into my ear.

One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four——

DIOGENES started to bark furiously. Violently torn from my sleep, I opened my eyes in the darkness, sat up, listened a second and rose. Diogenes deafened me with his barks.

"Peace! You fool, shut up, Diogenes,"

I lighted my lamp. I listened. There was the noise of a motor outside. It stopped, a door slammed. Steps. Someone was coming to fetch me—an accident at the dike? I looked for my boots, my leggings. Then the door opened brusquely and, bewildered, I recognized the tall silhouette of Vialez in the doorway. He was livid, and he stammered.

"It's me, only me—forgive me for—at this time of night——"

"Come in."

"How is he?"

"How is who? Ah, yes. He's sinking fast. No change. You came just for that?"

Awkwardly, Vialez placed a parcel on the table.

"I—well—there—there's the morphine."

That struck me like a blow in the chest. I looked at him, unable to speak. He added in a low voice, "I used up four tins. The rest is there—all of it——"

My throat tightened, but I managed to say, "That—that—Vialez—that's swell—that's very swell——"

He resumed, with embarrassment and shame in his voice, "So, we resume the treatment—eh, my treatment—if you agree——"

I answered flatly, stupidly, "At your service."

"All right. It's a deal. Well, so long——"

He took a step to leave, turned back. Then he checked a gesture he did not dare finish, which I guessed. So, although he was my chief, I touched his shoulder, I slapped his shoulder, and I held out my hands. "Thanks, Vialez."

Then he collapsed. He sank on a chair, dropped his face in his hands, and sobbed.

"Vialez, Vialez!" I ran to him, slapped his shoulder again, bewildered, lost. "Vialez, please! Vialez! Don't cry! You'll be all right now, you're safe!"

But he hid his face and sobbed on. He muttered.

"Ah, old man, old man! If you knew how sick of myself I am! Letting a man suffer! Me, a physician! A physician! What a slob I am! Slob! Slob!"

For his great, his only remorse was that—it was not the theft and the lying, nor his miserable passion—he felt remorse because he, a physician, had left a patient to suffer——

Semba Madjou died three days later. Vialez and I went to see him for the last time. He was on a cot at the infirmary. His poor face was drawn and thin, a dark, dingy, gray against the white of the pillow. But his naïve, childish face had achieved a grave dignity in death which impressed me. Yet he had been nothing on earth, nothing more than a humble Senegalese *tirailleur*. Beside the cot stood his wife, black and heavy breasted, and his two weeping little children.

Father Pothièvres had laid a wooden crucifix on the martyr's chest and I noticed that Vialez looked long at the image of the Saviour of men.



How to Keep Away from the Dentist

Herbert Yahraes

In the spring of 1945, two American dental authorities went to Italy on one of the least publicized of the many fact-finding missions that prowled through Europe after the war. As members of a health team financed by the Unitarian and the Congregational-Christian churches and by UNRRA, they were charged with finding out what the wartime years of malnutrition had done to Italian teeth.

The job might have looked silly to a layman. Everybody learns in school that sound teeth depend on a good diet; why go to Europe to prove the textbooks right? Unknown to laymen, however, dental authorities had begun to question that teaching, and the war had set up for them a beautifully large-scale experiment. To Dr. Isaac Schour, head of the histology department of the College of Dentistry, University of Illinois, and Dr. Maury Massler, director of the Child Research Clinic there, it was only good sense to weigh the results.

The Americans examined close to four thousand persons in Naples and three smaller cities. Their subjects had been dangerously short of milk and meat and almost all the other basic foods. Most of them were plainly undernourished and suffering from vitamin deficiencies; many even had rickets. Furthermore, few had been in the habit of brushing their teeth, and none had been drinking fluorinated water or been receiving treatment with sodium fluoride; in fact, the majority had not been to a dentist for years. By all the rules, they should have been badly afflicted with civilized mankind's most prevalent disease—dental caries.

But when the investigators counted DMF teeth—teeth that were Decayed, or Missing because of decay, or Filled—they found the opposite to be true. These people, young and old, were remarkably free of caries. Dental decay affected only from one-seventh to one-half as many teeth in Italy as in the United States.

For example, the average American boy or girl between eleven and fifteen has almost five DMF teeth; the average Italian had only one. Between twenty and thirty, the average American has 17, while the average Italian had two and a half. The American in the sixth decade of life has 23 DMF teeth; the Italian had only 11.

The findings in Italy were borne out by studies elsewhere. Malnourished Dutch children living in Coventry, England, for instance, had less than half as many DMF teeth as American children; the caries rate among Norwegian children dropped 50 per cent

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during the war; American prisoners held by the Japanese suffered gravely from dietary deficiency ailments but had relatively little tooth decay.

These facts knock holes in several of the most popularly-accepted theories about how to keep out of the dentist's chair. But though they have been reported recently in a few technical journals, they have not yet reached the public, whose education in the new aspects of dental health has been limited to a heavy dose of information about sodium fluoride. This is unfortunate, for the sodium fluoride treatment, while tremendously important, offers the hope of reducing decay only 40 per cent and, so far as anyone can be sure now, only among persons who have had the treatment during childhood.

The surveys in Italy and elsewhere, on the other hand, point to a method whereby dental caries can be reduced between 50 and 80 per cent or even more in everybody—simply and without cost, and *right now.*

NATURE has provided us with two defenses against the caries process. It has made the enamel of the teeth extraordinarily hard, and it has given us, in the saliva, a natural mouth wash that is an excellent neutralizer of the acids which attack the enamel and lay the tooth open to infection. How protective the saliva is can be judged from the fact that in persons whose salivary glands become diseased and fail to function, the teeth rot away with extraordinary rapidity.

Neither defense, though, has been able to stand up against the burden placed upon it by civilized man's great liking for the carbohydrate foods, which provide the raw material for the acid-making organisms in the mouth. So for the past half century we have been going to unprecedented lengths to reinforce our natural weapons against the caries process. In the United States we have built up a multimillion-dollar dentifrice industry, and we have undertaken hundreds of investigations into causes and cures. And we still have shamefully poor teeth. Nature gives an adult 32 teeth, but by the time the average American is thirty he has only 12 sound, unfilled ones left.

Theoretically, we ought to be able to prevent decay in any of four ways: (1) by making the teeth harder; (2) by increasing the ability of the mouth to neutralize acids; (3) by preventing the acids from forming; and (4) by keeping our mouths scrupulously clean.

Almost all our efforts have been put into No. 4, on the theory expressed in the old tooth paste slogan that "a clean tooth never decays." Fortunately for the upholders of truth in advertising, the slogan has been dropped, but the idea persists; in our search for decay-preventing cleanliness we spend $80,000,000 a year for dentifrices and additional millions for other oral paraphernalia.

Are we just pouring money down the drain? Somewhat the same question came up last year at a University of Michigan workshop, where more than a hundred dentists, physicians, biochemists, nutritionists, and dental health educators worked with leaders in the same fields to size up methods for controlling caries. The answer:

"There is little scientific evidence that a reduction in the caries attack rate may be expected from a toothbrushing program. However, the possibility that adequate toothbrushing may reduce the incidence of dental caries should not be ignored."

That is a nice bit of straddling. Were the authorities leading up, perhaps, to a plug for dental prophylaxis—that most thorough of all cleanings, given by the dentist with scalers, brushes, and polishers? No, they weren't. One of the questions put into the hopper asked if a careful prophylaxis performed three times a year would reduce cavity formation. The answer was eminently forthright: "There is no statistical evidence that prophylaxis three or even more times a year will reduce the dental caries attack rate." (It does help prevent and cure other mouth conditions.)

The reason for the straddling on the toothbrush question becomes clear when we look at the newest findings about the rate of acid formation. It used to be supposed that this was very slow, occuring over a period of hours or, perhaps, days. But work in university dental laboratories—notably Northwestern's —now shows that acid is produced in the mouth almost as soon as sugar is eaten and reaches its maximum strength within a few minutes. So, in the words of Dr. L. S. Fosdick, chemistry professor at Northwestern's school, "The teeth have to be cleansed immediately after the intake of sugar to do any good."

Where this is practicable—and it puts a strain both on dinner-table amenities and bathroom facilities—it ought to reduce the possibility of decay on those tooth surfaces the brush can reach. No brush, incidentally, can reach all of them. But the great American practice of scrubbing and swishing first thing in the morning and last at night isn't worth the paste or powder it consumes, so far as stopping dental caries is concerned.

THE American Dental Association has revised its teachings in accord with these findings, but much of the health material still reaching the public is outdated. Authorities recently examined eighty public school textbooks and found that almost all of them carried misleading information.

People who try to save their teeth by cleaning them are forever asking, "What kind of dentifrice should I use?" The answer used to be easy: "Get one that has been endorsed by the American Dental Association." But last year, without any ballyhoo, the A.D.A.'s Council on Dental Therapeutics stopped giving *any* dentrifice its Seal of Acceptance. In announcing its decision, the Council told dentists that "cleansing dentifrices are essentially scouring agents, and this function can be performed quite satisfactorily for most people with a mixture of finely powdered salt and baking soda."

One basic consideration was the A.D.A.'s desire to help break up the association it feared had been formed in the public mind between the dental profession and the dentifrice business. Whether or not this quietly-taken step will prove effective remains to be seen. Presumably it will not, for the last list of accepted dentifrices—published just before the Council's action—approved none of the most widely-advertised brands, yet their ads continue to imply that each is the dentists' darling. Most of these products, by the way, were listed as *unaccepted* not because they were considered harmful but because their advertising contained statements the Council had found misleading.

According to the A.D.A., most dentifrices are relatively safe for daily use, but none will prevent decay, or any other dental disease, eliminate bad breath, make naturally dull teeth sparkling white, or, in fact, do anything that can't be done equally well by one part of table salt plus three parts of baking soda. As for mouth washes, dental teachers highly recommend plain tap water.

II

LONG before we were as certain as we are now that cleanliness won't stop caries, health authorities were looking for a surer means to control a disease affecting 96 per cent of us. Some of them suggested that it might be possible to strengthen the enamel itself. How they stumbled on a way to do so is a curious story.

It started in 1908, with Colorado Springs dentists looking for the cause of a mottled condition known as Colorado brown stain, and reached one climax in 1931 when the villain was unmasked as fluorine. But in 1938 the villain took on heroic aspects with the discovery that when a town switched from a fluorine-rich water supply, its children's teeth came in unblemished—but much more subject to decay.

So the United States Public Health Service went sleuthing. Its findings: where nature has added only one part of fluorine to a million parts of water there is no mottling—and the children have only one-third as many cavities as children in fluorine-free areas. In 1945, Newburgh, New York, and several other cities, began adding fluorine to their water in the form of a white powder, sodium fluoride. The cost is low: for equipment for a community of 30,000, only about $350; for the chemical, a little more than a nickel per resident per year.

Meanwhile, investigators had begun applying a weak solution of sodium fluoride directly to children's teeth, and in 1948 the A.D.A. unreservedly recommended that the treatment "be used routinely in private dental offices and in schools and community dental health programs." Current practice is to give a series of four applications, at weekly intervals, when the child is three, to help protect the baby teeth, and when he is seven, ten and thirteen, to take care of the teeth coming in then.

That's where the story stands at present. Several years hence, when a new generation of teeth has calcified in the guinea-pig communities, of which there are now almost a dozen, public-health officials will know

whether or not to give the go-ahead signal to other towns eager to reduce tooth decay by doctoring their water. Right now they advise against it on the ground that the benefits have not been proved.

However, a preliminary report from Newburgh is distinctly encouraging. A few months before the test started, several hundred of the town's school children gave samples of saliva to be tested for the presence of *lactobacillus acidophilus*. This is the micro-organism that turns milk sour by making lactic acid. How great a part it plays in dental decay is not known, but test after test in recent years has shown it an excellent barometer of caries activity. An increase in the lactobacillus count is almost invariably followed within a year by new cavities. That first examination of children showed the lactobacillus count high in 63 per cent. A year later it was high in only 55 per cent, and the next year, in only 47 per cent. The percentage of school children showing negative counts, indicating the absence of caries activity, rose from 12 per cent to 20. But in the control city of Kingston, a few miles up the Hudson, lactobacillus counts did not change.

Such studies indicate that fluorine gets in part of its action by slowing down the acid-making mechanism. Probably a more important factor, however, is its ability to unite with enamel and make it harder. When teeth are dropped into a laboratory acid bath, those containing relatively large amounts of fluorine dissolve least readily.

As a mass preventive of dental caries, fluorine has two serious drawbacks. First, it is only partly effective. Persons who drank naturally fluorinated water during their first eight years have about 65 per cent less decay than others. Perhaps the artificial fluorination of community water supplies will yield the same result; we won't know for some years. Meanwhile—and perhaps always for the forty or fifty millions of us who live beyond the range of municipal water mains—we have to depend on sodium fluoride, which reduces decay only 40 per cent.

The second drawback is more important. Whether fluorine reaches the teeth through the blood or by way of a swab in the dentist's office, it has been proved effective so far only when given to children.

Where does that leave those of us who have cut our wisdom teeth? With the simplest and surest preventive yet found.

A dozen years ago Dr. Philip Jay of the University of Michigan's School of Dentistry —who was then and is today one of the country's top dental researchers and teachers— performed a classic experiment. He wanted to find out the effect of candy on the teeth. Some connection between the consumption of sugar and the formation of cavities had, of course, long been suspected. In fact, as early as 1752 *A Treatise on the Teeth* had put it this way: "All kinds of sweetmeats and sugar contribute very much to the destruction of the teeth, because their gluey juices stick to the teeth; besides, sugars are of an acid, penetrant, and corrosive nature. Those who love sugar and use it much rarely have good teeth."

At the time of Dr. Jay's work we were well into the milk-and-vitamin era. Nutritionists rounded off radio speeches with the promise that plenty of vitamins and minerals would give us not only straight bones but also beautiful teeth. Textbooks emphasized the tooth-building role of oranges, milk, and vitamin D rather than the tooth-decaying role of candy and jam. Tooth salvation, we were led to believe, was reached by way of a good general diet.

Dr. Jay took as his subjects the residents of a children's home. The institution's diet leaned heavily on cereals, potatoes, and bread; it included too little milk, was low in meat and other phosphorus-containing foods, and offered oranges only at Christmas. On almost every count it was poor from the standpoint both of what was known about building good general health and what was taught about preventing dental caries. Yet the children had remarkably good teeth. They had entered the home with the usual amount of decay but most of them had developed no new cavities, and their old ones had grown no larger.

Dr. Jay wondered if this might be because the children rarely got sugar. He knew that candy was forbidden, the dining tables never contained a sugar bowl, and artificially-sweetened desserts were served only on special occasions. So his question was simply: What will happen to these relatively good teeth if an abundance of candy is added to the diet?

Fifty-one children living in two cottages became the guinea pigs; the other 128 resi

dents were to serve as controls. Twice a day the matrons of the two cottages offered their charges all the candy they wanted—hard candy, fudge, and chocolate creams—and once a week, before breakfast, specimens of saliva were taken from the candy-eaters and examined for lactobacilli. The experiment lasted for five months.

To anyone but a scientist the results would have seemed conclusive. During the year before the experiment started, only 13 per cent of the group had shown clinical signs of active dental caries, but after five months of candy eating the figure jumped to 44. Furthermore, in 80 per cent of the candy-eaters the lactobacillus count increased, indicating a rate of acid production that would lead eventually to decay. Finally, the lactobacillus count went down in almost all the experimental group within three weeks after the candy parties stopped.

What happened to the control group is a sad story, from the scientific viewpoint, for the candy-getters smuggled some of the stuff to their less fortunate fellows. Even so, the controls didn't get all the candy they wanted, and some of them may have got none. As a result, the lactobacillus count increased not in 80 per cent of them but in only 28.

"This study," Dr. Jay and his associates told the American Dental Association in 1935, "does not prove conclusively that the consumption of large amounts of candy will increase dental caries. It does point in that way."

Later investigations strengthened that conclusion. For example, the diets of 122 University of California students who had a high degree of decay were compared with those of 122 other students who were free of it. Only one significant difference was found; the decay-free students ate, on the average, only half as much sugar—sugar as such, and sugar in candy, soft drinks, ice cream, chewing gum, jam, pastry, and other confections.

Then came the war. If it were true that it took a good diet to insure decay-resistant teeth, the people on dangerously poor wartime diets should have been left rampant with caries. The surveys in Italy and elsewhere, though, have proved they were not. Why? "Nearly all reports," as Drs. Schour and Massler staidly sum up, "stress the factor of a lowered sugar intake."

The American investigators inquired about Italy's dental caries rate before the war and found that it had been remarkably low then, too. So had sugar consumption—18 pounds a person a year as compared with 103 pounds in the United States.

Could heredity as well as sugar be playing a part? Yes, it could, but earlier studies in Connecticut and New York had suggested that its role was a minor one. Young adults who had been born in Italy and brought up on the Italian low-sugar diet had far fewer cavities than their American neighbors, while children of Italian descent had just about as many as other American children.

The postwar surveys, then, seem to refute once for all the contention that good nutrition can do anything to prevent decay once the enamel has been formed. And, except for the wisdom teeth, which need from four to eight years more, our teeth have calcified by the time we are eight.

All this is *not* an argument against sound nutrition as an aid to dental health. The enamel may be a hard, dead shell, but the gums, or gingival tissue, are very much alive; so is the periodontal membrane, which attaches the root of the tooth to the jawbones; and the jawbone itself. In these, diet deficiencies do make themselves apparent.

The poorly-nourished Italians had little decay but an extremely high rate of gingivitis, or inflammation of the gums. This can lead to pyorrhea, which may eventually attack the sockets of the tooth, weakening its support and making extraction necessary. After thirty it is the commonest reason teeth are lost. So it makes sense to get enough of the basic foods, but it makes sense, too, to stop kidding ourselves that any or all of them will save us from the whirling burrs of that skeleton-armed machine in the dentist's office. Once we are past eight, our main hope for preventing decay lies in controlling not what goes into our stomachs but what comes in contact with our teeth.

III

Recently a dentist was boasting about his children's teeth. "Bill's fourteen," he said, inserting a roll of cotton between the cheek and upper right quadrant of his patient, "and he's had only one cavity all

his life." He hooked a sucking machine over his patient's lower lip. "And Julie's seven," he said, "and has never had even one. You know why?"

The patient squinted as if to say, "I'll bite," and the dentist squirted air into the hole he had just dug into the upper right first bicuspid and began packing in silver.

"A very simple matter," he went on, "which, if people only knew about it, would save us dentists a terrific amount of unprofitable work. The dental journals, of course, are full of it, but who reads the dental journals?"

The patient shrugged. The dentist tamped in the last bit of metal and began molding the surface of the filling. "My kids never need fillings," he said, "simply because they don't eat hard candy or chew gum."

He lifted out the cotton and the sucking machine and said, "Rinse out now—but careful, don't bite yet."

"Probably heredity, don't you think?" asked the patient.

The dentist opened his mouth, displaying quantities of silver and gold. "My own teeth were terrible until I cut down on sweets fifteen years ago. And my wife's are certainly not what you'd call good."

"And the grandparents'?"

"Ah," said the dentist, "the kids' grandparents have excellent teeth—I made them myself."

Dental authorities go along with most of that—being unsure only of the evidence against chewing gum.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are other factors in the picture. For example, it has never been satisfactorily explained why three or four out of every hundred of us are immune to dental caries—we have never a cavity no matter what we eat or how we take care of our mouth. Then, too, every once in a while an investigator turns up evidence suggesting that emotional upsets, or just plain worry, can influence caries activity—just as they can most other ailments.

Nevertheless, the implications of most of the dental research done in recent years is clear. We cannot stop decay by keeping our mouths scrupulously clean. We can prevent it to some extent through the use of a fluorine compound during childhood. This makes the enamel harder and also seems to increase the ability of the mouth to neutralize acids. But the surest way is to prevent the acids from forming, by going easy on the carbohydrate foods—and of these the more important from the standpoint of prevention are the sweet ones.

Is total abstinence necessary? Not at all. But if we want sizably to arrest decay, we'll consider sweets only as an occasional treat and not a between-meal, or even end-of-meal, stand-by.

Not long ago Dr. Jay enlisted the cooperation of dentists in various parts of the United States and Canada to test his observation that lactobacillus counts—and therefore the rate of decay—could be considerable reduced by even a short period of dieting. Patients with a count higher than 10,000 were instructed to go on a low carbohydrate diet for two weeks. At the end of that time the lactobacillus count had dropped in 83 per cent, and these then were permitted all carbohydrates except free sugar. Two weeks later, those with a low count were permitted to use sugar with one meal a day, and after another two weeks, if the count was still low, all restrictions were lifted. Most of the patients who stuck to the program eventually returned to normal diets without a return to their previous high state of caries activity.

"Few people are willing to forego the use of sugar in a permanent dietary program," Dr. Jay asserts, "but the chance that dietary restrictions for a few weeks will provide protection for from six months to several years is less disheartening." Other investigators are not so sure. They believe that almost everybody could make himself immune to caries but that, as Dr. Fosdick puts it, "Very few individuals are sufficiently interested to curtail the carbohydrate intake."

Maybe so. That's why researchers are trying to find some way to make sodium fluoride useful for adult teeth. That's why other researchers, notably Dr. Fosdick, are looking for a truly mass preventive—something that could be added to sugar to prevent caries just as iodine is added to salt to prevent goiter. Laboratory work with a compound called glyceric aldehyde suggests that eventually they will be successful.

Speed the day. It's tough to use will power.

After Hours

THE enjoyment of craftsmanship is now largely nostalgic. It is difficult these days to find craftsmen, except aging ones, who will sacrifice speed and quantity for care and quality and who work for the joy of a perfect product. I encountered two such craftsmen recently, and I present them as something of a phenomenon.

The most faithful and precise method of reproducing a painting or drawing or other work of graphic art is the same method that is used in printing on the Royal Crown Cola bottles, milk bottles, and those little cheese jars with flowers on them. It is called silk-screen printing, and is used for posters, when not too many are needed, for upholstery and dress fabrics, and for printing "handpainted" neckties. But when it is used as I saw it used recently at an establishment called the Pippin Press, it becomes very nearly a fine art.

The Pippin Press, which is three flights up over Mrs. Herbst's Strudel House on Third Avenue in New York, is a deadly serious little business. It consists of two long white rooms with bare floors and a stamped tin ceiling, and is completely operated by two men in their twenties named Frederick ("Butch") Melton and Wilbur Pippin. The walls of one room are hung with framed examples of their finished work and with proofs of work in progress. Butch and Wilbur have their work tables by the windows of this room, past which El trains rattle and bang every couple of minutes. The other room contains the press, which is nothing but a high table, and an assortment of paint cans, cans of benzine, and some racks to dry prints on.

Silk-screen printing, as Butch described and demonstrated it to me, is simple compared with the usual four-color printing that is used every day—simple, that is, in theory. In practice it takes the most painstaking and exact craftsmanship. It is a stencil process. When I arrived at the Pippin Press, Butch was working on the yellow screen (or stencil) for the reproduction of a woodcut of "The Fourteen Auxiliary Saints" by an anonymous German artist; it had been ordered by the National Gallery of Art in Washington. The woodcut had been colored some six centuries ago by a water colorist who was none too careful about how he put on the paint. Usually Butch works directly from the original but he had made the black screen first, in this case, tracing from a photograph (the original print was too valuable to leave the museum) onto a piece of Nu-film, a lacquer stencil material, with a small, very sharp blade. He cut out each line with all of its variations and imperfections—including mistakes—and then mounted the stencil on a piece of silk stretched very tightly in a frame. The lacquer adheres to the silk and in effect becomes melted into it by rubbing it with a lacquer thinner.

I should explain first that in printing a silk screen the color is forced right through the fine mesh of the silk. Wherever the lacquer sticks the paint cannot get through (as with any stencil). The process of printing is simple. A piece of paper is placed under the screen, and color (paint, or ink, or dye, or almost any other kind of color) that has been mixed with a gooey, colorless substance called a base is put on top of the screen in a ridge at one end of the stencil. With one even stroke of a squeegee (a rubber blade set in a wooden handle, first-cousin to a windshield-wiper) the color is spread over the stencil. Where there is no lacquer, the color comes through onto the paper perfectly evenly. Butch had worked two weeks making the black stencil for the wood cut; the yellow stencil was the third he had made for this job, and he would have eight or nine in all before he got through.

In silk-screen printing it isn't enough to have just one stencil for a color; there has to be a stencil for each variation on yellow, for example, or each combination of yellow with some other color. Butch showed me a job that he had done for Harvard College (reproductions of two watercolor paintings made by the Reverend Jonathan Fisher in 1793 and 1795 of views of Harvard). Each of these jobs had required thirty-eight screens and every detail of drawing, color, and, most surprisingly, of the texture of paint was evident. "We thought that we could do them with twenty-two," Butch said, "but when we made our final analysis we decided accurate reproduction would take thirty-eight. Butch and Wilbur had made five hundred prints of each of these pictures—a total of thirty-eight thousand swipes of the squeegee!

The Pippin Press charged Harvard $2.50 a print and didn't have any idea what Harvard would charge. Butch and Wilbur are not making any money, and but for the financial backing of Joseph Verner Reed, an erstwhile theatrical plunger, and now a partner in the decorating firm of Reed and Stevenson, they wouldn't be in business. The Pippin Press set up shop in September 1947 in a basement on far West 57th Street. They had trouble with dampness in the basement: paint wouldn't dry, screens expanded and contracted in unmanageable ways, and they were finally flooded out. They have been over the Strudel House for about five months. The Pippin Press hasn't made any money for two reasons: first, it has never gone out to get any business; and second, it has been so busy experimenting that there has been little time for anything else. "We've been trying to do the impossible thing, in order to push the medium forward, to do things that haven't been possible in fine-arts reproduction to date," Butch explained. "Now I think we've got to a point to do whatever we want."

Anybody can make silk-screen prints, and a great many people do—artists who use it as a medium of original creation call it serigraphy. The equipment is easy to come by and it is not expensive, but nobody, it can be safely said, can make silk-screen reproductions like Butch's and Wilbur's. And the reasons are obvious: nobody else seems to be willing to take the pains that they do, and they have the advantage of working with artists like Tchelitchew and Ben Shahn who have been helpful in revealing subtleties to them that they might not have discovered for themselves.

According to Butch, he and Wilbur have no competitors. "There are others who make representations, but not what could be considered reproductions, and they do them on a purely commercial basis. We're trying to make reproductions of lasting quality and lasting value."

Craftsmanship of this order, the combination of skill and devotion that pushes a craft to the very borders of the fine arts, is rare these days. It has nothing to do with handicraft, in the William Morris sense. This is craftsmanship of the sort that advances not retreats. I don't know whether Wilbur and Butch ever thought they might be painters or sculptors; they probably did. They were smart enough to know that craftsmen are as scarce as artists are profuse. And unless I am very greatly mistaken, they are soon going to have a great deal more business than they can handle.

"We made a print of a little Picasso watercolor," Butch explained, "and sent a copy out to the Art Institute in Chicago. They sent it back with the suggestion that we stamp our name clearly on the back of it. They said they would have bought it for an original."

Don't forget the Tweeter

ANOTHER pursuit of perfection—this time in sounds instead of sights—has recently been opened up to a public that could never have enjoyed it before. No matter how little you know about it, you can now build your own radio-phonograph.

Of course nearly everybody knows somebody else who put together his own combination long ago, which ought to work out statistically to show a general knowledge of the possibilities but a low rate of acceptance of the lesson. Why? If you go to buy your own equipment at a store like Lafayette Radio, on the fourth and fifth floor of a loft building in downtown New York, one of the reasons will jump to the eye and ear: all the customers of whatever size, age, and shape seem to possess an obscure and frightening vocabulary—"Will it work if I put the 500 with the 600?" I wouldn't know, but I put a Webster 156-27 with an amplifier and

a GE 1201—or at least that's what the instructions say I did—and it works just fine.

There are persuasive reasons why you should do the same, if the impulse to buy a radio-phonograph is on you. One of the casualties of the postwar luxury market has been the reasonably-priced combination. Now that listening to an all-day-music radio station or a few records has become so established a part of a quiet evening at home, or at someone else's home, it has become correspondingly difficult to buy one of those simple, competent models that could be set on a table in the corner and ignored. To get the same thing today, you will have to buy FM and a lot of cabinet along with it; and whether the outside effect is a Regency breakfront or Chinese Chippendale with a surface of antiqued mirror or Magnavox modern, you will have to pay something between $200 and $500 to get it—unless, that is, you build your own. It can be done for less than $150, with a few hours' work, and no previous technical experience whatever.

The first step is the easiest of all: address an envelope to Consumers Union, 38 East 1st Street, New York City; enclose fifty cents; and ask for the "CU Custom-Built Radio-Phonograph Instructions." Thirty-five cents more will get you a copy of *Consumer Reports* for June 1948, in which a description of the Consumers Union set first appeared, and if you want the low-down on the commercially-available equivalents the same magazine ran it in September. Consumers Union, which maintains a laboratory to test all kinds of consumer goods from lawnmowers to ketchup, has done the hard work for you. It has planned a combination in which phonograph, AM and FM radio, wire recorders, long-playing-record attachments, or anything else that needs noise can be added or subtracted at a central switch, without any soldering or worrying about what wire goes where. Except for the switch, my own set—phonograph alone, no radio—has six parts. Three of them come wired together, so call it four. Any one of half a dozen mail-order, radio-supply stores listed by Consumers Union will furnish these parts adapted to CU's specifications. All the components simply plug into each other except one, which has to be connected by fastening two wires to two plainly-marked terminals.

To hold the speaker, the one other problem, ready-made enclosures of unfinished wood can be bought for a little over fifteen dollars, but if you have a big enough bookcase it is easier to build your own. And you ought to get a set of two tiny, treble speakers ridiculously known as "tweeters." Consumers Union lists the tweeters as optional, but they shouldn't be. An ordinary twelve-inch speaker lets the double-basses rumble the floor, but the tweeters double the range up into the high notes and make a voice like Isobel Baillie's sound more like a trumpet than you thought it sounded. The tinkling of a triangle, on the first record we tried, was so different from usual that two people got up to answer the telephone in the next room.

That particular record was a straight show-off proposition. We had asked a man in one of the record shops which of the British Decca full-frequency-range releases would push the stops out as far as possible. He said, "Well, Stravinsky's always good for full frequency," so we ran the "Firebird" just to give the machine a work-out. It was a work-out, all right. One of the things you first discover is that there is much truth in the acute discriminations of the music critics. In a group of different records that sound all alike on an ordinary set, you will find gradations of range and surface noise that you had assumed before to be the illusions of a hard-pressed highbrow. As with FM, there has to be a slight readjustment of the ear to the full range of sound—especially the sibilants—but the refinement is more in the machine than in the listener. It doesn't take an expert to tell the difference when Walter Huston sings "S-s-s-september S-s-s-song" or "Los-s-s-st in the S-s-s-stars."

Since the announcement was made last June, the Consumers Union instructions have already gone out of print (they are back now). Lafayette Radio (which does a nation-wide business) assures me that by the time you read this they alone will have sold nearly two thousand of the combinations, and that they have fewer complaints about this set than about any other that they sell. They were hesitant to give the exact sales figures, but Consumers Union is perfectly willing to confess that they have already sold fifteen thousand copies of their instructions. May there be many more.

Dr. Edith's Façade

One of the nicest things about the Museum of Modern Art is the way it gets there first. It got there first with Van Gogh about twenty years ago, and now you can buy shower curtains with Van Gogh paintings reproduced on them. It got there first, or nearly first, with Surrealism, and now you find metamorphic landscapes in stocking advertisements. Recently it got there first with the American premiere of the Sitwell's *Façade,* an entertainment in music and verse written and spoken by Dr. Edith S. It was, to be sure, first produced twenty-five years ago in London by Dr. Edith and Sir Osbert S., and according to a program note by Dr. Edith, "the fury inspired by the work was interspersed with loud laughter at our expense." In a prefatory speech before the Museum of Modern Art performance Sir Osbert further explained that Nul Cahd, a "well-known revue-writer," had walked out in the middle. On that same occasion Dr. Edith had confined herself to her dressing room for some time after the performance. "There was a woman," she told me, "waiting outside to hit me with her umbrella."

The audience at the Museum's press performance couldn't have been more docile, predisposed, or enchanted. Nobody laughed except when Dr. Edith intended them to (which was not infrequently), and many of them seemed to wish that they could hear it right over again—possibly for the wrong reasons. *Façade* is not intended to be understood, merely enjoyed, and sitting through it again wouldn't have helped make it any clearer. But if it was not clear, neither was it muddy. It could not be called a play, nor, strictly, a recital. It was a series of poems in "abstract patterns" read by Dr. Edith to the accompaniment of a six-piece orchestra playing a score by Dr. William Walton, who is best known in this country for his scores for Olivier's "Henry V" and "Hamlet." (Dr. Walton was not a Dr. when he wrote the *Façade* music, any more than Dr. Edith was; he was twenty.) Dr. Edith, it seems, felt that English verse needed an injection of rhythm, "owing to the verbal deadness then prevalent." Her particular hypodermic consisted of writing a group of poems in a variety of rhythms, some of them dances (waltz, polka, foxtrot, and the like), and though they make no verbal sense as a whole they are composed of vivid and somber images——

> Across the thick and pastel snow
> Two people go. . . .

or witty and lyrical phrases——

> Like gold-haired planets, Calliope, Io
> Pomona, Antiope, Echo, and Clio.
> Then Lily O'Grady,
> Silly and shady,
> Sauntered along like a
> Lazy lady.

or——

> And Robinson Crusoe
> Rues so
> The bright and foxy bear.
> But he finds fresh isles in a negress' smiles
> (The poxy, doxy dear)

They trip, not at all understandably, or ooze, or leap off her agile tongue in a most surprisingly agreeable manner.

During the performance Dr. Edith was on the fourth floor of the museum speaking into a microphone; the auditorium in which we sat was several flights below street level. Where the orchestra was was not explained, but presumably it was up in Dr. Edith's room. The sets for this performance were two paintings by Esteban Francés (one for each half of the program; there was a fifteen-minute intermission) that were projected on a movie screen. Both were variations on theatrical masks, and since nothing made explicit sense anyway, they were appropriately in the mood.

After the performance we waited until Dr. Edith could get down from upstairs to take her bow. The audience rose as she swept down the aisle in her white satin, brocaded cape and climbed the steps to the stage. She acknowledged the applause by raising her hand, which people finally took to mean that she wanted to say something. But when they stopped clapping, she dodged behind the curtain and did not reappear.

The American premiere of *Façade* was over (there was another performance two nights later—tickets $24.00 each); the Museum of Art had got there first again; and in twenty years children may well be chanting Dr. Edith's tripping verses to jump-rope, a thing, I imagine, that would please her tremendously.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Critics: Connolly to Koestler

Jacques Barzun

FIFTY-FIVE American writers, led by seven of their number, have produced a comprehensive ***Literary History of the United States*** (Macmillan, 3 vols. $20). The title by its very ambiguity suggests the nature of the attempt: to tell the story of American literature in close alliance with the history of the nation. The succession of great names, ideas, and schools is steadily regarded as an aspect of the entire society, not as the arbitrary pastime of eccentrics, singly or in cliques. Together with this vertical unity of literature and life, the feeling of horizontal continuity is maintained by the editors' effort to link the eighty-one chapters into a consecutive account. Here is no symposium or set of essays held together by chronology and binding cloth, but a deliberately organized survey of America's writers and the place of their work in our past and present history.

As such the two volumes of text and their bibliographical companion will undoubtedly exert a great though quiet influence. The simplicity and dignity of the enterprise, the scholarly prestige of the contributors, and the agreeable no less than convenient format of the books will bring the work into every sizable library, municipal and collegiate. The authors modestly state in the Preface that every generation must produce a history like theirs, but it may be doubted whether the conjunction of energy and intelligence for a similar undertaking will occur again in so short a span as they predict. Certainly they worked as if they meant their collective judgment to stand weathering, and since its strength and bulk are bound to mark the minds of at least several *student* generations, it becomes important to assess its bearing as a whole.

For despite seeming indifference to scholarship and belles-lettres, we are intellectually a most docile people. Fifty men write a history; within a short time seven hundred colleges transmit their ideas; and pretty soon ten thousand high-school teachers are conscientiously pushing the portable conclusions into every young mind. In the work before us the weight of scholarly authority is re-enforced by the tangible blessings of three wealthy foundations, so that the book comes as near to being an official manual as is conceivable in the United States. It is more than likely that the middle-aged citizen of 1980 will spontaneously echo the opinions of the present Big Four: Messrs. Robert Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, and Henry Seidel Canby, assisted by Messrs. Howard Mumford Jones, Dixon Wecter, and Stanley Williams.

In forecasting this sequence of awe-inspiring results, I do not mean to imply anything sinister. The *Literary History* is better than any we have had on this scale. It is thorough, many-sided, and truly written for the general reader. A person, for instance, who had just finished enjoying one of Poe's tales could on an impulse turn to the appropriate chapter by Mr. F. O. Matthiessen and find there much information entertainingly put, precise without scholarly apparatus or irrelevance, extensive enough to whet and satisfy—in short, popularization in the best sense of the term.

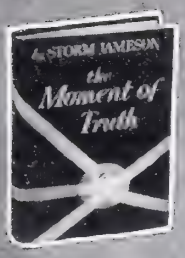
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At all bookstores THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Most of the first volume, to which this essay belongs, keeps to this even tenor: the figures are familiar, they have been long worked over, and the critics chosen to deal with them have usually given us in books of their own the full range of their argument. One notes with pleasure in passing a more generous treatment of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. than he has been wont to receive as a writer of prose.

But even in this first half of the history, the characteristic shortcomings of the work may be noticed. Trivial as some of them may appear at first—jargon, a tendency to overclassify, a back-tracking chronology, and a less than irreproachable syntax—these defects are, I feel, ultimately related to a faulty conception of what literature is, or—what amounts to the same thing—a faulty theory and practice of criticism. If this should prove true, then the very effectiveness of the book is a thing to be regretted, since every page of it strengthens a false image; the better this book is of its kind—and I have dwelt on its solid merits—the worse it is for those who read it to learn about American Literature.

The Heart of the Trouble

I CAN put my objection in a word by saying that the spirit of Parrington hovers over the text like a ghost on the verge of re-incarnation—and again by saying that in reading these 1,400 pages one rarely has any inkling that literature is something to love. Certainly our great writers are not shown as if they had had much passion for it, and most of our fifty-five critics write as if they were above contagion. This is not invariably true, but it tends to be true. Nor do I mean to make Parrington solely responsible, but he has certainly affected our generation through the very channels I indicated above, and his own demonstrable lack of zest for the written word has become a genre. He was interested, it may be, in social history, having a retrospective desire for reform, hence he scanned works of art for signs and portents like an ancient augur discussing entrails, so that much of the time even his social sympathy was abstract. Similarly in the present work, all of the aesthetic judgments and much of the history sound perfunctory.

One thinks at once of literary history as Saintsbury wrote it—uneven, prejudiced, and sometimes pedantic, but never by any chance perfunctory. In prejudice and in real pedantry there is ardor, there is the power to discriminate, and there is forward motion, the sum of which manages to convey more reality than we feel in the all-too-estimable work under review. What for instance is one to think of comments such as this: "As a result of a mayoralty campaign in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1909, in which W. C. Handy, a Negro singer, played a prominent part, the blues began to sweep the country"? To write in this manner one must have what might be called the musicologist's touch, *e.g.* "In 1590, he ordered the murder of his wife and her lover, after which he composed six books of madrigals." One may recognize the need for compression, yet feel that when it does violence to one's sense of cultural causation it defeats every legitimate purpose.

A still more disquieting question intrudes itself: compression is for fullness, but there are various ways of being full, and one of them is to render main subjects in proper scale. Now, volume two takes us from the Civil War to the present and in this span I could find no figure except Henry James actually brought into high relief. Mark Twain never shows up large as life, which is not the fault of Mr. Wecter's always fluent prose, but the fault of the plan by which major writers are doled out in slices stuck in various contexts. When in the chapter on Humor we find Twain actually slighted in favor of Aldrich and Tarkington, his recovery of stature becomes obviously difficult, and meanwhile a deplorable confusion has taken hold of our minds: the *History* has lured us into thinking that literary activity is synonymous with Literature. We keep hoping that we shall come to grips not only with Twain, but also with "Mr. Dooley," Bret Harte, O. Henry, Joaquin Miller and others—not of the first rank, perhaps—but none the less men of weight compared to the nonentities that clutter up the foreground: Prentice Mulford, George Horatio Derby, James Lane Allen, and dozens more who fill enumerations and occasionally paragraphs: wherefore Anne Trumbull Slosson, "who reached full stature only with *Dumb Foxglove* in 1898"?

All this justifies the fear that the evil fate of American political history has overtaken American literary history, namely, a system-

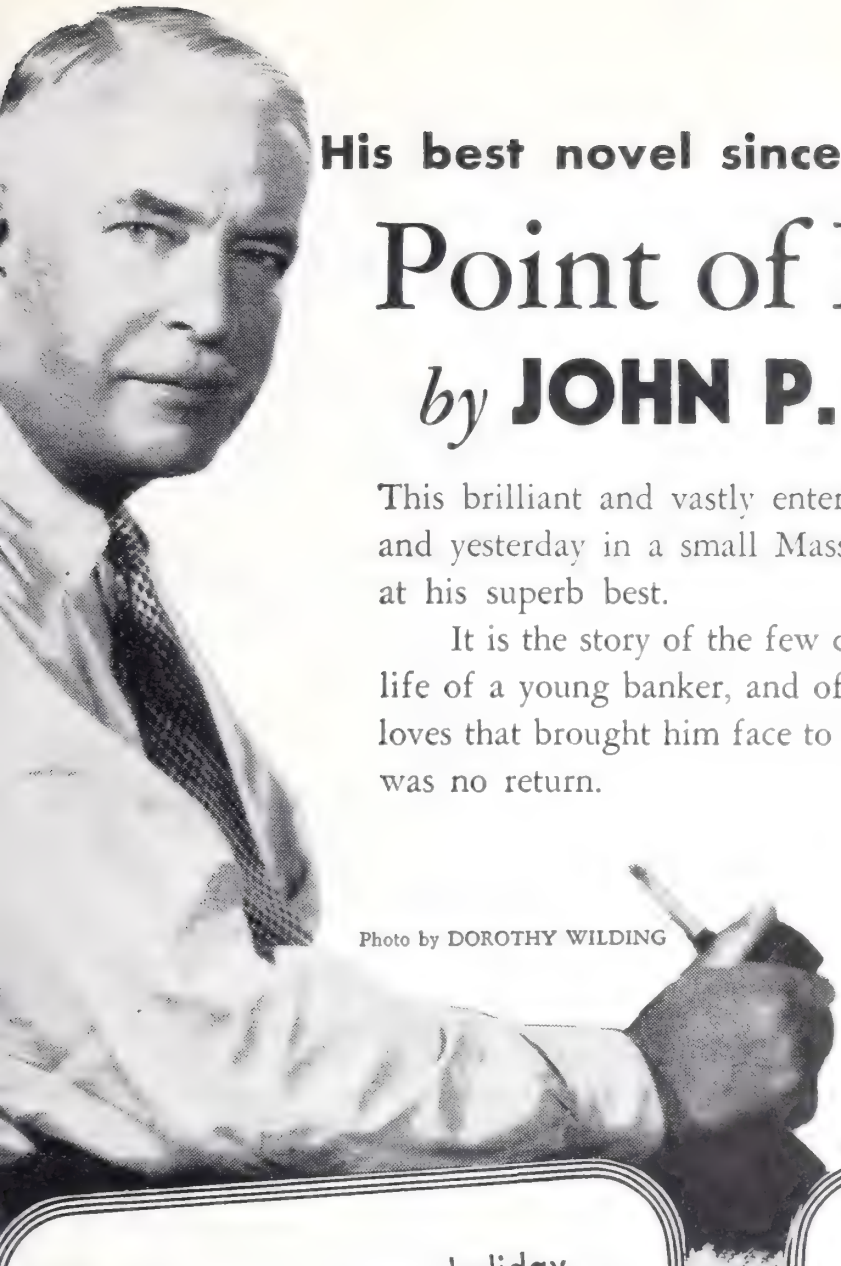


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atic featurelessness. In the politics of a democracy there may be an excuse for the pretence that the dismal patronage seekers of 1861 were the equal of Lincoln in their effect on the nation's history, though I am not certain that the endless delight in finding such mole-like influences really adds to our historical awareness; it may add rather to the number of history Ph.D.'s while making the nation's history just so much less graspable. But in literary history I have no doubt that the distinction of merit cannot be blurred without erasing the whole subject. This is not to deny the cultural value of a regular gradation of talent down to the feeblest amateur, but the gradation, precisely, must be felt: a few very great artists at the top, then the grand company of the first to the fifth rate, and trailing after, the comet's tail of scribblers.

Failing to make these separations clear, our historians perpetually contradict themselves. We have no sooner finished reading the praise of Sarah Orne Jewett than it is thrown overboard to make room for the merits of Mary Wilkins; Sidney Lanier is credited with high poetic achievement, only to have it fade away as soon as Emily Dickinson comes on the scene. The "minor master" of one page becomes "artificial" and "lacking in technical skill" as the page turns. This changing perspective is in fact the device most often used by our critics to connect their several subjects. It tempts one to quote a sentence of their own about Lowell: "It takes more than a sane and comprehensive conception of literature to make a critic." Just so: a little concentration instead and, lacking any other strong native bent, a touch of insanity would have done wonders for their style and thought.

Port of Missing Men

Considering that so many harmless bunglers were scooped up for embalming in the *Literary History*, is was a disappointment not to find the names of two writers who deserved mention and perhaps a bit more. I am thinking of John Jay Chapman and Albert Jay Nock. It strikes me now on seeing their common middle name that they must have been kin through common descent from that elegant writer of colonial days, John Jay. In ours his distant offshoots undoubtedly wrote with elegance and both possessed in a high degree the specifically critical qualities.

Illustration from Chapman's work is not in order, but one from Nock is aptly at hand in the ***Journal of Forgotten Days*** which has just been posthumously published (Regnery, $3.50). "A pleasant conversation," writes Nock on May 17, 1934, "about the lyric poets of the Restoration. They always interested me by the quality of their verse, and some of them by its apparent anomaly. If the Earl of Rochester and Sir Charles Sedley were as hard citizens as history makes them out, how did they manage to write such exquisite simple lyrics; and above all, how did they manage to give them an accent of unimpeachable sincerity and tenderness? If the tone of high seriousness does not pervade Rochester's lines to his mistress, then I simply do not know it when I hear it. Probably history judges these erring brothers by the worst they did instead of by the best they could do, or even by a fair conjectural average. When a man speaks himself out in verse as unmistakably as they did, I should call it evidence that at least he has his moments, and that they are rather great moments."

Allowing for this being an extract from a diary, see how complete a critical sample it actually is: it begins with history and biography, describes the literary work and asserts its quality in the form of a personal judgment, and winds up with an allusion to conventional opinion and a general principle. This short paragraph could be the germ of an essay or a book, every sentence of which would be suffused with this same light of intellect charged with feeling and weighted with two sorts of knowledge—of fact and of tradition.

The genuine critic is a critic in everything he says; he cannot choose but take his bearings frequently and report them to us; he is superconscious, as we may see in Hazlitt, Shaw, Swift, or Stendhal, and hence proportionably alienating, uncomfortable. Yet the critic cannot be dispensed with. In any literary culture he functions as the digestive organ, and does this not merely once for each book but all the time for all books, the greatest works being the most indigestible and having to be chewed anew every dozen years for the mentally toothless.

The age-old argument against The Critic is therefore misdirected. When a young poet says of him—as does Miss Barbara Howes in ***The Undersea Farmer*** (The Banyan Press, $2)——

> His spiritual fathers he has cooked . . .
> His cultural fathers he has eaten. . . .

she is right, but her disgusted conclusion

> There is no art but in his belch
> Whose stomach's bigger than his mind

is gratuitous. Without criticism the fathers would rot on the shelf uneaten and what's worse, universally declared inedible. The legitimate complaint is of the bad critic, but does he occur more frequently than the bad poet? And is the good poet always at the top of his form? The self-evident answers suggest that we should coddle critic and poet alike: each a precious rarity. Mr. Nock's little volume contains many good things other than criticism, but there are neglected essays of his worth reprinting; and an even greater number by his friend Mr. H. L. Mencken, whose critical work we think we have absorbed: we haven't, any more than we have assimilated the astringent Chapman. American literature needs these peptic minds.

Meanwhile, an early work of Mr. Cyril Connolly's has met with the proper good fortune of reissue. ***Enemies of Promise*** (Macmillan, $4.00) is a very funny and very serious discussion of modern fiction, attached to a picturesque fragment of autobiography. As a conscientious critic, Mr. Connolly felt that we must know something of his character before we could judge his judgment of others; hence his delicate dissection of his youth, complete with school miseries and first Paris visit. One takes delight in his prose while awaiting *mit Angst* his graduation from puberty; but in retrospect one feels that the critical first half of the volume, though it

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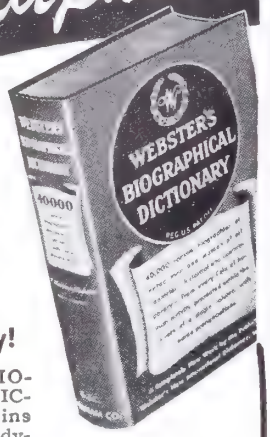
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seems more cavalier, is really more considered. Perhaps this is only to say that criticism should always be vigorous and witty. Mere "appreciation" is another thing, but the critical passion is not languishing, no matter how much beauty you shovel in its path; and it is solemn only in brief respites from acting the gadfly.

Criticism No Science

This leaves but one more outlet for critical energy: the would-be scientific system, a current example of which is provided in Mr. Arthur Koestler's ***Insight and Outlook*** (Macmillan, $5). It is a work based on much reading and correlation of data in biology, psychology, aesthetics, literature, and the fine arts. Any sketchy account must inevitably do a grave injustice to the quantity of wisdom it holds in solution, but I may be permitted to say that while I recognize and respect Mr. Koestler's insight, I resist and repel his outlook. By this I do not mean his desire to establish the common nature of creative activity in science and art alike, but his feeling that this unity of spirit can be proved, or needs to be, by means of definitions, diagrams, psychiatric case histories, and classifications of artistic objects from jokes to Joycian prose. In the course of his laborious effort—and there is another volume to come—he seems to me always to be slipping off one facet of the work of art into the deep blue sea. He is ever reducing a quasi-living thing to a single significance. Nothing can be more contrary to the lesson of the two disciplines I hold to be alone relevent: criticism and history. Different observers legitimately find in a given work diverse sets of attributes at the same time, and at different times the prevailing mode changes the object virtually out of recognition.

On these points the urbane essays of Mr. Carl Grabo, ***The Creative Critic*** (Chicago Press, $3), are very persuasive, the author having much of Mr. Koestler's purpose at heart but without any hankering after scientific formulas. To create in his own fashion, the critic must speak to the people; his true business being, as P. G. Hamerton long ago pointed out, to expound Unpopular Truth. Hamerton's proof was itself simple and full of wit: Popular Truth needs no preaching; Unpopular Fallacy of course should not be taught; which leaves — Unpopular Truth.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

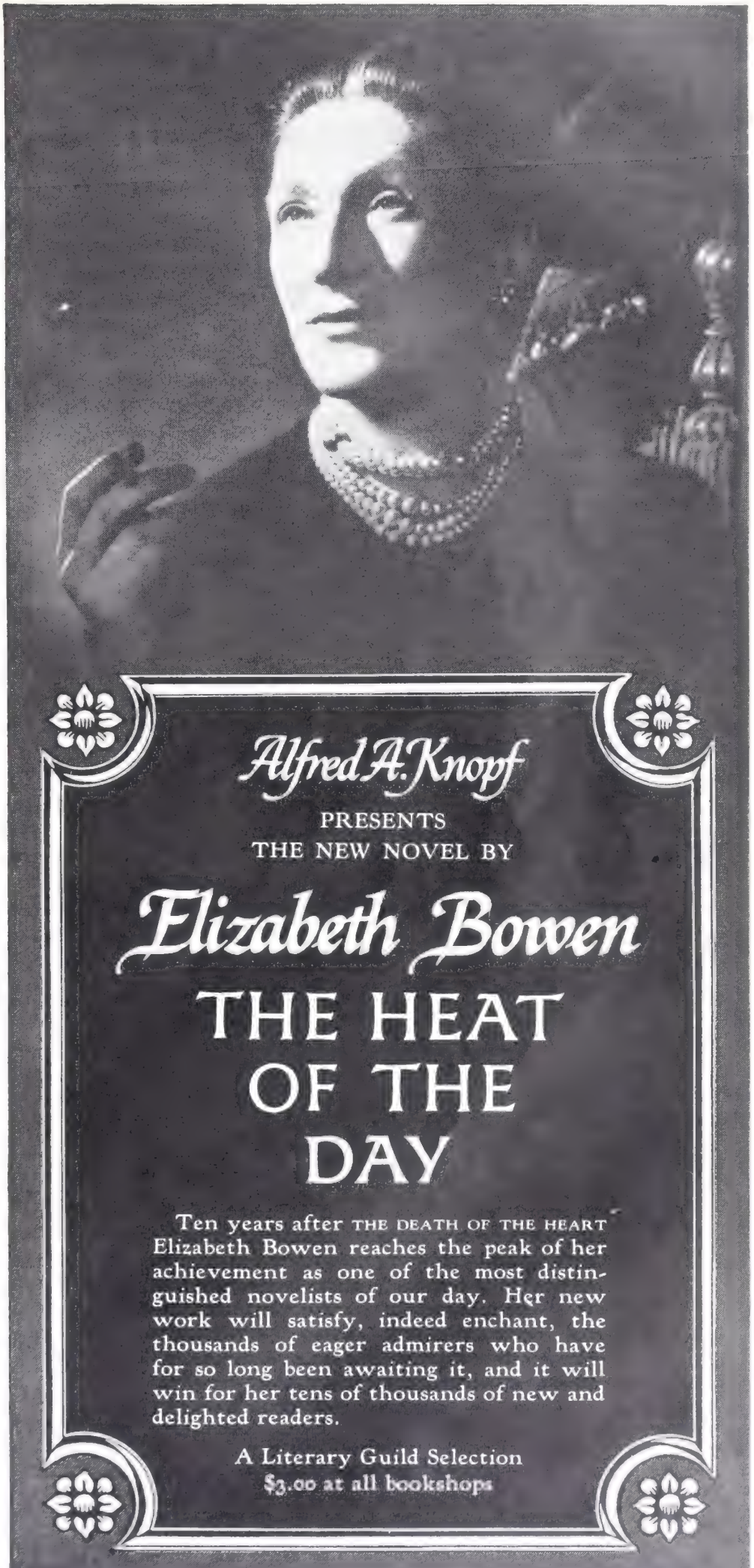
The Hollow of the Wave, by Edward Newhouse. If a novel attempts to be a commentary on manners it should move the reader to shame, pity, laughter, or at least some emotion more important than mere recognition. Unfortunately in this nicely-written book about modern life in New York—life in a publishing house financed by a rich "do-gooder" and run behind the scenes by two communists—a tired recognition is just about all the reaction one feels. The men running the business, and their wives, during the time just before and during the war, are, one gathers, looking for meaning and purpose in life; they, like the times, are "in the hollow of the wave." But one is never convinced at the end that any of them has grown in strength or stature enough even to catch a glimpse over the top. . . . The young man who tells the story has his own particular insecurity in his uncertain birth. The wives in the publishing house change bedfellows frequently and with what the author must intend to be at least due consideration. But the characters are all so unsympathetic that the reader has difficulty discerning any point in these round robins; and the motivations, though duly indicated, seem as ephemeral and superficial as foam on the wave. To cling for a moment longer to the figure, the characters are driftwood, not swimmers, and the interest one can take in human flotsam is limited. Sloane, $3.50

The Springs, by Anne Goodwin Winslow. No two books could be more different in tone and temper than *The Hollow of the Wave* and this one. Where the former is realistic to a degree, this is shadowy and un-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

real, but truth walks boldly on every page. There is no need to talk of plot, for there is very little, yet there is never any lack of story. It is an old-fashioned book in that it dares to be wise and tender, sad and gay, and beautiful with the beauty of the "blue remembered hills" of youth. Though it is anything but an unhappy book, it is touched with that "grief for the lost garden where the world began, grief for an unattainable idea, for a broken love" which every life must know to some degree. It is satisfying because its humor and its joy are firmly based in the tragic sense of life. As with poetry, the story of a sensitive young girl's struggle for understanding of life and love can be read and reread, uncovering delicate new shades of meaning with each reading. It is not a large or very important book, but like her others, *The Dwelling Place* and *A Quiet Neighborhood,* there are many whom it will affect more vitally than a number of more important volumes. Knopf, $2.50

Scott-King's Modern Europe, by Evelyn Waugh. An obscure classicist at Granchester, a boy's public school in England, discovers an only slightly less obscure minor Latin poet, Bellorius, from a Mediterranean country now, in modern Europe, called Neutralia. (Any resemblance to any actual country purely accidental. Oh purely.) Neutralia, satellite to another larger country, has also just discovered its ancient poet and issued invitations to a Tercentary Celebration in his honor. Scott-King accepts the invitation and at once becomes involved in an hilarious musical-comedy satire on political intrigue in a dictator country. Wine flows, culture (physical and otherwise) is worshipped, arrangements are thoroughly inefficient, and political plot piles on political plot in even so innocent an affair as Bellorius' Tercentary Celebration. Before it is over the Neutralian who is running it is purged, leaving all his international guests stranded and without return transportation. . . . . When finally, after a series of unhappy adventures, Scott-King finally gets back to Granchester he finds the headmaster anxious to have him take on a course in economic history be-





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cause he believes the classics to be a dying subject. Scott-King replies as follows:

> "If you approve, headmaster, I will stay as I am here as long as any boy wants to read the classics. I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world."
>
> "It's a short-sighted view, Scott-King."
>
> "There, headmaster, with all respect, I differ from you profoundly. I think it the most long-sighted view it is possible to take."

Mr. Waugh's point is plain in every light-hearted scene. (And for those who have ever fumed at the inconveniences of modern travel by air there is incidental music in several pages of deadpan comment on the subject.) Little, Brown, $2

Tender Mercy, by Leonard Kaufman. The important subject of mercy killings is handled in this book in such ghoulish fashion that it is hard to take it seriously. The question whether a man should kill his idiot son is mixed, too, with whether a man has the right, as a member of society, to pay what amounts to ransom money to a conscienceless wretch who can otherwise lure away the only person who can adequately care for the idiot. It is impossible from start to finish to believe that Elizabeth, the girl who is so gentle and understanding with the idiot, could be held in such physical and emotional thrall by the wretch, her husband. The horrid moral problem besetting the harassed mother and father—to pay or not to pay—never has any validity for the reader because the whole situation seems absurd. And when at the very end the mercy killing problem arises, the reader is unprepared for it. Moreover, by using violence as a solution, the author actually leaves unanswered the moral question which he raised earlier. The book is an honest if unconvincing attempt to attack too many problems. Creative Age, $3

Non-Fiction

Cheaper by the Dozen, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. The mother and father of this boisterous dozen were both industrial engineers, Lillian Moller Gilbreth and Frank Bunker Gilbreth, but that seems to be the least important fact about them. To bring up twelve children so that it was as much fun for all concerned as this book would indicate must take not only an overwhelming zest for life and trust in it, but patience, imagination, and humor in vast quantities. One gathers that both parents had an endless supply of all these qualities. Luckily two of their children have used their own gifts to write down their riotous recollections of this large adventure in living. The incidents and anecdotes run on effortlessly and with no letdown in the sustained sense of fun, whether Father is pulling the leg (quote) of an innocent birth-control advocate or leading his unsuspecting and unhappy brood to believe that their new home in Montclair is the tumbledown shack in front of which he stops the car. *Life With Father* has been invoked by comparison too often for me to invoke it, but obviously it does come to mind. Readers less zestful than the Gilbreths will probably come through the book with the slight feeling of exhaustion that large families so often produce. But it is a pity that the happy, hearty progenitor of the twelve, who died in 1924, cannot read this recreation of the world he made. Crowell, $3

Union Guy, by Clayton W. Fountain. The best part about this straightforward, honest, and revealing biography of a union official in the United Automobile Workers is its articulateness. That may seem an odd statement, but very few books by "union guys" have been articulate. They've been barely readable. How could they be more? One remembers all over again, going through these chapters, how recent a thing is the power of unions as an accepted part of our society. Here within this young man's lifetime we see again the days when a worker in the industrial world had no weapon at all as an individual against an economic system whose seasonal lay-offs year by year left him and his family stranded. Here is the struggle, taking infinite courage, drive, and faith, to build up what is now one of the greatest unions in the country. Small wonder that many of the men turned, as Mr. Fountain

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

did, to communism when communists seemed the only group in the country which recognized their problem. Small wonder there was little time or energy left in most of them for reading and writing. It is extraordinary that the author of this book did take the time and energy. Now he writes of his experiences, of his early struggles to make a living, of joining the union, of becoming a communist and then, seeing his freedom theatened, of becoming one of the most active anti-communists in the UAW-CIO. . . . It is a case history that sheds a great deal of light on general labor attitudes. And if the long fight makes union men, even when articulate, talk a little ponderously, as though they had a special corner on freedom and how to preserve it, that is very understandable too. It will take a lot more years of security than most union guys have under their belts to make it possible for them to talk lightly, let alone humorously, about the place of unions in our society. *Union Guy* is a dedicated book and a good one.

Viking, $2.75

Death Be Not Proud, by John Gunther. In this memoir his seventeen-year-old son who died of a brain tumor in full knowledge of the nature of his disease, Mr. Gunther tells the story of fourteen months of struggle with the disease and with the awful knowledge. It must have been an almost impossible book to write. The effort to recreate honestly the quality of the boy's mind, his more than adult courage and thoughtfulness of others, his wit and unusual brilliance, his heartbreaking, boyish impatience with his own inadequacies and with the limitations imposed by the disease must often have nearly defeated the author who was emotionally so closely involved. . . . What emerges is not only a tribute to Johnny but a tribute to the human spirit in terms of all concerned. The reader feels humble and enriched at being allowed to trespass vicariously on the borders of a great and terrible experience. But it is not tragic, for Mr. Gunther makes you feel that instead of bitterness, love and compassion have triumphed.

Harper's, $2.50

Harper's MAGAZINE

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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

As you can see from this month's Letters Column, any writer who has the bravado to criticize the fourth estate runs into a very articulate buzz saw. Next month ***Fred M. Hechinger*** runs that risk in the third of our series of articles on the press. "All the News that Fits the Pattern" takes a look at the reporting from Europe, what does not get into the papers, and why, and how our day-to-day glimpse of that part of the world is colored by what American editors think their readers want to know. You will not only find some surpising truths about Europe, but also the reasons why you didn't know them before.

Rats may mean little in your life, but scientists at Cornell have found that "The Thin Rats Bury the Fat Rats." ***James Rorty*** reports on the Cornell research and its implications for human longevity. Those who are interested in business or are accustomed to travel by plane will be interested to discover why the industry that supposedly typifies the progress of the air age can't make ends meet. ***David Bernstein*** considers "The Airsick Airlines." ***Martin Flavin*** gives us another, and quite different, picture of South Africa in an entertaining and surprising account of a visit to an African chieftain, who lives more like a business man than like the common concept of a savage with a spear. Next month's stories are by two writers new to *Harper's:* ***Richard L. Marks*** and ***Howard Maier***.

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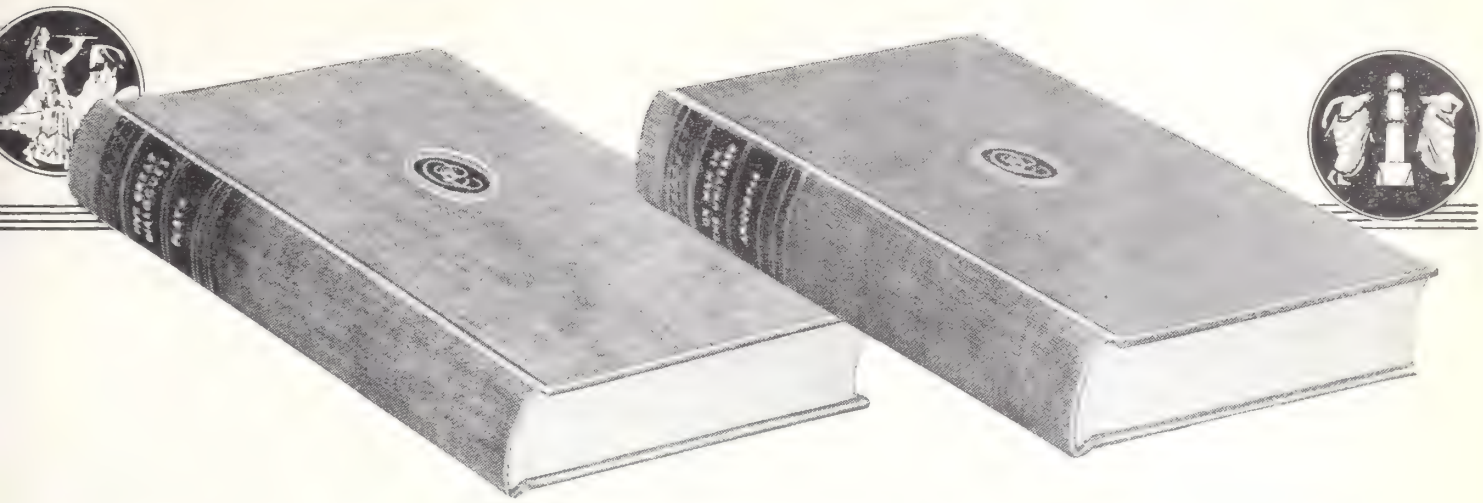
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Personal & Otherwise

Those of you who regularly read this column know that P & O is a kind of hybrid. First of all, it is a convenient place to tell you something about our contributors: to that extent it is *Personal*. But it also serves as a place where those of us who put together the magazine can comment, formally or informally, on subjects of current interest (or amusement) to us and our readers; to that extent it is *Otherwise*.

Because it serves these collective functions, the column is technically (though not relentlessly) anonymous. Yet it is not, of course, a collective product and does not officially represent the magazine's views except in those occasional portions which are formally signed by *The Editors*. Always, up to now, the column has been mainly the single-handed work of one or another of the editorial staff. (The present editor-in-chief once had charge of it for a number of years, and for the past five years it has been written chiefly by a former full-time staff member who is now a contributing editor.) Fortunately for the present incumbent a second member of the staff has recently been enlisted to help with the biographical notices and to share in the planning of the column. Before we again lapse into our conventional anonymity, then, he would like to welcome the assistance of Miss Catharine Meyer, who came to *Harper's* in the summer of 1946 from the Overseas Branch of the OWI, and who had previously taught English as an instructor at Stephens College and as an assistant professor at Vassar.

Cars in Bad Shape

Our favorite beet-sugar promoter—who also happens to be one of America's most important poets and the best essayist west of Berkeley St., Cambridge, Mass.—neatly summed up the case against current automobile design in one of his recent columns for the *Rocky Mountain Herald*. ($1.00 per year in advance; 1824 Curtis St., Denver, Colorado.) Here is the way he wraps up Detroit's big package:

> The new cars are horrible: good motors but silly false fronts; you can't park them; you can't see over the hoods; you can't wear a hat in the back seat; you can't straddle a mushroom with them; bump a fender and buy a whole new body; the fenders clog with snow; it takes a year to put on chains; filling station people go crazy trying to work on them; the streamlining is idiotic, designed to resist sales resistance rather than wind resistance.

Tom Ferril's comments serve as an admirable take-off into this month's article on "Those Big Fat Cars" (p. 56), in which ***Alfred Sinks*** explains how American cars got that way and speculates upon their future.

Mr. Sinks, like many of the motorists whose complaints have been voiced by the American Automobile Association, feels strongly about the excessive size of the new cars, which are hard to park, hard to squeeze through crowded streets, and impossible to fit into many a private garage. To this objection the Automobile Manufacturers Association replies that the new cars only look bigger than prewar models, and it adduces statistics to prove that it's only an optical illusion that prevents your garage doors from closing when your car is inside. (Apparently it assumes that, if cars today average out statistically at about the same size as those of 1941, they aren't too big—an assumption which is more convenient than convincing. Those garage doors wouldn't shut in 1941 either.)

P & O agrees with Mr. Sinks and the A.A.A. that cars are too fat, though it doesn't go along with the idea that little cars are the way out. To be sure, many people are finding that little cars (such as the Crosley, the Austin, and the MG) are better than too-big cars, and those who drive-alone-and-like-it and those who use a car only for shuttling may always find them satisfactory. But in a country where almost everyone buys a car with the idea that this year (or next) he *may* take the whole family on that trip to the Rockies and home by way of Niagara Falls, the large car will always be in demand. When they dream of this ideal car, many Americans (perhaps most) are like the woman who told the real-estate agent she wanted a nice little house with a lot of big rooms in it.

Come to think of it, that's not such a bad idea, and perhaps automobile designers ought to keep it in mind. It has long been a theory of ours that industrial designers in our time are caught in a situation that parallels in many respects that of the architects in the nineteenth century. Like the academic architect of those days the designers start from the outside shape, which must conform to some ideal model, and accommodate the interior functions as well as they can within the *a priori* shell. Just as the rediscovery of ancient Greek temples in the early nineteenth century gave something like absolute prestige to classical forms, the magnificent grace of modern airplanes has given a sort of absolute prestige to streamlined form. We stuff everything into a streamlined shell, whether it is the works of an alarm clock (which isn't going anywhere) or of a car (which is, but not so fast as all that).

But cars and buildings alike are used by people; the functions which the academic industrial designer cramps within the streamlined shell of a car are human functions, as were those which academic architecture restricted in its classical mold. And just as the living requirements of the American family built up internal pressures which finally burst the rigid, externally-conceived form of the house, the requirements of the families which buy cars will eventually burst the bloated skin of Detroit streamlining. Indeed, the blown-up "new look" in cars suggests that the silly balloon is just about to pop.

THERE is undoubtedly a market in America for small cars; the dollar-hungry British are currently exploiting it with a vengeance. But on the whole, Americans aren't complaining about the size of cars. Almost the only complaint which is directly traceable to size is the one about not being able to shut the garage doors. (Fuel economy, like maneuverability in traffic, isn't as big an item with most motorists as it doubtless should be. And anyway most of us assume that the miracle-working engineers will fix it so that even a two-and-a-half ton Cadillac can go fifty miles on a gallon and turn on a manhole cover.) The things we object to are chiefly things which can be cured not by shrinking the car's size, but only by designing from the inside out, as amateur house-designers have always tried to do and as the best architects now know how to do. We want cars designed so we can get in and out of them even in our declining years; so we can see where we're going and what there is to look at; so we can keep our hats on if we want to, even in the back seat; so we can take along a lot of luggage without crowding the passengers; so we can change tires and put on chains easily; so that we can turn off the parkway onto high-crowned country roads without scraping bottom; so that our friends at Robeson's Garage don't have to be acrobats to get

at the oil-stick or to see if we need water; and so that himself (who has a knack with machines) can put in a new fan belt or adjust the brakes without dismantling the entire car to get at them.

If that means the automobile can't be forced into a streamlined shell, we'll take the consequences. Look how we fell in love with the jeep, even though it obviously wasn't designed as an all-weather family car! And one final plea to the designers: once you are converted from academicism to designing from the inside out, you will probably find that the sales staff is your strongest ally rather than (as now) your enemy. Don't be fooled by the fact that, as Mr. Sinks reports, the dealers vetoed the gradual reduction of chromium gingerbread. They were undoubtedly right in saying that "gleaming chromium" helped more than anything else to sell the second-hand cars which every dealer *must* sell to keep his business going; but the manufacturers drew the wrong conclusions from this evidence. People want their second-hand cars to look as much as possible like the new ones that are coming out. As long as the new ones are be-chromed, chromium will sell well on the used-car market. If you want to get rid of bright work without wrecking your dealers, design new cars for a couple of years with chromium decorations that can easily be removed without leaving a scarred and maimed body. Then when you come out with a clean, honest design, without tinsel, former models can be easily de-loused for the used-car market, and everybody will be happy. You might even find that the original owners would have stripped off the demountable junk already.

But all this is only a roundabout way to introduce our readers to Mr. Sinks and his article, which is full of the kind of factual material on automobile design which almost never gets kicked around in public discussion—where it belongs. Mr. Sinks has been writing articles on scientific and technological matters for the past ten years or more. (You will have seen his work in the *Reader's Digest,* the *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Harper's,* and other journals.) Before that he had been a newspaperman in Cleveland (where he was born) and other cities here and abroad, and had written children's books and fiction for popular magazines.

Illustrations of "Those Big Fat Cars" are the work of ***Paul Arlt.*** Mr. Arlt was recently a graphic-designer for the State Department. He has just moved to Rowayton, Connecticut, after fourteen years in Washington and, during the war, in the Pacific as combat artist with the U. S. Marines.

The Intemperate Zone

Maybe this peace we're at is not so hot. Maybe, as ***David Bernstein*** suggests (p. 21), it is a "Cold Peace" which will keep all parties sufficiently chilled to preserve them till a more temperate international climate can be achieved. But we are not likely to want to exchange it for a hot war if we keep our minds on "What the War Cost," as ***Hartley Grattan*** helps us to do in his article (p. 76). Everyone knows modern war is terribly costly, in the destruction and maiming of human lives, in the destruction of property, and in the exhaustion of resources. But it is well to be reminded, as Mr. Grattan reminds us, of just how terrible the costs were—not only in these ways, which we have some means of measuring, but also in countless indirect and incalculable ways which few of us think about.

Mr. Grattan is better qualified than most men to write such a reminder. In the period between wars he wrote three books and many articles dealing directly or indirectly with the economic and social costs of the war that had been and the war that was bound to come. (His book *Preface to Chaos: War in the Making* appeared in 1936.) Many of his articles have appeared in *Harper's,* and for several years he was a contributing editor of the magazine. He is at present working on a book tentatively entitled *The Economics of Destructon: the Costs of World War II.*

Mr. Bernstein, author of "The Cold Peace," was a public relations man before the war and during his service with the Office of Facts and Figures and later the OWI. During the war he was in the Army in the Pacific, and served for a time as adviser to the President of the Philippines. His book, *The Philippine Story,* was published in 1947. This is his second appearance in *Harper's.*

Present Company

•••***Milton Mayer,*** author of "How to Read the Chicago *Tribune*" (p. 24), may hereafter be distinguished as the man who had more footnotes in *Harper's* than anyone dead or alive. Our normal hostility to the footnote fell before his magnificent onslaught. He is, nevertheless, one of America's best known and most reliable reporters. He calls himself a newspaperman by trade; he is a Chicagoan by birth (1908) as was his father (who was, he says, in favor of the *Tribune* because the *Tribune* was in favor of Lincoln). He is contributing editor of the *Progressive, Negro Digest,* and *Fellowship,* and has written articles for a variety of magazines—the *Christian Century, Catholic Digest, Reader's Digest,* the *Nation,* the *Saturday Evening Post, Life,* and the *Yale Law Journal.* Mr. Mayer's past articles in *Harper's* included two on Hutchins of Chicago, one on Chicago itself, one on St. John's College, and one on Robert Morss Lovett.

Mr. Mayer is visiting professor of Applied Religion at William Penn College, and a lecturer for the American Friends Service Committee, the Jewish Peace Fellowship, and the Fellowship of Reconciliation. He was formerly assistant professor in the University College at the University of Chicago.

•••***Ian Stevenson,*** author of "Why Medicine is Not a Science" (p. 36), is an M.D. from McGill University in Montreal. He is at present a Commonwealth Fund fellow, doing research in psychosomatic aspects of heart disease at Cornell University Medical College in New York. He was born in Montreal thirty years ago, son of the Canadian correspondent of the London *Times.* He went to school in Canada and England, studied for two years at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland, and graduated in science and medicine from McGill. Since 1943 he has been

ıgaged in postgraduate training, ı Montreal, New Orleans, Arizona, ıd New York. He has published ɔout twenty papers on internal ıedicine, biochemistry, and history. He writes: "I give myself about vo more years to find an oppor- ınity in academic medicine for the ɔrt of medical research described in ıe paper. If I don't find it, I shall ɔ off into some small town and ıake it. . . ."

●●***Lael Tucker,*** author of "The iss, the Tree, and the Bullet" (p.)), lives in the fishing village of ibourne in the Basses-Pyrénées on ıe Basque coast, with her husband, ıe novelist Charles Christian Wer- nbaker, and her two children. "It a fine place for writing and for ising children," she writes, "as the asques never heard of neuroses and fuse to view the future with alarm." Miss Tucker's professional life be- an with the Theatre Guild in New ork and continued, after 1939, in arious energetic jobs with Time ıc., until, after being a *Fortune* esearcher in New York and a *Time-ife* reporter in Washington, Japan, ussia, Berlin (1940-41), and Lon- on, she wound up as a war cor- espondent in liberated Paris. She et her boss from *Time* in London the summer of 1941, and married im.

Bernarda Bryson, who has made ıe drawings for "The Kiss, the ree, and the Bullet," has illustrated ction for us and political articles hich we published during the '48 mpaign. She is married to the rtist, Ben Shahn, and is the mother three children.

●●***Martin Flavin's*** ability to ask a rect question and come away with ı honest answer has resulted in The Durban Deep" (p. 65) in an ncompromising yet sympathetic ew of one of the most tortured uman situations of our times—the ıequal association of men of differ- ıt races in daily conduct of the orld's work.

Reporting is a new kind of writing r Mr. Flavin, who has achieved ıccess also as a playwright and ovelist. He was stagestruck as a ild and wrote magazine stories a youth but feeling too young to write the things he wanted, he deliberately put writing aside and went into business, and not until he was thirty-four did he try again. In 1923, "Children of Darkness," his first play to be produced on Broadway, made him a full-time playwright. After a number of successes in the theater, he turned to the novel when he was well past forty. He has written four distinguished novels, including *Journey in the Dark,* the Harper Prize Novel for 1943-44 which won the Pulitzer Prize, and, in 1947, *The Enchanted.*

●●●***Aldous Huxley,*** whose *Ape and Essence* is only the most recent of a long list of novels, has so steadily commanded attention as a fiction writer—ever since *Crome Yellow* appeared in 1921—that people sometimes forget he is one of the most interesting essayists alive. *Jesting Pilate* (1926) and *Music at Night* (1931) are two of his best volumes of essays. It may, indeed, be true that, in the long run even his most famous novels *(Point Counterpoint* and *Eyeless in Gaza)* are admirable and interesting more for their essayistic qualities of description and discussion than for their purely novelistic merits.

"Death and the Baroque" (p. 80), which will be one of the essays in a new book of Mr. Huxley's, is a good place to start if you do not already know how nimbly and gracefully he can absorb your attention in brilliant discussion.

The lively drawings of death and ecstasy illustrating Mr. Huxley's theme, are by ***Edward Melcarth,*** who has done a variety of work for *Harper's.* Mr. Melcarth has lived and worked in France and Italy, has exhibited in New York and Paris; he drove a truck in Persia during the war and later joined the Merchant Marine. He now teaches painting at Columbia University and will have another show in New York this spring.

●●●"Down at the Dinghy" (p. 87) is the first story we have published by ***J. D. Salinger,*** a young writer whose stories have appeared also in the *New Yorker, Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan,* and elsewhere. He began writing at eighteen and

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

has been at it seriously for over ten years. He was with the Fourth Division during the war. His present story is characteristic in that it is about very young people.

•••"What's Good About the UN" (p. 92) brings a third dimension to the layman's guide to the United Nations which ***Edith Iglauer*** has been writing for *Harper's* in the past two years. "Housekeeping for the Family of Nations" (April 1947) and "The UN Builds Its Home" (December 1947) explored certain problems of housing and domestic economy of that polyglot society. This month she introduces the unheard-of solid accomplishments for which UN experts around the globe deserve more applause than they seek or get.

Miss Iglauer was born in Cleveland and is a graduate of Wellesley College and of the Columbia School of Journalism. Her first look at people of different nationalities working together came when she went to the Geneva School of International Studies as an undergraduate in 1937. She saw more of this exciting process when she worked during the war for the OWI and in the Mediterranean Theater as correspondent for the Cleveland *News*.

She is married to Philip Hamburger, music critic of the *New Yorker*, and, since the opening of the Metropolitan Opera last November, she has been going to concerts around New York three or four evenings a week. Her work on the articles about the UN has been accompanied by the process of bringing up her son, Jay, who was born shortly before the first one was published and is now attempting to write on the typewriter himself.

The diagrams of the UN's good works were made by ***Charles E. Martin,*** whose drawings appear in most of the national magazines. A self-taught artist, he was one of PM's original staff and now does cover designs, cartoons, illustrations, and paintings—having tried "everything there is to do in the art business," he says. He is married, has one son, likes gardening, dislikes television. His first one-man show took place at the Brooklyn Museum Art School in February.

•••***Peter DeVries,*** author of "We Don't Know" (p. 99), has published three novels and is a member of the editorial staff of the *New Yorker*. He was born in Chicago of Dutch imigrant parents and he was formerly an editor of *Poetry* magazine in his native city (incidentally doubling in trade as a taffy-apple merchant and candy-vending machine operator). He is now living in Southport, Connecticut, and is the father of two children. Just where in this career of apparent non-sequiturs he found out all about the tern and the air pocket, he has not revealed.

•••"Don't Lock the Laboratory Door" (p. 102) was taken from a speech by ***Dr. Philip H. Morse,*** of the Physics Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the *Herald Tribune* Forum, held in New York on October 18, 19, and 20, 1947. Professor of physics from 1937 to 1946 at M.I.T., he returned there in July 1947 after serving for almost a year as director of the Brookhaven National Laboratories for Atomic Research.

•••The poems this month have five quatrains each—this demonstration of the versifier's art was unplanned.

William J. Smith, author of "Still-Life" (p. 75), is new to *Harper's*, though he had a volume of verse published last year. He was a Rhodes Scholar from Missouri and, during the war, a Liaison Officer on a French vessel. He now lives in Florence.

Both ***Kate Brackett*** and ***John Frederick Nims*** have appeared in *Harper's* frequently. Mrs. Brackett wrote us that "The Seal" (p. 35) came into her life one cool morning on a bare beach near Kennebunk. "The Weeds" (p. 79) arrived from Michigan, where the author teaches English at Notre Dame.

•••We are proud to have published, in February, one of ***Theodore Spencer's*** last poems. It was a sonnet, "Aspect of Love," which was on the press when the author's death was announced. We spoke of him in these columns as living; we feel that our error was canceled by the excellence of his verse.

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LETTERS

Seat of Whose Pants?—

To the Editors:

A blush of shame suffused my cheek when I read the kind words about myself, and a very few of my colleagues, in the piece by the anonymous Washington correspondent ["Washington's Armchair Correspondents" by One of Them, February 1949]. The bl. of sh. was due to the fact that on the day I read it, my total of independent reporting had amounted to two telephone calls, each of which, I must say, produced a story.

It is true that in this city of magnificent distances anyone who is responsible, as I am, for a conspectus of the world's news and is not confined to a single story must do most of his work by phone; and that officials who are aware of that fact will talk over the wire more freely than you might expect. True also that the gentleman's general contention is sound. But I am afraid that I do about as much of the seat-of-the-pants reporting as anybody, even though that seat is generally seated in front of the telephone.

ELMER DAVIS
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

I don't know when anything has given us so much fun as "Washington's Armchair Correspondents."

The piece must have been written by a youngster whose mother was frightened by "Young Man of Manhattan" or "Front Page."

Your shy author forgot or didn't know about the most active side of White House coverage—road work, night work, and the daily, not weekly, press conferences. If our out-of-town work is "seat-of-the-pants" reporting, please, gentlemen, will you find me a stand-up job?

In the front of the book, you say gravely, "great care should be taken to state the actual facts." Why don't you make a trip with us and see for yourselves? We invite you, in all sincerity, not to do the work we do, but just keep up with us.

And about the bourbon which we tuck away in "a phone booth or desk drawer." Fie, gentlemen, 'taint true. No bottle lasts that long. But then again, we're not so fortunately situated as you editors are. The White House has no saloon, but the Harper editors are only a few seconds away from the Vanderbilt Men's Bar. I know—I've been there with them.

Your author isn't afraid of being fired. We think he's afraid of being laughed to death.

MERRIMAN SMITH
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Smith is the United Press correspondent at the White House and is the author of Thank you Mr. President *and* The President is Many Men.

To the Editors:

You had a lot of fun. . . . Most of what was said is perfectly correct. . . . It is all perfectly true, and I could add more shockers out of my experience. But, so what?

Your writer just concludes that Washington's correspondents are lazy. That's a pretty feeble explanation of what he reports. Look a little deeper. There are 1,105 men and women listed in the Congressional Directory as Washington correspondents. Who do they work for? Sixty-four are foreign correspondents and so are excluded from the point at issue here. One hundred and ninety-one work for the press associations, and are engaged in getting the hard facts of the news, and by your own statement work pretty hard at it. About another hundred work for such reputable and honest news-gathering agencies as the *New York Times,* CBS, and the *Saturday Evening Post.* But the list conceals a lot of people—about half the total—who are newsmen by courtesy only. Many, very many, are lobbyists. They are sent to Washington by publishers who have axes to grind, like veterans' hospitals, or favorite politicians, or special-interest legislation. They spend their time plying their trade, which is working for special interests, not working on the news.

. . . Woe betide the correspondent who deviates from the political bias of his publisher. As for scare stories made out of whole cloth, that is "policy stuff," for editors who order that kind of material. And the commentator who didn't recognize Senator Vandenberg—he is probably much too busy airing his sponsor's anti-Vandenberg views to get to Capitol Hill more than once a year.

Let's get all this straight. Washington correspondents are what they have always been. Those who work for honest news-gathering organizations are hard-working, honest men. What you have done is to damn these men "by association" with the hangers-on, the pensioners, the lobbyists, and the artists of the "slanted story," who are all in Washington because their editors and publishers and sponsors want them there for sufficient, though not always "good," reasons. It is a condition as old as politicians who own newspapers, or publishers who own politicians, or editors more interested in a headline or a slant than in objective news.

LETTERS

Reform is in order, yes. . . . Reform American journalism at the source and there won't be any more "armchair correspondents" in Washington. By and large American publishers and editors are getting from their Washington men exactly what they, the publishers and editors and sponsors, want.

JOSEPH C. HARSCH
CBS, Washington, D. C.

Browbeaten—

To the Editors:

I have read with much pleasure and edification Russell Lynes's article "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow" [February 1949].

When you published this witty dissertation on the various strata of our cultural life, probably you had no idea it would fall into the hands of a lower-middlebrow like me. That I have aptly classified myself cannot be disproved. The specifications for the various classes were so clearly defined by Mr. Lynes that I had no trouble at all adding up my points and placing myself in the proper category.

As a lower middlebrow, therefore, I would like to remind him that he failed to mention one of our chief aids in our attempts to reach a higher cultural level, namely, *Harper's Magazine.* True, he mentions it as one of the magazines found lying on the tables of upper middlebrowism, but he does not allow us lower middlebrows even a glance at it.

No, I do not by any chance belong to the upper middlebrow class. I do not take my culture seriously enough, and I just adore tea shoppes, bigger and better refrigerators, and lectures on how to save the world. Also, I love decimals, fractions, statistics, and pictures of long rows of little men strung out with a half or three quarters of one on the end. Mr. Lynes does not mention these last points as qualifications for any of the categories, but I a guilty feeling that they lower my status, and that perhaps I really belong in about lowbrowism point seven.

However that may be, I enjoyed the article, which is both witty and instructive. We lower middlebrows like to be instructed without pain and when we get a few laughs along with our education, so much the better. So, although I do wish Mr. Lynes had allowed us to read *Harper's,* I thank you from my lower-middlebrowish heart.

KATE W. STONE
Macon, Ga.

To the Editors:
Mr. Lynes's lines amused me,
But, alas, also confused me:

I am not versed in esoterica,
I boast no sketches by Picasso—
My furniture's made in America,
(It came, oh shame, from Tom's Owosso)
So Lynes would say, with lifted eyebrow,
"This girl is surely not a highbrow."

Nor do I wait with bated breath
To learn the fate of Orphan Annie.
Quiz programs bore me unto death,
And double features hurt my fanny.
According to your fair-haired boy
I am not of *hoi polloi.*

I second-hand-shop scarcely ever—
The "entertaining" I eschew.
Read Sitwell seldom, Sartre never,
And rarely see a small review.
There's no solution for this riddle—
I cannot be an "upper-middle."

I join no book clubs, take no courses,
Nor model kitchens do I yearn for.
From Carnegie and kindred sources
Take no advice on how to earn more.
No high, not middle, nor yet lowbrow,
I find myself possessed of no brow.

BARBARA POPE
Silver Springs, Md.

To the Editors:

Russell Lynes may soon have to take out a patent for a new parlor game—people sit down and ask each other, "Are you high, low, or middlebrow?"—that should sweep the country in the next few years, like Mah Jong in the twenties. But if he does, he ought to warn the players not to start until the party gets to the stage where it can stand some pretty personal disclosures. We know, we've tried it.

Of course, Mr. Lynes has already played the game for the editors of *Partisan Review,* whose brows get a pretty high rating. But we wondered as we read him, because we enjoyed his article like everybody else, and according to Mr. Lynes what we should have done was merely turn up our supercilious brows at it. Could it be that the highbrow is not so humorless and inhuman, after all?



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LETTERS

"Highbrows" originally coined the terms "middlebrow" and "lowbrow" to apply to cultural products, and not to persons. We spoke as critics, not as psychologists. Mr. Lynes's switch makes lively and suggestive reading, but raises many more questions than it can answer. After careful checking, we haven't found any highbrows to fit his description. Maybe we know only a restricted group, but we don't think so.

We think Mr. Lynes is wrong, and one proof is that his analysis leaves him unable to answer a fundamental question: what keeps the highbrows going in American life? The only motives Mr. Lynes acknowledges are snobbery, display of superiority, and conspicuous consumption of learning. We doubt that these motives would be sufficient to keep the highbrow from crumpling before the competitive drives of American life and becoming an extinct species altogether.

Of course Mr. Lynes allows for rich highbrows; but most highbrows who earn their living (and have a rugged time of it) can't afford to run their life on the basis of a luxury like snobbery. The highbrows we know got that way, and continue, because they happen to be really interested in certain things that the majority of people don't want to be bothered with. The highbrow has something in his mind which he can't forget, which he has to think and talk about, usually to his personal cost, though it does simplify the problem of his income tax returns.

What keeps magazines like *Partisan Review* going? After reading Mr. Lynes and diligently searching our conscience, we can't believe the motives he ascribes are the ones that really get us over the hurdle of bringing out the next issue. We could be wrong, but we believe that we and our contributors have something to say, and there seems to be nowhere else to say it. Otherwise we might be glad to forget all about the battle of the brows and take a nice long low, or middlebrow, vacation.

WILLIAM BARRETT
Partisan Review
New York, N. Y.

Knowledge on Ice—

To the Editors:

John Chamberlain's recent article ["The Strange World of the Skater," February 1949] has occasioned a great deal of interest and comment among figure skaters, and I as well as a great many others, are curious to know if anyone checked its facts and statements. The article demonstrates an unusual knowledge of skating, and I am able to detect only two minor flaws in the whole thing.

I believe you will be interested to know that Theresa Weld Blanchard, an ex-champion (national) and editor of *Skating,* agrees with me on the quality of the article. . . .

ROBERT H. MACMURPHEY
New York Skating Club,
New York, N. Y.

Erratum—

To the Editors:

In the Bernard Taper article "Heil Free Elections!" [February 1949], I am mentioned—"as a former citizen of his community"—his community being a small town in Germany named Laupheim. This statement is not true as I am an American citizen by birth and have never been a citizen of any other country. This error may have been made because of language difficulties. . . .

ELINOR S. GIMBEL
New York, N. Y.

Properly Stamped—

To the Editors:

Please accept thanks for publishing "The Nashua Story" [by Arthur Hepner, February 1949]. It is helpful to have matters of such high economic and industrial importance placed before the people of the country. I hope it will be widely read and pondered.

Fortunately our people are becoming more and more alert to economic and industrial misbehavior and are stamping as improper many actions which in years past would have gone by without much adverse comment.

BERNARD G. WARING
Philadelphia, Penna.

Harper's
MAGAZINE

The Cold Peace

Outline for an Unwritten Book

David Bernstein

WILL it be peace or war in our time? Are we all to be wiped out shortly by the Bomb? Can we defeat the Russians without war? If not, can we live side by side with them in a contracting world? What, in short, are the prospects for survival?

No sane man would dare answer with flat predictions. But it is possible to view the state of the world otherwise than do the gloom-mongers who dominate our political writings today. It could equally be supposed that, four years after World War II, we have achieved worldwide stalemate. The strategic lines are drawn in Europe and Asia: stalemate. The atomic race can soon end: stalemate. Both the American capitalist economy and the Soviet economy have survived: stalemate. But, in each case, it is stalemate in which America holds the advantage.

Is this what peace is like? Of course not. But it is, very clearly, a condition that gives us time to build a true and lasting peace. In other words, American planning, American strength, American pressure, can now be directed toward the possibility of creating a real peace, rather than toward a constant maneuvering for position in a future conflict presumed to be inevitable.

This document, written originally as an outline for a proposed book, reflects such an interesting point of view that we are printing it as an article, without the supporting data which the author had intended to add. Mr. Bernstein is the author of The Philippine Story.

Here is the background I suggest:

*(1) **The Russians have lost the great post-war gamble.*** They thought the United States would suffer a sharp and serious depression soon after the war's end. The other nations of the world have lined up, in effect, in terms of whether or not they accepted this view. There has been no depression. There is no immediate prospect of a depression. The Communist effort to bring one on (by trying to help put the Republicans in power through the Wallace campaign, on the theory that a Republican administration would mean economic collapse) failed completely. And the Truman economic program, if backed by the present Democratic Congress, means that there need be no serious depression even if the present exaggerated boom should decline, for the men in office are psychologically ready to take the bold economic measures that are called for. This means that the American capacity to continue the Marshall Plan can be maintained; that it can very easily be expanded in some ways along the lines suggested in the President's Inaugural Address; and that American military commitments can be fulfilled. So the gamble has been lost; and Tito's rebelliousness, and his desire to trade with the West, are sure signs that this defeat is known behind the Iron Curtain.

*(2) **There is a stalemate in Europe that approaches a balance of power.*** American policy has shown itself to be firmer and more consistent than the Kremlin had apparently expected. Today the line between East and West runs clear across the map of Europe, and (with the exception of Berlin, which is noteworthy more as a tactical symbol than as a strategic outpost) each side knows that it must not cross this line. The Communists were able to take over in Czechoslovakia last year without trouble, but the non-Communist forces won out in Italy and France, and for the same reasons. Only on the line itself (Trieste, Austria, Germany) are there potential trouble spots; but these are comparable to jockeying for frontier revisions.

The European stalemate is military as well as political. If the Russians were to cross the line by force or internal coup, and if there were war, it is quite possible that in a matter of weeks the Red Army would command the Continent, at least up to the Pyrenees and the English Channel. But that would only begin a war, not end it—and the Russians know that the United States has mastered the science of land-sea-air invasion beyond the capacity of any power in history.

*(3) **We are approaching a similar stalemate in Asia.*** The line is more ragged than in Europe, but it is also much more blurred. The Communists have Soviet Asia, northern Korea, and now China. We have on our side southern Korea, Japan, the Philippines, and—unless we are criminally negligent—all of southern Asia, from southeast Asia through India to Turkey.

*(4) **Neither side will dare to use the Bomb.*** If the United States were morally prepared to drop atomic bombs on Russia, it would have done so already. The American people have not been brought up that way, and would approve the use of atomic weapons only if war or retaliation were forced on them. If it is true that the Russians will also have the Bomb within a couple of years, there is the possibility that the Kremlin, which lacks any real democratic responsibility to its subjects, will have no such scruples. This is possible, yes, but is it probable? Atomic weapons, like some of the more horribly effective forms of chemical and bacteriological warfare, are not only so frightful as to terrify and outrage all surviving human beings, whatever their ideology; they are also dangerous in the sense that there is no sure way of protecting one's own troops, strategic areas, and home population—either from retaliation or from inability to limit the destructiveness of these weapons to target areas only. In World War I the Germans experimented with poison gas, but by World War II chemical warfare weapons were so highly developed that neither side ventured to use them; between the two wars bacteriological warfare was also developed to the point where no one dared use it. In the case of the Bomb, our use of it on Japan may well be comparable to German experimentation with poison gas some thirty-odd years ago; and the Bomb is likely to join the little group of weapons so horrible, so uncontrollable, so unpredictable, that nobody will be ready to use them first. So we would appear to have a stalemate in weapons, too.

*(5) **Geographically and, by implication, militarily, there is stalemate.*** The USSR is a land and air power. It has no navy to speak of, though it has some advanced submarines which it might or might not be able to use effectively. The U.S.A. is a sea and air power. Its ground force cannot match the Russians in numbers; and it does not possess a base of probable operations close to the heart of the industrial system which maintains it. This suggests that a war between two such powers would be long, bloody, and inconclusive.

*(6) **The myth of the unplanned incident has long since been exploded.*** Wars do not start in our time simply because a platoon leader on a tense frontier loses his head. The shooting down of a plane, the arrest of other countries' soldiers, the hurling of violent verbal abuse in public—all of which and more have happened time and again—can no longer lead to war unless at least one side has prepared long in advance to seize upon such an excuse to go to war. There are, of course, trouble spots all over the world: Berlin, Palestine, Greece, southeast Asia, and half a dozen more. But, while some of these may be violent and vexing, they have so far remained isolated, and their threat to world peace has been contained. There is no reason to believe that these trouble spots will lead to an outbreak of worldwide total war.

*(7) **The United States has caught up with the Russians in the war of ideas, and may even have already passed them by.*** This is not a matter of the number of hours of short-wave broadcasting, or of other overt propaganda. It is a matter of how the people of the world, in cold blood, regard the American and the Soviet alternatives as they affect their own well-being. The U.S.A. has proved that it can help raise the standard of living of its friends; the USSR is incapable of doing so, except in certain parts of Asia where the living standard is so low that it takes very little to raise it. The U.S.A. has, despite many serious mistakes, done much (and certainly more than the USSR) in preserving and even extending basic human liberties among the peoples whom it has helped. Meantime the Czech experience in one way, and the Tito experience in another, have caused the Russians to lose ground throughout the world. It is significant that in the meeting of the United Nations General Assembly in Paris last fall, there was repeatedly a solid vote of forty-odd nations against the Soviet bloc with its six votes. Meanwhile Tito's inability to be nationalist and at the same time retain Soviet friendship suggests the biggest reason why the nationalist movements of southeast Asia so far refuse to go Communist, despite the near-fatal mistakes being made by the U.S.A. in that area.

*(8) **We are now going through, therefore, a period which is misnamed when it is called the Cold War.*** This is the Cold Peace, the not-war of the late 1940's. It is compounded of a series of stalemates, of a group of undeniable strategic facts of life, and of steely firmness on the part of both the U.S.A. and the USSR. It is not a healthy peace, but it is better than war—because, as long as the Cold Peace lasts, there is always the chance to build a warm peace. In other words, there is still time, more time than most of us have realized. This does not mean that we may relax our vigilance, cut our aid to our friends, go isolationist, or weaken our military establishment, for any of these rash acts would upset the stalemates and balances, and upset them in favor of the USSR. If we do continue our vigilance and pressure, however, it is still perfectly possible to develop a stronger edifice of world peace. The first step toward doing so, quite obviously, is for the U.S.A. (always without relaxation of its pressure on the USSR) to prepare to give up part of its sovereignty to strengthen international government, along with every other nation that is ready to make a similar sacrifice. If such a world government cannot include the whole world, then it can at least, under the American initiative, be sovereign over so vast a part of the world that the USSR will not dare to challenge it. At this point the Cold Peace will become warm, and we can then have more right to hope than at any previous time within the recollection of living men that there will be no war at all.

How to Read the Chicago *Tribune*

Milton Mayer

The following article, except for the footnotes and the numbers referring to them, is a reprint in full of a news report in the Chicago Tribune *of Sunday, November 14, 1948 (circulation 1,675,000). It should be read from beginning to end and then read in conjunction with the footnotes. The footnotes are mine. This news report was printed at the top of the first column of page 1 of the* Tribune *of that date, with a two-column "runover" beginning at the top of the first column of page 2. It should be emphasized that there was no indication that this article was to be read as other than a news report; on the contrary, the columns it occupied in the Chicago* Tribune *are ordinarily used in that paper for news reports, the typography was identical with that of other news reports on the same page, the headline was a news headline, and the by-line of the writer was that of Frank Hughes, a Chicago* Tribune *news reporter. The reporter should have had plenty of time to prepare the article, since all the materials used had been available for months or years. The headline read:* NAME ANGELS OF MOVES TO CURB PRESS. *The subhead read:* Foundation Aids Hutchins Group.[1]—The Author.

MULTIMILLION dollar, tax exempt foundations[2] which have given cash grants to Communists or to the publication of communist propaganda[3] also are financing attempts to tamper with freedom of the press[4] in the United States.

Three persons who occupy behind the scenes positions[5] in this picture are Henry R.

No foundation in any way contributed to the support, financial or other, of the Commission on Freedom of the Press. The report of the Commission (*A Free and Responsible Press*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1947) states that "the inquiry was financed by grants of $200,000 from Time, Inc., and $15,000 from Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc." These business institutions, like the Tribune Company, are incorporated for profit and operated for profit. They are not foundations. (The financial supporters of the Commission were named by Chairman Robert M. Hutchins in a press release accompanying publication of the report on March 27, 1947.)

[2] See above.

[3] No attempt is made to support this statement in the body of the article.

[4] If "freedom of the press" is defined as unlimited, it is already "tampered with" by the laws of libel, misbranding, obscenity, sedition, and treason. A cursory examination of the report would reveal repeated denunciations of government ownership, control, or regulation of the press as steps which "might cure the ills of freedom of the press, but only at the risk of killing the freedom in the process" (p. 2). The Commission would even protect the right of newspapers, if they cared to exercise it, to be liars, venalists, and scoundrels: "Many a lying, venal, and scoundrelly public expression must continue to find shelter under a 'freedom of the press' built for widely different purposes, for to impair the legal right even when the moral right is gone may easily be a cure worse than the disease." The Commission recommends one new law, "an alternative to the present remedy for libel" whereby "the injured party might obtain a retraction or a restatement of the facts by the offender or an opportunity to reply" (p. 86). *Cf.* American Society of Newspaper Editors, *Canons of Journalism*: "A newspaper should not publish unofficial charges affecting reputation or moral character, without opportunity given to the accused to be heard. . . . It is the privilege, as it is the duty, of a newspaper to make prompt and complete correction of its own serious mistakes . . . ."

[5] Luce and Hutchins occupied front-of-the-scenes positions in the Commission on Freedom of the Press, Luce as the man who suggested the inquiry to Hutchins, Hutchins as chairman of the Commission. Benton's only connection with the Commission was also public; it was as Chairman of the Board of Directors of Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.

Luce, publisher of Time, Life, and Fortune magazines; Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago, and William Benton, advertising executive[6] who formerly was assistant secretary of state. Luce has a foundation of his own, the Henry R. Luce Foundation, Inc.[7] He also is on the board of the Foreign Service Education Foundation.[8]

Luce, acting in the personal capacity of a foundation,[9] granted[10] $200,000 from Time, Inc., to Chancellor Hutchins to form a Commission on Freedom of the Press, which has taken a very active part in the campaign to dictate the content[11] of "mass communications," a term the commission uses for dissemination of news.[12]

Chancellor Hutchins is honorary chairman of Norman Waite [*sic*] Harris Foundation.[13] He also was a trustee of the Julius Rosenwald fund[14] at the time it was giving fellowships to Langston Hughes, Negro poet,[15] described in congressional committee reports as "a card holding member of the Communist party."[16] Hughes has said he is not a Communist.[17]

The Rosenwald fund is the only one of the foundations which have been mentioned that has been engaged in giving aid or money to such people or purposes.[18]

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[6] Benton is no longer an advertising executive or in any way associated with the advertising business (*v.* ftn. 12).

[7] The Henry Luce Foundation was incorporated in the State of New York, December 23, 1936, for religious, charitable, and educational purposes. Luce is neither a director nor an officer. Proof that this Foundation is engaged in activities outside its stated purposes could cost it its tax-exempt status under the Membership Corporations Law of New York.

[8] Luce is not on the board of the Foreign Service Education Foundation or in any way connected with it.

[9] It is impossible to act in the personal capacity of a foundation.

[10] Luce did not grant anybody anything in connection with the Commission. Time, Inc., states: "The grant of $200,000 to the Commission made by Time, Inc., was with the specific consent and authorization of the Board of Directors of this Company." Luce is one of seven members of the Board of Directors of Time, Inc.

[11] See footnote 4.

[12] The Commission uses the term "mass communications" for dissemination of news; it also uses several other common terms; and undiscoverable numbers of persons and institutions use the term "mass communication" for dissemination of news. The etymology of the term is undiscovered. In the opinion of William Benton, former advertising executive (founder, president, chairman of the board, Benton & Bowles, 1929-36), the term originated many years ago among newspaper and magazine advertisers and agencies.

[13] The Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation was, according to its chairman, Professor Quincy Wright, "a gift contributed to the University of Chicago by the heirs of Norman Wait and Emma Gail Harris in 1923." The letter of gift states that its purpose is "to combat the disintegrating tendency of the spirit of distrust which pervades the old world and is not without its effect on our own country." The chief executive officer of the University of Chicago is, *ex officio,* honorary chairman of the Foundation.

[14] The Julius Rosenwald Fund was established in 1917 by Julius Rosenwald (1862-1932), Chairman of the Board of Directors of Sears, Roebuck & Co., "for the well-being of mankind." Rosenwald provided that the entire fund, which in 1928 was worth $40,000,000, be expended within twenty-five years after his death. The Fund terminated its existence June 30, 1948, having devoted its resources primarily to "education and betterment of race relations" in accordance with Rosenwald's own two principal philanthropic interests.

[15] Hutchins was a trustee of the Rosenwald Fund from November 11, 1934, to November 13, 1940. Langston Hughes was awarded Rosenwald Fellowships September 17, 1931, and April 11, 1941.

[16] Langston Hughes writes: "I have stated quite clearly in the press and elsewhere over a period of years that I am not now and have never been a member of the Communist Party. . . . I was attacked in the [Communist] Party press just before the war as a 'war-monger' since I did not agree that we should not prepare to fight Hitler. . . . I have not had any relations with congressional committees, have never been called before any of them, and have never seen copies of any of the charges from which the Hearst press quotes me frequently. As you will see from carbons [attached], I have written the various papers and radio commentators who repeat these charges, but (except for the *Reader's Digest*) have not had the courtesy of an answer from any of them." Edwin R. Embree (President, the Rosenwald Fund, 1928-48) writes: "I am personally convinced that Mr. Hughes is not a member of the Communist party and that he is a completely loyal American." Among Hughes' medals, prizes, and awards for literature are grants from the Guggenheim Foundation (1935) and the National Institute of Arts and Letters (1946).

[17] If Hughes is not a Communist, his only recourse is to bring a libel action against a newspaper which prints, or reprints, the unsubstantiated charge that he is. On June 3, 1916, the Chicago *Tribune* printed the charge that Henry Ford was an anarchist. Ford brought a libel action. The *Tribune* was found guilty, but the suit is said to have cost Ford $500,000 in lawyers' and other fees (*v.* Tebbel, *An American Dynasty,* pp. 93-100, Garden City, 1947). A man who does not bring a libel action against a newspaper which prints an unsubstantiated charge that he is a Communist may be a Communist; or he may be a Negro poet without the necessary funds.

[18] This statement is partly wrong and partly meaningless. If "such people" means Negroes, the statement is wrong; the Commission on Freedom of the Press, the Henry Luce Foundation, the Foreign Service Education Foundation, and the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation have all given "aid or money" to Negroes. If "such people" means card-holding members of the Communist party, the statement is wrong; the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation gave "aid or money" to Alexander A.

Hutchins' Commission on Freedom of the Press, despite its impressive title, had no public or governmental authority.[19] Financed mainly by Henry Luce,[20] it consisted of 12 university professors and former professors,[21] appointed solely by Hutchins.

It brought out a report saying that newspapers "must be accountable to society" (government)[22] and that "it becomes an imperative question whether the performance of the press can any longer be left to the unregulated initiative of the few who manage it."[23]

According to the New Leader, weekly socialist newspaper, Chancellor Hutchins recently associated himself with another well known figure in "mass communications," Prof. Clyde R. Miller of Columbia university.[24]

The New Leader said Hutchins sponsored the Commission for Academic Freedom[25] of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions, chairman of which is Prof. Harlow Shapley of Harvard university, and that Prof. Miller is secretary of the commission. The New Leader added that the national council is a Communist front.

Prof. Miller was head of the Institute of Propaganda Analysis at Columbia,[26] established in 1937 with a grant of $10,000 from the Good Will fund, a foundation endowed by the late Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant.[27] Prof. Miller's institute devoted itself to analyzing American and British "propaganda" against Hitler, at the time Germany and Soviet Russia were allies in World War II.[28]

When Germany turned on Russia, the "in-

Troyanovsky, Ambassador of the USSR to the U.S.A. and a card-holding member of the Communist party, to cover his expenses at an institute on "The Soviet Union and World Problems" in 1935. "Such purposes" is meaningless, the purposes of neither the Julius Rosenwald Fund nor of Hughes having been stated *supra.*

[19] Neither has the Chicago *Tribune,* despite its impressive title, "The World's Greatest Newspaper."

[20] See footnote 10.

[21] Hutchins told the National Conference of Editorial Writers, November 19, 1948: ". . . I think you are teachers. I did not say you were good teachers. . . . A good teacher has to try to be fair. He can not use the straw man or the red herring. . . . The big red herring, or bloater, was, of course, the fact that many members of the Commission were professors. . . . A teacher who was trying to be fair would have told his pupils that Chafee was the leading authority on freedom of expression in the United States, that Clark was the leading economist, that Hocking was the dean of philosophers, that Lasswell was one of the leading students of communication, that Merriam was the dean of political scientists, that Niebuhr was the leading theologian, that Redfield was one of the leading students of culture, that Schlesinger was the leading American historian, and that Dickinson, in addition to being General Counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad, was one of the leading political scientists and constitutional lawyers of our time."

[22] All thirteen members of the Commission on Freedom of the Press state that they have never used the two terms "society" and "government" as synonyms in any of their writings; that the terms are unmistakably distinguished as concepts throughout their report; and that the terms are, in the political credos of all thirteen of them, inequatable and inconvertible. The American tradition, in contrast to the Hobbesian-Hegelian-Chicago *Tribune* practice, has always distinguished "government" from "society" sharply and persistently. (Paine, *Common Sense:* "Society is the creature of their [men's] wants, government of their wickedness." Also, the Declaration of Independence: ". . . to secure these rights, *governments* are instituted among *men.* . . ." Also, the Constitution of the United States, Amendment 1: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom . . . of the press; or the right of the *People* peaceably to assemble and to petition the *Government.* . . .")

[23] ". . . The local and regional chains, together with the Hearst, Scripps-Howard, and McCormick-Patterson ownership groups, control more than half (53.8 per cent) of the total newspaper circulation of the nation. Fourteen newspaper owners control 25 per cent of the daily circulation, with less than fifty owners controlling nearly half the total Sunday circulation." (Report of the Commission on Freedom of the Press, p. 43.) The Commission is opposed to government regulation of the initiative of the few who manage the press (*v.* ftn. 4).

[24] Professor Clyde R. Miller is not connected with Columbia University.

[25] Hutchins did not sponsor the Commission for Academic Freedom of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions.

[26] The Institute of Propaganda Analysis was not at, or in any other way connected with, Columbia University.

[27] The Edward A. Filene Good Will Fund, Inc. was established October 8, 1936, as the Good Will Fund by President Edward A. Filene (1860-1937), President, William Filene Sons Co.; planner and co-organizer, U. S. Chamber of Commerce; Chairman, War Shipping Commission. The Good Will Fund, one of the many institutions established by Filene "for the benefit of mankind," stated, in its certificate of incorporation: "It shall not be within the purposes or powers of the corporation to engage in propaganda or otherwise attempt to influence legislation."

[28] Germany and Soviet Russia were not allies in World War II; they signed a non-aggression treaty August 24, 1939, which Germany violated June 22, 1941. During the period August 24, 1939–June 22, 1941, the Institute did not devote itself to analyzing American and British "propaganda" against Hitler. Many of its analyses were devoted to Nazi and Soviet propaganda against the United States and England. (See, *e.g.,* "The War Comes" (*Propaganda Analysis,* Oct. 1, 1939): "Typical of those who had accepted Comintern propaganda at face value were the 400 leading American intellectuals who signed a manifesto opposing the lumping of Moscow and Berlin

stitute" disappeared.[29] It was well subsidized while it lasted,[30] receiving another $13,000 from the Good Will fund and $4,000 from the Whitney Foundation[31] in one year alone.

Luce, Benton, and Hutchins are intimately associated.[32] Benton is chairman of the board and part owner of Encyclopedia Britannica, which was given to the University of Chicago.[33] Hutchins is a director of the encyclopedia and chairman of its editorial board, and Luce is a member of the board of trustees.[34]

Benton is a former vice president of the University of Chicago and is now on its board of trustees. Encyclopedia Britannica gave $15,000 to the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press.[35]

Luce is said to have been instrumental in getting Benton appointed to the position of assistant secretary of state for public affairs in 1945.[36] Alger Hiss, who has been named

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on the ground, among other things, that the U.S.S.R. was an ally of the democracies against fascism." One of the most heavily documented and most widely reprinted analyses of Communist propaganda ever made was "Communist Propaganda, U.S.A., 1939 Model" (*Propaganda Analysis,* March 1, 1939), a companion piece to "Propaganda Techniques of German Fascism" (*Propaganda Analysis,* May 1, 1938).

[29] Germany turned on Russia June 22, 1941. The last issue of *Propaganda Analysis,* the official publication of the Institute, appeared January 9, 1942, after Japan turned on the United States. Professor Alfred McClung Lee of Wayne University, Executive Director of the Institute at that time, writes: ". . . The only basis on which we could have continued the Institute was as an objective analyzer of propagandas from various sides. In wartime, the only program possible was to make the Institute into a propaganda agency. Hence the Institute died."

[30] According to Miller, who established the Institute and served as its executive secretary or secretary of its advisory board during its entire existence, "The blunt fact is that there simply wasn't money enough for the Institute to go forward. It could have gotten money, I am reasonably certain, had it been willing to weight its analyses [in the fall of 1941] to support our entrance into the war. I could not accept money on any such basis. Probably it could have gotten money had it been willing to weight its analyses against going to war. I couldn't accept money on that basis, either, though personally I was against going to war up until Pearl Harbor." (Among the millions of Americans who were against going to war up until Pearl Harbor were, besides Miller, Chancellor Hutchins of the University of Chicago and Col. R. R. McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune.*)

[31] The William C. Whitney Foundation, established in 1936 "for the benefit of mankind" by Mrs. Dorothy Whitney Elmhirst, is incorporated under the Membership Corporations Law of the State of New York and since that time has been, and still is, subject to loss of tax-exempt status upon proof that it disburses its funds for other than "charitable and eleemosynary purposes." Among its beneficiaries, besides the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, which received grants totaling $4,500 ($4,000 of it in one year alone), are the Y.M.C.A., the American Friends Service Committee, the Council for the Clinical Training of Theological Students, the North Country Community Hospital, and the National Gallery of the American Indian.

[32] The history of the law of conspiracy suggests that the association of men for one or more purposes does not *eo ipso* associate them for other purposes or for all their purposes. The U. S. Supreme Court (*Bridges* v. *Wixon,* 326 U. S. 135, 143, 1945) has stated: "Alliances for limited objectives are well known. Certainly those who joined forces with Russia to defeat the Nazis may not be said to have made an alliance to spread the cause of Communism." On the other hand, Colonel McCormick (Yale '03) might argue a general conspiracy among the Messrs. Luce (Yale '20), Benton (Yale '21), and Hutchins (Yale '21) on the ground that they pledged (*Bright College Years*) that "time and change shall not avail/To break the friendships formed at Yale." Whether or not this would cover the offense alleged, namely, move or moves to curb the press, would require juridical interpretation. But Benton, himself a member of a secret organization known as ΖΨ, might allege *prima facie* evidence of a more general conspiracy by McCormick, Luce, and Hutchins, who, as associates in a secret society known as ΑΔΦ, have taken a mutual pledge that "no power can break the tie that binds [us]" and "naught shall sever us forever." (*The* ΑΔΦ *Song Book,* New York, 1923). Another association is that of Colonel McCormick and Marshall Field, publisher of the Chicago *Sun-Times.* These two men are jointly engaged in many enterprises, among them the Racquet and Tennis Club (N. Y.), the Chicago Club, the University of Chicago Citizens Board, the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Of some of these enterprises, *viz.,* the Racquet and Tennis Club and the Chicago Club, virtually nothing is known to the public. Luce is likewise associated with McCormick in the Racquet and Tennis Club, and Luce, Hutchins, and Benton are *all* associated with McCormick in the Chicago Club.

[33] By Sears, Roebuck & Co., chairman of the Board of Directors of which is General Robert E. Wood, another associate of Colonel McCormick in the Chicago Club amalgam.

[34] The Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., like the Tribune Co., Inc., a commercial corporation, is in charge not of a Board of Trustees, but of a Board of Directors. Luce is associated, on this Board of Directors, with Paul G. Hoffman, who is associated with Colonel McCormick in the Chicago Club picture and who is also President of the Studebaker Corp. and Director of the European Relief Administration; and with John Stuart, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Quaker Oats Co. and, like Hoffman, an associate of Colonel McCormick in the venture known as the Republican party (*Who's Who in America,* Chicago, 1948).

[35] *Time,* edited by Henry R. Luce, said of the Commission's report: ". . . disappointing"; *Fortune,* also edited by Mr. Luce, that "the obscurities of this report are literally inexcusable."

[36] Luce states that he "had no connection, direct or indirect, with Mr. Benton's appointment to the State Department." Benton states that "Mr. Luce never had the remotest idea that I was even being considered."

as a Communist agent in the state department charged with influencing foreign policy was head of the state department's office of special political affairs.[37]

Hiss told THE TRIBUNE that Benton was the man who suggested the name of Zechariah Chafee Jr., Harvard law professor, as American delegate to the United Nations subcommission on freedom of information and of the press.[38]

This U. N. subcommission drafted a code to establish what newspapers in this country and thruout [*sic*] the world may and may not publish.[39] It could supercede [*sic*] the first amendment to the Constitution if adopted as a treaty by the senate.[40] Hiss,[41] who left the state department to become president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, another foundation, has denied he is a Communist.[42]

Chafee was the vice chairman of the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press, and a book of which he was co-author was subsidized by the Commonwealth fund,[43] still another foundation.

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[37] Benton is here associated with Hiss, "who has been named as a Communist agent," by virtue of their both having been in the State Department. There is no evidence here that they were in any other way associated, or that they knew each other or had ever corresponded or communicated with each other.

[38] Chafee states: "I do not know whether this is true or not. . . . I know that I was formally proposed by Mrs. Roosevelt, the United States member of the Commission and its Chairman, and that I was approved by the United States government. . . . It is significant that here all the blame is thrown on Benton, whereas in its issue of September 4, 1948, the *Tribune* throws all the blame on Alger Hiss." The *Tribune* of September 4, 1948, stated in a news report: "Hiss put over the appointment of Professor Zechariah Chafee of the Harvard law school as this country's representative on the U.N.'s subcommission of freedom of information and the press." Hiss states: "I said [to the Chicago *Tribune* reporter who interrogated him] that I believed Mr. Benton had been the initiator within the Department of State of Mr. Chafee's nomination. I added, however, that the Department's records would undoubtedly contain the whole story and that I was not familiar with the details of how Mr. Chafee's name had first come up." Benton states: "Chafee was recommended to me as the country's, if not the world's, leading authority on press freedom. At this point I had never met him. I recommended him solely on his reputation."

[39] The Articles formulated, at the request of the UN Human Rights Commission, by the Sub-Commission of which Chafee was a member, *limit the restriction of freedom of expression* to treason, incitement to violence, obscenity, libel, fraud, etc. A signatory nation *may, if it chooses,* limit freedom of expression to this extent *and only to this extent.* It *may, if it chooses,* permit unlimited freedom of expression, including treason, etc., but it *must not* confine expression *beyond* these limitations, within which, of course, they are now confined in the United States by existing laws. The Articles nowhere and in no manner establish "what newspapers in this country and throughout the world may and may not publish" beyond providing that a signatory nation *may, if it chooses,* permit newspapers to publish anything and everything. (*United States Conference on Freedom of Information, Geneva, Switzerland, March 23–April 21, 1948, Report of the United States Delegates with Related Documents, Annex B; Draft Declaration and Draft Covenant on Human Rights,* pp. 24-25 [Department of State, Washington, 1948].)

[40] The Draft Covenant on Human Rights, containing the Articles formulated by the Sub-Commission of which Chafee was a member, could not supersede the First Amendment to the Constitution if adopted as a treaty by the Senate. The Articles do not compel a signatory nation to limit freedom of expression in any way whatever.

[41] Hiss was in no way associated with the UN Sub-Commission on Freedom of Information and of the Press, not even to the extent that he was associated with Benton, *viz.,* by virtue of their both having been in the State Department. There is no evidence here that Hiss and Chafee were in any way associated, or that they knew each other, or had ever corresponded or communicated with each other. It is true, however, that "Hiss left the State Department to become President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, another foundation," and "has denied he is a Communist." Paul G. Hoffman, a director of Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., is an associate, in the machinations of the Chicago Club, of Col. McCormick (*v.* ftn. 34). This associate of Col. McCormick is publisher of a biographical sketch of Lenin by Leon Trotsky (*v. Encyclopaedia Britannica,* V. 13, pp. 911-914, Chicago, 1947), both of them card-holding members of the Communist party. Joseph Stalin, another card-holding Communist, denies that Trotsky, the author of a biographical sketch published by Col. McCormick's associate, was a Communist.

[42] Hiss filed a libel action, forty-eight days before the *Tribune* article appeared, against the man who called him a Communist. Hiss is, at the time this footnote is written, under federal indictment for perjury in connection with the alleged transmission of secret papers in possession of the U. S. government to the government of the USSR, a presumably non-hostile power at the time of the alleged theft and subsequently a war ally of the United States. On Dec. 4, 1941, the Chicago *Tribune,* through a news report headed F.D.R.'S WAR PLANS!, made accessible to the governments of Germany, Italy, and Japan, presumably hostile powers at the time of the transmission and subsequently war enemies of the United States, what Secretary of War Stimson called "the most highly secret paper in the possession of the government." (*New York Times,* Mar. 23, 1946).

[43] The Commonwealth Fund was established October 17, 1918, by Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness "to do something for the welfare of mankind." Its grants are almost entirely to rural hospitals, medical schools, and scientific institutions. The publication subsidized by the Commonwealth Fund of which Chafee was co-author was *The Law of Evidence; Some Proposals for Its Reform* (1927). The president of the Com-

Chafee has been one of the most vigorous definers[44] of the "soviet view" on freedom of the press.[45] In Russia, he has said, the soviets "feel that our (American) press is not free because owners and publishers can interfere with presentation of views unacceptable to them."[46]

John Sloan Dickey, now president of Dartmouth college, was one of the propaganda workers[47] in the state department office of public information under Benton.[48] Dickey, who never held a teaching job before becoming president of Dartmouth,[49] now is on the board of trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation and the Woodrow Wilson Foundation.[50]

Dickey has established a propaganda course[51] at Dartmouth, called Great Issues, which he financed by obtaining a $75,000 grant from the Carnegie corporation. This course teaches students to judge the truth of newspapers by comparing them to a couple of America-last internationalist dailies in New York.[52]

The inspiration for Dickey's Great Issues course was Archibald MacLeish,[53] who once

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monwealth Fund, Judge Thomas Day Thacher, appointed Judge of the U. S. District Court by President Calvin Coolidge and Solicitor General of the U. S. by President Herbert Hoover; and the Vice President of the Fund, Malcolm Pratt Aldrich, Director of the New York Central Railroad, were both associates of Colonel McCormick in the abortive scheme of the Republican party to take over the government of the United States last November 2d. (*Who's Who in America,* Chicago, 1948).

[44] "Definer" is "one who defines," and "to define" is "to determine the essential qualities of" (Webster). "Definer" is not a commonly used word, nor is "vigorous definer" a commonly used expression. "Defender" and "vigorous defender," on the other hand, are. Chafee denies the vigor here ascribed to him, stating: "I have nowhere undertaken to give an extensive description of the Soviet view."

[45] "It is a mystery to me," says Chafee, "why it is wrong for us to try to understand the Soviet position on an important matter. Certainly we ought to know what we are going to answer before we set about answering it. I have no hesitation in admitting that I have tried to do that, although I have not spread my views in print. Of course, the *Tribune* knows that I have publicly opposed the Soviet views of the freedom of the press. One of my speeches at the Sub-Commission to that effect is reported on the front page of the *New York Times* for January 23, 1948."

[46] It is not easy to determine whether a newspaper owner and publisher interferes with presentation of views unacceptable to him, though the Chicago *Tribune,* which published many articles, editorials, and adverse speeches of its owner and publisher on the subject of the Commission on Freedom of the Press, did not publish, in full or in summary, the Commission's report.

[47] According to former Assistant Secretary of State Archibald MacLeish, Dickey's last superior officer in the Department, Dickey "was not a 'propaganda worker.'" (Dickey declined to comment on this *Tribune* statement.) Dickey (LL. B., Harvard, '32) was legal adviser to Secretary of State Cordell Hull, with the title of Special Assistant to the Secretary of State, 1940; Special Assistant to the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, 1940-44; and Director, Office of Public Affairs, Department of State, 1944-45.

[48] Dickey resigned from the State Department August 24, 1945, to accept the presidency of Dartmouth College. Benton entered the service of the State Department as Assistant Secretary of State November 17, 1945.

[49] Dickey taught at the School of Advanced International Studies, with the title of Lecturer in American Foreign Policies, 1944-45 (*Who's Who in America,* 1946-47). The School of Advanced International Studies is maintained by forty-nine American industrial and business corporations through the Foreign Service Educational Foundation. It is true, however, that many distinguished men have become presidents of institutions without previously having held a job in that kind of institution. *Cf.* General U. S. Grant (President of the United States, 1869-77), also Colonel R. R. McCormick (President of the Tribune Co., 1911-).

[50] Dickey is not a member of the Board of Trustees of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. There is no Board of Trustees of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. There is a Board of Directors, but Dickey is not a member of it. Dickey resigned from the Woodrow Wilson Foundation in May 1948.

[51] The purpose of the Great Issues Course is, according to Dartmouth College, "to pull together the diffused interests of the seniors and put them through a common intellectual experience on the threshold of adult life, aimed at developing a sense of common public purpose, a heightened individual public-mindedness, and a sharper ability to relate learning to the contemporary world." The purpose, thus stated, would not appear to fit any of the six definitions of "propaganda" given by that vigorous definer, Webster; neither would the participation, as lecturers in the course, of such divergent thinkers as Alexander Meiklejohn; Rep. Christian A. Herter (R., Mass.); Lewis Mumford; President James B. Conant of Harvard University; Guy C. Suits, Director of Research, General Electric Co.; Edward U. Condon, Director, National Bureau of Standards; President Chester I. Barnard, New Jersey Bell Telephone Co.; Secretary of State Dean Acheson; and Rep. Richard M. Nixon (R., Calif.). Newspapers are sometimes said to be vehicles of propaganda, and, since newspapers are used in the course (*v.* ftn. 52), it may be that the course is a "propaganda course" in that sense.

[52] New York newspapers used in the Great Issues Course are the *New York Times,* the New York *Herald Tribune,* and the Communist *Daily Worker.* Which two of the three are referred to here is not indicated.

The Dartmouth College *Bulletin* (Oct. 16, 1948) reported an exhibit, in connection with the Great Issues Course, of the *Times,* the *Daily Worker,* and the Chicago *Tribune,* "designed to show various forms of distortion in newspapers, particularly the Chicago *Tribune* and the *Daily Worker.*"

[53] This is denied both by Dartmouth and by MacLeish.

taught at Harvard and who preceded Benton as assistant secretary of state. MacLeish, who formerly was head of the Library of Congress, also was a member of the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press.

Since the beginning of the New Deal administrations, the Rockefeller Foundation has given the Library of Congress more than $300,000.[54] In 1942 alone, this foundation gave the library, headed by MacLeish, approximately $90,000.

In the same year, the Rockefeller Foundation completed a three year grant of $81,800 to the library "toward a study of communication trends in war time, under the direction of Dr. Harold D. Lasswell."

Lasswell, a former University of Chicago professor under Hutchins,[55] now is at Yale. He, also, was a member of the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press. In addition, Lasswell served as consultant for the department of justice, the federal communications commission, the office of war information, and for Benton in the state department.[56]

Using "content analysis," a pseudo-science[57] which he invented,[58] Lasswell attempted to prove that criticism of the New Deal administration, of England, or of Russia by American newspapers constituted Nazi propaganda,[59] which, presumably, ought to be silenced.[60]

ASSISTING Lasswell in this study were three men on the federal communications commission pay roll.[61] One of them, Frederick L. Schuman,[62] taught on the Midway when Lasswell was there.[63] Schuman has been affiliated with organizations labeled as Communist fronts by congressional committees for many years,[64] and most recently served on the platform committee of Henry Wallace's Progressive party.[65]

The other two who helped Lasswell,[66] Goodwin B. Watson and William E. Dodd Jr., were fired by an act of congress because of subversive activities.[67]

The contributions of the wealthy foundations to this type of propaganda technique[68]

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[54] This is an understatement by $229,270. Between March 4, 1933 (the beginning of the national administration sometimes referred to as "the New Deal") and November 14, 1948 (the date this article was published), the Library of Congress received grants from the Rockefeller Foundation of $529,270.

[55] And under Hutchins' three predecessors.

[56] And for Benton in another connection (*v.* ftn. 94).

[57] Content analysis is not a pseudo-science, according to the Supreme Court. Lasswell, as an expert witness for the prosecution in *U. S.* vs. *William Dudley Pelley* (U. S. District Court, Southern District of Indiana, Indianapolis Division, Summer Term 1942), presented testimony based on content analysis of defendant's writings. On appeal by defendant, convicted of sedition, the admissibility of content analysis was expressly attacked. Conviction affirmed by U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, 7th Circuit, 1942 (132 F. [2d] 170). The admissibility of content analysis was expressly attacked on request for rehearing and writ of certiorari denied (318 U. S. 764, 63 Sup. Ct. 665, 666, 1943; 318 U. S. 801, 63 Sup. Ct. 829, 1943).

[58] This is denied by Lasswell.

[59] Lasswell attempted to prove, in, for example, *U. S.* vs. *William Dudley Pelley*, that there was a parallelism of utterance between Pelley's own writings in the *Galilean* and the fourteen major themes of German-source propaganda output summarized by the Federal Communications Commission's short-wave radio monitoring service while the United States and Germany were at war. The United States, attempting to prove that this parallel constituted seditious utterances by Pelley, called Lasswell to testify as an expert witness. One of the German-source themes, of which Lasswell testified he found 112 parallels and no contradictions, in the *Galilean*, was: "The U. S. and the world are menaced by the Jews." This theme does not constitute, *prima facie*, what the Chicago *Tribune* here calls "criticism of the New Deal administration, of England, or of Russia."

[60] The presumption is the Chicago *Tribune's*. Lasswell is a political scientist, presenting the results of content analysis as scientific investigation. Like newspaper reporting, science neither declares nor presumes that anything ought or ought not to be done.

[61] The three men named did not assist Lasswell, nor were they associated with Lasswell.

[62] Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government at Williams College since 1938.

[63] This is a true statement. Between 2,000 and 3,000 persons taught "on the Midway" (the University of Chicago) during the twenty years (1918-38) Lasswell was there. Schuman and Lasswell have never been associated on any project of any kind or in any work of any kind, including content analysis.

[64] This statement is misleading, by the standards of "thoroughness" and "completeness" established by the American Society of Newspaper Editors, because it does not state that the Congress of the United States, in full possession of the knowledge of Schuman's affiliations referred to here, found him fit for employment by the United States government.

[65] This is a true statement.

[66] See footnote 61.

[67] Congress tried to fire Watson and Dodd, who were not associated with Lasswell, but the United States Supreme Court found (328 U. S. 303) this act of Congress unconstitutional and therefore null and void.

[68] If by "propaganda technique," content analysis is meant, as would appear to be the case by virtue of the reference to Lasswell in the same sentence, then this statement is incorrect (*v.* ftns. 57, 59, 60). Content analysis is, however, a technique for discovering propaganda.

were not confined to MacLeish and Lasswell.[69] In 1941, the Rockefeller Foundation gave $15,960 for a "study of totalitarian communication in war time" to the New School of Social Research in New York City. The next year, the foundation made an additional grant of $19,740 to this institution "so that it may go on with its study of totalitarian communication in war time."

Prof. Lasswell is a perennial lecturer at the New School for Social Research.[70] This is the institution which in 1940 procured a $20,160 Rockefeller grant to finance Hanns Eisler, now deported as a Communist,[71] in "experimental demonstrations of music in film production."[72]

The war time director of the foreign broadcast intelligence service[73] of the federal communications commission was Robert D. Leigh, who was also director of the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press.

Leigh also is director of the public library inquiry section of the Social Science Research council,[74] which is a chief spending agency for 10 big foundations.[75]

During the first decade of its life, the Social Science Research council received more than $4,000,000[76] from the Carnegie corporation, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the Commonwealth fund,

[69] As Librarian of Congress, MacLeish was not engaged in "propaganda technique" activity and was not associated with Lasswell, who directed a study of communication trends in wartime on a Rockefeller Foundation grant to the Library, through whose Accounts and Disbursing Offices the grant was disbursed.

[70] Lasswell, who has not lectured at the New School for Social Research since 1943, never held the Perennial Lectureship in that institution. He was, however, eligible for the coveted Sporadic Lectureship.

[71] Hanns Eisler was not deported, and he was not deported as a Communist. Eisler, winner of the Composer's Award of the City of Vienna in 1924, is, according to President Emeritus Alvin Johnson of the New School for Social Research, "the first pioneer in the world of music composed particularly for the cinema. . . . Since the Constitution of the New School excludes the employment of teachers who are members of Communist or Fascist organizations, we inquired into Hanns Eisler's political status. He admitted frankly that he had been a member of the Communist party in Germany in 1926. Not being political-minded, he let his membership lapse and never restored it. . . . [He] was brought before a congressional committee, and admitted that he had once held a Communist card, something he had never denied. Held for deportation, he was granted the right to depart voluntarily, the government having no adequate case against him." The results of Hanns Eisler's study of music in film production were published under the title *Composing for the Film,* New York; Oxford, 1942.

[72] This statement identifies the Rockefeller Foundation and the New School for Social Research with the acts of Hanns Eisler performed (1) outside his relationship with these institutions and (2) prior to the establishment of the relationship. The question of "command responsibility" is involved here, that is, the responsibility of the benefactor, principal, superior, or employer for any and all acts of his beneficiary, agent, subordinate, or employee. This question is raised at several other points in this article, *e.g.,* Luce's responsibility for Hutchins, Hutchins' for the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions, Benton's for Dickey, Dickey's for the conduct of the Great Issues Course, the Rockefeller Foundation's for the Library of Congress, the Library's for MacLeish, MacLeish's for Lasswell, and Lasswell's for Schuman, Watson, and Dodd. Under this doctrine of "command responsibility," Colonel McCormick may be held responsible for any and all acts of his one-time employees or subordinates, Mayor Edward J. ("Sanitary Ed") Kelly of Chicago, Alfred ("Jake") Lingle, and Donald Day (*v.* ftn. 73). Kelly, subordinate and protégé of McCormick when the latter was president of the Chicago Sanitary District (1905-10), failed to report personal income of $450,000 in 1926-28 and had to settle with the U. S. government not only for $70,000 in taxes but also for $35,000 in penalties. Lingle, *Tribune* police reporter, was discovered, after his murder June 9, 1930, to have been a gangster.

[73] One of the functions of the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service was the recording of enemy broadcasts during World War II. One of the enemy broadcasts it recorded (January 8, 1945) began: "Hello, Americans! This is Donald Day, correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune* for twenty years in northern Europe, reporting to you from Berlin." Day had been with the *Tribune* until 1942.

[74] There is no public library inquiry section of the Social Science Research Council, but there is in progress a Public Library Inquiry undertaken by the S.S.R.C. in behalf of the American Library Association, which obtained a grant of $200,000 from the Carnegie Corporation. Leigh is director of the inquiry.

[75] The Social Science Research Council is not a chief spending agency of any big foundation. For example, as of the date the *Tribune* article appeared, the S.S.R.C. had received appropriations totaling $6,361,500 from the Rockefeller Foundation, which had made total appropriations, as of the prior date of December 31, 1947, of $413,907,068; and the S.S.R.C. had received appropriations totaling $1,023,500 from the Carnegie Corporation, which had made total appropriations, as of the prior date of September 30, 1947, of $203,296,078. The Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation are the two biggest of the thirteen (not ten, and not nine as listed in the paragraph following) big foundations for which the S.S.R.C. is a spending agency, but not a chief spending agency.

[76] This is a drop out of the bucket of some of the foundations listed. For example, during the first decade of its life (1923-32), the S.S.R.C. received $1,587,960 from the Rockefeller Foundation (whose total grants during that decade were $133,355,712) and $75,000 from the Carnegie Corporation (whose total grants during that decade were $48,071,494).

the Falk Foundation,[77] the General Education board (Rockefeller), the Spelman fund (Rockefeller), the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rosenwald fund, and the Russell Sage Foundation.[78]

J. Frederic Dewhurst[79] of the Twentieth Century fund (Filene)[80]—still another foundation—is a member of Leigh's public library inquiry committee.

Undoubtedly the biggest wheel in the foundation "mass communications" structure[81] is Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the board of R. H. Macy & Co., New York, former chairman of the New York Federal Reserve board, and a member of the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press.

Ruml once was a University of Chicago professor. He now is on the board of Encyclopedia Britannica Films, headed by Benton and Hutchins.[82] He was secretary of the Carnegie corporation.[83] He directed Spelman (Rockefeller) fund's giving of millions[84] to the so-called "social sciences."[85]

He was a trustee of the Rosenwald fund, is a member of the Social Science Research council,[86] a director of Muzak corporation, another of Benton's organizations,[87] and a director of the National Bureau of Economic Research, endowed by the Rockefeller Foundation.[88]

John Grierson, the Canadian adviser to the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press,[89] once was the recipient of a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship at the University of Chicago which Leigh, director of the

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[77] The Maurice and Laura Falk Foundation was established in 1929 by Maurice Falk, Pittsburgh industrialist, "for the improvement and betterment of mankind." Chairman of its Board of Managers is Leon Falk, Jr., Chairman of the Board of Directors of Falk & Co., and the Vice Chairmen are Frank B. Bell, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Edgewater Steel Co., and E. T. Weir, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the National Steel Corp.

[78] The Russell Sage Foundation was established in 1907 by Mrs. Russell Sage "to improve the social and living conditions in the United States." Seven of the ten members of its Board of Trustees are bankers, corporation lawyers, and/or corporation directors.

[79] Corporation director and economist; chief of the Statistical Division of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, 1923-28; Chief of the Division of Economic Research, U. S. Department of Commerce, under President Herbert Hoover, 1930-32; economist of the American Iron and Steel Institute, 1933; economic and technical adviser to numerous public agencies (*e.g.*, U. S. Bureau of the Census) and private organizations (*e.g.*, National Industrial Conference Board).

[80] The Twentieth Century Fund was established as the Co-operative League in 1919 by Edward A. Filene for the purpose of "promoting the improvement of economic, industrial, civic, and educational conditions." Chairman of the Executive Committee of its Board of Trustees is Henry S. Dennison, President, Dennison Manufacturing Co. Other board members: Paul G. Hoffman; Morris E. Leeds, Chairman of the Board of Directors, Leeds and Northrup Co.; H. Chr. Sonne, President, Amsinck, Sonne & Co.; Charles P. Taft, Ex-President (1947-48), the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

[81] There is no foundation "mass communications" structure (*v.* ftn. 1).

[82] This is a misstatement. Benton heads Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., as Chairman of its Board of Directors. H. E. Houghton heads it as Chairman of the Executive Committee of its Board of Directors. C. Scott Fletcher heads it as President. Hutchins is one of sixteen members of its Board of Directors.

[83] Ruml was never secretary of the Carnegie Corporation. He was assistant to its president (1921-22).

[84] Ruml did not direct the Spelman Fund's giving of millions to the social sciences, and the Spelman Fund did not give millions to the social sciences. And if "so-called social sciences" refers to the Social Science Research Council, the Spelman Fund's gifts were $67,500.

[85] The so-called "social sciences," like the so-called "Chicago *Tribune*," are so called because that is their name.

Eleven years ago—January 3, 1938—R. M. Lee, Managing Editor of the *Tribune*, made a written apology for the *Tribune's* insertion of the word "so-called" into Associated Press dispatches referring to the National Labor Relations Board, and ascribed the insertion to a copy-reader who "did so for no reason that he could explain except that it seemed a clarifying phrase. Obviously, instructions have gone out to avoid a repetition of any such error" (*v.* Gunther, *Inside U.S.A.*, p. 365, New York, 1947).

[86] Ruml is not a member of the Social Science Research Council, nor is he in any way associated with it.

[87] Like R. H. Macy & Co. and the Chicago *Tribune*, a commercial, not a philanthropic, educational, or scientific institution.

[88] The National Bureau of Economic Research is not endowed, and it is not endowed by the Rockefeller Foundation. Its expenses are met by periodic contributions from philanthropic, business, and labor organizations, and from individuals. (The Rockefeller Foundation contributed less than half of the bureau's expenses for 1947, the last year for which an audit of the bureau is available.) Twelve universities share in its direction through officially appointed directors. Directors-at-large include Shepard Morgan, Vice President, Chase National Bank of New York; George B. Roberts, Vice President, National City Bank of New York; and Harry Scherman, President, Book-of-the-Month Club.

[89] The French adviser of the Commission was Jacques Maritain, subsequently Ambassador of France to the Holy See. The Chinese adviser was Hu Shih, Former Ambassador of China to the United States, now listed as a "war criminal" by the Chinese Communist headquarters (Chicago *Tribune*, Feb. 11, 1949).

commission, said Ruml was instrumental in obtaining.[90]

Grierson was refused an immigration visa to re-enter the United States shortly after he was questioned by a Canadian commission investigating the soviet spy ring in the dominion.[91]

Grierson later was given a job with the United Nations educational, scientific, and cultural organization, which was headed by Archibald MacLeish[92] before Julian Huxley, former London zoo-keeper,[93] took it over. William Benton was chairman of the American delegation to UNESCO.[94]

Beardsley Ruml and George Shuster, president of Hunter college and also a member of the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press,[95] were among American national commission members for UNESCO.

Another commissioner of the Hutchins-Luce group was Reinhold Niebuhr, professor at Union Theological seminary, who has preached socialism and denounced capitalism for many years.[96]

Niebuhr was the beneficiary of a Rockefeller Foundation financed exchange of professors in 1943 which sent him to England and brought to the United States William Beveridge,[97] author of England's socialist[98] "cradle to the grave" security plan.

[90] Leigh states that he told the *Tribune* reporter who questioned him that Ruml, in his capacity of Dean of the Division of Social Sciences of the University of Chicago (1931-33), might have been instrumental in Grierson's appointment to a Rockefeller fellowship there, and suggested that the reporter ask Ruml. Grierson was appointed to his Rockefeller fellowship on the nomination of the Scottish and Northern English Universities in 1924, when Ruml was not connected with either the Rockefeller Foundation or the University of Chicago.

[91] This statement does not meet the standards of "thoroughness" and "completeness" established by the American Society of Newspaper Editors. Grierson, Film Commissioner of the National Film Board of Canada and General Manager of the Wartime Information Board of Canada, testified before a Canadian Royal Commission investigating espionage in World War II. His testimony had to do exclusively with the appearance of his name, in the papers of suspects, as superior of a civil service secretary who was suspect. Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, the then Minister of Justice and Attorney General of Canada, stated, November 14, 1946, in a letter to the editor of the Montreal *Star*: "I am at a loss to understand the report which you state is now current in certain newspaper circles in the United States to the effect that Mr. Grierson was a leader of the spy ring now before our courts. . . . I sincerely deplore the loose and ill-founded conclusions pointing to Mr. Grierson as 'head of the spy ring' or as consciously connected with it in any way." The U. S. State Department subsequently refused Grierson a quota visa without saying why, without giving Grierson a public hearing, and without, according to the Canadian government, making any inquiry of that government concerning Grierson.

[92] MacLeish was never head of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization.

[93] If Julian Huxley, Secretary of the London Zoological Society (1935–42), is a former London zoo-keeper, then Colonel R. R. McCormick, President of the Chicago Sanitary District (1905–10), is a former Chicago sewage disposer. (Colonel McCormick, in an address before the Executives' Club of Chicago, March 3, 1944, stated: "It was the Communists who taught the New Deal the tactics of smear and vilification, and the vilest of the vilifiers are Communists" [Tebbel, *op cit.*, p. 247]). Huxley, the first head of UNESCO (Director-General, 1946-48), was Professor of Zoology, King's College, London, 1925-27; Honorary Lecturer, King's College, London, 1927-35; Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution, London, 1926–29; also General Supervisor of Biological Films, Gaumont-British Instructional, Ltd., 1933-36, and of Zoological Film Productions, 1937. As Secretary of the Zoological Society, he was director of the London Zoo. He is the Editor for Biology, Fourteenth Edition, *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* and the author of *Essays of a Biologist, The Individual in the Animal Kingdom, Evolution, The Modern Synthesis,* and other works. Winner of many medals, prizes, and awards for eminence in theoretical and experimental biology, he is President of the Institute of Animal Behavior, Chairman of the Association for the Study of Systematics, and Vice-President of the Eugenics Society of Great Britain.

[94] Benton is Vice Chairman of the Board of Trustees and one of the organizers of another organization, unmentioned in this article, the Committee for Economic Development. (Lasswell is a member of its Research Advisory Board.) The Trustees of the C.E.D., associated with Benton, who is associated with Luce, Hutchins, Negro poets, professors, propaganda analysts, content analysts, and persons fired unsuccessfully by Congress, are the presidents and chairmen of the boards of directors of eighty-five of the biggest commercial corporations in America.

[95] Shuster is a liar, a traitor to Yalta and Teheran, an enemy of the Soviet Union, a real enemy of the German people, and a Catholic reactionary who ought to be hanged, according to the Communist *Daily Worker* (March 3, 1945).

[96] Niebuhr, awarded the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causae,* by thirteen universities, including Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Oxford, attacks "the Marxist illusion" in many of his works, *e.g. The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness* (pp. 109-110), New York, 1944.

[97] Sir William Beveridge, editorial writer, London *Morning Post,* 1906-08; Director of Labor Exchanges of the British Board of Trade, 1908-16, under the Presidency of Winston Churchill; Assistant General Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions, 1915-16; Second Secretary, 1916-18, Permanent Secretary, 1919, to the Ministry of Food; Director, London School of Economics, 1919-37. Sir William is a member of no political party.

[98] The "Beveridge Plan" was attacked by Adolf Hitler and by Joseph Goebbels as "bolshevism" and by the Communist *Daily Worker* of London for "leaving quite untouched the private ownership of the big cap-

Also associated with the foundations and their great wealth is another member of the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press, Prof. Charles E. Merriam of the University of Chicago. He was a trustee of the Rockfeller Spelman fund, past president of the Social Science Research council, and one of the originators of the National Resources Planning board.

Prof. John M. Clark of Columbia university, seat of Carnegie endowment activities,[99] was a Hutchins-Luce press "commissioner," and also was associated with Merriam on the planning board.[100]

Still another Hutchins-Luce press commissioner was Prof. William E. Hocking of Harvard. Hocking is an associate of the Institute of Pacific Relations,[101] on the board of which were Henry Luce and Henry A. Wallace.[102]

The institute is financed by the Rockefeller Foundation to the tune of $130,000 to $230,000 a year, and receives in the neighborhood of $30,000 a year from the Carnegie corporation.[103] Carnegie gave it $127,000 from 1923 to 1932.[104]

The 1948 California legislative committee on un-American activities listed the Institute of Pacific Relations as among "typical mass organizations that are victims of Communist domination."[105]

There were only three other man [*sic*] on the Hutchins-Luce Commission on Freedom of the Press, Prof. Robert Redfield[106] of the University of Chicago, Prof. Arthur Schlesinger[107] of Harvard, and Prof. John Dickin-

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italist monopolies, which are the causes of economic crisis, unemployment, and poverty."

[99] The only connection between the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and Columbia University is that of landlord and tenant. The endowment rents a house owned by the University.

[100] Clark states: "I was never a member of the Board, and do not even know whether Merriam was or was not on the board at the time I (1) made a study of timed public works for them, about 1934; or (2) criticized some of their staff studies around 1938-1940."

[101] William Ernest Hocking, Alford Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Harvard University, does not confine his relations to the Pacific, where he is an associate of the East Asiatic Society and the American Oriental Association, in addition to being a trustee of Lignan University, Canton, China. He also has Atlantic relations, as an associate of the British Institute of Philosophy, the New Hampshire Historical Society, and the American Society of Puritan Descendants.

[102] This is a true statement. Luce and Wallace *were* associated with Hocking, just as Colonel McCormick *was* associated with Kelly, Lingle, and Day (*v.* ftn. 72). Other members of the Board of Trustees of the Institute for Pacific Relations are: President Raymond B. Allen of the University of Washington; Dwight L. Clarke, President of Occidental (*not* Oriental) Life Insurance Co. of California; Arthur H. Dean, Partner, Sullivan and Cromwell, New York; Charles K. Gamble, Director, Standard-Vacuum Oil Co., New York; W. R. Herod, President, International General Electric Co.; President Robert Gordon Sproul, University of California; Former Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles; Chancellor Ray Lyman Wilbur, Stanford University, Former Secretary of the Interior (under President Herbert Hoover); J. D. Zellerbach, President, Crown Zellerbach Corp. In a letter November 18, 1949, to a critic of the Institute, Clayton Lane, Executive Secretary of the Institute, states: "If you now have actual evidence or a persistent belief that this Institute or any of its present officers or staff is connected with the Communist party, or is engaged in any activity prejudicial to the American national interest, will you please inform me in the fullest possible terms. I am determined, as are my Trustees and colleagues, that there shall be no reasonable basis for such charges as you have made. . . . Disclosure [of Communist activities] and protest [against them] is not enough. We Americans must somehow find the positive answers to Communism. If we do not find them and apply them effectively in Asia, the Russians may eventually have most of it securely on their side at great hazard to us. Food and guns have not provided the answer in China; perhaps much more of both would not have provided it."

[103] According to the Institute of Pacific Relations, Rockefeller Foundation grants to the Institute for the current year are $51,150; Carnegie Corporation grants, $20,000.

[104] This is incorrect, according to the Institute of Pacific Relations.

[105] " 'Collective responsibility' or institutional guilt, whereby every person listed on the membership rolls of an organization is an equal partner in crime, is a new principle of international justice, sponsored by the American members of the court. . . . All Americans ought to be profoundly disturbed because Mr. Justice Jackson's theory is contrary to every tradition of our law and to every principle of justice. The smear court at Nuremberg is precisely the kind of court which is outlawed in our Bill of Rights, and its law, insofar as it can be said to have any, comes far closer to the Nazi model than to ours" (Chicago *Tribune* editorial, November 28, 1945). Hocking, with whom Luce and Wallace were formerly associated in the Institute of Pacific Relations, is one of 2,000 associates of the Institute.

[106] Like Lingle and Day, Redfield is a former associate of Colonel McCormick on the *Tribune*, where Redfield was employed for one week in 1920. He was President of the American Anthropological Association (1944), and, in addition to having received grants and appointments from the Carnegie Institution and the Rockefeller Foundation, is the holder of a degree (*honoris causae*) from Fisk University.

[107] Schlesinger, Francis Lee Higginson Professor of History at Harvard University, has been President of the American Historical Association (1942) and winner of many prizes, medals, and awards for history, and is Massachusetts State Chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action, which bars Communists from membership.

son[108] of the University of Pennsylvania. All three are associated in the multimillion dollar Social Science Research council,[109] supported by 10 enormously wealthy foundations.[110]

These 12 professors,[111] headed by Chancellor Hutchins, repeated the accusation in their report that newspaper owners and workers possess "the unconscious arrogance of conscious wealth."[112]

[108] Dickinson was appointed General Solicitor of the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1937, and has been General Counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad since 1946. He was also Professor of Law at the University of Pennsylvania, but was not at the time this article was published.

[109] Dickinson's last activity in the Social Science Research Council was 1941; Redfield's in 1945; and Schlesinger's in 1945. All three belong to the Corporation of the Council, an honorary body composed of past directors of the S.S.R.C. Its members do not associate as such.

[110] The thirteen (not ten, and not nine as listed in the article *supra)* foundations which contribute to the support of the Social Science Research Council are not enormously wealthy, *e.g.*, the Maurice and Laura Falk Foundation (ftn. 77), which had assets on December 31, 1946, as of its last available biennial report, of $6,967,025.87. Many Americans who have not established foundations are wealthier, individually, than most of the thirteen foundations which contribute to the support of the S.S.R.C. One of them is Colonel R. R. McCormick, Editor and Publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* and President of the Tribune Co., which owns the two biggest newspaper publishing properties in the United States, the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News*.

[111] MacLeish has not been a professor since 1922, Hutchins since 1929, Ruml since 1933, Shuster since 1935, Hocking since 1943, Merriam since 1944, and Dickinson since June 1948.

[112] This is a misrepresentation of a misquotation from William Allen White (1868-1944), editor of the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette* (1895-1944). (The Commission on Freedom of the Press, *op. cit.*, p. 60.).

"The Chicago *Tribune* lives and grows because it is first of all a *news*paper. It spares no expense, no effort, to gather the news of every significant development and trend at home and abroad. And it prints it, completely and without compromise, in the public interest." (*The First Hundred Years,* Chicago 1947: The Tribune Co.).

The Seal

KATE BRACKETT

Suddenly naked in our gaudy rags
We faced the moonstone sea;
Suddenly reft of even each other's comfort
By austerity.

No cheerful sign, no toy, no bright umbrella
Was like ourselves impertinent and strange.
Here even along its shallow edge, the ocean
Had no small change.

Two bifurcated waifs, two verticals
In endless planes that ran to meet and merge,
We minced on hot, we pranced on wet sea-sand
Down to the verge.

The seal was there before us; closer in
He swam to look us over—round sleek head
Less like a man than like a dark sea-god
Borne on the shine and swing of his great bed.

After a cool interminable stare
He whooshed his whiskers once
And left us there.

Why Medicine is Not a Science

Ian Stevenson, M.D.

Most of us are probably under the impression that the medical profession has arrived at a zenith of scientific achievement, from which it will go on from triumph to triumph. But medicine suffers today from a defect which, unless remedied, may halt its future progress.

The defect is that medicine is not now a science, in the sense in which mathematics, chemistry, and physics are sciences. What makes a science is not the collection of facts, but the organization and generalization of those facts and the formulation and understanding of the general laws which govern them. As President Conant of Harvard has pointed out, the great advances in science have come, not from the collection of new data, but from the development of new concepts. Chemistry, for example, gained more impetus from Dalton's atomic theory than Priestley's discovery of oxygen. The discovery of the periodic table by Mendelyeev enabled him not only to organize the available knowledge of the elements, but to predict the behavior and even the existence of others; it freed him from servitude to a host of isolated and apparently unrelated facts. Medicine will not achieve the stature of a science until the basic laws of health and disease have been disclosed. But the search for these laws has hardly begun. No discipline can claim a greater array of equipment by which its research is carried on, yet none is inferior to medicine in organizing its knowledge into coherent principles.

That there do exist underlying principles of medicine, if only we could discover and formulate them, has been a haunting thought with great physicians for centuries. Among the Greeks it was particularly common, and the greatest of Greek physicians, Hippocrates, wrote that "in order to cure the human body it is necessary to have a knowledge of the whole of things." Jerome Cardan, the leading Italian physician of the sixteenth century, wrote that he had discovered "how from a comparison of cures of one member and another, some understanding of the causes of disease and methods of treatment may be deduced." And only twenty-five years ago one of the greatest of modern physicians, Sir James Mackenzie, returned to the same theme.

"For the intelligent practice of medicine," wrote Mackenzie, "and the understanding of disease, the simplification of medicine is necessary. . . . I hold that the phenomena which are at present so difficult of comprehension, on account of their number and diversity, are all produced in a few simple ways, and that with their recognition what is now so complex and difficult will become simplified and easy to understand. This means a recognition of principles and a knowledge of their application."

Dr. Stevenson received his M.D. at McGill University in Montreal. He now lives in New York and is a Commonwealth Fund fellow, doing research in the psychosomatic aspects of heart disease.

Yet what is the situation in medicine today? Each bodily system—if not each individual disease—is handled by specialists ignorant of other fields. The leading textbooks of our time are mere catalogues of disease states; they rarely offer a generalizing statement which might enable a student to apply the experience he has gained in one disease to the management of other diseases. Even such a standard modern textbook as Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine* is essentially an inventory of diseases neatly arranged and classified with the skill of a nurseryman's catalogue. More understanding of the general principles of medicine was shown in the works of Hippocrates written two thousand years ago. Teachers of medicine, almost without exception, are innocent of any hint that their subjects might be amenable to broad principles. At medical meetings and among medical editors the presentation of papers dealing with medical theory is frankly discouraged, and hypotheses are often rejected as "unscientific speculation."

If the principles of medicine are today unknown, or known to only a slight extent, this is a direct result of the fact that they are no longer sought. Medicine, in short, has succumbed to the twentieth-century habit of concentrating upon techniques rather than upon the quest for understanding; of thinking that when phenomena have been described they have been explained.

This defect tends to be self-perpetuating. for the amount of medical knowledge that has been accumulated is so vast as to be far beyond the capacity of any one man to grasp and use. Each year two large and closely-printed volumes of the *Quarterly Cumulative Index Medicus* display to the alarmed and ignorant physician the *titles alone* of medical books and articles published throughout the world. Only the exceptionally talented and indefatigable specialist can "keep abreast of the times" even in his own field, to say nothing of doing any reflective thinking about the facts he has consumed, or of obtaining knowledge of what is happening in other fields. The judgment of Sir Charles Singer, the English medical historian, is apt: "If from the facts no laws emerge, the facts themselves become an obstacle, not an aid, to scientific advance."

Most of this vast and unmanageable array of facts has been produced, not through the development of medicine itself, but through the application to medicine of physics and chemistry. Furthermore, most of it has been produced by means of laboratory experiments, many of them upon animals. These experiments have helped physicians to glimpse the intermediate pathways of disease, but have thrown little light upon the true nature of disease. The pancreas of a dog is removed; the dog thereupon shows symptoms much like those of *diabetes mellitus;* and that fact leads to the isolation of the pancreatic hormone, insulin, which can thereupon be used to control diabetes. Certainly a great discovery; yet few diabetics develop diabetes as a result of having their pancreas removed; and though we are now able to control the disease with considerable effectiveness, we cannot claim to be much closer to understanding the cause of it than we were fifty years ago.

Hundreds of other examples could be cited of laboratory experiments which have taught us much about the intermediate mechanisms of the morbid process, but almost nothing about its primary cause. For whenever man, by experimenting, interferes with nature, he removes himself from nature, whose own experiments are delicate and prolonged, revealing themselves only to the most patient observer. It is only by observing the experiments of nature that we shall learn the secrets of biological life—its success in health and its failure in disease and death. "Man who is the servant of nature," wrote Bacon, "can act and understand no further than he has observed, either in operation or contemplation, of the method and order of nature."

Not only have we fallen victim to the fallacies involved in artificial experimentation; we have also become so entranced with technical procedures that we have lost sight of the patient himself, the individual person who is subjected to so many of these laboratory tests. He becomes a "case" of a certain disease. We say that we have seen so many "cases" of pneumonia, forgetting that we have merely seen so many superficially similar, but profoundly different, febrile pulmonary reactions in as many different persons. We have come to consider disease not as "life in al-

tered form," but as a mysterious parasitic entity growing on man like mistletoe on an oak. It is fashionable to smile at the seventeenth-century physician who might record in his account book that he had "seen Peter's wife who lay abed of a fever." We are proud that we have broken down the term "fever" into a great number of entities and can distinguish readily between scarlet fever and typhoid fever. Yet we have well nigh lost sight of the most important item in the seventeenth-century physician's diagnosis, which was "Peter's wife." We have forgotten that the actual number of differential diagnoses is no less than the number of people upon this planet.

Thus we have neglected both the similarities among different disease states and the differences among patients with apparently similar diseases. This is because modern medicine, particularly in its research phases, is almost wholly in the hands of specialists, each treating or investigating one organ or system of organs, and necessarily neglecting the others. One may make great progress in studying the liver by restricting one's attention to that organ alone. But in the human body the liver is not alone; and it cannot be studied completely without knowing about the forces which act upon it from other parts of the body. A study of the liver alone eventually becomes no study of the liver at all. Nor is this the only trouble with such specialization. It overlooks also the fact that the person as a whole is something different from a collection of viscera; the wholeness gives some extra, if indefinable, quality to the individual organs. Today we pay for our knowledge of the parts in ignorance of the whole.

By this approach, specialism perpetuates itself in medicine. We have different doctors for asthma, diabetes, cancer, and brain tumors because the knowledge of the specialist in one of these diseases has no bearing on another. Had we a grasp of underlying principles in medicine a physician would feel equally at ease with any of these conditions. Yet the specialist studying one organ or one disease is unable to liberate himself by the detection of principles common to all organs and all diseases. Specialism is a necessary evil of modern medicine but is not a necessary accompaniment of the good medicine of the future.

How can we return to a study of the patient as a whole? In the first place, our knowledge of patients must be greatly extended in depth. The physician must know them and their environment hardly less thoroughly than he knows himself and his family. Attempts to do this are frequently discouraged as too time-consuming, but for the student of biological medicine they are essential.

Our study must also be prolonged. Physicians of a former generation were able to follow their patients for twenty or thirty years, and in rural areas this is still possible. But in the cities it is more unusual; and in the large urban clinics where medical research is mostly conducted today, patients are rarely followed by one physician for more than a few months or a year. A patient may come back later to the same hospital, but even then he will probably be seen by different specialists in different clinics, and his identity will be dissolved in a large "series" of similar cases.

There are three states of ill health. The first is a functional impairment or misuse which is often impossible to detect and may not be noticed by the patient or his physician; the second brings definite symptoms of illness; the third brings structural changes. At present, patients are rarely seen before the second stage has been reached; more often, not before the third stage. To try to learn about an ailment under such circumstances is something like trying to learn about chess by watching only the last moves of a game between two experts, unaware that the outcome is frequently decided in the first moves.

Only if individual physicians can study individual patients over a long period of time, and through all the gradations from health to death, observing carefully the similarities between different disease states and also the dissimilarities between different "cases" of the same disease, will we stand a chance of discovering the laws of medicine.

Two British experiments point the way. At the zenith of his career as a consulting cardiologist, Sir James Mackenzie gave up his London practice, went to the small univerity town of St. Andrews in Scotland, and founded an institute for clinical research. He deliberately chose a small town with a relatively stable population, for he wanted to make a long-term study of disease from its beginnings.

When Mackenzie died the project withered without his inspiration, but it had already proved the worth of his ideas.

The other British enterprise is the Peckham Experiment,* a large health center in London which provides facilities for many kinds of sport and recreation. The only stipulations of membership are that entire families join and that every member must submit to annual health examinations. The medical observers have plentiful chances to watch the members under everyday conditions.

The success of these and similar studies lies in the fact, common to all, that they have brought the observers to the people and have not awaited the arrival of the latter at large hospitals. Since the large medical centers are manifestly unsuited for such a study by outlook and location, opportunities for its development must be sought elsewhere. It may be that this research can be accomplished only by the one person who sees his patients in their natural habitat, the general practitioner. "People who have spent their lives observing nature," said Aristotle, "are best qualified to make hypotheses as to the principles that bring great numbers of facts together."

But if I point to the general practitioner as the key to our problem, I do not mean the general practitioner as we have usually known him. The public today tends to regard him as the admirable menial of the profession, the genial and beloved drudge who may be roused in the middle of the night to allay some trivial anxiety but is hardly to be trusted with a serious disease. And it is true that he seldom has a chance to be very useful in the study of disease. For even if he has the inclination for research—which in many cases he lacks—he has neither the time nor the money for it. And he is likely to be out of touch with the university centers of research and training. Some way must be found to combine the general practitioner's breadth of experience with the facilities and influence of the medical schools.

Why not a system of fellowships and subsidies to enable young physicians to establish themselves in small towns, with sufficient means to combine medical practice with a far more thorough study of their patients than is now possible? Groups of such doctors could in time take over the entire medical practice in certain communities. They should also have appointments on the staffs of neighboring medical schools, in order to keep these schools in touch with the general problems of ill health.

Such an experiment would take time. Meanwhile is it too much to hope that our medical schools and medical journals might awake to the need for actively encouraging inductive thought about medicine, and the search for hypotheses? Indeed there is need for a new medical journal dedicated not to the competitive publication of isolated chips of information, but to the broad understanding of disease.

Furthermore, the training required of physicians must be broadened and liberalized. In the past thirty years it has become more and more technical, though not necessarily more scientific. Studies which might humanize the students are jostled aside to make room for courses so restricted in content as to make him, frequently, a sort of scientific barbarian, unaware of the truth of Professor Clark Kennedy's dictum: "In medicine we are bound to deal with human life and experience as a whole, and half the art of medicine is to adopt a reasonable and practical attitude to the unknown."

In ancient Greece the doctor was primarily a philosopher and secondarily a physician. He was first a student of nature, and secondly a student of nature perverted by disease. Despite the great technical advances of our day, the future of medicine may well depend upon the training of physicians who will be once more humanists and biologists, as well as chemists and physicists.

* Described by Mary Palmer in *Harper's*, May 1947.

The Kiss, the Tree, and the Bullet

A Story by Lael Tucker

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

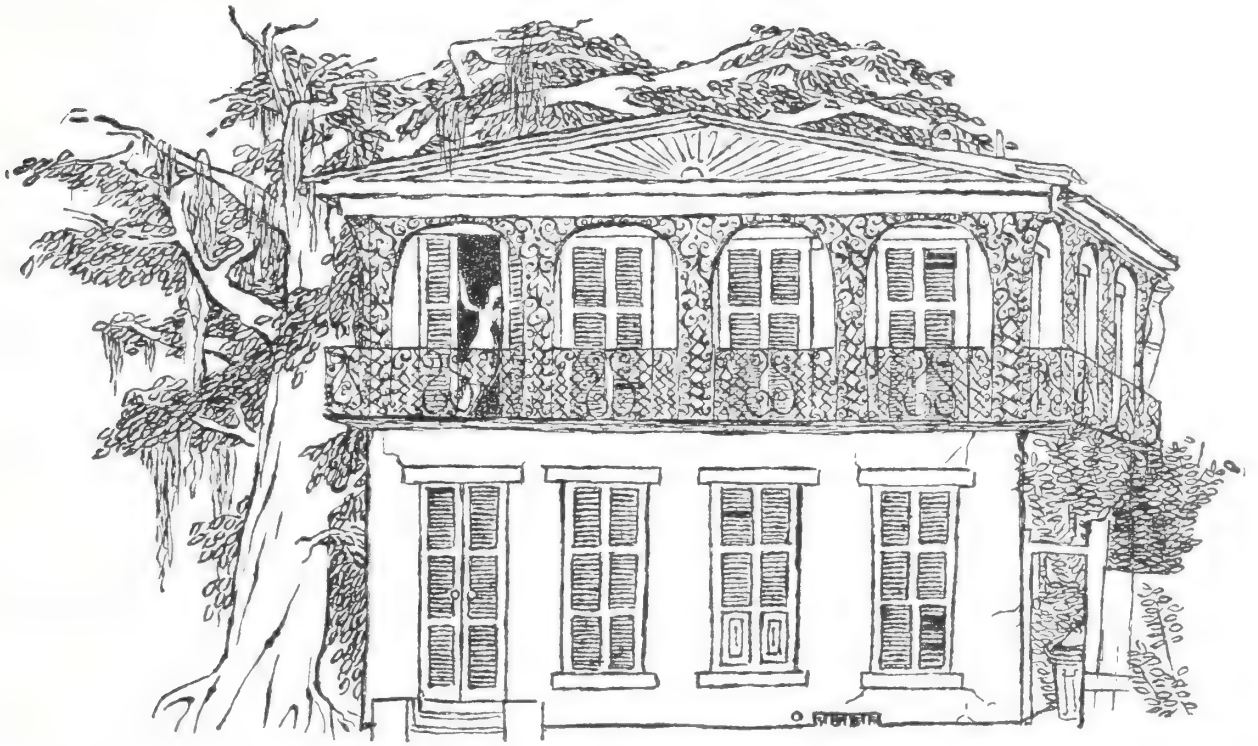
ANDALUSIA is a medium small, middle-aged town, south of Oglethorpe, which is a medium big and very old town, and north of Marianna, which is a medium big, new town. It lies between a slow-moving, thick, chocolate-colored river and a main-line railroad. It has a number of pre–Civil War families of both colors, several very pretty residential streets, an adequate shopping district, and several industries which reached their peak during World War I. Its one big, fantastically ugly hotel, the Andalusia House, was built in 1890 and is now avoided by anyone who can possibly stay at The Oaks, which is an expensive resort hotel for hunting-fishing-and-golfing five miles outside of town. In some ways, Andalusia is quite modern. Its women drink, smoke, and go naked at the midriff. In other ways, it is old fashioned. The leading families are a law unto themselves, or rather they control the law to suit themselves. The whole town knew, for example, that Lucy Nettleton had poisoned her poisonous old mother, but they also understood why, and nothing happened to Lucy. The daughters of the leading families, defined now roughly as those who appear daily in the Society Column of the Andalusia *Banner*, do not go to work. Also, they marry with, and not without, their parents consent.

ANGELA put her brush down and got up from her dressing table. She tacked aimlessly across the wide, bare-boarded floor of her room as if propelled by an inadequate breeze. When she reached the open window, she rested her palms on the sill and leaned out into the soft, sunshiny day. It was a beautiful day, all right. It was an entirely suitable day for a wedding.

In the back-yard, the water oak trembled with a green, a refurbished, springtime youth. A thousand gray beards nodded as if from sun-warmed rocking chairs on the great ancient branches of the live oak. Papa's poppy bed glowed in a dozen bright papery colors.

Pinkney said it was a good-luck sign when your wedding day was a fine, fancy day like today. Angela wondered. She tried to total the score on her friends, but the memories of their marriages blurred softly in her mind. At any rate, it had rained the day Carrie and the doctor were married, and they were certainly happy.

Pinkney bustled out of the kitchen door to the back porch, followed inevitably by the slam of the kitchen screen. From the porch steps he threw the water from the dish pan in a long arc so that it fell along a stretch of earth, bare of grass and smelling faintly



of the amount of dirty water it had already absorbed. He looked up and saw her.

"Miss *An*gela," he said in a scandalized baritone. "Anybody could see you, anybody comin' up the alley. Just *any*body."

The alley ran behind the wooden fence in back of their house. It was almost invisible under its many-layered archway of oak limbs, thick with age and dripping with moss. People said it was a shame that this ancient avenue of trees shaded such a muddy little alley lined with Negro shacks. Angela was sure that none of the Negroes were passing now, in the warm afternoon sunshine, and that they could not see her if they were. Still she was dressed only in her slip and she drew in from the window.

"Mama told you not to throw that water so near the house any more," she called back from within the room, in retaliation, but without animosity. Mama should have the sink drain fixed, she thought, frowning.

"Angel*ah!*" Her mother's voice took the stairs in a practiced curve.

Angela did not stir. Mama had promised to leave her entirely alone while she dressed. "Certainly, dear," she had agreed, looking injured. "But if you need my help, just call." Mama had lingered. "Just think. After this afternoon, I won't have any daughter to help." Angela had not replied. It had been an exhausted topic.

Angela stared at the open window that framed the perfect day. It would be a perfect night, too, clear and moonlit. It would be a good night for a chivaree. She clasped her hands and twisted them. The chivaree was one of the strongest and, she thought now, the ugliest, of the town's traditions. Ral had promised her that she and he would escape somehow. She did not think that she could live through it if she and Ral were victims of that ghastly gaiety, the lewd and public underlining of their wedding night. Too much of their lives and their love had been conducted in the opaque, distorting goldfish bowl of the town's avid curiosity. Too many people knew that old Mr. Raleigh had once called Angela's mother poor white trash and forbidden his son to love or to marry Angela Madison. They knew, too, that her mother had turned Mr. Raleigh's young son out of the house more than once, calling him with hysterical vigor "a good for nothing piney woods shoat!" They knew of the accident on the day when she and Ral had defied the deepest canons of behavior in Andalusia and had set out to be married in Marianna without their parents' consent. They knew the circumstances, the reasons,

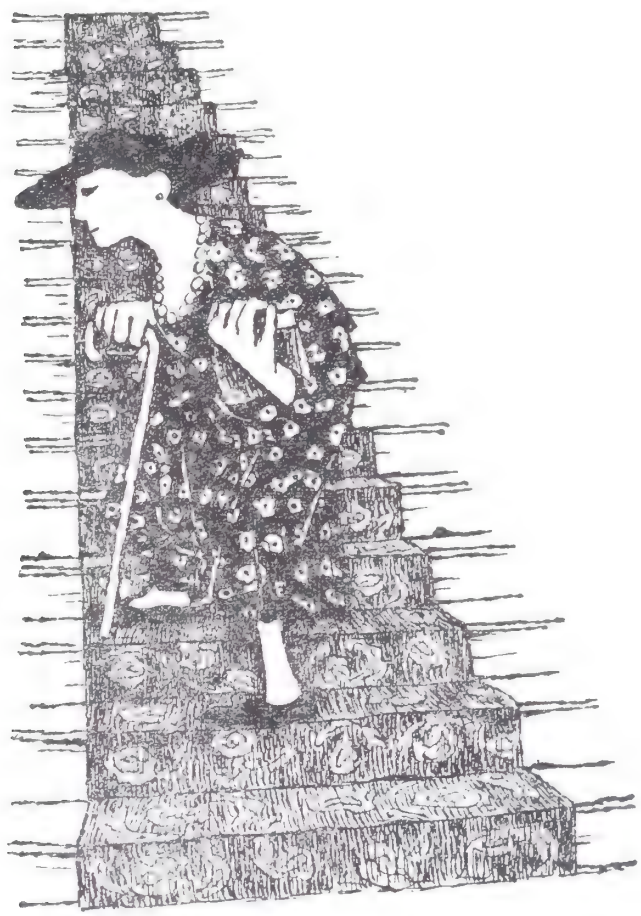
even the dialogue, diversely reported, when the Raleighs and the Madisons had finally agreed to the marriage. The Raleighs and the Madisons had discussed and justified themselves as intensively as they were discussed. Now, if she and Ral were to be placarded in the public square and even the veriest strangers made aware that this was, at last, their nuptial night, she could not stand it.

I want to be married to Ral in the full sight of God and the whole of Andalusia, she thought, and then I want to go away with him quickly and privately and never come back. I want to go where no one knows whether Ral and I have been married a day or a week or years and never see a single one of them again. Not even Mama.

Not even, she thought fiercely, her two best friends, Carrie and Marilyn Lee.

There was a restrained knock on her door like a voice toned down to a whisper.

"Oh, come *in*," said Angela testily. She sat down at her dressing table and bent down her head so that her shoulder length, fair hair fell forward. She fumbled for her brush and began brushing her hair vigorously from roots to tips.



Mrs. Madison came on semi-tiptoe into the room. She was panting a little from the stairs.

"It's *Car*rie," said Mrs. Madison in a loud whisper. "She says she came over to help the bride. I told her you didn't even want your mama in this precious hour before you go to the altar, but she said to ask you anyway."

"You send her on up," said Angela. "I don't want to hurt her feelings."

She wanted Carrie to be with her now. She would have liked for both to be with her, Carrie and Marilyn Lee. The three of them were bound together by curious and indissoluble ties and strange, youthful intricacies of understanding, by entangled, if tangent fates. But she did not want her mother to be with her.

"You are so very sweet and thoughtful, Angela," said Mrs. Madison. "You certainly will make Ralston happy."

One thing you had to say for Mama. Once she gave in, she gave in all over. You would think Ral was the King of Sheba now, to hear her talk. After the horrible accumulation of things she had said about Ral, her words were honey now.

Mrs. Madison went out and called over the bannisters, throwing her voice downward like a thin, weighted fishing line. "Come on up, Carrie!" She came back to the door of her daughter's room. "You'll be good, darling?"

Angela nodded. She was still brushing her hair upside down and her eyes were closed.

SHE could hear Carrie coming up the stairs with her signature of a walk. Her good leg hit with a thump that counterbalanced the tentative scrape of the leg she was saving. Not all the Gregory money had sufficed to overcome the effects of infantile paralysis, and Carrie walked on one and three-quarters legs and the rest of her body was violently misshapen thereby. Angela was so accustomed to her that it was only when she saw a stranger look at Carrie that she realized afresh that Carrie was a cripple. Or at moments like this, unduly sensitized moments when everything familiar took on strange dimensions.

"Hi, toots," said Carrie in her pretty voice.

"Hello, honey," said Angela through her hair.

Mrs. Madison hesitated near the door.

Angela and Carrie said nothing more. Their silence was respectful and tranquil.

"I'm really glad you are here, Carrie," said Mrs. Madison fussily. "Angela is nervous as a——as a *bride*." She laughed, her constant and rather charming laugh. "You make sure she looks pretty as a picture, won't you, Carrie?" she said, as she went out.

Angela threw back her hair and straightened up. She and Carrie exchanged amused and cynical glances. Carrie closed the door.

"How do you feel, sweetie?" Carrie asked.

"I dunno. Funny. How did you feel?"

"Well, it was different," said Carrie.

It was different for Carrie and so much simpler. Doctor Brown had courted Carrie in the privacy of her father's sick-room. The doctor had been new to the town, but he had come there from Marianna with a fine reputation. After Carrie's father died, Carrie's mother had been ill, and Doctor Brown's visits continued. Even the town's inordinately sensitive antennae had failed to detect romance. The doctor was a relatively attractive man, and Carrie was firmly destined in the collective town mind to be an old maid. She had lost her only chance, they said, when her mother had dismissed Ned Thompson be-because, as everybody knew, Ned was really after the Gregory money and not Carrie, who loved him. Carrie had taken to steady and controlled drinking after that until her face had grown sullenly misshapen. But the doctor was scornful of the body whose flaws he under stood too well, and as he watched Carrie nurse her beloved parents, he came to understand the luminous resistance of her spirit and to love her. Carrie had waited a decorous six months after her father died and then she and Doctor Brown had been privately and decorously married. The town had been surprised.

"I wish we could do it, like you did," said Angela wistfully. "This public fuss is gruesome. *But* gruesome."

"We were lucky, my being in mourning," said Carrie.

Carrie was still in semi-mourning. Her black and white voile dress was correct by the town's rigid conventions, but it was becoming.

"There are even orange blossoms on my veil," said Angela, throwing her hands upward, helpless and outraged. "I begged Mama, but she thinks they are——cute."

"That reminds me," said Carrie. "If you need anything—you know—I can get it for you. Jack's being a doctor makes it easy."

"Well, I think I'll go right ahead and have a baby," said Angela. "Why not? Anyway I know all about it."

"You *do?*" said Carrie.

"Oh, honey, you know Ral. He would have been sure to get really tangled up with some other girl if I'd been *too*——mean."

"Why, Angela," said Carrie, half shocked, half mocking. Then she added thoughtfully. "You're a cozy one, you are. I never was sure."

"You or anybody else——except Ral," said Angela with real satisfaction.

"This is a hell of a conversation just before your wedding! Can't I help you dress?"

"Make me look pretty as a picture?" Angela looked wryly into the mirror. The longest scar from the automobile accident still lay like a welt across her cheek. The smaller scars added a separate network to the frown lines in her forehead. The circles under her eyes were too dark to cover with powder. She was really drinking much too much. "Let's have a cigarette first." She offered her package to Carrie.

"This is eight," said Carrie, taking a cigarette. "I only smoke ten a day these days."

"Jack has certainly wrought wonders!" said Angela. She lit her own cigarette. Her hand was shaking a little.

"Have you heard from Ral since last night?" asked Carrie. "Jack said the dinner was super."

"Ral said even your precious Jack got tight," said Angela with a touch of malice. "And Sonny Boy decided he was Salome and did the dance of the seven veils. He even took off his underpants."

They both laughed, easily and gayly.

"Here—let me work on your hair. Got some tongs?"

WHEN Angela's mother came in at a quarter to four, Angela was almost ready. Her long, sheath-like dress of brocaded satin was hooked up to its lace turnover collar. Carrie had succeeded in fluffing Angela's soft hair until it curled softly away from her face and fell neatly and softly to her shoulders. She was pinning

the Madison family veil of white lace into place. Angela's face was carefully powdered over so that the scars scarcely showed and her lack of color was disguised by neatly applied rouge.

"Why, baby, you look just *perfectly* lovely," said Mrs. Madison.

"Doesn't she?" said Carrie.

"Like a bride!" Mrs. Madison clasped her hands and gazed at her daughter. Angela took a deep puff of her cigarette. "Now don't you go and burn a hole in your great-grandmother Madison's veil!" Mrs. Madison warned sharply.

"No, Mama," said Angela.

The telephone rang.

"That's Ral," said Angela, standing very still, her face lifted. "He always calls me when I want him to. Always, always, always."

"Just a second till I get your veil fixed for *sure*," said Carrie.

Her father shouted up the stairs. "It was Ral, Angela. I told him you had no time for him right now. Who did he think he *was*, interrupting a bride, I told him. See you in church, he said to tell you."

"So . . . come on, girls," said Mrs. Madison, starting ahead of them out of the room. She pitched her voice for the kitchen as she reached the stair railing. *"Pinkney!"* She started down the stairs. *"Bring Miss Angela's* bouquet out of the icebox!"

Angela and Carrie embraced gingerly, avoiding each other's lipstick and each other's fresh clothes. No one waited for Carrie when she had to negotiate her leg on stairs.

Angela walked sedately down the stairs behind her mother. Her father was waiting in the hall, fingering his vest pocket watch.

"Ready to give me away, Papa?" Angela asked.

"Yes, baby," said Mr. Madison. "But reluctantly, of course."

He had been ready from the first. He was a cheerful man and a fatalist. But he had not been much help against Mama. Poor Papa.

USUALLY Angela drove, but today Mr. Madison got into the car under the wheel with Mrs. Madison beside him. Angela sat in back with her veil carefully spread on the seat. As they started off, they were solemn and self conscious. Even Mrs. Madison was quiet.

Angela wondered what she ought to think about as they drove down the palm-lined avenue to the Episcopal church. The undirected thoughts that were awash in her mind like Halloween apples were obviously insufficiently grave, even though relative. She had been merely wondering if the champagne would go around and whether Ral had decided on clocked or plain socks. She thought deliberately about the wedding ahead. It should go off quite acceptably—why not?—with the usual society column success—with *un*usual success in the society column, she thought. After all, Marilyn Lee's father owned the Andalusia *Banner* and she was Marilyn Lee's best friend.

Nothing really mattered as long as she and Ral got clean away afterward. Oh, Lord! It was Ral who had perpetrated the most legendary outrages in the town's spectacular tradition of wedding night outrages. He had once forged a cowbell to the bride's dressing case that could only be removed with a blowtorch. He had cut off one couple with a hired truck and made them drive back through Andalusia while he fired his pistol in the air over their heads. He had kidnapped Sonny Boy and kept him from his weeping bride until after midnight. Sonny Boy had been "a good sport," but he had never quite forgiven him. Still, it was Ral who had outwitted the others when they tried to escape and it was Ral who was planning their own escape now.

It would hurt Ral even more than it would hurt her if they were caught. It was a matter of such importance to him that Angela trembled. His reputation as a failure in business, "that unreliable Raleigh boy," was balanced and made painless by his reputation at play. He was known as original, daring and witty, able to outdrink, outsmart, and outjest the town's young men. That and his name were the wellsprings of his pride. It was necessary to him that they should escape.

As they drove past the church's choir room door, Angela saw Ral and Sonny Boy, who was Ral's best man, through the open door. Ral looked out at her and gave her a warm, impudent little flip of his hand.

"Ready, baby?" asked her father. His voice was tender and his look was tender and dim.

Ready?

Surely she must be ready.

II

IT WAS over and she was upstairs again in her own room, the high-ceilinged, wide-floored room that had been hers since she was born. Her wedding dress and veil lay limp on the bed. Beside them lay her new traveling dress in fresh, green linen, her small, green linen hat with the off-the-face brim, her fresh, white gloves. Angela moved across to her dressing table feeling as though she were swimming under water.

The blended noises of the wedding reception below reached her through the closed door. A group was singing "Gonna lay down my sword and shield . . . ." Mrs. Madison's voice rose above the babble, saying again, "I cried *buckets*. My only child . . . ." Someone called "*Pink*ney," and Pinkney answered in his voice that was as brown and rich as his skin, "Yas*suh*."

All the proper things had been said and done. Sonny Boy had declared to those who would listen and those who would not that he had been madly in love with Angela Madison Raleigh for years, that Ral had broken his heart by capturing the love of his heart, and that it was only when Angela was irretrievably lost to him that he had looked into another pair of eyes. It was what he said to and of all the town's brides. It was his bouquet of flowers for the bride.

Angela giggled suddenly. She would miss them all and she would miss the minute conversational post-mortems they would have held about everything that happened.

There was a scratching at the door and Ral peered in at her and then came in. He was dressed in flannel trousers and a tweed jacket and was ready to go.

"Oh, Lord," he said. "You aren't ready. Hurry up, honey. We've got to get out fast." Ral's expression was intent and remote. In his hand was a pair of big, steel wire cutters. She stared at them stupidly. "Listen," said Ral. "I'll explain while you finish dressing . . . ." He grinned at her standing there stupidly in her slip. "After all, I'm your husband now." He slapped her lightly on the thin silk that covered her buttocks.

"Oh, Ral," she said, wanting some kind of comfort, some kind of reassurance. But he was intent and remote.

"They're watching the front and back doors," he said. "And a ladder's no good. But listen—this is a pip. I didn't dare tell you before. You blab so. We'll go out by the screen porch!"

Angela thought quickly. The only exit from the screened porch was at the front, but you could enter it from the pantry at the end of the back stairs.

Ral waved his shears. "We'll *cut* our way out the side and go down the alley."

It was a feasible, clever plan. "Mama will be furious," said Angela, feeling hopeful and lighthearted.

"Sure," said Ral absently. That kind of furious did not matter. "I've got Pop's car hidden at Pinkney's house. I left mine where they could find it. It's got bells and shoes and God knows what all *chained* all over it."

Angela shuddered and then laughed. "You are a smart one, Ralston Raleigh," she said. "I'll say that for you."

She slid the fresh linen dress over her head and buckled the belt.

"Hurry up," said Ral. "Want a nip?"

She nodded. He got a glass from her bathroom and poured into it half an inch of bourbon whiskey from a pocket flask. He took a drink himself direct from the flask and patted it as he put it back on his hip.

Angela swallowed the whiskey in quick sips while she adjusted her round hat that matched her dress. She checked the contents of her bag quickly and pulled on her gloves. Her heart was beating quickly. "All set," she said.

At the door, she hesitated in a panic. "Then where?" she asked in a whisper.

THERE were only three ways to go from Andalusia: down the long, straight, shadowless road to Marianna, up the long, straight, tree-shaded road to Olgethorpe—or to The Oaks, which was only five miles from town. Sonny Boy, pursuing them in his Cadillac with all the malice of his ancient grudge, could surely catch them.

"Trust your old man, honey," said Ral, pinching her arm gently. "We aren't going anywhere. We are going to stay right here, at the Andalusia House, smack in the middle of town."

Angela felt the muscles at the back of her neck relax. Ral was wonderful. What-

ever his unsteady relations with the rest of the world, he was steady as a rock with her. He would take care of them both.

Five minutes later, they had pulled into the back yard of the Andalusia House and Ral was shouting at the colored boy who lounged near the closed garage. He was a strange black and Ral did not attempt bribery or explanation. He issued his orders in what he meant to be a Yankee accent to let the garage boy assume that they were Northern transients.

It was over. Not even the seemingly thunderous crash of the cut screen wire as it fell had alarmed the would-be pursuers. The huge, hideous hotel loomed as a blessed haven. They went through the back door, into the wide, dim hall. To the fat clerk who sat in his shirtsleeves at the reception desk, Ral muttered. "You have a room for Mr. and Mrs. Albright?"

"Yeah, suh," drawled the clerk with his pimply, half familiar face. Then he looked closely at Angela. "Why Miss Madison . . .?"

"Listen," said Ral violently, in his normal accent. "We just got married and we don't want *anybody* to know we're here. You understand? Not God almighty or Mrs. Madison. If anybody finds out, I'll burn down this hotel. By God, I will."

"Good riddance," said the clerk, unperturbed. "Sure, suh. But I can't take fake names. It's illegal."

Angela rallied all her resources, even somehow in her panic, remembering the semi-stranger's name. "My husband's name is Ralston Raleigh from Oglethorpe, Mr. Weir," she said primly "And I'd be most grateful if we could be left in peace." She smiled wanly. "You understand?"

"Of *course,*" said Mr. Weir, leering at them conspiratorially now. "Certainly, Miss . . . Mrs. Raleigh. You go on up and don't you worry. I'll send your bags along and you just order dinner when you feel like it."

"Right now we feel like some ice, soda water, lemon, glasses, and sugar," said Ral, still faintly belligerent.

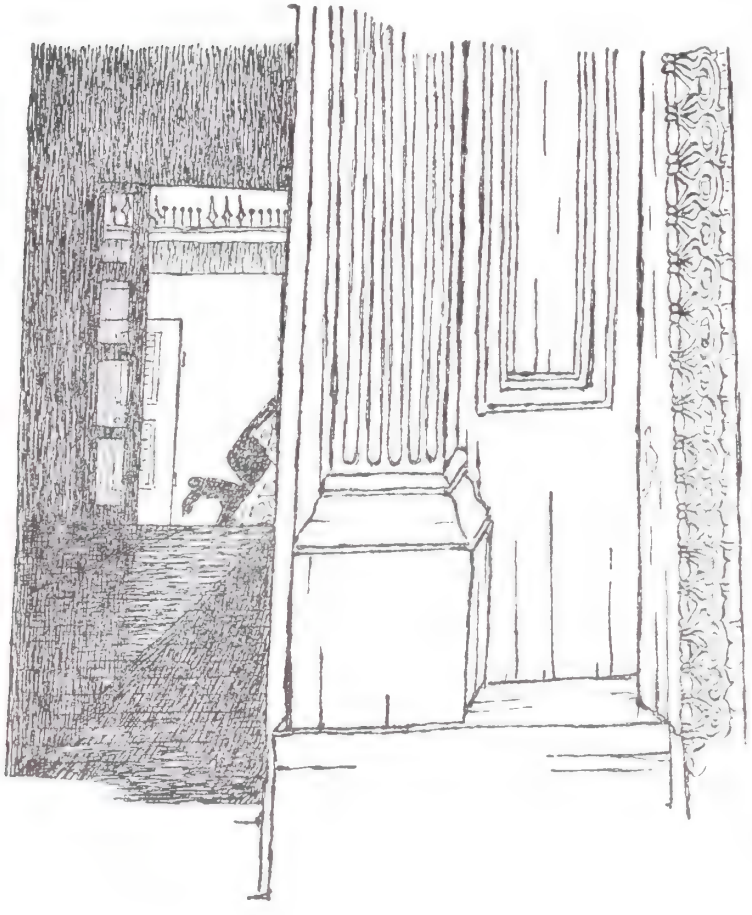
The Negro in the wire-cage elevator untilted his chair and his uniform cap and slipped to his feet. "Nice day, it sure is, aint it?" he chattered aimably as he pulled the wire cable that started them on their leisurely course to the second floor. "Purty day. Suits me right down to the ground—and then back up to the fifth floor." He laughed in a musical trill at his pridefully repeated joke.

Their bedroom was enormous and dim. A huge double bed covered with a red damask spread stood under a looped up mosquito net which was suspended from the high ceiling. From the center of the ceiling hung a chandelier with many of its crystal droplets broken and with only a few bulbs screwed into its outlets. A ceiling fan hung stagnant below the chandelier and under the light and the fan on the floor, was a round table and beside the table were two big easy chairs. The door was open into a bathroom the size of an ordinary room. The green outside shutters were closed against the sun. It looked restful and impregnable.

"Want them open?" the elevator boy asked, moving toward the windows.

"No!" said Ral violently. "Thanks . . . . You go hurry up that ice and stuff I asked for at the desk. I'm a man who needs a drink."

The boy departed, closing the door, and



they were alone. Ral took his hat off and sailed it across the room onto the bed. He stripped off his jacket and threw that, too, missing the foot of the bed. In his shirtsleeves, he stretched, showing the clean sweat under his arms. Angela sat down in one of the big chairs and pushed her round hat farther back on her head. Ral came over and took her limp hands.

"Well, here we are, honey," he said. His voice was triumphant. "You and I. Married." He patted her hands together. "I love you," he said, quickly and gently, diffident and almost embarrassed.

She disengaged her hands and caught his face. They kissed tenderly and lingeringly and for a moment everything was all right.

There was a discreet knock at the door. Angela got up and moved toward the bathroom.

"Wash my face," she said over her shoulder, "while you mix. Make it stiff."

"One of my best," said Ral. "I sure do need it."

THERE was a giant cockroach in the bathtub. Angela eyed it with distaste, but without alarm. You could not do a thing about cockroaches in this town. Angela hoped there were no mice, although there undoubtedly were. She remembered when they had held the annual Cotillion in the Andalusia House ballroom, after the old Oaks had burned down and before the new one was built. A rat had got loose among the dancers and in the pandemonium that followed, every woman had clutched at least one male. It was very funny. But still she hated mice.

She washed and repowdered and rerouged her face, and put on fresh lipstick. The bathroom mirror was speckled, green, and distorted. It was a comforting mirror. You knew you did not look like *that*.

Ral's cheerful voice called, "Come drink with me and be my love!"

The cocktails were strong and good.

"The best bourbon," said Ral, with satisfaction. "Drink it up. There's more where it came from."

Angela took a long swallow. "You certainly mix a pretty old fashioned, Ral," she said. This was a nice room, too, big and cool and so quiet. "You don't think they'll find us?" Her fingers tightened convulsively on her glass as she asked.

"No, I do not," said Ral judiciously. "I honestly don't. Sonny Boy will split a gut!" He threw back his head and laughed victoriously.

"Honey," said Angela slowly. "You don't mind because this isn't——the first time. Truly, I mean?"

"No, Mrs. R., I do not mind at all," said Ral, firmly and warmly. Then he scowled. "Unless of course there was any other guy in on it." He had always exaggerated his jealousy, for which there was no foundation, just as she had tried to suppress and minimize hers because it had been all too well founded.

The colored boy who had opened the garage for them brought their suitcases and Ral's portable radio into the room. He eyed the fifty cent tip Ral gave him with disfavor. "Oh, well," said Ral, and added another fifty.

"My God, I remember when they'd have kissed your feet for a half buck tip," he said when the boy bowed out.

He opened one of the suitcases and took out a full bottle of bourbon and put it on the table. He put the radio on the dressing table which stood against the wall and fastened the ground wire onto the cold hotel radiator and then turned the radio's switch. He nodded contentedly as the volume swelled.

Angela watched him idly, feeling calm now and a little happy. She was draining the last of her cocktail. Ral came back to the table and started to make another.

The announcer on the radio said loudly, ". . . . continuing our program of old favorites." There was a trumpet note and a drum beat and then a clarinet went straight into the refrain, *"Who stole my heart away . . . ."* Ral tapped his foot and sang the words with the music. *"Who made me dream all day . . . .* remember, honey? *Dreams I know can never come true . . . .* our song. *Seems as though I'll never be blue . . ."*

Angela put up her hand, palm out. The tears were gathering within her like swift rain clouds in a midsummer sky. Their song. It was playing on the victrola in Carrie's living room. She had wandered out on Carrie's wide front porch with handsome young Ralston Raleigh from Oglethorpe. The porch was a nest of shadow between the

brightly lighted room and the brightly moonlit yard. They began to dance to the music that filled the shadows from the open lighted window. *"Who stole my heart away . . . ."* It was understood that they would kiss, and kiss they did, easily and practically, with due regard for balance, grace, and the anatomy of the nose. In the middle of the kiss, the kiss had changed, and their two lives with it. He had said, afterward, in disturbed amazement, "But you aren't even very pretty!" It was a startling statement from a Southern boy like Ral to whom extravagant compliments were the bread and butter of his speech. It was the measure of his deep sincerity. Then he had said, ardent, humble, and a little frightened, "You are made of moonlight. You are so gentle and strange and—different. Angela, Angela, Angela. You are something special, and you are *mine.*"

Angela got up quickly and went over to the mantelpiece that topped the iron grate. She turned her back to Ral. She fought her tears passionately for Ral hated her crying jags and she was on the verge of a real one. There was reason enough, verily, verily, reason enough! There was a mirror over the mantelpiece and she saw her face, swollen to bursting with tears, her hateful, ruined, ugly face. And behind her, more clearly somehow in the mirror, she saw Ral's face, fat, red, ruined and ugly, too.

"Who . . . who . . . no one but you."

How long ago? Twenty-two years ago. She was forty-one years old and it was too late. The tears broke like a midsummer storm. "It's too late . . . too late . . . too late . . .," she wept, *"Ral, it's too late."*

"Oh God," said Ral, "Don't cry. Maybe it's not too late."

"It's too *late*!" Her voice rose. He came over and clapped his hand over her mouth.

"Stop it," he said sharply. "Right now."

"Too late," she got out between his fingers in a thin scream.

HE HELD her a little away from him with one arm and slapped her. It was business-like and not unfriendly. She gulped, drew in a long breath and throttled her rising hysteria with a wrenching effort.

"That's it," he encouraged her. He led her to the chair and handed her a drink. "Not too fast," he said. "Take it easy now."

She was crying quietly now, in floods of soft summer tears, rain, but no storm. She would be all right with a little more to drink. There was a better stage of drinking that lay just beyond this one. The quiet, rosy stage, a little misty, but cheerful and almost completely controlled, that came a little further on. Maybe she and Ral could reach it together and stay in it for a while. That would be nice. They would be very happy if they could be just that drunk for a long time. Drunker, they were apt to be quarrelsome and sometimes violent. She remembered the time she had put her heel through Ral's windshield during a struggle, and the time Ral had quite simply blacked her eye. So did the town remember.

Ral turned off the radio and came over to sit beside her.

"It's not too late," he said insistently. "Listen, honey. Get it through your noodle that we are married. We are married, darling. You and I."

The amazing, final, accomplished fact of their marriage was difficult to encompass. She looked at her ring in wonder and her tears slowed.

"We'll get straight out of here, Angela, and go to New York. The name of Raleigh may not mean much up there, but they can't throw my reputation at me there, either. I'm not so dumb, Angela. And forty isn't old up there, or even fifty. I know it didn't work when I went before, honey, but you weren't with me and you're my girl. I need my girl. This time, we're going together. By God, why not?" There was vigor in his voice. His voice was young. "Darling, listen. I've loved you over twenty years. That's a lot more than most of them can say for themselves."

That was true. It was a rare and wonderful thing. Their stubborn fidelity to each other had survived everything it had had to survive. It had survived the chill of the Raleigh house when Angela went there and the heat of her mother's recriminations when she brought Ral home. They had loved each other still through the ghastly periods of Ral's occasional, desperate infidelities and through their own protracted quarrels, begun when they were drunk. After the automobile accident when they had failed to get married, theirs had become almost a married love, relaxing against its own strains because the bonds were too

strong to break. Through the long years until not even in Oglethorpe could Mama be considered white trash any more. Until Mama had finally decided that Ral was better than nothing, and then, belligerently, that Ral was fine. Until they had finally won, and they were married. They had what they wanted.

"Oh, Ral . . ." said Angela.

"To hell with the past. Here's to the future, honey."

They drank. Angela smiled and the welt in her cheek, reddened by tears, creased across the dimple in her smile.

The next hour went by in little, pleasant rushes. They were married. They had escaped. They loved each other. They were alone together. On these cornerstones, they erected a tower of hope. Their plans, their hopes, accrued detail and validity through the minutes.

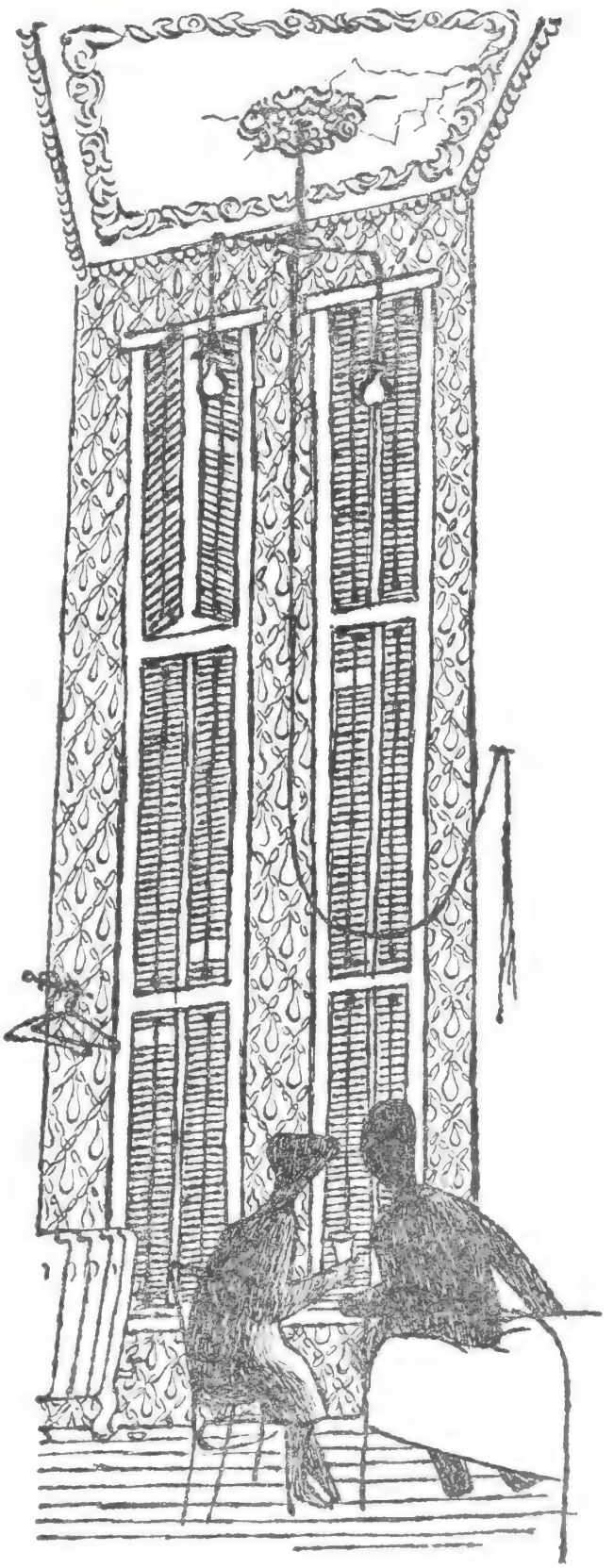
Ral was pacing now, earnest and voluble. His face looked leaner as the muscles of his padded jaw hardened with determination. Angela floated lightly above the floor of her old cynicism and hopelessness. She looked at him with softened eyes, and he was still the man of her dreams.

She was surprised when he stiffened mid-step and hushed mid-sentence. He had frozen like a pointer with the scent of game in his accomplished nostrils. She listened, straining and puzzled. There was a rustling outside their door. "Mice," thought Angela, distressed. "I do so hate mice."

Something had happened to Ral's face. His eyes were hooded like a snake's with sullen fury. His lips were open with a strange, slack puffiness. The dark blood colored his face down into his collar and up into his hair.

On tiptoe, he crossed over to the baggage rack where his suitcase lay open. Why was he quiet because of the mice? He thrust his hand under the neatly folded clothes and brought out his leather revolver case. Angela watched him in mute incomprehension. He often shot rats at Oakland. He was a wonderful shot with a revolver. But you did not shoot rats in hotels. He slid the revolver out of its holster as he moved, dropping the holster on the table beside her.

Ral ran across the room, still on tiptoe. The revolver was in his hand. He turned the handle of the door with a wrench and opened it inward. Sonny Boy, on his knees in front of the keyhole, saved himself from falling into the room by falling backward into the waiting group outside the door. A poised spoon fell on a held dishpan and the noise was deafening.



"*Got* you," cried Bucky. "Thought you were so smart, huh?"

Sonny Boy staggered to his feet. "Goodby l'il bride, po' l'il blonde bride," he called to Angela. "We'll bring him back to you some time." He put his hand out toward Ral.

There were eight men in the posse. Most of them, like Bucky, had been Ral's ushers. On the fringe of the male pursuit, Carrie stood watching them anxiously and Marilyn Lee stood buxom and strong beside her, glaring at the men with her big, pop eyes.

"Ral, put that thing down, for God's sake," said Carrie.

"Get out of here," said Ral in a deadly, steady voice. "Get out of here. Clear out and stay out."

"Man, man, you sure were smart," said Bucky who looked a little uneasy now and foolish, holding the dishpan and spoon apart so that they would not clatter again. "You sure owe us a round o' drinks for the trouble we had to find you."

Marsden started to sing. He was the drunkest of them all. "Hooray . . . hooray . . . my father's gonna be hung . . .," he sang.

"Get out," said Ral. "Or I'll shoot." He fanned the gun at the group.

"Oh, yeah?" said Sonny Boy. "Listen, I've been waiting fifteen years for this. You dished it out—now you can take it!" He lurched forward into the room.

There was an explosion and then silence.

ANGELA felt as she had when their car hit the tree. Ten years ago. Ral was driving recklessly, full of liquor and hope, driving them to Marianna to be married, speeding away from frustration. It had happened when they came to the bridge that crossed the river above Marianna where the filling that made the road level with the bridge at the other end had been washed away in a storm. When they hit the tree, beyond the bridge there had been just such a noise, and then blackness, nothing.

This time the noise had not struck her into unconsciousness. The silence ended. She watched Sonny Boy stagger back, his hand to his shoulder. She heard, as if from across the river and through a mist, the babble of voices, the sound of footsteps running down the hall. She watched Ral close the door and push the broad bolt.

Then she heard Carrie's voice, gruff, clear, and affectionate.

"You hear me?" Carrie called through the door, over the confusion of noises outside.

"Yes," said Ral, coldly and distinctly.

"Stay where you are. Don't budge. Hear me? Don't let anybody in. Not until I say so. Don't talk to anybody until I tell you. Hear me?"

"Yes, Carrie," said Ral.

"Angela okay?" called Marilyn Lee. The noise surrounding the three women swelled and then receded down the corridor outside.

Ral turned his head slowly as if he had a stiff neck and looked at Angela. "I reckon so," he said.

"Okay. See you later," said Carrie.

"There are things to do," said Marilyn Lee briskly.

Their voices stopped and there was silence again.

Ral came over and sat down quietly in the other chair beside the table. He put the revolver slowly on the table and put his elbows on the table and leaned his head on his hands. Then he slowly tilted his head so that his profile lay in one palm and bent his other hand down to cover hers. His smile was wry and enigmatic.

They said nothing. For the moment, there was nothing to say. There was nothing to do but wait.

Well, thought Angela, aimlessly, we ought to be good at that. But why did the hours ahead of them stretch longer in her mind than the twenty years gone by?

Twenty years was a long time. She must think of it as a long time. She thought of movie sequences where the passage of time was indicated by calendar leaves that fluttered down into space. The image was imperfect. Time was more like an overturned pot of glue. It poured down stickily and slowly, like the river beside the town. The years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes were all sticky and inseparable. Tomorrow became yesterday and it was never today. It was never, never Now.

Once in a while it was Now. The first time Ral had kissed her . . . the instant they hit the tree . . . the moment the revolver fired its bullet. Those were Nows. Beginnings and ends encompassed so quickly that they belonged, separately, to themselves, distinct,

complete. But what happened between the kiss, the tree, and the bullet?

The same things, over and over, and that was why it all stuck together and time was foreshortened. That was why you could not tell its length.

The river of glue had incorporated the kiss which had become a thousand kisses. The river of glue had flowed around the tree and left it standing, but distantly, alone and meaningless.

They drank and began to talk a little in undertones. They talked, not to say anything, not even to communicate, knowing what was in each other's minds, but for the sound it made in the big, quiet room.

After a long, long time, the telephone rang.

"Listen, chicken," Carrie's clear voice said into Angela's ear. "Here it is. God, have I been running around like I had two good legs! First. Sonny Boy is all right. Ral got him pretty, scared him sober, and his arm will be in a sling for a while, but he missed the bones. Two. Ral is under arrest, but we're putting up bail and I've personally guaranteed to Chief Black that Ral won't skip town. Marilyn Lee has fixed it with her Papa to keep it out of the paper and the guy that reports to A.P. from here is a boy friend of Marilyn Lee's and works for the old man, so that's safe. Sonny Boy is threatening to shoot it out with Ral with his left hand and is squawking his fool head off, but Marilyn Lee and some of the boys are getting drunk with him again. I've squared the Andalusia House. Let's see. That's all. Jack says you-all come out and stay with us a while. Your mama is having hysterics all over your house, but Jack gave her a sedative he says will send her to sleep for a week. We'll bring some good whisky out to the house and Marilyn Lee says she'll make us a shrimp *paella* for supper as soon as Sonny Boy passes out. I'll clear them all out early . . . You all right?"

"Carrie . . . Carrie . . . "

"Hang on to yourself!" said Carrie sharply. "Now give me Ral."

Angela sat quiet and tearless while Ral listened to Carrie. "Good work," he said to Carrie. "Good work, honey." Then, "Thanks, Carrie . . . Goodby, now."

He turned to Angela. "It'll blow over," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Angela.

It would be buried in whispers in the capacious community closet behind the door that was never opened for strangers. There the bones of it would rattle with the other town skeletons. It was not even a very impressive skeleton, thought Angela ironically. It was certainly not too big for the town's capacious closet. If Ral had killed Sonny Boy, now, with all that crowd around, it would have been one hell of a job to stuff it away. But the town took good care of its best.

"Let's get out of this dump," said Ral. "Let's go on out to Carrie's and get good and drunk."

Angela nodded. She got up and picked up the gun gingerly and buttoned it into the holster. She corked the whisky bottle. Then she carried them both over to the suitcase and put them in. She closed and buckled the suitcase. She picked up her too-young hat and walked over to the mantelpiece and tugged it onto the back of her head. It seemed to her that her fingers were sticky with glue.

The bullet had made a little hole in the past, already far in the past, a little spinning eddy far up the river. The tree was a still more distant snag around which the glue was lazily flowing. And the kiss? It was part of the stream.

She turned to find Ral standing behind her. He looked old and blotched and rather pathetic. He put his hands on her shoulders and she lifted her face. Gently they kissed.

Then they left their bridal chamber and descended into the town.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

I HAVE recently had an experience that I commend to two groups who are increasing in numbers, American historians and readers of American history. Though I have been familiar with the individual books of Francis Parkman's history ever since I was an undergraduate and though my work requires me to refer to them constantly, I had never read them as the single work they are. I have now done so in something like three weeks, going straight through the eleven volumes of the Centenary Edition, from *Pioneers of France in the New World* to *The Conspiracy of Pontiac.*

There is no need to say here why I consider it our greatest history or why I believe that we are not likely to have Parkman's kind of history on such a vast scale again. But no one, I suppose, denies that it is a great history. It stands. And when one reads it as I have just done one sees clearly the principal reason why it stands: it is a historian's realization of a great imaginative conception. It is literature.

Few fundamental criticisms of Parkman's work have ever been sustained. Only the earliest of the eight books, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac,* has been shown to have serious flaws and they are not serious enough to vitiate it. For the rest, more than fifty years after Parkman finished his last revision, in spite of all we have learned since that time, the great monolithic structure is unimpaired. It is easy to correct Parkman around the periphery where he got small facts wrong, or misconstrued them, or was ignorant of other small facts. But all historians make peripheral errors, every historian's work touches on many small matters where his knowledge shades into ignorance—and these things do not matter in the least. It is easy to say that he was romantic and that he had the biases of a Federalist and a Brahmin, but all historians shape their work in accord with their nature and beliefs. Twenty-five years ago, when every member of the American Historical Association over the age of forty was an economic determinist, it was frequently said that he had no proper understanding of the economics of imperialism. That finding will not hold: economic history is an integral part of the great work and if anyone has any important new light to cast on the economic conflict between the two empires Parkman wrote about he has not yet published his results. A more recent dissent from his understanding of Indians must be sharply challenged for it too will not hold. As for the commonest complaint, that Parkman passed judgment on men and events, I take that to mean that he was a historian of the highest rank. History has two lights, knowledge and opinion, and he steered his course by both.

COME back to economic history. It cannot be isolated in Parkman's work; neither can institutional history, political history, social history, or intellectual history. They are processes of thinking that work together and simultaneously. Parkman has studied the facts with whatever instruments of analysis were indicated but that was before he began writing. When he writes, the parts come together in a whole. He concentrates on events and on the people who took part in them and whom they affected. His

text is usually narrative, as a novel usually is. When it is not narrative, it is usually the exploration of a personality, and in this portraiture too Parkman works much as a novelist does. It is seldom purely analytical, for he embodies his analysis in the experience of his characters, and it is almost never abstract for he insists on treating even metaphysical ideas as forces that affected the acts of men and the working of society.

In short, the art of history as Parkman practised it closely resembles the art of fiction. The men and events that history deals with are real whereas those that fiction deals with are imaginary; the historian reveals realities whereas the novelist simulates them. But the integrity of both is to deal justly with experience and they have a common aim, to make a reader understand what happened, why it happened, and what came of it. This requires them to measure and to impart significances—and there is no way of imparting them except by artistic form. Parkman's history has form, as a novelist or any other artist in prose understands that word. I believe that this is the finest kind of history; however that may be, it is the only kind that gets much of an audience or makes much of an impression outside the guild of historians themselves. History as literature is the history that affects men's thinking. To affect men's thinking by showing them the realities and significances of the past is the ultimate purpose of history.

By the time Parkman died American history had already set out on a course that soon cost it its place among the arts. We seem to be restoring it now. There are more historians who write as artists than there were twenty years ago, more history approaches literature, and the trend is likely to increase. But the average historian is not yet an effective writer and a deplorable division has come about within the guild. Most of the historians who are good writers do not hold academic positions and some of them lack formal training in the techniques of research. Conversely, most academic historians are not good writers. (I do not make this observation on my own authority; I am paraphrasing "History as a Literary Art," by one of the most eminent living historians, Samuel E. Morison, a professor at Harvard and a first-rate man of letters.) What is worse, academic historians as a class—allow for a good many exceptions—do not understand the literary problems of history. What is still worse, they tend to feel superior to literary men who write history in an understanding of those problems, and tend to invoke against them the severe prohibitions and penalties of a trade union. Naturally the writers thus made outcast develop a caste-consciousness of their own and tend to be scornful of academics who do not write as well as they. The conflict is bad for history; it has got to be arbitrated and resolved.

At various times I have discussed here some of the skirmishes in that conflict; let's confine ourselves now to the question of form. In the preface to the third volume of his ambitious treatise on the Napoleonic era, Mr. Fletcher Pratt recently voiced some beliefs about the art of history, among them the thesis that a historian cannot escape his literary responsibilities. And in a review of Mr. Pratt's book Mr. Leo Gershoy, commenting on the preface, revealed the basic misunderstanding. "It would not harm scholars to strive for literary effectiveness," he said—as remarkable an admission as you will find in a day's research. "But history, without spurning story, is also study It is inquiry and research. To split it down the middle and oppose its literary aspects, almost contrast them to its other attributes, is as bad as having it the other way round." He exempts Mr. Pratt from what he says, but there you have the accusation that academic historians as a class commonly make about non-academic ones.

But it is Mr. Gershoy, not Mr. Pratt, who has split history down the middle. Almost naked in what he says is an assumption that scholars do not write well and that historians who do write well do not study, inquire, and search—but let that go. From the point of view that Mr. Pratt was expressing it is impossible to separate the literary "aspects" of history from its other aspects. In a good novel substance and form cannot be separated for they are functions of each other. For the same reasons they cannot be separated in any other kind of literature. Our whole demurrer—here I take my stand beside Mr. Pratt—to our contemners is that they try to write the substance of history without giving it form. So they fail as writers.

WHAT is this "literary effectiveness" that scholars may cultivate without harm and possibly with profit? To too many of Mr. Gershoy's faction it means merely writing acceptable sentences. I quote a prominent member of that faction: "X writes brilliantly and I wish my students did, but of course what he writes is not history." He was speaking about a book in which no errors except some of the small peripheral ones I have alluded to have ever been found, which is based on the most exhaustive research and applies the most rigorous standards of appraisal, but which uses a variety of literary skills in order to make clear the significances it deals with. My friend's forthright position is that it is not history *because* it is artistically successful. He would accept its clear sentences and would not object, I assume, to its vigorous sentences. But it has structure, its parts have been proportioned to its effects, it has pace and engagement, it uses various narrative methods, it dramatizes various scenes, above all it secures a unity of effect by dealing with a complex of forces working simultaneously toward the production of events. And that, if I understand him, my friend forbids history to do.

But that, Mr. Pratt and I believe, is what history can by no means avoid doing. There are many kinds of history and many purposes and effects of history do not require much literary skill, but even the humblest history must make a communication to its reader by literary means, and that requires at least some effort to write in the way forbidden X. And as history becomes more ambitious, as it makes larger syntheses, as it deals with more important themes or eras or events, it must increasingly employ the resources of literary art—or it will fail. There are too many historians who stop just when they have finished preparing to begin. Their books are merely material out of which history might have been made. They are not history but only a stage on the way to it.

LET us have no nonsense about study, inquiry, and research. The best writer above the horizon cannot be a historian until he has made all the use that can be made of them. (And of such things as meditation and judgment which Mr. Gershoy omits.) But let us have no nonsense, either, about what they consist of or how far they can go. In the first place they are not mysteriously professional or even difficult, they are merely laborious. They are tools that any intelligent, educated person can learn to use and formal training in them is merely a convenience. In the second place they are only tools and will get no historian beyond the limitations of his mind and spirit—he will be fruitful as a historian only as he may be a rich personality. In the third place they have served their full function and are laid aside when he begins to write: from that moment on he must be a literary artificer or he will not be a historian. Mr. Pratt quotes me as saying that it is not history until it is written and I will nail that thesis to the door. Some novelists fill notebooks with raw material from which their novels are eventually written. Too much history is only 4-by-6 card files that have been printed. The historian did not do what every novelist must do.

Of the indispensable journeyman work of history, the monograph, it is probably unfair to ask more than that it be clear—that the historian who reads it shall be able to understand precisely what the author has found out and what he is saying about it. Even this basic requirement, however, is frequently bungled through sheer bad prose. Many a historian is forced to make a journey to the sources which the monographer undertook to spare him because he cannot make out what the bad prose was meant to say, and many another one makes mistakes in his text because he has construed the bad prose wrong. The monographer has failed as a writer. And when a historian undertakes to write not a monograph, which exists for historians alone, but a book for lay readers, he must solve literary problems much more complex. A naïveté too common among historians shows clearly in Mr. Gershoy's assumption that narrative is story. There are narrative techniques for expressing almost anything and one or another of them can serve a historian at almost any moment in his text. Because he must be writer a historian has got to understand narrative techniques and many other literary efforts as well.

Where does your book begin? Where does it end? What have end and beginning got to do with the reader? What are the relationships among its parts? Where and how shall

chapters begin and end, what are their internal relationships and how can these be shown to a reader, how shall their orientation toward one another and toward the final effect of the book be maintained? Where is the best place for this or that theme to enter, how far shall it be developed there, where shall it re-enter? How shall vitally important shades of emphasis and subordination be differentiated? What is the most effective way of presenting, or developing, or suggesting, any given value in the page at hand? Can indirection, the interposition of the writer, or such implements as irony sharpen or illuminate this passage? How can the reader be both guided and held attentive through difficult passages? How shall emotion be handled? How shall time be handled? How shall fact be made to speak for itself?

These are literary problems and, with many others, they constantly confront anyone who writes history, whether or not he knows they are there. Unless he solves them he is not a successful writer and therefore, Mr. Pratt and I believe, not a complete historian. Yet the discussions of historiography in which historians search their souls seldom allude to such problems, and one's mind grows gray reading books supposed to be history in which they have never been faced.

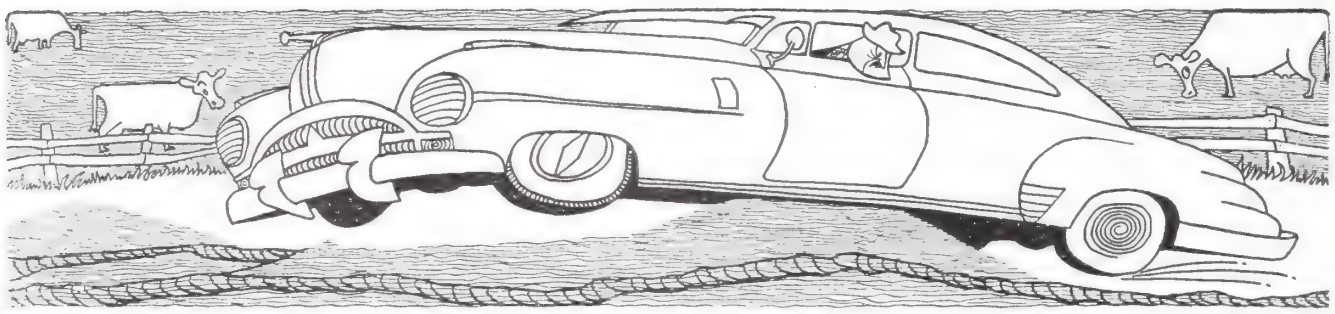
THAT is why there should be no caste division between the scholar and the writer. Either is less a historian as he may fail to be the other; ideally they should be inseparable, as they were in Parkman. And it is why, since there now clearly is such a division, as a partisan of the writer I petition the scholar to abate his condescension. For the street runs both ways, the academic historian can learn from the off-campus squatter whom he does not hesitate to instruct. (And who invariably learns from him.) He can learn, for instance, how to impart to more readers than he now reaches the understanding of the past he has acquired at the cost of such long labor. That is surely no mean end: society insists that historians must have as many readers as possible. If it is not history until it is written, neither is it written until it is read.

But there is not only the question of getting more readers, there may yet be the question of getting any at all. The labor of generations has piled up the materials of history in such mountainous masses that historians are increasingly unable to deal with it except for one another. The old slur about the man who goes on learning more and more about less and less means only that it has steadily become more difficult to communicate the results of history. The traditional techniques are becoming inadequate and ineffective. There is no alternative except to develop new ones. There will have to be techniques of compression and concentration, of symbolization, of making significant single items stand for aggregates, of covering large areas or long eras or complex subjects in literary shorthand, of accomplishing a dozen historical purposes by means of single literary devices. Such innovations require great skill, which means that they must be developed by historians who are primarily experienced and ingenious writers. They are in fact being pioneered by such men right now. There are writers who are applying to the masses of historical material literary techniques never brought to them before. Such writers ought not to be a derision to scholars: they are finding new voices for a study whose utterance is being choked off by its own material. Since twenty years from now academics will be trying to use the same techniques, it would be no more than decent to grant their inventors both legitimacy and full fellowship in the guild.

Those Big Fat Cars

Detroit's Big Package and How It Grew

Alfred H. Sinks



With alacrity if not with complete enthusiasm, a car-hungry public gobbled up the 5,500,000 motor vehicles produced in this country last year. But by midsummer buyer resistance had stiffened, and it has been growing ever since. Is this because most of the accumulated postwar demand has been satisfied? By no means; millions of Americans, especially in the lower income groups, still need new or at least *newer* cars. Is it because the prices asked for new automobiles, during the past six months, have continued to rise while the prices of many other things have dropped? Not altogether.

More and more criticism is directed at intrinsic weaknesses in the cars themselves, regardless of price. This is an extraordinary fact, for it has been our habit to revere Detroit's achievements and hold them up before the rest of the world as symbols of American technological excellence.

There is only one consumers' organization which is at all articulate on motoring problems, the AAA; but its members' opinions furnish a strong indication of how the other ninety per cent of American automobile owners feel about their cars. Always ultra-conservative, AAA has in the past had nothing but praise for American progress in automobile design. But during the past year, in a series of resolutions passed at local, regional, and national conventions, it has roundly condemned the postwar models, suggesting that they are being designed not in Detroit but in Hollywood, and has appealed to manufacturers to give a little thought to the consumer's welfare.

No form of attack could be more embarrassing to the American automobile industry. For twenty years it has been the manufacturers' fixed policy, whenever their designs were criticized, to answer, "We are building

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the kind of cars our customers tell us they want. In the last analysis, it is the customer who designs the car!"

It would perhaps be captious to take this statement literally and to remark that the design of a motor car is a highly technical operation which it would be dangerous to entrust to amateurs; for clearly what the Detroit executives mean is merely that they frequently send their customers questionnaires about their preferences and are guided more or less by the answers. But at least it should be clear that such a method of opinion-testing is of limited value. For not even the customers themselves can really know what they want until they have had an opportunity to examine and try out every conceivable type of operable motor car. If there is a popular American conception of the ideal car, it can only be based on the cars America has seen. And the successive models which Detroit has poured out in their tens of millions during the past twenty years—together with the sales talk which sold them to the public—have pointed steadily toward the form which postwar cars have now assumed.

All one really knows is what the customers—and particularly professional drivers, service station attendants, and repairmen—say about the faults of the present cars.

II

And what do they say? Cars have been growing steadily longer, and consequently harder to park and maneuver. As seats have grown wider and fenders withered away, the car's bulging sides have become far more vulnerable to damage. Not only that, but the wider side panels now used have multiplied the cost of body repairs. Such costs have now risen to a point where some casualty companies refuse to insure the new cars.

Postwar cars will not fit into many prewar garages. Worried about how to get his home garage rebuilt in these days of high building costs, the new car owner is clipped again every time he uses a storage garage or parking lot. For operators must charge him more, because already they can park fifteen to twenty-five per cent fewer cars than they could accommodate three years ago.

The low road clearance of most present cars makes them unsafe to drive in rough country, sand, or snow, or over rutted roads. In the heavy snowstorms of last winter millions of owners found them as useless as a ship stranded on a sandbar. Each year, owners are more limited as to where they can travel in their cars and many a family, hungry for a real outing in the woods, the mountains, or at the seashore, yearns for the old Model T that would always "take you there and bring you back."

Economy? "Pay a little more for a car and save on the upkeep" was once a common slogan of some manufacturers. But the cost of maintaining cars has risen even faster than their price, and far faster than the general cost-of-living index. Detroit accountants who specialize in such costs figure that today's "low-priced" cars (meaning our oversized Fords, Chevvies, Plymouths, and Pontiacs) average only fourteen miles to the gallon for city driving. That would have been a rather poor record twenty years ago, when the same cars cost a third to a half as much, and engines were actually only half as efficient as present ones.

Each year, the car buyer loses more of the thrill of individuality that used to come with the car of his choice. For the trend of automobile design in America has made it inevitable that cars should come to look more and more alike.

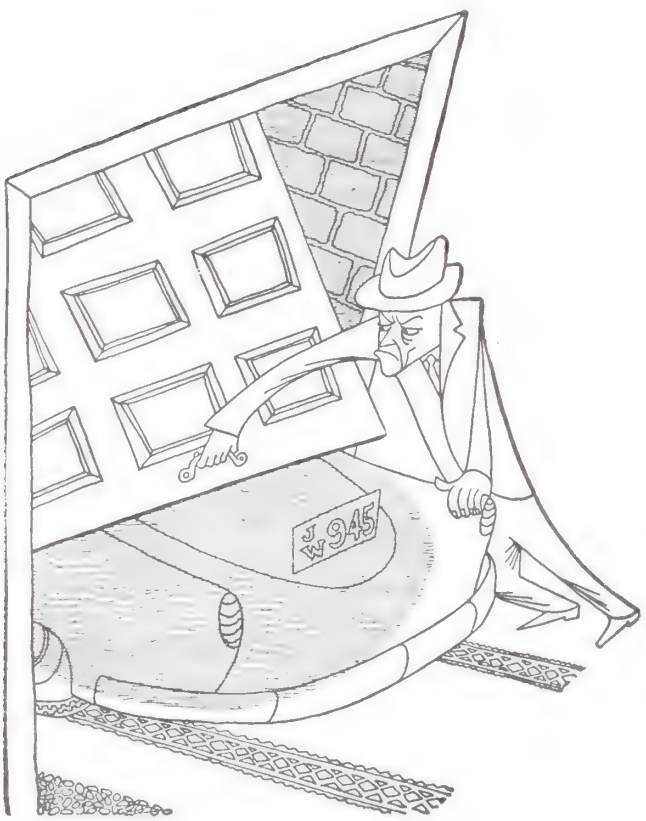
Then there is a class of complaints which are directed, not at the owner's personal car, but at cars in general and a vague entity called "conditions." The driver finds it more and more of a strain to thread his way at a snail's pace through the stagnating traffic of business districts, or to drive safely on intercity highways. Because his seat is low and his hood high, and the outer margins of his front fenders out of sight, he must allow plenty of extra room between himself and the nearest car. Because his car weighs between one and a half and two tons he must have plenty of extra leeway for a sudden stop or turn.

Garage mechanics and service station attendants can point out a good many other defects, and their criticisms come home to roost in the form of a higher cost of upkeep. For instance, the fellow with grease on his pants is tired of banging his head on a hood upraised like the threatening

jaw of *Fafner,* or of having it pinion him while he is trying to measure the oil. He needs the strength of Joe Louis to move a seat cushion and in many new cars he has to use a kind of periscope to see whether there is enough water in the battery. Tires are hard to check and harder to change; petcocks are hidden where they are not easily found. Fan belts and radiator hoses are hard to replace, oil gauges tucked away in awkward places. A forest of accessories and gadgets makes windshields hard to clean. And some designers have actually provided fuel tanks with openings too small for the standard nozzle used in filling stations.

Well then, the customer must be getting *something* for all that money. What is it? Visibility in many models has improved in the past two years—true—but is still far poorer than it was in many a model of 1925. Braking power has increased, but the longer, heavier cars are in sore need of it, and their braking power is still far less than that of many European sport models. Engine horsepower goes on increasing, but few drivers will ever want to make use of the maximum speed of new models. Greater comfort? Well, there are various kinds of comfort.

There is the comfort of knowing you are going to be able to pay your bills. There is the really great comfort that comes from knowing you have a reliable, sensitive, responsive, and efficient piece of machinery under you. There is the comfort of being able to sit in the back seat of a sedan without having your hat pushed down over your eyes by a sharply sloping roof. There is the comfort, especially for older people, of being able to get into a car without crouching, as you clutch your packages and purse, and pitching headlong into the outstretched arms of your anxious friends. There is the comfort, for women, of being able to get out any way but exposed-knees-first, followed by hands clutching at skirts, and finally by the torso as though it were being floated out of a culvert. And there is the kind that comes from featherbed springing and foam-rubber cushions.



Important mechanical improvements? Most of the "innovations" featured in recent cars are really quite old. The Owen-Magnetic had a successful automatic gear shift in 1916, the overdrive was used by the Winton thirty years ago, and what now goes by the name "knee action" was featured in Daimler cars built—believe it or not—before 1890. On the other hand, a simple, inexpensive, smooth-running clutch that has none of the weaknesses of "fluid drives" was developed by the U. S. Bureau of Standards some time ago. It has not been adopted by the manufacturers.

Efficiency? The efficiency of a motor car is a complex of many different factors. The term is meaningless unless one defines exactly what one means, and to be exact such a definition would have to be expressed as a mathematical formula. In some respects present motor cars are more efficient than those of the middle twenties and in some less so. But by the standards of present-day engineering they are fantastically inefficient.

One thing the customer gets in ample measure. The more naïve may call it beauty but certainly the beauty of the present broad-nosed, fin-tailed, chromium-bespattered models is open to debate. Salesmen have the audacity to call it refinement, though luxury and baroque splendor would be more accurate. Call it glamor if you like. But from the consumer's standpoint, recent automotive progress can be summed up in a sentence: Our cars are steadily becoming more costly, more expensive to maintain and operate, fancier, and less useful.

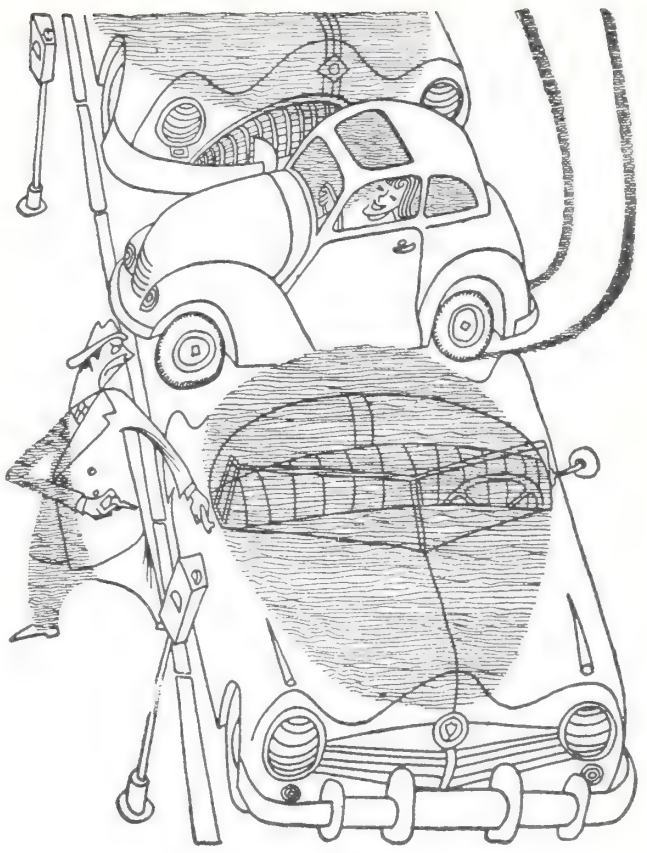
III

How has all this happened? The answer is not new to engineers nor to many others close to the automotive industry. It is becoming apparent to more and more disgruntled customers. The individual weaknesses of postwar cars are no more than symptoms. The real trouble is basic. Increasingly for a generation our automobiles have been designed not by technical experts but by sales executives and advertising men intent upon producing a "big package" which will solve their selling problems.

Meanwhile the job of the engineer within the industry has grown more difficult each year. He is expected somehow to fit a functioning machine into the body forms and around the luxury accessories dreamed up by the sales and advertising moguls. As the sturdy, four-square jallopies of the early 1920's evolved into something resembling a Japanese love boat, this required no mean ingenuity. A great deal of real technical progress—all the way from vastly more efficient fuels and engines to a host of new materials, methods, and techniques—has been swallowed up by the over-all necessity of keeping the new car's performance from falling below the old standards.

Some laymen may find it hard to understand how a machine—not just an automobile but any machine—can be constantly "improved" and still grow less efficient. Once a machine has been designed to do its work well it may do no harm to enclose it within a body proportioned to please the eye. But when aesthetic considerations begin to dictate the arrangement of functional parts, a degenerative process sets in. Tensions are set up between two conflicting sets of demands: the aesthetic and the functional. These create a fundamental imbalance, so that more and more "improvements" are needed if the machine is to work at all. The result is a mechanical monstrosity.

For example, nearly twenty years ago designers had about reached the limit to which they could stretch the car's wheelbase without putting an intolerable strain both on the driver and the transmission shaft. But the "big package" boys discovered they could further increase the car's "long look" with a



cantilevered frame which jutted far beyond the wheels.

Carried far enough, this destroyed the car's natural four-point balance. Consequently the passengers had to be moved closer to the car's center of gravity. This caused a curious dilemma: as the cars grew longer, there was less and less space for passengers. So, to regain some of the space lost, seats began to be made wider. In order to continue this process, first running boards and then projecting fenders were done away with. And this, in turn, made bodies far more susceptible to collision damage. If the reader will remember that this degenerative process is typical not alone of body design but of the car as a whole, he will understand what has been happening.

And why have the salesmen insisted upon such changes? Because of the demands of the dealer. It is he who is the real bottleneck to progress in the design of American automobiles. The average big dealer can make a profit only if he has a high-priced product to sell and can maintain a rapid rate of turnover. It is not easy to persuade your customers to trade in their cars every two years when even a reasonably well designed

car should be good for from eight to twelve years of normal service.

Consequently cars in America are sold less like machinery than like ladies' fashions. In order to maintain rapid turnover there must be a "new" line every year. But—and here is where the industry differs from the garment trade—a new model must not be *too* different from last year's. For when manufacturers worked out their present system of selling cars they overlooked the joker in the deck.

If the dealer expects his customer to give up a practically new car for one fresh from the factory, he must be willing to accept trade-in's and make a fairly high allowance for them. Hence he must be able to dispose of the "old" car, preferably at a profit but never at too great a loss; otherwise his loss on the second-hand car may swallow his profit on the new one. So even the dealer who turns his trade-in's over to a used-car dealer to sell at retail keeps an anxious eye on the market for used cars. If a manufacturer should make any really radical improvement in his "new" model all the old cars of that series would instantly look even older. Used car prices would drop. Any extra profit a dealer might hope to make on an exceptionally attractive new "package" would be gobbled up by his loss on the trade-in's.

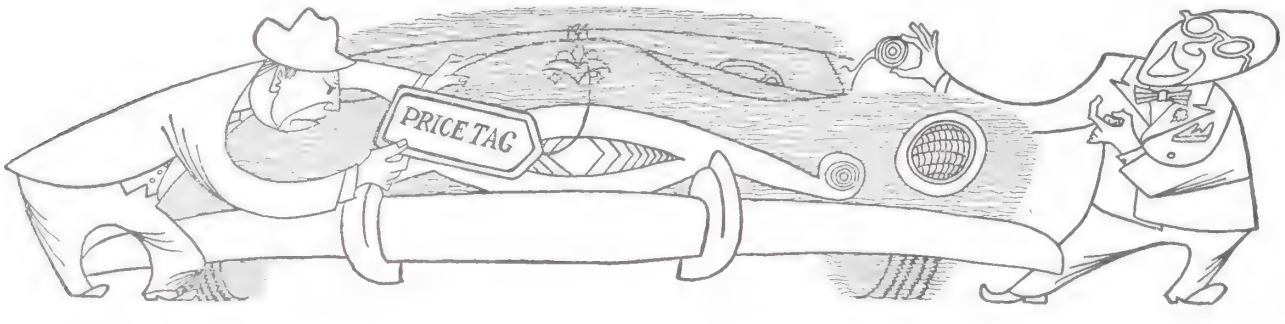
An incident will illustrate how helpless manufacturers are to make even minor improvements. Shortly before the war a number of them were troubled by the increase in the amount of "bright work" decoration on new models. Labor costs were rising and the bright work consisted of a number of separate pieces that had to be fastened to bodies by hand. Production men thought so much decoration superfluous and the sensible designers said it marred the beauty of their body designs. The manufacturers met to discuss the problem.

They agreed that each of them would limit the amount of bright work on new models to a specified number of square inches, and that each year thereafter they would reduce the decorated area by a certain percentage. But the dealers vetoed the whole scheme. It was the gleaming chromium, they said, which helped more than anything else to sell *second-hand* cars, and the new cars of today are the used ones of two years hence!

Faced by this dealer squeeze, the manufacturer hardly dares risk any basic engineering improvement or radical departure from traditional design. If atomic power were to become available for automobiles tomorrow he could not even consider making use of it. Having started in one direction, design trends must march down the same road, even though fresh scientific discovery might seem to offer an opportunity for a fresh start.

This explains what automotive executives mean when they say, as they often do, that the trend of automobile design is "not revolutionary but evolutionary." Cars must continue to carry many features that were essential in automobiles forty years ago, though two generations of engineering progress have made these features meaningless from a functional standpoint. This curious conception of "evolution" means that our cars must be designed around a series of abstract symbols rather than around engineering realities.

The customer, Detroit believes, wants his car to give him a feeling of *power*. The symbol of power—inherited from the early days of massive engines—is a hulking hood that partially blocks the driver's view of the road. Not only is the hood far less important than most people have been led to believe; it could, if so desired, be done away with entirely. Today there are half a dozen highly efficient types of engines that would fit neatly into a small space over the rear axle. Many



engineers would prefer to put them there, for the rear engine has a number of advantages. It greatly simplifies over-all design. It eliminates the entire weight of transmission shaft and housing. It can further save the weight of a liquid cooling system, for the engine in the rear can be air-cooled without exposing passengers to a blast of hot air in summer. Besides all this, the engine's weight gives added traction to the rear wheels.

Another superstition governing design concerns size. Long ago, great weight and a long wheel base were thought to give a car stability—perhaps because a horse was less likely to upset a heavy farm wagon than a light sulky! But engineers have known for many years that good balance, not dead weight, keeps a car on the road. A big, heavy car is supposed to be safer in a collision than a smaller, lighter car; and this might be true if the car were covered with armor plate. But it requires no knowledge of physics to realize that if two objects weighing a total of nearly four tons meet at a combined speed of ninety miles an hour, the impact will be far greater than it would be if the objects weighed a quarter to a half as much.

A further symbol for speed and power is what advertising copy writers call "streamlining." But there is very little true streamlining—as the term is used in aviation and ballistics—on present-day motor cars. A simulated airfoil modeled around the profile of a car may delight the human eye, but it cannot fool the air stream through which the car must push its awkward bulk. Whether or not *true* streamlining is worth striving for is a question automotive engineers have never settled. For it does not materially cut wind resistance at normal driving speeds. It would call for a radical rearrangement of basic elements: perhaps a three-wheeled, rear-engine car like the ones Buckminster Fuller built in the early 1930's. And such a car, in a stiff cross wind, would behave as badly as present ones.

IV

American automobile design has run into trouble not because it is evolutionary, as any developmental process must be. The fault lies in the direction of its evolution. Considering that the trend is toward ever bigger and fancier cars it would be well to pause and take note of a few facts.

The Buick has already achieved a length of 18 feet and the new Cadillac is 19 feet long. (Many modern storage garages are built to allow a maximum of 17½ feet to the car!) Even in the "low-priced" class, the Nash is nearly 18 feet from bumper to bumper. A single commuter or shopper seated in one of these mammoths is hogging at least 100 square feet of road or parking space, and this does not count the extra space wasted because of his car's lack of maneuverability. Seated in a streetcar or bus his share of the available road space is less than 7 feet. The sheer bulk and awkwardness of present-day cars aggravates the creeping paralysis of traffic which, in many urban centers, now seems incurable short of partially destroying and rebuilding extensive parts of our cities and towns. Stagnating traffic not only cuts down the volume of business but vastly increases its costs. Instead of speeding up our civilization the automobile is actually slowing it down.

During the past generation there has been a rapid destruction of property values in the most congested sections of our cities. In New York City, between 1930 and 1945, this loss amounted to $2,158,303,559. The value of downtown Philadelphia property dropped 30 per cent in the same period. In only ten years up to 1945, Portland, Oregon's downtown district lost 40 per cent of its value. And so on. Traffic experts, city planners, and public officials everywhere are wrestling with this problem. It has seemed to occur to few of them that the size and general inefficiency of American automobiles is in any way to blame.

A friend of mine made some significant measurements the other day on a typical block on Madison Avenue in midtown Manhattan at an hour when traffic, for the neighborhood, was comparatively light. With no cars parked, there was room for four lanes of nine average-sized cars moving at perhaps ten miles an hour, a total of thirty-six cars. In six lanes of twelve cars each the same block would have accommodated seventy-two cars the size of the Crosley, spaced far enough apart so they could have moved safely at twenty to twenty-five miles an hour.

It is as simple as that. The answer to urban traffic stagnation looks like the small car. Reduction of congestion would take place grad-

ually, of course, as such cars replaced the older ones. To many people conditioned to oversized cars the Crosley seems far too small. But the far roomier Austin, built in England and now selling here at the rate of 1,000 a month, takes less than half the road or parking space of a new Ford. Cars of its size would make space available for double the present number of passenger cars, would speed the movement of traffic, and take many of the hazards out of driving *and* walking.

But traffic congestion is only one of the bad social results of the "big package." If we take the Austin as an arbitrary standard of size, then American automobile builders are using fifty per cent more steel than they need to at a time when there is a critical need for it both here and abroad. Nations still go to war over oil resources and yet American pleasure drivers unblushingly use twice as much gasoline as European drivers, to travel the same number of miles.

Our overweight cars with their oversized tires beat up road surfaces, adding to both initial cost and upkeep of all our roads. Their great weight and speed make it necessary to design all main highways like racecourses, and their inability to travel over rough country means that we need first-class roads in many places where second-class roads used to serve us well. All this adds enormously to our tax bill and suggests that the "big package" is costing us money in far more ways than most of us realize.

Socially, then, the small car would answer a good many needs. What further advantages would it offer the individual owner?

Safety: The safety factor in massive cars is almost entirely a delusion. Take the same gauge steel used in a big car, build a small body of the same general proportions, and you have a structure far more resistant to impact.

Economy: The Crosley gets thirty-five to forty-five miles per gallon, the Austin thirty to forty. Tires for the Crosley cost $10.80 as against $15.95 for the Ford. Repairs and replacements are cheaper, insurance lower.

Convenience: Easier parking; far less garage space required; easy to keep clean. Strain and anxiety in driving are almost directly in proportion to the mass of your vehicle, assuming that your small car is a good car. A frequent argument in favor of large cars is that they are more comfortable on long trips. But the average length of all motor trips *outside city limits* is no more than fifteen miles. Average length of trips varies in different parts of the country. It is far longer, for instance, in Utah than in Rhode Island. Where distances are greatest, actual road counts have shown that only 2.3 trips out of a hundred are of more than a hundred miles. At the other end of the scale the percentage is only .07

Now consider the matter of roominess. That hypothetical unit—the average American family—consists of 3.5 members. About half that number (1.7) comprises the average payload of the average car on the average run. Space for four would meet all the needs of ninety-five per cent of families. Even a single seater carrying two or three would be sufficient at least eighty per cent of the time. Yet the average sedan body in use today would carry nine passengers if its interior space were fully utilized; in fact, a very few of them have been so arranged in special models.

This means that whether he drives alone or with one, two, or three passengers, the American driver is at all times paying for the transport of nine. He also pays freight for a couple of hundred pounds of baggage he may seldom if ever want to carry. But more than that, the rate charged him for this unused capacity is entirely out of line with practical considerations. He is actually paying for enough engine power to pull a ten-ton truck, and in some of our more expensive cars far more than that. Why?

V

It is obvious that a lot of us would be a lot better off if American manufacturers built smaller cars. But that they should merely be smaller is not enough. We have a right to expect much more: greater efficiency, safety, real comfort, and yes, even greater beauty. We need to make a clean break; to free our engineers to build cars that would make full use of the engineering techniques of today.

Almost no one doubts that Detroit knows better how to build motor cars than anyone else in the world, and yet Americans would do well to take a look at the cars that are

built in Europe if they care to learn how the problems of economy and performance can be met. Not all English and Continental cars are engineering masterpieces, but many of them contain design and engineering features that make American cars look like relics of the gay nineties.

Before he can properly judge these cars the American driver will have to set aside some of his prejudices and preconceived notions of what a car should be. He must learn to look at them from the standpoint of functional value. Functionalism means not only efficiency and economy, but comfort as well. It means a car fitted to the needs of the individual who uses it and to the size of his pocketbook. And this is just what some European manufacturers—in spite of many disadvantages—are doing.

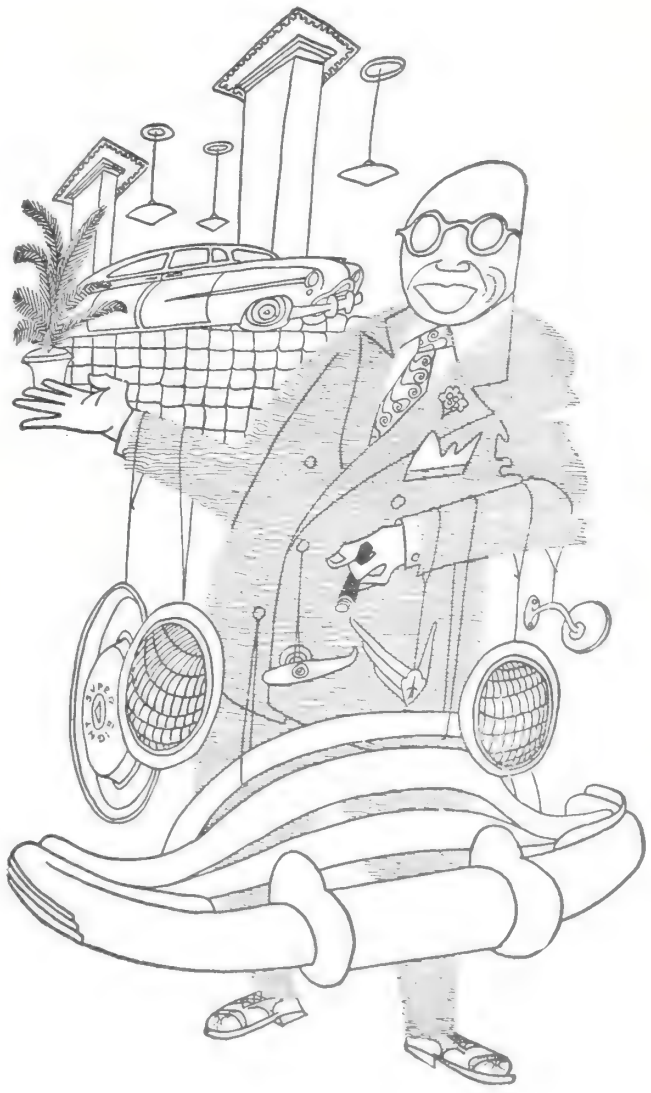
There is not the least disposition in Europe to produce a standard car—so that everybody's car looks like everyone else's no matter what it cost. Cars are made in a very wide range of styles for a great variety of uses, from the most economical to the most extravagant. There are the little Citröens and Renaults, the Austin and several versions of the Volkswagen, Fiat's tiny "Mickey Mouse" on the one hand, and the big, luxurious Rolls Royce and the Bentley, the Delahaye, the Talbot, the Armstrong-Sidley, the Alfa-Romeo, the Isotta-Fraschini on the other. Each manufacturer is proud of the individuality of his models. The car buyer is not limited to a dozen makes and models, each of which is almost a carbon copy of all the others. He can choose, from among a great many, one which comes closest to fitting his purposes and purchasing power.

And this variety is not just a matter of looks and price; it goes right to the heart of the engineering problems involved in advanced automobile design. There are a number of successful rear-engine cars in Europe, ranging from tiny models to big luxury cars. At the last Paris Exposition, one manufacturer introduced a jet-propelled car with a revolutionary seating arrangement; seats are simply easy chairs and the passengers place them wherever they are most comfortable.

Bodies on American cars, except for the Hudson and Nash, are still supported after the fashion of a railway coach or heavy truck, on a rectilinear frame. But as early as 1932 Citröen learned one way to eliminate this dead weight altogether. Citröen bodies are designed and stamped out in such a manner that the body itself supports all the machinery beneath and inside it. This *monococque* system not only saves needless weight and expense; it prevents the growling, squeaking, and thumping of two antagonistic elements, body and frame, as they work against each other.

The Czech manufacturers, Skoda and Tatra, have other means of lightening construction. In place of a frame their cars are supported by a central trunk or tree, a hollow steel tube with projecting arms. The tube houses the transmission shaft and the arms support the body and axles. Many European designers have adopted lighter, more efficient springing systems, such as the torsion bar, which are still in the conversation stage here.

Surely our American automotive engineers are not lacking in skill or inventiveness. All



they need is an opportunity to build the sort of car that their good sense must tell them would fit the needs of today. That part of the public which is still glamor-struck can—once the advantages are pointed out—easily be "sold" on small, inexpensive, manageable cars radically different from the swollen behemoths which now clog our roads. What stands in the way of change is not any fault either in our engineers or in our manufacturing process—which are unexcelled anywhere—but a fault in our methods of selling cars. Dependent on its dealers and unwilling to risk their displeasure, the industry is caught in a mesh of its own making. How it will cut itself out is hard to say.

It might find other outlets for its wares. Some department stores are already selling automobiles. Or cars might be sold by mail order. If the catalogue descriptions were factual, customers with a little knowledge of automotive values would be perfectly safe in buying them that way.

But these are details. What is really needed is the will to take the risks of change and break the sales pattern that now dominates the industry. Will some major manufacturer, hearing the swelling protests of disenchanted customers, decide to take a bold chance? Will he order his engineers to start building the kind of cars for which a growing public is waiting? The decision would be a bold one. But it might prove to be the most far-sighted decision ever made in Detroit.

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One of our readers found this card, of which we reproduce both sides, stuck in a copy of "Sticks and Stones" that he had not looked at since just before Repeal.

The Durban Deep

Martin Flavin

MR. BROOKS of Vacuum Oil called for me at 7:45 A. M., at my hotel in Johannesburg, to take me to a gold mine. Johannesburg, or Joburg, as they call it, is an urban island in the midst of nowhere, a pin-point in the vast, sad wilderness of Africa: a city of nearly a million population, about half of which is black and lives on the wrong side of the tracks—really outside the town, in sordid Jim Crow areas to which it is restricted. The white people refer to themselves as Europeans, and are known otherwise as Afrikaners; they call the Negroes "natives." Strictly speaking these designations are ethnologically unsound, but they serve the purpose of the color line. The Afrikaners are very proud of Joburg. Some of the more enthusiastic and less well informed say that it is like New York. But they are mistaken about that. It's more like Detroit, with a dash of Butte, Montana, and a pinch of Houston, Texas—a kind of composite of the three. It's a mining town, in fact, without any other excuse for its existence, built on a gold mine —or rather, on a lot of them, on a narrow seam of gold-bearing rock, known as the Reef, outcropping from a flat and broad plateau, six thousand feet above the sea.

The city is three years younger than I am, and on the whole, I think, is less well preserved. The core of it is an ugly, throbbing, congested business section, sprawling planlessly, and glutted with traffic depressingly unequal to its present needs; fringed with residential sections in process of, or threatened with, absorption; thinning out into attractive suburbs—expensive homes with well-kept lawns and gardens, and winding tree-lined streets; Country Clubs, and Bowling Clubs for bowling on the green, tennis courts and swimming pools, cricket grounds and soccer fields; the whole ringed round for part of its circumference, at a respectful distance antipodal to the suburban area, with wretched Native slums—the most appalling slums I've ever seen. Finally, there are the mine dumps, rearing from the landscape — ocher-colored hills growing into modest mountains, pyramids of powdered stone geometrically designed, not devoid of beauty of a cold forbidding sort, certainly impressive against the deep blue sky, which seems deeper and bluer in Africa than elsewhere: the monuments of Joburg.

Gold, not diamonds, is the wealth of South Africa, in a ratio of 10 to 1 for gold. Even wool is far ahead of diamonds. But gold is at the top, far ahead of everything. The average annual production is 12,000,000 ounces, which, at $34.50 per fine ounce, has a value of $414,000,000. There are 2,535,460 European (white) men, women, and children in the Union of South Africa—or were alleged to be the last time they were counted. If the

Mr. Flavin's report of his visit to a gold mine is the first of two articles to result from his travels in South Africa last year. He is the author of a Pulitzer Prize novel, Journey in the Dark.

gold were divided equally among them, each man, woman, and child would receive about $200 yearly. But it's not divided among them; and there is no good reason why it should be, since they take little part in the production of it. There are 7,735,809 Native (black) men, women, and children in the Union; and, in addition, 905,050 so-called Colored (mixed breeds), plus a handful of Asiatics. Or say, to summarize, almost 9,000,000 non-Europeans — four blacks for every white. If the gold were divided among the dark-skinned people, they would each get something less than $50. But it's not divided among them either, though they are the ones who actually produce it, who perform all the hard, menial labor of the mines.

Some 300,000 Native workers are employed in the gold mines of South Africa: contract labor, with an average term of fourteen months' employment, which of course can be repeated, and usually is. This labor is largely recruited from the Native Reserves which comprise only 12 per cent of the Union's total area of 472,550 square miles. It is worthy of note that although there are four times as many blacks as whites, only one eighth of the country has been allocated to them, wherein they may maintain some semblance of their natural tribal life and culture, and hold up their heads like men. To make the picture a little more graphic, let's put it this way: 5½ Europeans to 1 square mile; 160 non-Europeans to 1 square mile. But the blacks are not confined to reservations; they are everywhere, of course, and for one excellent reason: the Native Reserves will not support the Native population, not even on the bare subsistence level to which it is conditioned. They must get out or starve. No good to say, as is so often said—if they were skilled, efficient cultivators of the soil (which they are not)—if they had the proper mechanized equipment (which they haven't)—if they didn't spend their money buying cattle to trade for working wives (which is their way of life)—if this, if that. . . . The fact remains that, being what they are, they must get out or starve.

Hence labor for the farms and for the mines, for every menial task. The labor unions and the law effectively debar them from skilled occupations and economic progress. Hence the dreadful, festering urban slums; hence disease and poverty and crime. Hence $400,000,000 per annum worth of gold. But recruitment of labor for the mines is not confined within the borders of the Union, suggesting that the mining occupation is not as popular as sometimes represented. Labor is recruited from Portugese East Africa, from Bechuanaland, even from as far away as the Rhodesias.

THE Afrikaner lives in terror of two things. One is a decline in the price of gold, which he is helpless to prevent. For gold is not an ordinary commodity, like a cabbage or a motorcar, on which you can raise the price if your cost should be increased. The implementing sources of the price of gold are political rather than economic, and at all events remote from South African control. The other dread that haunts the Afrikaner's sleepless nights is fear of an increase in the cost of labor—the labor which must produce the gold, if it is to be produced. I have said that the wealth of South Africa is gold, but the statement should be carried a step further: the real wealth of the country is cheap labor, deprived of which the Union would be bankrupt overnight.

The mines are at the apex of the general situation, and thereby serve as a focus of attention: what happens in the mines will happen elsewhere. Their position at the moment is said to be precarious. The mines are deep—the deepest gold mines in the world; only black men can, or will, work at these levels. And the deeper down you go the more difficult it gets, and the more expensive. And Native labor, as yet unorganized, unacquainted with, and not yet equal to such a complicated undertaking as collective bargaining, outlawed by statute from most of the rights which we regard as inherent civil liberties—Native labor is none the less awakening, slowly and painfully, to its wretched situation. Faint echoes from the outer world are coming to its ears in the galleries underground, and in the urban centers. The gold mines may indeed turn out to be volcanoes—almost any time.

The thoughtful Afrikaner is not unaware of this, and is doing what he can, with what light he is endowed, to avert, or to postpone, a day of reckoning. With the Nationalist party in control of the government—a recent, unexpected political upset—repression and

coercion should gain fresh impetus. But it would be a mistake to ascribe these policies to cruel and ruthless men. The Afrikaner, like the Native, is the victim of a situation which he has inherited, which has grown slowly through a hundred years, for which no one can be said to be responsible. He is facing a problem which seems to him insoluble on any other terms than the present *status quo;* his purpose is to keep the problem where it is, not to let it worsen—which is of course impossible. He believes he is fighting for his life. And so he may be—a losing fight, I think; but there is wide divergence of opinion about that. At all events he is neither a monster nor a brute, but an average, decent fellow—or as decent as any of us are. He wants to do the right thing, just as much as you and I. He may be stupid and shortsighted, and I rather think he is. But the problem isn't mine, and tolerance grows with distance. I don't know how I'd feel if I were in his place, and I'm equally doubtful about you.

I HAD a limited time to spend in Joburg, and I wanted to see the inside of a gold mine. Hence, the arrival of Mr. Brooks, at 7:45 A. M., in a baby Peugeot car, the back seat of which was already overloaded with two young visiting oil men from the Free State, who welcomed me with easy hospitality. The Afrikaners, when you get away from the region of the Cape, are not unlike our Texans; a shade less rough and noisy, but friendly and informal, accustomed to big country. I had brought with me, as I had been instructed, a bath towel and a change of underwear, and, with this bundle underneath my arm and an inconvenient camera hung around my neck, I climbed into the seat with Mr. Brooks. We crawled down the street, already thick with traffic, past the railway station with its stand of delapidated rickshas—the only ones I saw in Johannesburg, and exclusively for Natives, I suppose, since I never saw a white man riding in one. There are Jim Crow busses for them, but at infrequent intervals and hopelessly inadequate; and they may ride on the trackless trolley cars, if they are accompanied by a white man—a generous regulation which enables the white man to keep his servant near him. And the black man may walk freely on the streets of Joburg, with his luggage on his head, until nine o'clock at night—and even after that, if he has a pass signed by a white man. There are many aspects of the South African color line which are painfully reminiscent of those we have at home. But there is one important, fundamental difference: every step the black man is able to take forward in America has the support of the law—of national law at least; in South Africa every step he takes is in violation and defiance of it. The cards are stacked against him.

We emerged out of the city onto a broad, paved highway, flanked with mine dumps; and, in the distance, with Native areas: Sophiatown, a squalid slum of 60,000; four-room houses with one family to a room, water from a faucet in the yard, bucket privies which are emptied at night into disposal wagons. Farther off is Orlando, a community of 90,000, in a treeless, sun-bleached, wind-swept plain; fairly decent housing, but the same overcrowded, intolerable conditions. The workers of Orlando trudge back and forth to Joburg to their jobs, a round trip which may well consume five hours of the day. If they waited for busses it might take them longer. Still farther is Meroka, the plague spot of the country—of the world perhaps: a settlement of 60,000 squatters, in a kind of no-man's-land; shelters made of odds and ends of everything—tin cans and rags and sacks and scraps of wood. And it can be bitter cold on this high plateau of Africa, and sometimes it rains for days.

It was a fine midsummer day, near the end of February. Billowy white cloud racks drifted slowly through the sky, very high above the earth, seeming somehow to emphasize the vastness of the landscape, to widen and expand the rim of the horizon till it melted into nothing at the very end of nowhere. Not even on the sea have I felt the world so big as it seems in Africa—nor so lonely and so sad. Mr. Brooks, himself an affable young man, remarked that we were lucky: the mine which was open for visitors on this day was the Durban Roodepoort Deep—one of the really deep ones, near 9,000 feet, he thought, which was about the limit they could work and still make a profit. He was well acquainted with the mines, he said, had worked in one himself when he was a boy. "Not a bad job for a youngster," he reflected, but engineering was his line and he

preferred the oil business, which at least had the virtue of the open air.

"And the Natives?" I inquired. "How do they like working underground?"

"Oh, they love it," he assured me. "They're better fed than they ever dreamed of being. They come in like scarecrows, and go out like fancy cattle. They work a few months and save their money, and then they can go home and buy themselves more women."

"And then?" I queried.

"Then?" He thought about it. "Well, they sit around, till they're hungry, I suppose; and then they leave their wives to till the ground, and come on back and have another go."

"It doesn't seem to get them anywhere," I said.

"No," he agreed, "I don't suppose it does. But then you see they haven't really anywhere to get."

PRESENTLY we turned off the highway, on a tree-lined road, at the end of which was a group of neat brick buildings, one story high, containing the managerial offices of the Durban Roodepoort Deep. Behind the buildings, at some distance, was an ocher-colored dump of sizable proportions, and less far off the ugly structure of a hoist. Motorcars were parked around a patch of lawn, and from some of them the visitors of the day were now alighting. There were, on later counting, twenty-four of us, about equally divided as to sex, of a wide variety of ages, and representing several nationalities. The only Americans besides myself were three determined women from Los Angeles. A young Anglican cleric with a thin, ascetic, sensitive face and a cultured British accent, exchanged a word with me and introduced himself. He told me he had been in Africa five years, had come out direct from Oxford. He was now at the head of a mission in Sophiatown.

I asked him a question: "In what way are the Natives different from the rest of us?"

"There is no real defference," he replied. "What appears to be a difference is actually a lag, due in the main to deficient opportunity."

"You mean they have the same potentialities—for technical skills, for intellectual speculation?"

"Exactly. With the same individual variations."

"What about their moral character?"

"Morality," he smiled, "is a question of geography."

"Yes, I know," I said. "But to be specific, are they less honest than the white man?"

"No." He shook his head. "They are by nature simple, gentle people—hospitable, kind." He paused with a shy look in his eyes, as if he were afraid he might be shocking me. "I like the Natives. I would rather live among them than among the Europeans."

Brooks came hurrying back with information. There was a treat in store for us, he said, something that visitors rarely had a chance to see, as it only happened at infrequent intervals, and very seldom on a visiting day: they were casting ingots in the smelter—ingots of pure gold; and that was the first thing we would have a look at. A pleasant-faced young fellow, of the engineering type, directed us to go inside a shed-like building where we would be equipped with coveralls and helmets like those that he was wearing. He glanced at my shoes and said I should have worn older ones. And I said I would have, but the ones I had on were the only ones I had. The hoist was clanging up and down, and ore was being dumped, rattling into something; but there were scarcely any workers to be seen, no suggestion of a great industrial undertaking. And I remarked about it.

"The business of a gold mine is underground," he said, and added patiently that the Durban Deep employed 10,000 men, housed in two compounds of about 5,000 each, one of which we would be shown in due time. The mine operated on three shifts, eight hours each, six days in the week. But the night shift was a small one, not a mining shift in fact, but a clean-up and repair crew. I asked him if the natives were satisfactory workers.

"Oh, they're all right," he shrugged. "Of course, they're bloody stupid, and they're lazy. But they're all right, if you tell 'em what to do and stand by and watch 'em do it."

"Do they like their jobs, working in the mine?"

"I wouldn't know," he said. "I've never asked 'em." And he added that I better hurry on into the men's dressing room and change my clothes or I might not find any to fit me.

In denim coveralls and steel helmets we went out and joined the ladies, who were similarily garbed, and walked to the smelter which wasn't far away—housed in a modest building, with the general appearance of a country blacksmith shop. As I stepped across the threshold, out of brilliant sunlight into semi-darkness, some Native workmen, stripped to their waists, wearing thick asbestos gloves and eye shades, were in process of removing a brick of solid gold from one of several small furnaces which occupied the end of the room. The ingot was in a mold, suggestive of a bread tin, only somewhat larger. It was drawn from the furnace on a paddle, like a baker's. Except for the blinding orange glare in the oven's mouth, and the golden halo round the mold and avalanche of sparks, it might have been no more than a big-sized loaf of bread. It was the last loaf of the day, and was quickly cooled and dumped from the mold onto the earthen floor, where there were several more of them, already cold and black and unimportant looking.

"About $400,000 worth of gold," a superintendent told us, as we gathered round in an awed, respectful circle. Somebody suggested that it looked a simple matter to get away with one. "Pick one up and try it," the superintendent said. So we had a go at that, picking up a gold brick weighing sixty pounds; it was too small for its weight or too heavy for its size; anyhow, there seemed no convenient way to hold it. The Native workers of whom there might have been about a dozen in the place, went on about their business, exhibiting no interest in what was going on. They didn't laugh or smile, or seem aware of us. In a corner of the room there was a vat, or wash tub, presided over by a European; and I walked over to see him.

He asked me where I came from and I told him from America. "From America?" he chuckled. "That's where we send the gold; you chaps buy it from us. We dig it up and ship it overseas; and you take it off to some place called—Kentucky, I believe, and bury it again."

"That's right," I said.

"It doesn't seem to make much sense," he grinned. "Might just as well leave it buried over here." He paused to scrape the surface of a brick with a wire brush "It takes 5,000 tons of rock to smelt out one of these; and that's a lot of digging, and a lot of sweating, too." I asked what the Natives thought about it. And he answered, with a twinkle in his eye, that he didn't think they'd heard about it yet. "When they do," he said, "I expect they'll laugh their heads off."

The tour was departing and I started for the door, but he called after me, "What sort of place is this—Kentucky?"

"It's a state," I told him. "Like what you call a province."

"Oh." He nodded. "Is it near the place where they make the atom bombs?"

"Right next door to it," I said.

"Well, that's good," he chuckled. "Keep 'em close together. One won't be much good without the other."

WE WALKED a short distance to the hoist, where, while we waited for the cage, we were equipped with batteries for our helmet lamps—flat, rather heavy boxes belted to our waists. The Native boys who brought and strapped them on, were quick and deft about it, but not talkative or friendly. They disappeared, and presently returned with armfuls of overcoats—thick, heavy ones, like army issue. "When you come up you'll need them," our conductor said. "It's hot down there and you're likely to get chilled coming up the shaft." We had several guides by now—six or eight of them, young fellows for the most part, competent and friendly, taking watchful care that none of us should come to any harm. The cage came clattering up: a narrow iron box roofed with heavy mesh, with double gates at either end, hinged to open inward. We crowded into it, about thirty men and women, including our conductors, and there was no room to spare; indeed, to close the gates, we had to push and wriggle. But at last they were banged shut, and down we went—5,000 feet of swift descent without a pause, a drop six times greater than from the top of the RCA building to the ground.

When the cage came to a stop, we were in a spacious cavern, illuminated with electric lights, with a narrow gauge track along one side of it, which disappeared at either end into galleries in the rock. At this point we were mercifully relieved of our overcoats, and informed they'd be waiting for us later on, at another shaft. There were several other

shafts, they said, and we would not return by the one we had descended. There was not much activity in sight, and indeed there wasn't much anywhere they took us. It was difficult to believe that 4,000 men (an average day shift, I suppose) were working in the mine. If they were they must have been where we were not, or spread very thin in the network of galleries.

There was a rumble of approaching cars in the dark depths of the tunnel, then the winking lights on the helmets of the men; and presently the train came into sight: little dump cars filled with rock and pushed by hand, two workers to a car, young fellows for the most part, stripped to their waists and their bodies sleek with sweat, the whites of their eyes as white as fish belly. They barely glanced at us as they trudged slowly by, not chattering or laughing or kidding one another, and not cursing or complaining, but silent and impassive—and sad; like oxen pulling plows, without knowing what they're doing or any reason for it, and ill at ease about it, uncomfortable, embarrassed by an unnatural task; yet docile and resigned. That was the expression in their eyes, when I thought about it afterward—the basic aspect of it, sometimes tinged with sullenness, with deep unvoiced resentment—in the eyes of most of them, in the mine and on the ground, wherever they are laboring in the service of the white man; in the eyes of house boys passing cocktails at a party, and of stevedores working cargo on the docks at Capetown, docile and resigned, alien and sad.

It was hot and humid, like a tropical conservatory: hot and close enough to make me feel a little faint, though there were blowers pumping in fresh air, and standing underneath one, it was fairly comfortable. But a few steps away the air was like a wet and sticky blanket wrapped around your head. We snapped on our helmet lights and set off into the tunnel where the cars had disappeared—a straggling procession, escorted by our guides. Brooks and the Oxford man and the two boys from the Free State walked along with me, and the engineering fellow who had criticized my shoes, kept close beside us. He asked me if I felt all right and I said I did, which was trifling with the truth. I was thinking to myself: if I take it easy and am careful not to hurry, I may survive this trip. I'd been down in mines before, I don't know how deep, but this was the hottest and the wettest. My coveralls were soaked with sweat already, or maybe with water condensed out of the air. It was wet underfoot: puddles in the space between the tracks; and water dripping from the roof and trickling down the walls, which looked like granite and were not heavily timbered. Drip, drip, drip—you could hear it everywhere. I asked our guide how they got rid of it, for I saw no signs of pumps. "We drain it farther down," he said, "and pump it out from there." I ventured to inquire if we, ourselves, were going any lower. He said he didn't know, but probably we would—maybe as far down as 7,500, which was not far from the bottom. "I hope we will," chirped Brooks. I hoped we wouldn't, but I kept it to myself.

Presently we overtook the string of dump cars. They had stopped and were unloading —onto the floor of the tunnel, it appeared. But this was not the case; they were dumping the rock into a chute which went down somewhere. I had trouble understanding this until it was explained that the cars which would be hoisted to the surface were on a lower level, and the ore was being fed directly into them. "Sounds silly, I suppose," our guide remarked. "But gravity is what we use whenever we can do it. It's easier to drop things than it is to lift 'em up." I let it go at that, but I still don't understand it very well—nor how you'd ever start a mine that way, for in the beginning there would be nowhere to drop things. But I was too hot and uncomfortable to care.

"How much are the Natives paid?" I asked. "Two bob [50 cents] a day," our guide replied. "And of course their food and housing. That's the basic pay."

"You mean that some earn more?"

"A little more," he said.

"And what's the basic pay for the white men in the mine?"

He named a figure which amounted to eleven times the Native wage.

"But the white man has to feed and lodge himself," amended Brooks. "The Native's better off a lot of ways, what with medical attention and everything he needs." He elaborated on it as we walked along: if the Native stuck it out for fourteen months, an average term of contract, say roughly around 350

working days; if he saved his money, which he could do if he wanted, he would wind up at the end with $175. "And that's a lot of money for a Native," he concluded.

"But they don't save all their money," the Oxford man objected. Brooks tossed that off. "It's up to them," he said.

We tramped on through the tunnel which was reasonably spacious, with ample head room save now and then for timbers arched across it. There was nothing to suggest that gold was being mined, nothing to be seen except the dripping walls, gleaming wetly in the light we flashed upon them. The tunnel curved and angled here and there, aimlessly it seemed, though perhaps it had followed an erratic seam of gold which had been dug and finished. But that was pure conjecture on my part. At last it widened out into another cavern, like the one from which we'd started. And here we overtook the balance of the party, grouped around a staging, climbing into something which startingly suggested a small flat-bottomed boat, almost standing on its nose. "A kind of chute-the-chutes," our guide explained. And so indeed it was: a shaft sunk at an angle, with iron boats that slid, or rolled, upon a track—like little landing craft (it took three of them to hold the thirty of us)—like baking dishes really, with iron lids that clamped across the tops. The tourists were having fun about it. There were no seats in the boats; and, sitting on the floor, when the lids came down, there was no room for their heads. They had to flatten out, on top of one another. Then the lid would be banged shut, and down they'd go—like traveling in a coffin on a roller coaster.

I was in the very front of my boat, which was not the place to be, as all the other passengers slid down toward my end. Fortunately there was little room to slide; we were packed too tight for that. When the lid came down I ducked my head, but it jammed my helmet hard and almost tore my ears off. I was wedged between the two boys from the Free State, with the elbow of one of them digging in my throat and the knees of the other jabbed into my stomach. They asked solicitously if I was comfortable; and I told them I was fine, which was a lie. Somebody pressed a button, or did something, and down we went, with that old devil Gravity dancing on our backs and ramming us together till I thought I should be smothered. How fast? I have no notion; but in next to nothing we were there. The lid clanged up and we crawled out—like the fabled birds emerging from a pie. We were in another cavern, a thousand feet closer to the center of the earth, and six thousand feet below the surface of the ground—just level with the sea. It was hotter and wetter, but otherwise unchanged.

I SAT down in a puddle on the floor to catch my breath and straighten out my ears. Then off we trudged again, the five of us at the tail of the procession, into another tunnel, with neither tracks nor dump cars, less spacious than the last one and with more timbering in it. There was no sign of life; the tunnel seemed deserted, until at last we heard the muffled chatter of a pneumatic drill—a welcome sound in the silence of the place. And suddenly we came around a corner on the workers: two Natives, and a foreman who was standing idly by. They were in a narrow alcove in the tunnel wall; and the man with the drill was working in a hole in the ceiling of it, standing on a step cut in the rock, all of him out of sight except his legs. The other man was standing near, holding the heavy air hose. When we paused to look the foreman cut the air off, and the deafening racket stopped. They were mining gold, I though. But I was wrong. It turned out to be another gravitational matter: digging *up* a chute to connect another tunnel.

The man with the drill was a Zulu. I could tell this by his tribal decoration: flat white discs of bone inserted in his broad, distorted ear lobes. He was naked to the waist, with goggles on his eyes and a helmet on his head, and so thickly smeared with powdered stone and sweat that his coal black skin was gray. He was young, in the flood tide of his strength—a Zulu boy, descendant of a proud and warlike nation which the white man had subdued with long and painful effort. He stood beside his helper, with the drill clasped in his arms, crouching with the weight of it, staring at us dully, half blinded by the light we focused on him. And then he raised his hand and pushed his goggles up; and his eyes were like the others—alien and sad.

His ragged jeans were ripped in a revealing place, and someone made a laughing reference to the fact, without, I'm sure, intent to

give offense. The Oxford man turned away and walked on by himself. People in South Africa are prone to make remarks about the Natives in their presence, as if they were not there. At a dinner table, for example, I have heard them discuss the Native Question in its most alarming aspects, in the hearing of the servants, even to point of anecdotes which reflected on the boys engaged in serving them. Once or twice I had ventured to inquire how they dared to be so frank, though "frank" was not exactly what I meant. What I really had in mind was "so callous and unkind." In reply I had been told that the Natives never listened to what was being said, that they didn't understand and didn't care. But I had seen them listening, seen it in their eyes, and seen them care. And this Zulu boy had listened and had cared. We went on through the tunnel, and emerged abruptly into another cavern, in which there was a shaft and waiting cage. The rest of the party were already tucked inside it, and calling us to hurry. As I wedged myself through the crack beween the gates, I thought with fine relief that this must be the end, that we were going up. But I was wrong about it. The iron gates clanged shut and down we went, another fifteen hundred—a mile and a half below the surface of the ground, or nearly that. And nothing at the end but another dripping cave, hotter and wetter than the last one. My iron hat encased my head like an instrument of torture, and the battery box dragged at me like a lump of solid lead; my knees sagged with the pressure. The atmosphere seemed thick enough to swim in, if one could make the effort. But there was a blower, with something that resembled air gushing from its mouth, and I sat down under it and lit a cigarette.

"Bit rugged down this deep," our guide remarked. "But gold is where you find it."

"You really mean there's gold down here?" I asked, ironically I hoped.

"Right there, around the corner, a hundred yards or so." He nodded toward a tunnel into which the visitors were already straggling. Half of them were women, and some of the men were older than myself. If they could take it, I could. "Okay," I said, "let's go." And I threw my cigarette away and climbed back on my feet. The members of our group applauded feebly, and off we went once more.

"Let's get this straight," I said, when we'd walked along a way. "Do men really work down here, without compulsion, for fifty cents a day?"

"Natives," said the guide. "And there is no compulsion."

"Do their contracts say how deep they'll have to go?"

He didn't think so but he wasn't sure. "Anyway," he added, "they get along all right. Why, they get fat on it."

"And eight hours isn't long." Brooks commented cheerfully. But a minute was too long, an hour was a nightmare, and eight of them beyond imagination.

"Ask him," the Oxford man whispered in my ear, "how many hours they spend waiting for the cage to take them up." I asked but I didn't get an answer, beyond that they were lifted as rapidly as possible. "I am told," the Oxford man said, in my ear again, "that they often spend twelve hours underground." And I repeated this. But our guide was vague about it.

Still, I reflected to myself, all sorts of undertakings were subject to abuses. The mining occupation was not confined to black men; and a mine was a mine, whether deep or shallow; and while fifty cents plus keep seemed a very modest wage, in the modern world, for doing anything, still, the wage of the worker was a variable factor, differing widely with location and conditions. No, it was none of these things, nor all of them together, which made it seem so ugly: not the depth and discomfort of the mine, nor the pitiful reward for working in it. Nor was it this I saw, reflected in their eyes, not the hardships of their tasks. It was something else entirely: the vicious, devastating, and degrading color line.

We turned out of the dark and silent tunnel, through a narrow entrance, into a good-sized chamber, hewn in the rock. And there at last were signs of life: a score of Natives, armed with picks and shovels, desisted from whatever they were doing and grouped against the wall, out of the way, with their European bosses close beside them. The tourists were assembled in the chamber, perched on heaps of rubble with which the floor was littered, their headlights and attention focused on the wall—on something in the rock which the master guide was tracing

with a pocket flash, which was hard to see at first, since it looked but little different from the rock through which it ran. But then I saw it was a different color, rather greenish: the seam which held the gold, scarcely wider than my hand, and in places not so wide. It seemed incredible that anyone could find it, or, having found it, could pursue it through the earth—like a microscopic vein in the carcass of an elephant.

"There it is," the guide kept saying. "That's the stuff we're after. And we have to move a lot of rock to get it." The visitors crowded close, with murmured exclamations in half a dozen languages, reaching up to touch the seam, picking crumbs with eager fingers. But the guides invited them to help themselves. The rubble on the floor was full of it, they said, and they crawled on hands and knees, finding samples for their guests. Our guide selected a good-sized chunk for me, but on the way back through the tunnel I lost my souvenir. It weighed about two pounds, and when no one was looking, I sneaked it from my pocket and dropped it in the dark.

We were back on the surface in two jumps—straight up, no chute-the-chutes. But part way up we changed from one shaft to another; and at the final loading point our overcoats were waiting in a dump car, with Native boys at hand to help us on with them. We were warned to put them on, no matter how we felt, which was good advice I guess; for the air in the shaft felt like a polar blast But when we squirmed out of the cage the sun was shining brightly amid the drifting clouds, and the day was warm and fine, as we had parted from it. I glanced at my watch: we had been about three hours underground.

Our guides took leave of us. We would have time to change our clothes, they said, and then we'd be conducted to the compound, to see for ourselves how the Native workers lived. In the dressing room we hastily stripped and crowded in the showers; and in the midst of this boys rushed in with trays of tea—the inevitable complement of every undertaking in South Africa. When I got my clothes on I escaped out of the place and went to work to clean my shoes which were caked with sticky mud. A new conductor was waiting at the door, and he called a passing Native boy to help me. The boy kneeled down obediently and scraped the mud away, polishing the leather with his hands. He said they were good shoes and he asked how much they cost.

"About five pounds," I told him.

"Five pounds!" He shook his head and his eyes were big with wonder. I thought about it then: it would take him fifty days to earn that much—four hundred hours underground; and the shoes, however good, would be long worn out before he paid for them. I gave him a shilling, and he seemed surprised and pleased, glancing doubtfully at the guide from the corner of his eye, as if to make certain such things would be permitted.

The tourists being assembled, we were directed to get into our cars and follow a lead car to the compound. Through a gateway in a long, one-story building, we drove into a spacious yard, two or three acres in extent—a quadrangle in fact, bordered with rows of small brick houses, box-like little structures with narrow space between them. There was little sign of life inside; perhaps a day shift lived here, now at work beneath the ground; or a night shift, now asleep. Some workers passed us, going to and fro, clad in faded jeans, clumping on the pavement in their heavy shoes, going on about their business, barely glancing at us. There is nothing picturesque about the black man in South Africa—nothing savage or unique. They have lost all that, or buried it away with the costumes and customs of the past, to be resurrected now and then on state occasions—when the King of England comes to visit them, or when they stage a tribal dance for the benefit of tourists—perhaps more genuinely in their own reserves, when they are alone among themselves. But where they are in contact with the white man they look and seem like poor black people anywhere.

We visited the commissary first and then followed a path beside the landscaped garden, past a row of neat, brick cubicles in which were housed the showers and latrines, to the open door of one of the small structures which lined three sides of the enclosure. The house was too small for all of us to enter at one time; and so, half a dozen in a group, we crowded in. It consisted of a single room about sixteen feet square, with a narrow open space before the door, in the center of which

was a little iron stove, to furnish heat in winter and to cook their meat. The rest of the room was taken up with bunks, tiered to the ceiling, and shrewdly staggered to economize the space. I counted twenty-four, but it was hard to see them and I may have made an error. The place was clean and in perfect order, suggestive of a barracks—blankets smoothly spread, in military fashion. And the lodgers were at home, some of them stretched out, or sitting, on their bunks; and others standing, a bit like raw recruits in the presence of an officer, uneasily at attention, not quite sure what to do. I don't know why they were at home; or since they were not working, why they were not asleep. I had the feeling—as by now I had it of almost everything—that their house had been selected for inspection, that they had been warned to have it shipshape, and relieved from their jobs to set the stage. I lingered in the room to take a picture, until all the other visitors had gone out. And when the black men saw me opening my camera they seemed to come to life, exchanging words about it; and several grouped themselves, with smiling faces, edging to the front to be sure to be in it. They struck self-conscious poses, and were motionless and silent. But when I'd snapped the shutter there was a lot of chatter, and one of them stepped forward—a stalwart, handsome boy—to ask in careful English, with timid eagerness, if I would send a picture they could pin up on the wall. I told him I'd be glad to if he'd write his name for me. But he couldn't write it, nor could any of the others.

I OVERTOOK the other visitors, already halfway through the administration building and going pretty fast; perhaps the visiting period was drawing to a close. We were told there was a playing field for football and cricket, on which Native teams contended; that sometimes on Sunday they would stage a tribal dance, to which members of the public were invited; that occasionally a motion picture would be shown, though the subjects must be chosen with great care, since most of the pictures were far beyond the reach of Native comprehension and likely to be strangely misinterpreted—as for example: European love scenes, as depicted on the screen, represented to the black man offensive and incredible behavior. Somewhere, we were told, there was a hospital with two European doctors in attendance; but we were not taken to it. We walked through the first-aid room, which appeared to be all a first-aid room should be. We were taken to an office where the workers' cards were kept—many files of them; and good big cards they were, with fingerprints and history, and full record of demerits, if such had been incurred.

I held one in my hands, which was written nearly full with infractions of the rules, and was obviously the record of a rebellious rascal. He had been absent many times and frequently drunk; had engaged in numerous brawls and beaten up his fellows; had been accused of theft, though the charge had not been proved. He was lazy and incompetent, according to report, and repeated reprimand had not improved him. He had disappeared for days and then turned up, to continue his career of crime and disaffection, unchastened and unchanged. I asked a young official who seemed to be in charge, where this ruffian went when he was missing. But he only smiled and shrugged, as if to say my guess be as good as his. "Probably Sophiatown," the Oxford man said dryly.

"And what do you do with such hoodlums?" I inquired. He said there were minor punishments they could inflict: offenders could be fined, or even locked up, for brief periods of time.

"There is no corporal punishment?—no flogging?" I suggested.

"No, nothing of the sort," he answered warmly. "When they are guilty of serious offenses, they are of course turned over to the police authorities." He added that they tried in every way they could to reform the few bad characters who were bound to turn up in any good-sized group—to salvage them if possible. "We do the best we can for them," he said. "And if it seems hopeless, in the end we send them home." He took the card out of my hand and scanned it. "On such evidence as this," he smiled, "we can scarcely be accused of being either ruthless or impatient."

I had a final question in my mind, which I had been saving to ask someone who wasn't just a guide. "Tell me," I said, "how do these men get on in the absence of their women—most of them young fellows in the prime of

sexual life? What do they do about it? How do they get along?"

He frowned and hesitated, and then he told me carelessly that they got along all right—or anyway, most of them; they didn't seem to suffer from the absence of their wives, and were maybe glad to get away from them. "They get along all right," he repeated firmly; and there was something in the way he said it that did not invite discussion.

The excursion appeared to be completed; the visitors were departing, and Brooks was waiting for me in the Peugeot. The Oxford man strolled with me to the car. "I would wager," he remarked, "though I cannot prove it, that within walking distance of this place, it would be hard to find a Native girl, past the age of puberty, who has not got a baby or is not expecting one." I said it seemed to me like a reasonably safe bet. "As for these compounds," he went on, in his cultured, gentle voice, "the truth is they are reeking hives of sodomy, of every variety of sexual perversion; and the facts are known to many people. What else could they be, unless the laws of nature were suspended?" He paused and added wearily, "The conditions that exist are only tolerated because their skins are black." I nodded my agreement; we shook hands and said goodby. As I crawled into the Peugeot he leaned upon the door to say a final word. "But of course," he smiled, "you're familiar with these matters; you have a color problem in the States."

"Yes, we have," I said. "Or anyway I thought so before I came to Africa."

(Another African article by Mr. Flavin will appear next month.—The Editors)

Still-Life

WILLIAM J. SMITH

WHERE no one else at all was sitting,
Mabel sat,
Her fingers flying at her knitting
Like the claws of a cat.

Geraniums were planted
Like Canadian police
While dancers danced in ivory
Along the mantlepiece.

The cat on the piano took
An octave on the keys;
And wind from Tuscaloosa shook
The apple trees.

The hunched and old, anemic moon,
Orion, and the Dog,
Wander by the cottonwood
In wisps of fog.

Red the wool upon the rug,
The curtains drawn.
Where no one else at all is going,
Mabel's gone.

What the War Cost

C. Hartley Grattan

NO EARTHQUAKE, no hurricane, no flood known to the record has matched World War II in destructiveness. No previous war—the incursions of Attila and his Huns, the pillagings of the barbarians in the declining years of the Roman Empire, the frightful scourgings of men and cities during the Thirty Years War—did anywhere near so much damage. Even World War I was only one-seventh as destructive.

What did it all cost? Naturally no tabulation of figures can tell the whole story, for the full consequences to posterity will be reckoned and rereckoned as generations of historians yet unborn study the record—unless memory of it is obliterated in a worse man-made catastrophe hereafter.

Nevertheless the ramifications of the cost can be traced, estimates of fractions of the damage ferreted out, and grand totals constructed which will convey some sense of the magnitude of the disaster. What a war costs depends upon who is doing the counting, what is thought to be a cost, and the purpose for which the estimate is made. Governments seeking reparations offer higher estimates than governments seeking to hearten their people to undertake reconstruction. All figures are open to criticism by experts working from different assumptions: all in the end are equally approximations or informed guesses. But two broad kinds of costs appear in all estimates: first, the cost in human lives; and second, the material costs, which include both the expense of gathering together the weapons, other equipment, and the men to fight the war, and the cost of the destruction inflicted on the world by the use of the weapons.

THE life-cost of World War II fell far more heavily on civilians than on the men in uniform. The sardonic joke about the front line being the safest place in wartime became in many places the unvarnished truth. In no war in modern times have so many civilians suffered death in so many different ways as in World War II. There were the deaths by bombing (three hundred times more numerous than in World War I); the planned killings of civilians by the hundreds of thousands in extermination and concentration camps; the losses in underground movements (which in some countries were three or four times bigger than the losses in the regular armies); and the further deaths when people were turned out of their homes onto the roads to wander about looking without real hope for a haven, or were herded like cattle into freight cars and taken to labor for the enemy as slaves, with thousands of them inevitably dying long before their time. Taking all these into account, we may safely conclude that at least three times as

Mr. Grattan's summing-up of the "economics of destruction" grows out of three books and many more articles which he published in the years between two wars on their moral and material cost.

many civilians died because of the war as died in the armed forces.

What, then, were the losses in the armed forces? General George C. Marshall has estimated that the principal belligerents lost 15 million dead and missing. It is likely that the smaller countries lost another 1½ million in the same way. Most of the missing later turned up as prisoners of war, but as there was protracted and illegal delay in repatriating Axis prisoners—a task still not completed by the USSR—some of these must have lost their lives. At any rate it would seem conservative, bearing all these figures in mind, to say that in all at least ten million members of the armed services came to their deaths.

Add three civilian deaths for every one of these, and we add thirty million to ten million—arriving at forty million as a total for deaths in World War II. That is just about equivalent to all the children in the United States under nineteen years of age.

Of the material costs, the largest by all odds came from that most appalling innovation in ruthless destruction, air bombardment—especially area raids which were indiscriminate in that no specific target was aimed at. Aside from air bombardment, the chief causes of destruction in World War II were undersea and surface warfare against both merchant and naval ships, and warfare on land, including underground activities and the scorched-earth techniques used by nations retreating out of their own territory and also used by an enemy when driven from occupied territory. These various kinds of destruction cannot be exactly differentiated from one another. For instance, ships were sunk from the air as well as by surface ships and submarines, and ground operations were usually preceded and accompanied by air bombardment. Nevertheless we are reasonably sure that air bombardment, whether carried on behind the enemy's lines as in the raids on Britain and Germany, or as a phase of front-line operations, caused by far the greatest proportion of the damage.

Air bombardment was intended to destroy the ability to manufacture munitions. But munitions production today involves in one way or another practically the whole economy of a nation; a campaign against munitions production is an effort to destroy a nation's economic life. Of the bomb tonnage dropped on Europe, over half fell on Germany, about one-fifth on France, about one-eighth on Italy; the rest was scattered. Germany, of course, was the principal source of munitions on the Continent as well as leader of the Axis. If we divide up the bomb tonnage another way, we find that three quarters of it was dropped to destroy the ability to produce, while the rest fell on more narrowly defined military targets. As practiced in World War II, air bombardment represents the most systematic effort ever made to destroy the economic underpinnings of nations. In destroying a nation's power to make war, one destroys a nation's ability to keep its citizens alive. This paradox will plague us as long as war exists. This is why it is taking so long to "restore" Europe.

To destroy an enemy's ability to produce, one does not have to destroy literally everything. The job can be very efficiently done by smashing up the transportation system, especially the railroads but also the roads (particularly the bridges) and the canals. No modern nation can function for long without rapid and certain circulation of freight. Out of every 100 tons of bombs dropped on Europe, 31 were aimed at inland transport, chiefly railroads.

At one time or another special efforts were made to knock out factories making oil from coal, aluminum, airplane engines and frames, and submarines. (It was discovered that the effects of bombing on industries vary enormously. For instance, the heavy equipment of steel works is exceedingly difficult to damage, but the works can be slowed down, though not finally stopped, if the water and gas lines serving them are broken. On the other hand, plants producing oil from coal are highly vulnerable, as are most chemical plants, and can be sufficiently damaged by bombs to be knocked out permanently.) But it was not until well into 1943 that the effects of bombing on German production became noticeable and not until another year had passed, when the railroads began to fall apart, that the final, fatal decline began. In proportion as the railroads were battered, the decline accelerated. When the war ended, maps showing the condition of Europe's railroads resembled nothing so much as those

pictures of germs seen through a microscope —merely disconnected dashes. The men who planned the wrecking of Europe's transportation knew precisely what they were doing. They smashed what any economist or technologist would tell them was the basic service of any economy.

The same lesson was learned with regard to transportation by sea. The critical phase of the battle to keep Britain in the war was the effort to keep supplies moving in from overseas. On the other side of the world the same lesson was enforced. Japan was well on the way to final industrial decline even before the United States captured bases from which bombers could operate against factories. This was because Japanese factories could not operate without a steady flow of supplies from across the sea, and the immensely successful American campaign against Japanese cargo shipping had halted this flow.

The planned destruction of a nation's capacity to make war is one thing; the planned destruction of people's houses is quite another. The assault on dwellings ranks as one of the great horrors of the war. Cities heavily bombed often lost half their dwellings, and in areas bitterly fought over on the ground and from the air, like vast portions of Russia, the number of people left homeless ran into millions. Terror and obliteration air-raids were considered successful almost in proportion to the number of people who lost their homes; for homeless people cannot work well, and production falls toward zero. It was for these reasons that 20 out of every 100 residential buildings in Germany were destroyed, that every fifth Greek was left homeless, that 28,000 houses in Rotterdam alone were knocked down, that the British had 460,000 houses destroyed and the Japanese two and a quarter million. Even in New Guinea numerous native villages were flattened to the ground.

What this wholesale destruction of dwelling space meant in human terms it is impossible even for people with highly developed imaginations to grasp. And with the "space" went the furniture and other equipment and possessions of the millions of human beings who occupied it, often things painfully gathered after hard toil over many years. That man did all this to himself only adds the final touch of irony.

To the costs of waging the war and the costs of the destruction of railroads, roads, canals, ships, docks, factories, and dwelling houses must be added others which seldom appear in published totals because they occur only to the minds of specialists. Among these are such things as the cost of raw materials, manufactured articles, and foodstuffs carried off by invaders to help sustain their production for war; the worth of the labor power carried away from invaded countries to provide "hands" for the industries of the enemy; the cost of running down equipment by neglecting maintenance during a war; the cost of the reckless use of natural resources; the eventual cost of having, on the one hand, sold off foreign investments and, on the other, run up the nation's debts owed abroad; the disorganization of established systems of trade and finance; and the cost of depressing the standard of living of the people by diverting more and more of total national production from consumption for well-being to expenditure on war. These, too, are among the things which leave nations at the end of a war in such desperate straits; these, too, are part of the cost of a war, however difficult it may be to place a dollar value on them.

It was these various kinds of costs which, when piled one on top of the other, reduced Europe and the Far East to such low levels at the war's end. It was clear that the world had suffered a catastrophic blow. In Europe the blow appeared mortal. The continent which was the homeland from which Western civilization had spread over the entire globe was teetering on the edge of final collapse.

What, then, was the grand total of the cost of achieving this frightening end? Let us try to add the figures up.

The military expenditures recorded in national budgets—let us assume that they are accurate—come to a total of over one trillion dollars, or $1,117,000,000,000. Let us further assume that the cost of destruction came to at least twice that figure; this is a very modest assumption indeed, for in some countries it was much more than twice, though in others it was less. This would give us a figure of a little less than two and a quarter trillions, or $2,234,000,000,000. Toss in an additional $650,000,000,000 for the sort of losses which I have said above tend to elude even the most industrious figure-makers. Then add up these

monstrous sums, and you get a grand total of just about four trillion dollars. Or, if a trillion is difficult to comprehend, say four thousand thousand million dollars.

Forty million people and four trillion dollars. Look hard at those figures and you begin dimly to see what World War II cost. And even so, you have left out the *moral* cost of what man so systematically and purposefully did to man.

Should there be a World War III, the situation will be far worse. At Hiroshima a single atom bomb killed one and a half times as many people as were killed in air bombardments in England during all of World War II. Since the atom bomb is by its very nature adapted only to area raids, to indiscriminate destruction of a highly generalized target, such as an entire city, we can estimate that if this weapon should come into use the destruction in World War III will advance, not a mere seven times as from World War I to II, but on the order of seventy times. If World War II was destructive enough to set civilization back on its haunches for an indefinite period, World War III would be pretty certain to put it flat on its back for many gen-

mere seven times as from World War I to II,

The Weeds

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

By the hot hedge of August these were nothing,
Were nothing in the faddish trees of May.
But now in January this copper garden
Holds fête-champêtre day,

Glum mercury under his glassy ladder sulking.
The fields are lacquer of ice.
Only the waist-high straggle of roan weeds
Extravagant and precise:

One like the peacock's tail imitated in brass;
One with its quarter-inch roses, moth-miller hue;
One like a sepia photo of fireworks; one
Pale blue as twirl of tattoo.

How could they but be all energy, gnarling, and torque
Who have survived December trumpeting by;
And flexed from the pole-star seen, night after night,
White-hot constellations warping the sky?

If barometers told time, these endured epochs.
When all the flow loomed verdant, these were there;
Saw the Green Age itself, unthinkable summer—
These fossils vised in the needle quartz of air.

Death and the Baroque

Aldous Huxley

Drawings by Edward Melcarth

"THE skeleton," as we all know, "was invisible in the happy days of pagan art." And invisible it remained, in spite of Christianity, for most of the centuries that followed. Throughout the Middle Ages, the knights, the mitred bishops, the ladies who warm their feet on the backs of little dogs—all are reassuringly in the flesh. No skulls adorn their tombs, no bones, no grisly reapers. Artists in words may cry, "Alas, my heart will break in three; *Terribilis mors conturbat me.*" Artists in stone are content to carve the likeness of a sleeper upon a bed. The Renaissance comes and still the sleep persists, tranquil amid the sculptured dreams of a paradise half earthly, half celestial.

> Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
> Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
> The Savior at his sermon on the mount,
> St. Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
> Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
> And Moses with the tables.

But by the middle of the sixteenth century a change has taken place. The effigy no longer sleeps, but opens its eyes and sits up—ideally noble, as on the Medicean tombs, or soberly a portrait, like any one of those admirable busts in their round niches between the pilasters of a classical design. And at the base, below the Latin inscription, it not infrequently happens (at any rate in Rome and after 1550) that a little skull, in bone-white marble, reminds the onlooker of what he himself will soon be, of what the original of the portrait has already become.

Why should the death's head have become fashionable at this particular moment of history? The religiously minded might surmise that it had something to do with the Counter-Reformation; the medically minded, that it was connected with that sixteenth-century pandemic of syphilis, whose noseless victims were a constant reminder of man's latter end; the artistically minded, that some mortuary sculptor of the time had a taste for, and a happy knack with, bones. I do not venture to decide between the possible alternatives, but am content to record the fact, observable by anyone who has been in Rome, that there, after the middle of the century, the skulls indubitably are.

As the years pass these reminders of mortality assume an ever greater importance. From being miniatures they grow in a short time into full-blown, death-sized replicas of the thing behind the face. And suddenly, imitating those bodiless seraphs of medieval and renaissance painting, they sprout a pair of wings and learn to fly. Meanwhile the art of the late Renaissance has become the Baroque. By an aesthetic necessity, because it is impossible for self-conscious artists to go on doing what has been supremely well done by their predecessors, the symmetrical gives

Mr. Huxley's reputation as a novelist should not be allowed to obscure the skill as an essayist and evocative art critic which he has often demonstrated and which he exercises here.

place to the disbalanced, the static to the dynamic, the formalized to the realistic. Statues are caught in the act of changing their positions; pictorial compositions try to break out of their frames. Where there was understatement, there is now emphasis; where there was measure and humanity, there is now the enormous, the astounding, the demi-god and the epileptic sub-man.

Consider, for example, those skulls on the monuments. They have grown in size; their truth to death is overpowering and, to heighten the effect of verisimilitude, the sculptor has shifted them from their old place on the central axis and now shows them, casual and unposed, in profile or three-quarters face, looking up to heaven or down into the grave. And their wings! Vast, wildly beating, wind-blown—the wings of vultures in a hurricane. The appetite for the inordinate grows with what it feeds upon, and along with it grow the virtuosity of the artists and the willingness of their patrons to pay for ever more astounding monuments. By 1630 the skull is no longer adequate as a memento mori; it has become necessary to represent the entire skeleton.

The most grandiose of these reminders of our mortality are the mighty skeletons which Bernini made for the tombs of Urban VIII and Alexander VII in St. Peter's. Majestic in his vestments and intensely alive, each of the two Popes sits there aloft, blessing his people. Some feet below him, on either side, are his special Virtues—Faith, Temperance, Fortitude, who knows? In the middle, below the Pontiff, is the gigantic emblem of death. On Urban's tomb the skeleton is holding (slightly cock-eyed, for it would be intolerably old-fashioned and unrealistic if the thing were perfectly level) a black marble scroll inscribed with the Pope's name and title; on Alexander's the monster has been "stopped," as the photographers say, in the act of shooting up from the doorway leading into the vault. Up it comes, like a rocket, at an angle of sixty or seventy degrees, and as it rises it effortlessly lifts six or seven tons of the red marble drapery, which mitigates the rigidities of architecture and transforms the statically geometrical into something mobile and indeterminate.

The emphasis, in these two extraordinary works, is not on heaven, hell, and purgatory, but on physical dissolution and the grave. The terror which inspired such works as the *Dies Irae* was of the second death, the death inflicted by an angry judge upon the sinner's soul. Here, on the contrary, the theme is the first death, the abrupt passage from animation to insensibility and from worldly glory to supper with the convocation of politic worms.

> *Chi un tempo, carco d'amorose prede,*
> *ebbe l'ostro alle guance e l'oro al crine,*
> *deforme, arido teschio, ecco, si vede.*

Bernini's tombs are by no means unique. The Roman churches are full of cautionary skeletons. In Santa Maria sopra Minerva, for example, there is a small monument attached to one of the columns on the north side of the church. It commemorates a certain Vizzani, if I remember rightly, a jurisconsult who died some time before the middle of the seventeenth century. Here, as in the wall monuments of the High Renaissance, a bust looks out of a rounded niche placed above the long Latin catalogue of the dead man's claims upon the attention of posterity. It is the bust, so intensely lifelike as to be almost a caricature, of a florid individual in his middle forties, no fool evidently, but wearing an expression of serene and unquestioning complacency. Socially, professionally, financially, what a huge success his life had been! And how strongly, like Milton, he feels that "nothing profits more than self-esteem founded on just and right"! But suddenly we become aware that the bust in its round frame is being held in an almost amorous embrace by a great skeleton in high relief, whizzing diagonally, from left to right, across the monument. The lawyer and all his achievements, all his self-satisfaction, are being wafted away into darkness and oblivion.

Of the same kind, but still more astounding, are the tombs of the Pallavicino family in San Francesco a Ripa. Executed by Mazzuoli at the beginning of the eighteenth century, these monuments are among the last and at the same time the most extravagant outflowerings of the baroque spirit. Admirably carved, the usual Virtues keep guard at the base of each of the vast pyramidal structures. Above them, flapping huge wings, a ten-foot skeleton in bronze holds up for



our inspection a pair of oval frames, containing busts of the departed Pallavicini. On one side of the family chapel we see the likenesses of two princely ecclesiastics. Death holds them with a studied carelessness, tilting their frames a little, one to the left, the other to the right, so that the grave ascetic faces look out, as though through the ports of a rolling ship. Opposite them, in the hands of another and, if possible, even more frightful skeleton, are two more members of the family —an elderly princess, this time, and her spouse. And what a spouse! Under the majestic wig the face is gross, many-chinned, complacently imbecile. High blood pressure inflates the whole squat person almost to bursting point; pride keeps the pig-snout chronically pointing to the skies. And it is Death who now holds him aloft; it is Corruption who, with triumphant derision, exhibits him, forever pilloried in marble, a grotesque and pitiable example of human bumptiousness.

LOOKING at the little fat man up there in the skeleton's clutches, one reflects, with a certain astonishment, that some Pallavicino must have ordered and presum-

ably paid for this strange monument to a departed relative. With what intentions? To display the absurdity of the old gentleman's pretensions to grandeur? To make a mock of everything he had lived for? The answer to these questions is, at least in part, affirmative. All these baroque tombs were doctrinally sound. The heirs of popes and princes laid out huge sums to celebrate the glories of their distinguished forebears—but laid them out on monuments whose emphatically Christian theme is the transience of earthly greatness and the vanity of human wishes. After which they addressed themselves with redoubled energy to the task of satisfying their own cravings for money, position, and power. A belief in hell and the knowledge that every ambition is doomed to frustration at the hands of a skeleton have never prevented the majority of human beings from behaving as though death were no more than an unfounded rumor and survival, a thing beyond the bounds of possibility. The men of the Baroque differed from those of other epochs not in what they actually did, not even in what they thought about those doings, but in what they were ready to express of their thoughts. They liked an art that harps on death and corruption and were neither better nor worse than we who are reticent about such things.

The fantastic dance of death in San Francesco a Ripa is almost the last of its kind. Thirty years after it was carved, Robert Blair could achieve a modest popularity by writing such lines as these:

> Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
> While surfeited upon thy damask cheek
> The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes rolled,
> Riots unscared.

But eighteenth-century sculptors made no attempt to realize these gruesome images. On graves and monuments Death no longer comments upon the mad pretensions of his victims. Broken columns, extinguished torches, weeping angels and muses—these are now the emblems in vogue. The artist and his patron are concerned to evoke sentiments less painful than the horror of corruption. With the nineteenth century we enter an age of stylistic revivals; but there is never a return to the mortuary fashions of the Baroque. From the time of Mazzuoli until the present day no monument to any important European has been adorned with death's heads or skeletons.

WE LIVE habitually on at least three levels—the level of strictly individual existence, the level of intellectual abstraction, and the level of historical necessity and social convention. On the first of these levels our life is completely private; on the others it is, at least partially, a shared and public life. Thus, writing about death, I am on the level of intellectual abstraction. Participating in the life of a generation to which the mortuary art of the Baroque seems odd and alien, I am on the level of history. But when I actually come to die, I shall be on the first level, the level of exclusively individual experience. That which, in human life, is shared and public has always been regarded as more respectable than that which is private. Kings have their Astronomers Royal, emperors their official Historiographers; but there are no Royal Gastronomers, no Papal or Imperial Pornographers. Among crimes, the social and the historical are condoned as last infirmities of noble mind, and their perpetrators are very generally admired. The lustful and intemperate, on the contrary, are condemned by all—even by themselves (which was why Jesus so much preferred them to the respectable Pharisees). We have no God of Brothels, but the God of Battles, alas, is still going strong.

Baroque mortuary sculpture has as its basic subject matter the conflict, on one important front, between the public and the private, between the social and the individual, between the historical and the existential. The prince in his curly wig, the Pope in his vestments, the lawyer with his Latin eulogy and his smirk of self-satisfaction—all these are pillars of society, representatives of great historical forces and even makers of history. But under smirk and wig and tiara is the body with its unshareable physiological processes, is the psyche with its insights and sudden graces, its abysmal imbecilities and its unavowable desires. Every public figure —and to some extent we are all public figures

—is also an island universe of private experiences; and the most private of all these experiences is that of falling out of history, of being separated from society—in a word, the experience of death.

Based as they always are upon ignorance—invincible in some cases, voluntary and selective in others—historical generalizations can never be more than partially true. In spite of which and at the risk of distorting the facts to fit a theory, I would suggest that, at any given period, preoccupation with death is in inverse ratio to the prevalence of a belief in man's perfectibility through and in a properly organized society. In the art and literature of the age of Condorcet, of the age of Herbert Spencer and Karl Marx, of the age of Lenin and the Webbs there are few skeletons. Why? Because it was during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that men came to believe in progress, in the march of history toward an ever bigger and better future, in salvation, not for the individual, but for society. The emphasis is on history and environment, which are regarded as the primary determinants of individual destiny. Indeed, among orthodox Marxians they are now (since the canonization of Lysenko and the anathema pronounced on "reactionary Morganism") regarded as the sole determinants. Predestination, whether Augustinian or Mendelian, whether *karmic* or genetic, has been ruled out, and we are back with Helvetius and his shepherd boys who can all be transformed into Newtons, back with Dr. Watson and his infinitely conditionable infants. But meanwhile the fact remains that, in this still unregenerate world, each of us inherits a physique and a temperament. Moreover the career of every individual man or woman is essentially non-progressive. We reach maturity only to decline into decrepitude and the body's death. Could anything be more painfully obvious? And yet how rarely in the course of the past two hundred and fifty years has death been made the theme of any considerable work of art! Among the great painters only Goya has chosen to treat of death, and then only of death by violence, death in war. The mortuary sculptors, as we have seen, harp only on the sentiments surrounding death—sentiments ranging from the noble to the tender and even the voluptuous. (The most delicious buttocks in the whole repertory of art are to be found on Canova's monument to the last of the Stuarts.)

In the literature of this same period death has been handled more frequently than in painting or sculpture, but only once (to my knowledge, at least) with complete adequacy. Tolstoy's *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch* is one of the artistically most perfect and at the same time one of the most terrible books ever written. It is the story of an utterly commonplace man who is compelled to discover, step by agonizing step, that the public personage with whom, all his life, he has identified himself is hardly more than a figment of the collective imagination, and that his essential self is the solitary, insulated being who falls sick and suffers, rejects and is rejected by the world and finally (for the story has a happy ending) gives in to his destiny and in the act of surrender, at the very moment of death, finds himself alone and naked in the presence of the Light. The baroque sculptors are concerned with the same theme but they protest too much and their conscious striving for sublimity is apt to defeat its own object. Tolstoy is never emphatic, indulges in no rhetorical flourishes, speaks simply of the most difficult matters and flatly, matter-of-factly of the most terrible. That is why his book has such power and is so profoundly disturbing to our habitual complacency. We are shocked by it in much the same way as we are shocked by pornography—and for the same reason. Sex is almost as completely private a matter as death, and a work of art which powerfully expresses the truth about either of them is very painful to the respectable public figure we imagine ourselves to be. Nobody can have the consolations of religion or philosophy unless he has first experienced their desolations. And nothing is more desolating than a thorough knowledge of the private self. Hence the utility of such books as *Ivan Ilyitch* and, I would venture to add, such books as Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

And here let me add a parenthetical note on the pornography of the age which witnessed the rise of the ideas of progress and social salvation. Most of it is merely pretty, an affair of wish-fulfillments—Boucher carried to his logical conclusion. The most celebrated pornographer of the time, the Marquis

de Sade, is a mixture of escapist maniac and *philosophe.* He lives in a world where insane phantasy alternates with post-Voltairean ratiocination; where impossible orgies are interrupted in order that the participants may talk, sometimes shrewdly, but more often in the shallowest eighteenth-century way, about morals, politics, and metaphysics. Here, for example, is a typical specimen of Sadian sociology. "Is incest dangerous? Certainly not. It extends family ties and consequently renders more active the citizen's love of his fatherland." In this passage, as throughout the work of this oddest product of the Enlightenment, we see the public figure doing his silly best to rationalize the essentially unrationalizable facts of private existence. But what we need, if we are to know ourselves, is the truthful and penetrating expression in art of precisely these unrationalizable facts—the facts of death, as in *Ivan Ilyitch,* the facts of sex, as in *Tropic of Cancer,* the facts of pain and cruelty, as in Goya's "Disasters," the facts of fear and disgust and fatigue, as in that most horrifyingly truthful of war-books, *The Naked and the Dead.* Ignorance is a bliss we can never afford; but to know only ourselves is not enough. If it is to be a fruitful desolation, self-knowledge must be made the road to a knowledge of the Other. Unmitigated, it is but another form of ignorance and can lead only to despair or complacent cynicism. Floundering between time and eternity, we are amphibians and must accept the fact. *Noverim me, noverim Te* the prayer expresses an essentially realistic attitude towards the universe in which, willy-nilly, we have to live and to die.

III

DEATH is not the only private experience with which baroque art concerns itself. A few yards from the Pallavicino tombs reclines Bernini's statute of Blessed Ludovica Albertoni in ecstasy. Here, as in the case of the same artist's more celebrated St. Teresa, the experience recorded is of a privacy so special that, at a first glance, the spectator feels a shock of embarrassment. Entering those rich chapels in San Francesco and Santa Maria della Vittoria, one has the impression of having opened a bedroom door at the most inopportune of moments, almost of having opened *The Tropic of Cancer* at one of its most startling pages. The posture of the ecstatics, their expression and the exuberance of the tripe-like drapery which surrounds them and, in the Albertoni's case, overflows in a kind of peritoneal cataract onto the altar below—all conspire to emphasize the fact that, though saints may be important historical figures, their physiology is as disquietingly private as anyone else's.

By the inner logic of the tradition within which they worked, baroque artists were committed to a systematic exploitation of the inordinate. Hence the epileptic behavior of their gesticulating or swooning personages, and hence, also, their failure to find an ade-



Bernini's Blessed Ludovica Albertoni *Rome: S. Francesco a Ripa*

quate artistic expression for the mystical experience. This failure seems all the more surprising when one remembers that their period witnessed a great efflorescence of mystical religion. It was the age of St. John of the Cross and Benet of Canfield, of Mme. Acarie and Father Lallemant and Charles de Condren, of Augustine Baker and Surin and Olier.

All these had taught that the end of the spiritual life is the unitive knowledge of God, an immediate intuition of Him beyond discursive reason, beyond imagination, beyond emotion. And all had insisted that visions, raptures, and miracles were not the "real thing," but mere by-products which, if taken too seriously, could become fatal impediments to spiritual progress. But visions, raptures, and miracles are astounding and picturesque occurrences; and astounding and picturesque occurrences were the predestined subject matter of artists whose concern was with the inordinate. In baroque art the mystic is represented either as a psychic with supernormal powers, or as an ecstatic, who passes out of history in order to be alone, not with God, but with his or her physiology in a state hardly distinguishable from that of sexual enjoyment. And this in spite of what all the contemporary masters of the spiritual life were saying about the dangers of precisely this sort of thing.

Such a misinterpretation of mysticism was made inevitable by the very nature of baroque art. Given the style in which they worked, the artists of the seventeenth century could not have treated the theme in any other way. And, oddly enough, even at times when the current style permitted a treatment of the less epileptic aspects of religion, no fully adequate rendering of the contemplative life was ever achieved in the plastic arts of Christendom. The peace that passes all understanding was often sung and spoken; it was hardly ever painted or carved. Thus, in the writings of St. Bernard, of Albertus Magnus, of Eckhart and Tauler and Ruysbroeck one may find passages that express very clearly the nature and significance of mystical contemplation. But the saints who figure in medieval painting and sculpture tell us next to nothing about this anticipation of the beatific vision. There are no equivalents of those Far Eastern Buddhas and Bodhisattvas who incarnate, in stone and paint, the experience of ultimate reality. Moreover the Christian saints have their being in a world from which non-human Nature (that mine of supernatural beauties and transendent significances) has been almost completely excluded. In his handbook on painting Cennini gives a recipe for mountains. Take some large jagged stones, arrange them on a table, draw them and, lo and behold, you will have a range of Alps or Apennines good enough for all the practical purposes of art. In China and Japan mountains were taken more seriously. The aspiring artist was advised to go and live among them, to make himself alertly passive in their presence, to contemplate them lovingly until he could understand the mode of their being and feel within them the workings of the immanent and transcendent Tao. As one might have expected, the medieval artists of Christendom painted mere backgrounds, whereas those of the Far East painted landscapes that are the equivalent of mystical poetry—formally perfect renderings of man's experience of being related to the Order of Things.

This experience is, of course, perfectly private, non-historical, and unsocial. That is why, to the organizers of churches and the exponents of salvation through the state, it has always seemed to be suspect, shady, and even indecent. And yet, like sex and pain and death, there it remains, one of the brute facts with which, whether we like them or not, we have to come to terms. Maddeningly, unbearably, an occasional artist rubs our noses in his rendering of these facts. Confronted by the pornographies of suffering, of sensuality, of dissolution, by "The Disasters of War" and *The Naked and the Dead,* by *Tropic of Cancer,* by *Ivan Ilyitch* and even (despite their ludicrous sublimity) by the baroque tombs, we shrink and are appalled. And in another way there is something hardly less appalling in the pornographies (as many good rationalists regard them) of mysticism. Even the consolations of religion and philosophy are pretty desolating for the average sensual man, who clings to his ignorance as the sole guarantee of happiness. *Terribilis mors conturbat me;* but so does *terribilis Vita.*

Down at the Dinghy

A Story by J. D. Salinger

It was a little after four o'clock on an Indian Summer afternoon. Some fifteen or twenty times since noon, Sandra, the maid, had come away from the lake-front window in the kitchen with her mouth set tight. This time as she came away, she absently untied and re-tied her apron strings, taking up what little slack her enormous waistline allowed. Then she went back to the enamel table and lowered her freshly-uniformed body into the seat opposite Mrs. Snell. Mrs. Snell having finished the cleaning and ironing was having her customary cup of tea before walking down the road to the bus-stop. Mrs. Snell had her hat on. It was the same interesting, black felt headpiece she had worn, not just all summer, but for the past three summers—through record heat waves, through change of life, over scores of ironing boards, over the helms of dozens of vacuum cleaners. The Hattie Carnegie label was still inside it, faded but (it might be said) unbowed.

"I'm not gonna worry about it," Sandra announced, for the fifth or sixth time, addressing herself as much as Mrs. Snell. "I made up my mind I'm not gonna worry about it. What *for*?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Snell. "*I* wouldn't. I really wouldn't. Reach me my bag, dear."

A leather handbag, extremely worn, but with a label inside it as impressive as the one inside Mrs. Snell's hat, lay on the pantry. Sandra was able to reach it without standing up. She handed it across the table to Mrs. Snell, who opened it and took out a pack of mentholated cigarettes and a folder of Stork Club matches.

Mrs. Snell lit a cigarette, then brought her teacup to her lips, but immediately set it down in its saucer. "If this don't hurry up and cool off, I'm gonna miss my bus." She looked over at Sandra, who was staring, oppressedly, in the general direction of the copper saucepans lined against the wall. "Stop *worryin'* about it," Mrs. Snell ordered. "What good's it gonna do to *worry* about it. Either he tells her or he don't. That's all. What good's *worryin'* gonna do?"

"I'm not *worryin'* about it," Sandra responded. "The last thing I'm gonna do is *worry* about it. Only, it drives ya loony, the way that kid goes pussyfootin' all around the house. Ya can't *hear* him, ya know. I mean nobody can *hear* him, ya know. Just the other day I was shellin' beans—right at this here table—and I almost stepped on his *hand*. He was sittin' right under the table."

"Well. I wouldn't worry about it."

"I mean ya gotta weigh every word ya say around him," Sandra said. "It drives ya loony."

"I still *can't* drink this," Mrs. Snell said, ". . . that's terrible. When ya gotta weigh every word ya say and all."

"It drives ya loony! I mean it. Half the time I'm half loony." Sandra brushed some imaginary crumbs off her lap, and snorted. "A four-year-old kid!"

"He's kind of a good-lookin' kid," said Mrs. Snell. "Them big brown eyes and all."

Sandra snorted again. "He's gonna have a nose just like the father." She raised her cup and drank from it without any difficulty. "*I* don't know what they wanna stay up here all

October for," she said malcontentedly, lowering her cup. "I mean none of 'em even go anywheres *near* the water now. *She* don't go in, *he* don't go in, the *kid* don't go in. *No*body goes in now. They don't even take that crazy boat out no more. I don't know what they threw good money away on it for."

"I don't know how you can drink yours. I can't even drink mine."

Sandra stared rancorously at the opposite wall. "I'll be so gladda get backa the city. I'm not foolin'. I hate this crazy place." She gave Mrs. Snell a hostile glance. "It's all right for *you,* you live here all year round. You got your social life here and all. You don't care."

"I'm gonna drink this if it kills me," Mrs. Snell said, looking at the clock over the electric stove.

"What would *you* do if you were in my shoes?" Sandra asked abruptly. "I mean what would you do? Tella truth."

This was the sort of question Mrs. Snell slipped into as if it were an ermine coat. She at once let go her teacup. "Well, in the *first* place," she said, "I wouldn't *worry* about it. What *I'd* do, I'd look around for another——"

"I'm not *worried* about it," Sandra interrupted.

"I know that, but what *I'd* do, I'd just get me——"

THE swinging door opened from the dining room and Boo Boo Tannenbaum, the lady of the house, came into the kitchen. She was a small, almost hipless girl of twenty-five, with styleless, colorless, brittle hair pushed back behind her ears, which were very large. She was dressed in knee-length jeans, a black turtleneck pullover, and socks and loafers. Her joke of a name aside, her general unprettiness aside, she was —in terms of permanently memorable, immoderately perceptive, small-area faces—a stunning and final girl. She went directly to the refrigerator and opened it. As she peered inside, with her legs apart and her hands on her knees, she whistled, unmelodically, through her teeth, keeping time with a little uninhibited, pendulum action of her rear end. Sandra and Mrs. Snell were silent. Mrs. Snell put out her cigarette, unhurriedly.

"Sandra . . ."

"Yes, ma'am?" Sandra looked alertly past Mrs. Snell's hat.

"Aren't there any more pickles? I want to bring him a pickle."

"He et 'em," Sandra reported intelligently. "He et 'em before he went to bed last night. There was only two left."

"Oh. Well, I'll get some when I go to the station. I thought maybe I could lure him out of that boat." Boo Boo shut the refrigerator door and walked over to look out of the lake-front window. "Do we need anything else?" she asked, from the window.

"Just bread."

"I left your check on the hall table, Mrs. Snell. Thank you."

"O.K.," said Mrs. Snell. "I hear Lionel's supposeta be runnin' away." She gave a short, appreciative laugh.

"Certainly looks that way," Boo Boo said, and slid her hands into her hip pockets.

"At least he don't run very *far* away," Mrs. Snell said, giving another short laugh.

At the window, Boo Boo changed her position slightly, so that her back wasn't directly to the two women at the table. "No," she said, and pushed back some hair behind her ear. She added, purely informatively: "He's been hitting the road regularly since he was two. But never very hard. I think the farthest he ever got—in the city, at least—was to the Mall in Central Park. Just a couple of blocks from home. The least far—or nearest —he ever got was to the front door of our building. He stuck around to say goodby to his father."

Both women at the table laughed.

"The Mall's where they all go skatin' in New York," Sandra said very sociably to Mrs. Snell. "The kids and all."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Snell.

"He was only three. It was just last year," Boo Boo said, taking out a pack of cigarettes and a folder of matches from a side pocket in her jeans. She lit a cigarette, while the two women spiritedly watched her. "Big excitement. We had the whole police force out looking for him."

"They find him?" said Mrs. Snell.

"Sure they found him!" said Sandra with contempt. "Wuddaya *think*?"

"They found him at a quarter past eleven at night, in the middle of—my God, February, I think. Not a child in the park. Just muggers, I guess, and an assortment of roaming degenerates. He was sitting on the floor of

the bandstand, rolling a marble back and forth along a crack. Half-frozen too——"

"Holy Mackerel!" said Mrs. Snell. "How come he did it? I mean what was he runnin' away about?"

Boo Boo blew a single, faulty smoke-ring at a pane of glass. "Some child in the park that afternoon had come up to him with the dreamy misinformation, 'You stink, kid.' At least, that's why we think he did it. I don't know, Mrs. Snell. It's all slightly over my head."

"How long's he been doin' it?" asked Mrs. Snell. "I mean how long's he been doin' it?"

"Well, at the age of two-and-a-half," Boo Boo said biographically, "he sought refuge under a sink in the basement of our apartment house. Down in the laundry. Naomi somebody—a close friend of his—told him she had a worm in her thermos bottle. At least, that's all we could get out of him." Boo Boo sighed, and came away from the window with a long ash on her cigarette. She started for the screen door. "I'll have another go at it," she said, by way of goodby to both women.

They laughed.

"Mildred," Sandra, still laughing, addressed Mrs. Snell, "you're gonna miss your bus if ya don't get a move on.

Boo Boo closed the screen door behind her.

She stood on the slight downgrade of her front lawn, with the low, glaring, late afternoon sun at her back. About two hundred yards ahead of her, her son Lionel was sitting in the stern seat of his father's dinghy. Tied, and stripped of its main and jib sails, the dinghy floated at a perfect right angle away from the far end of the pier. Fifty feet or so beyond it, a lost or abandoned water ski floated bottom up, but there were no pleasure boats to be seen on the lake; just a stern-end view of the county launch on its way over to Leech's Landing. Boo Boo found it queerly difficult to keep Lionel in steady focus. The sun, though not especially hot, was nonetheless so brilliant that it made any fairly distant image—a boy, a boat—seem almost as wavering and refractional as a stick in water. After a couple of minutes, Boo Boo let the image go. She peeled down her cigarette Army style, and then started toward the pier.

It was October, and the pier boards no longer could hit her in the face with reflected heat. She walked along whistling "Kentucky Babe" through her teeth. When she reached the end of the pier, she squatted, her knees audible, at the right edge, and looked down at Lionel. He was less than an oar's length away from her. He didn't look up.

"Ahoy," Boo Boo said. "Friend. Pirate. Dirty dog. I'm back."

Still not looking up, Lionel abruptly seemed called upon to demonstrate his sailing ability. He swung the dead tiller all the way to the right, then immediately yanked it back in to his side. He kept his eyes exclusively on the deck of the boat.

"It is I," Boo Boo said. "Vice-Admiral Tannenbaum. Née Glass. Come to inspect the stermaphors."

There was a response.

"You aren't an admiral. You're a *lady*," Lionel said. His sentences usually had at least one break of faulty breath control, so that, often, his emphasized words, instead of rising, sank. Boo Boo not only listened to his voice, she seemed to watch it.

"Who told you that? Who told you I wasn't an admiral?"

Lionel answered, but inaudibly.

"*Who?*" said Boo Boo.

"Daddy."

Still in a squatting position, Boo Boo put her left hand through the V of her legs, touching the pier boards in order to keep her balance. "Your daddy's a nice fella," she said, "but he's probably the biggest landlubber I know. It's perfectly true that when I'm in port I'm a lady—*that's* true. But my true calling is first, last, and always the bounding——"

"You aren't an admiral," Lionel said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You aren't an admiral. You're a lady all the time."

There was a short silence. Lionel filled it by changing the course of his craft again—his hold on the tiller was a two-armed one. He was wearing khaki-colored shorts and a clean, white T-shirt with a dye picture, across the chest, of Jerome the Ostrich playing the violin. He was quite tanned, and his hair, which was almost exactly like his mother's in color and quality, was a little sun-bleached on top.

"*Many* people think I'm not an admiral," Boo Boo said, watching him. "Just because

I don't shoot my mouth off about it." Keeping her balance, she took a cigarette and matches out of the side pocket of her jeans. "I'm almost never tempted to discuss my rank with people. Especially with little boys who don't even look at me when I talk to them. I'd be drummed out of the bloomin' service." Without lighting her cigarette, she suddenly got to her feet, stood unreasonably erect, made an oval out of the thumb and index finger of her right hand, drew the oval to her mouth, and—kazoo style—sounded something like a bugle call. Lionel instantly looked up. In all probability, he was aware that the call was bogus, but nonetheless he seemed deeply aroused; his mouth fell open. Boo Boo sounded the call—a peculiar amalgamation of "Taps" and "Reveille"—three times, without any pauses. Then, ceremoniously, she saluted the opposite shoreline. When she finally reassumed her squat on the pier edge, she seemed to do so with maximum regret, as if she had just been profoundly moved by one of the virtues of naval tradition closed to the public and small boys. She gazed out at the petty horizon of the lake for a moment, then seemed to remember that she was not absolutely alone. She glanced—venerably—down at Lionel, whose mouth was still open. "That was a secret bugle call that only admirals are allowed to hear." She lit her cigarette, and blew out the match with a theatrically thin, long stream of smoke. "If anybody knew I let you hear that call——" She shook her head. She again fixed the sextant of her eye on the horizon.

"Do it again."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

Boo Boo shrugged. "Too many low-grade officers around, for one thing." She changed her position, taking up a cross-legged, Indian squat. She pulled up her socks. "I'll tell you what I'll do, though," she said, matter-of-factly. "If you'll tell me why you're running away, I'll blow every secret bugle call for you I know. All right?"

Lionel immediately looked down at the deck again. "No," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because."

"Because why?"

"Because I don't want to," said Lionel, and jerked the tiller for emphasis.

Boo Boo shielded the right side of her face from the glare of the sun. "You told me you were all through running away," she said. "We talked about it, and you told me you were all through. You promised me."

Lionel gave a reply, but it didn't carry.

"What?" said Boo Boo.

"I didn't promise."

"Ah, yes, you did. You most certainly did."

Lionel resumed steering his boat. "If you're an admiral," he said, "where's your *fleet?*"

"My fleet. I'm glad you asked me that," Boo Boo said, and started to lower herself into the dinghy.

"Get off!" Lionel ordered, but without giving over to shrillness, and keeping his eyes down. "Nobody can come in."

"They can't?" Boo Boo's foot was already touching the bow of the boat. She obediently drew it back up to pier level. "Nobody at all?" She got back into her Indian squat. "Why not?"

Lionel's answer was complete, but, again, not loud enough.

"What?" said Boo Boo.

"Because they're not allowed."

Boo Boo, keeping her eyes steadily on the boy, said nothing for a full minute.

"I'm sorry to hear it," she said, finally. "I'd just love to come down in your boat. I'm so lonesome for you. I miss you so much. I've been all alone in the house all day without anybody to talk to."

Lionel didn't swing the tiller. He examined the grain of wood in its handle. "You can talk to Sandra," he said.

"Sandra's busy," Boo Boo said. "Anyway, I don't want to talk to Sandra, I want to talk to you. I wanna come down in your boat and talk to you."

"You can talk from there."

"What?"

"You can talk from *there.*"

"No, I can't. It's too big a distance. I have to get up close."

Lionel swung the tiller. "Nobody can come in," he said.

"What?"

"Nobody can come *in.*"

"Well, will you tell me from there why you're running away?" Boo Boo asked. "After you promised me you were all through?"

A pair of underwater goggles lay on the deck of the dinghy, near the stern seat. For answer, Lionel secured the headstrap of the goggles between the big and second toes of his right foot, and, with a deft, brief, leg action, flipped the goggles overboard. They sank at once.

"That's nice. That's constructive," said Boo Boo. "Those belong to your Uncle Webb. Oh, he'll be so delighted." She dragged on her cigarette. "They once belonged to your Uncle Seymour."

"I don't care."

"I see that. I see you don't," Boo Boo said. Her cigarette was angled peculiarly between her fingers; it burned dangerously close to one of her knuckle grooves. Suddenly feeling the heat, she let the cigarette drop to the surface of the lake. Then she took out something from one of her side pockets. It was a package, about the size of a deck of cards, wrapped in white paper and tied with green ribbon. "This is a key chain," she said, feeling the boy's eyes look up at her. "Just like Daddy's. But with a lot more keys on it than Daddy's has. This one has ten keys."

Lionel leaned forward in his seat, letting go the tiller. He held out his hands in catching position. "Throw it?" he said. "Please?"

"Let's keep our seats a minute, Sunshine. I have a little thinking to do. I *should* throw this key chain in the lake."

Lionel stared up at her with his mouth open. He closed his mouth. "It's mine," he said on a diminishing note of justice.

Boo Boo, looking down at him, shrugged. "I don't care."

Lionel slowly sat back in his seat, watching his mother, and reached behind him for the tiller. His eyes reflected pure perception, as his mother had known they would.

"Here." Boo Boo tossed the package down to him. It landed squarely on his lap.

He looked at it in his lap, picked it off, looked at it in his hand, and flicked it—sidearm—into the lake. He then immediately looked up at Boo Boo, his eyes filled not with defiance but tears. In another instant, his mouth was distorted into a horizontal figure-8, and he was crying mightily.

Boo Boo got to her feet, gingerly, like someone whose foot has gone to sleep in theater, and lowered herself into the dinghy. In a moment, she was in the stern seat, with the pilot on her lap, and she was rocking him and kissing the back of his neck and giving out certain information: "Sailors don't *cry,* baby. Sailors *never* cry. Only when their ships go down. Or when they're shipwrecked, on rafts and all, with nothing to drink except——"

"Sandra——told Mrs. Smell——that Daddy's a big——sloppy——kike."

Just perceptibly, Boo Boo flinched, but she lifted the boy off her lap and stood him in front of her and pushed back his hair from his forehead. "She did, huh?" she said.

Lionel worked his head up and down, emphatically. He came in closer, still crying, to stand between his mother's legs.

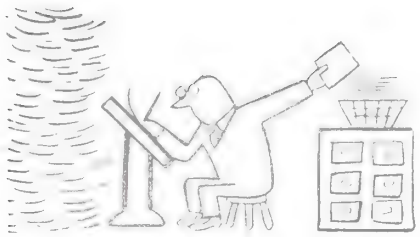
"Well, that isn't *too* terrible," Boo Boo said, holding him between the two vises of her arms and legs. "That isn't the *worst* that could happen." She gently bit the rim of the boy's ear. "Do you know what a kike is, baby?"

Lionel was either unwilling or unable to speak up at once. At any rate, he waited till the hiccupping aftermath of his tears had subsided a little. Then his answer was delivered, muffled but intelligible, into the warmth of Boo Boo's neck. "It's one of those things that go up in the *air,*" he said. "With *string* you hold."

The better to look at him, Boo Boo pushed her son slightly away from her. Then she put a wild hand inside the seat of his trousers, startling the boy considerably, but almost immediately withdrew it and decorously tucked in his shirt for him. "Tell you what we'll do," she said. "We'll drive to town and get some pickles, and some bread, and we'll eat the pickles in the car, and then we'll go to the station and get Daddy, and then we'll bring Daddy home and make him take us for a ride in the boat. You'll have to help him carry the sails down. Okay?"

"Okay," said Lionel.

They didn't walk back to the house; they raced. Lionel won.



What's Good About the UN

Edith Iglauer

MANY people are under the impression that the United Nations talks a great deal, but gets little done. "Look, I've been reading about these UN agencies, and I'm puzzled," a man who has made a hobby of memorizing alphabetical agencies since early New Deal days, said not long ago. "There's F-A-O, I-R-O, I-C-E-F, I-T-O, I-T-U, U-P-U, U-N-E-S-C-O, I-L-O, I-C-A-O, E-C-E, E-C-L-A, E-C-A-F-E, W-H-O, to mention a few. Do they *do* anything?"

They do. Ninety-five per cent of the three thousand UN staff members are not affected in their day-to-day work by breakdowns in Palestine negotiations, rough words from Vishinsky, quarrels over Greece, Berlin, the Indonesians, or Southwest Africa. What they know about UN's political wranglings, they read in the papers. Their work is technical, useful, and largely unsung. It is directly aimed at better health, more food, more books, more education, shelter, clothing, and security. In terms of the limitless job to be done, the results so far are fragmentary but positive, and UN has a right to be proud of them.

To get down to cases: five hundred boys lived in a Philippine home for delinquents, under a severe institutional regimen, constantly supervised, housed behind locked doors, until the home's training supervisor came to the United States last year on a UN social welfare fellowship. He made a study of our methods of treating delinquent boys, from Boys Republic in Farmington, Maryland, to Boys Town in Nebraska. He learned a great deal. Now that he is back at his post in the Philippines, the padlocks are gone, the uniforms discarded, the boys no longer walk in line, the older boys may smoke, and the home is trying out self-government.

One of postwar Europe's major troubles has been a timber shortage. There can be little repair work without wood. The current supply of lumber in Europe for housing and other construction has been one-half to one-third of the prewar amount. UN's Economic Commission for Europe (ECE), meeting in Geneva, asked the timber-producing countries—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Poland, and Yugoslavia—how come production was so slow. The answer was: shortage of basic equipment, tractors, sawmills, even high boots and jackets. UN economists found that the annual production of timber could be increased fourfold merely by spending fifteen million dollars for this basic equipment. Together around a UN table, lumber men and government officials found that most of the needed supplies could be obtained on the European continent, saving dollars for everyone. UN's International Bank has advanced six million dollars to timber exporters for their purchases.

Miss Iglauer has twice before reported for Harper's *on the day-to-day activities of the UN that often escape notice. The drawings for this third article are by Charles E. Martin.*

A cholera epidemic broke out in Egypt in 1947. Egypt has had six cholera epidemics within modern times. Five spread to Europe, two to the United States. The first case in this epidemic was reported on September 25, 1947, and the UN's World Health Organization was immediately informed. WHO got busy. It went after all the available cholera vaccine in the world. From nineteen countries it scraped up 6,000,000 units of cholera vaccine and arranged to send these to Egypt. Thirty tons of other medical supplies, including blood plasma, were sent along, chiefly by air. Instant advice on quarantine methods by UN health men forestalled panic in neighboring countries. Three months later, the number of new cholera cases in Egypt had dropped from the peak of 1,022 in one day to fourteen a week. A month later, the epidemic was over.

In October 1947, a giant Boeing flying boat, the Bermuda Sky Queen, ran out of fuel in mid-Atlantic. Its distress calls were answered by a United Nations weather ship in the North Atlantic, one of a string of ships assigned to UN's International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) as ocean weather stations by five nations with trans-Atlantic air services. Guided by a directional radio broadcast from the *Bibb*, a U. S. Coast Guard cutter in the patrol, the Sky Queen came safely down. In heavy seas, life rafts rescued all sixty-nine passengers. After sinking the plane, which would have been a menace to navigation, the *Bibb* headed for New York.

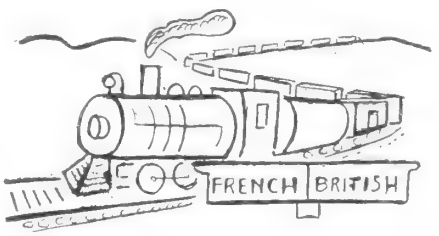
The center of these activities is the Economic and Social Council, silent twin of the talkative Security Council. Assigned by the founding fathers to handle non-political problems, the Economic and Social Council gets things done by enabling interested governments to function collectively.

Requests for UN technical assistance are not limited to emergencies. At this writing UN Secretariat personnel, or experts hired by UN, are at work in Ethiopia, Greece, Venezuela, Egypt, Peru, Haiti, Siam, Austria, Poland, Albania, and China. The Iron Curtain itself curiously rises when UN technical aid comes on the scene.

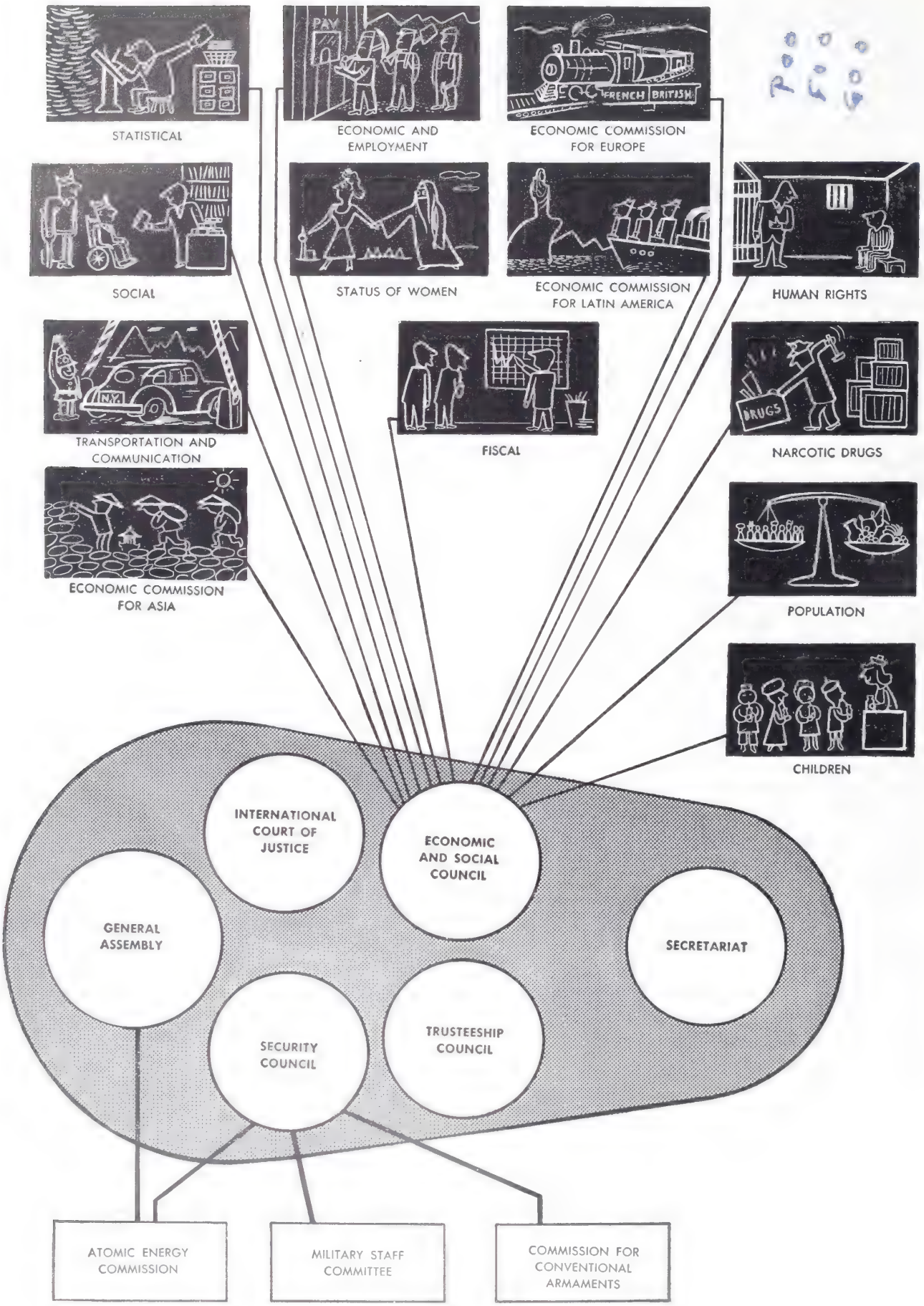
In the three years of its existence, the Council and its subdivisions, performing against a backdrop of political disasters, have not produced miracles. They have been frequently criticized: for trying to accomplish too much, since they are concerned with virtually everything associated with man's bodily and spiritual needs; for accomplishing too little, since they have found no way to cure such chronic diseases as inflation, cyclical unemployment, and tariff barriers. The economic and social achievements of the UN in three years are not monumental. But given a peaceful world in which to develop, they foreshadow a majestic pattern.

II

The most spectacular of UN's achievements in the economic and social fields is the Economic Commission for Europe. ECE was the first regional body to be set up by the UN, in the spring of 1947, and it resembles wartime international organizations that developed from the desperate need to pool resources. ECE allocates natural resources, such as coal, timber, and ore, among



the member nations. All European members of UN are members of ECE, and non-members may come as consultants. Only Spain is specifically barred from its meetings. Since ECE is frequently confused with the Marshall Plan's ERP and ECA, it should be noted that Byelo-Russia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Ukraine, the Soviet Union, and Yugoslavia are ECE members, as well as the United States and Great Britain. The Russians participate at the so-called "policy" level, but not at the technical level. That is, the Russians turn up for most of the meetings of the full Commission, in Geneva, to make speeches attacking the Western democracies, but they stay away from technical meetings. They have shown, however, a more constructive interest in the Commission's work than in that of any other agency, except (until this year) the World Health Organization; the Soviet member recently made two suggestions that have been adopted into the ECE program, for



Some of the UN agencies that handle non-political problems.

promoting intra-European trade and for the economic development of backward areas.

"This is quite a complicated, big thing," the Commission's secretary, the noted Swedish economist, Gunnar Myrdal, has said. "Our committees have no political discussions, and take no votes. We simply come to agreements."

Simply by coming to agreements, the coal committee, ECE's only continuous allocating body, raised European steel production by a million and a half tons. Members of the coal committee, who meet every three months, were asked by ECE officials: "How can more coal be made available for steel production from the supply on hand?" Analysis of the problem made the answer obvious. A high quality coal, suitable for steel production, was being imported by Denmark from Germany for fuel in Danish homes. A low grade of Alabama coal being sent from the United States into Germany could be used for home fuel. The Danes agreed to switch to the poorer quality coal and release metallurgical coal that has already meant a million and a half more tons of steel for Europe.

Steel and coke production, and the glass and cement industries—the heart of industrial life, especially in Italy—had been brought almost to a standstill by a shortage of heat-resistant bricks for lining industrial ovens. Before the war, Germany had supplied these bricks. Silica quartz is an essential substance of the bricks, and the quartzite mines are in the French zone of Germany. The brick factories are in the British zone.

ECE sponsored a meeting of silica brick experts to which the French sent the man in charge of quartzite mines, while the British sent the man who looks after the brick factories. The Americans sent an official from their equipment branch, and a transportation expert. After several days of discussion the precise requirements of each country became clear, and one by one the problems began to dissolve. Freight cars were needed; the British agreed to release some from their zone to the French. There was a manpower shortage; skilled labor was brought from Italy. Steam shovels and bulldozers were sent from the American zone of Germany. The French didn't know how to operate the earth-moving machines in cold weather; American technicians hurried to the mines. Silica brick production is now 27 per cent higher than a year ago.

In the judgment of Gunnar Myrdal, ECE's most conspicuous success has been the opening of cross-boundary road and rail traffic. American troops in Europe during the war established a real trucking system for the first time, for until then almost no country had permitted trucks from some other country to cross its borders. The inland transport committee of ECE negotiated an agreement in 1948 among twelve European governments —in addition to the three western zones of Germany—for freedom of transit for all trucks transporting goods. Most of them have since agreed to permit tourist busses to enter, providing everybody stays on the bus and goes back home. At a meeting scheduled for the summer of 1949, UN transportation experts hope further to simplify automobile transport in Europe, so that a driver with, say, a New York license and his own American automobile will be able to drive all over Europe with



nothing but his car registration and driving permit. They hope too to persuade everyone to drive on the same side of the road. Not a bad idea.

The freight-car situation in Europe was chaotic immediately following the war and before ECE stepped in. There was not only a painful shortage, but freight cars of all nationalities were strewn across Europe. Each country was swiping whatever cars it could lay its hands on. Within two years, hundreds of thousands of freight cars were involved in this wholesale snitching, and finally a country would permit only as many of its freight cars to cross its boundaries headed out as simultaneously crossed the borders headed in. Naturally, cars were stalled on all the borders of Europe, sitting around waiting for their opposite numbers.

Freight experts at a UN table exchanged horror stories. Something had to be done, and immediately. Freight traffic slowdown

was a major obstacle to European recovery. April 1, 1948, was selected as a base date. Whatever country a freight car happened to be in on that date thenceforth would be considered owner of the car. Since then the country to which the freight car belongs has paid rental to the railroads over which the car travels.

III

A STANDARD League of Nations cliché used to be that whatever one might think of other League activities, "narcotics control has *really* worked." The UN inherited not only the old saw, but the Narcotic Drug Control Division itself.

Since the war there has been a resurgence, especially in the Near and Far East and in Latin America, of illegal cultivation of the plants from which narcotic drugs are produced: opium poppies, coca shrubs, and Indian hemp. The sixty-six countries party to the drug control agreements—more countries, incidentally, than are members of the UN—submit voluntarily to the quotas set by the UN supervisory body as to the amount of medicinal drugs they may have, and lay themselves open to the imposition of sanctions if they exceed the limit. Siam, where in Bangkok alone there are more than a hundred opium smoking dens and more than thirty thousand opium smokers, may soon lose the 14 per cent of her revenue which she gets from the licensed sale of raw opium and may find herself unable to obtain the morphine, heroin, and cocaine which she needs for medical purposes if she does not take steps to



suppress her illicit opium traffic. The embargo has been invoked fifty-seven times, and has always worked. "It works," the officials say, "because countries have found for themselves that isolated national efforts are of no use in fighting an international evil." A plan passed unanimously by the UN Assembly last fall will shortly bring all synthetic habit-forming drugs under UN control as well.

FOR certain broad subjects, the UN has adopted the convenient mechanism of the "specialized agency," with its own administration, its own budget, its own membership (which may include countries who are not UN members), and its own program. The work of a specialized agency may be coordinated with other parts of UN through the Economic and Social Council. There will be thirteen specialized agencies next year, and they will cover everything from international trade and finance to telecommunications; from postage stamps to labor standards; from



education to displaced persons; eventually they will encompass maritime organizations and the weather. Some, like the Universal Postal Union (UPU) and International Telecommunications Union (ITU), antedate not only UN but even the League of Nations.

The World Health Organization, WHO, has the distinction of being one of the three specialized agencies of which the Soviet Union has been a member, the others being the elder statesmen, ITU and UPU. The USSR had, until her abrupt, mystifying withdrawal in February, given WHO her wholehearted support. Despite the fact that WHO has been in operation for scarcely two years, and has a staff of only two hundred, it already has field missions in some ten or eleven countries, has awarded three hundred fellowships, has given successful emergency treatment for cholera in Egypt and malaria in Greece, and is promoting a new tubercular inoculation for 50,000,000 European children.

WHO has also taken the lead in a drive to standardize vaccines, vitamins, and various medicines, and is in close communication with all manner of medical groups, including the International College of Surgeons, the International Red Cross, and the International Society of Medical Hydrology, the last an

organization that recommends more bathing, with offices at 28, the Circus, Bath, England.

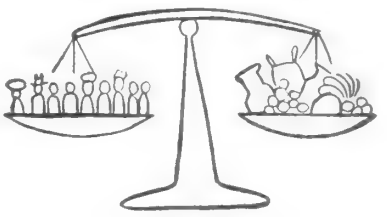
One of WHO's dramatic undertakings is its current field mission to Ethiopia. The Ethiopians have one native doctor for all twelve million Ethiopians, and he is getting on in years. Last year UN began training hospital orderlies and sanitary inspectors. A sanitary engineer has been sent out by WHO, together with health films; the Ethiopian Red Cross has been re-established; and a permanent delousing station has been set up in Addis Ababa. UN health experts are beginning to attack venereal disease, which runs as high as 90 per cent in parts of Ethiopia, and malaria, which is almost as widespread.

In some areas of Greece, where 85 per cent of the population once suffered from malaria, the anti-malarial DDT spraying planes have reduced the incidence to 5 per cent. More than 5,000 malarial Greek villages were sprayed last year. In both Greece and China, WHO experts have been hurriedly training nurses in tuberculosis care, and X-ray centers have been set up in large cities. The Chinese, like the Greeks, have permitted WHO missions to cross battle lines. In collaboration with the Danish Red Cross and another UN body, the International Children's Emergency Fund, WHO is helping to inoculate 15,000,000 children against tuberculosis.

Dramatic use of radio is being made to halt epidemics. A twelve-station network in the Orient keeps shipping constantly informed about health conditions in Far Eastern ports and gives early announcements of epidemics so that the proper defensive measures may be taken instantly. Also, twenty-four sea- and air-ports, extending from Vladivostok to Cape Town, from New Zealand to Egypt, send regular reports to a central bureau in Singapore, a continuation of a service established by the League of Nations.

The cholera epidemic in Egypt, which forced the Egyptian health authorities to use twenty-three strains of vaccine, has speeded the work of WHO's Committee on Biological Standardization. In addition to their work on cholera vaccines, they have begun research on international standards for whooping-cough vaccines, scarlet fever anti-toxin, diphtheria and tetanus toxoid, tuberculin and BCG, the blood groups A and B, the RH factor, and the replacement of the old standards for digitalis, and Vitamins A and D. Seventeen laboratories are working on the replacement of the digitalis standard, for example, and new standards have already been adopted for Vitamin E and penicillin. As matters stand now, an American who gets sick in Paris and tells the French doctor what his physician at home prescribes, and shows him the prescription, still cannot be sure that the strength of the drug is the same in both countries. This primitive system, it is hoped, will be improved.

THE Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) is a well-defined agency with a truly remarkable record. One of its young scientists said not long ago, "We are trying to match the increase in the world's



population with technical advances that will halt the depletion of the world's resources." At the same time, FAO experts are called on for what they refer to as "a lot of small but necessary jobs," such as advising the Siamese, once the greatest rice producers in southeast Asia, how to re-establish full production; or examining the nut-bearing palms that grow wild in the Orinoco jungles of Venezuela to discover a method to increase edible oils from palm nuts.

Three years ago, when the food shortage was most acute, one of FAO's first acts was to set up a World Food Council attended by some thirty-five nations, who actually relinquished their right to sell food in the open market. Instead, the Council allocated food to countries that needed it most. Ninety per cent of its recommendations were carried out, despite the fact that its only authority was the respect which its decisions commanded.

The philosophy behind FAO work is to help countries to help themselves; this is a basic UN philosophy. FAO has sent improved seeds throughout the world, including the new hybrid corn seed which revolutionized corn production in this country, boosting it

about 20 per cent; disease-resisting seed potatoes; sugar beets; grasses and cereals. FAO has gone after animal diseases, like the deadly rinderpest, which kills a million head of cattle in China every year. At least 15,000,000 cattle and water buffalo in the Yangtze River provinces in China will be vaccinated with a new vaccine this year. Hog cholera and bovine tuberculosis are also under attack in Poland, with vaccines distributed by FAO to the Polish state farms.

FAO experts estimate that if the food eaten each year by insects and rodents could be saved, the world would live on a comfortable rather than a marginal diet. They found, for instance, that the Egyptian custom of storing grain in huge open vats, called *shounas,* provided such a convenient free lunch for insects and birds that 33,000,000 tons were lost last year. At the suggestion of FAO, concrete stores are being built. Peru has now requested FAO aid against locusts. Someday FAO may find an effective way to save for human consumers the 200,000,000 bushels of grain lost every year in the United States to rats.

THAT air casualties are not higher today is due, in large part, to action taken by the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) over the past two years. ICAO has been steadily standardizing airport lengths, radio and blind-flying equipment, safety regulations, operations procedure, maps, charts, and measurement units such as mountain heights and sea-level figures. The pilot from Chicago, in an emergency over Stockholm, cannot pause to determine whether he should use American or Scandinavian rules of procedure.

The air passenger is unaware of the hundreds of weather stations in Europe and America, in Greenland, in Iceland and in the Atlantic, reporting at periodic intervals throughout the day. ICAO has made these reporting stations available to everyone, and has strung them into a network of thirteen weather ships acting as radio beacons. ICAO has obtained international financial support for a radar station in Iceland. ICAO is steadily digging away the mountains of red tape surrounding visas, police identifications, passports, customs, currency and cargo forms that haunt passengers at border points and are archaic symbols of a world of jealous sovereignties. Of all UN functions, ICAO's meshing of international rules of flight demonstrates most succinctly how the world is being pulled together.

There has been space in this summary for only a few of the most striking performances of the UN. I have not mentioned the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East



(ECAFE) or the Economic Commission for Latin America (ECLA), whose work, intended to parallel that of the Economic Commission for Europe, has yet to prove itself. Nor have I touched the social activities department of the UN which provides consultants and useful information on all manner of subjects to nations which clamor for them, and awards fellowships in social welfare to countries



which need trained specialists and are unable to give them adequate training. I have only mentioned the International Children's Emergency Fund which has given millions of supplementary daily meals to children and to expectant and nursing mothers; let alone the demographic unit which provides population figures on a world-wide basis; or even UNESCO, which has been operating with somewhat dubious success so far in the cultural field. The chart on page 94 will give some idea of the multiplicity of units which are at work. To cover them all would take a book—or a series of books.

But perhaps I have included enough instances of definite accomplishments to convey the idea that the UN does much more than talk and that on the long haul to one world, it is patiently doing its chore.

We Don't Know

A Story by Peter De Vries

Flying east from Chicago not long ago, I sat next to a man who was returning, as I gathered when I engaged him in conversation—or rather when he engaged me—from some sort of ornithological expedition. He was short, red-haired, and deeply tanned, plump but in a compact and leathery way, and dressed in brown tweed. A line of mustache, thin as a cat-scratch, ran across his upper lip. Though I listened at first with only half an ear, being absorbed in a thunderhead visible from the window where I was sitting, I managed to keep a fair grip on the subject he had laid down, which had to do with migratory feats. As I was giving a last glance back at the cloud, put, it appeared, safely behind, he dropped a remark that recovered my full attention. "We don't know where plovers rest between the Alaskan coast and Hawaii," he was saying.

I let go the looped curtain past which I had been peering.

"We don't?" I said.

He shook his head. "We haven't the faintest idea," he said. "We don't see where they can set down in all the thousands of miles of open sea that stretch between their breeding ground and the islands where they winter."

It was one of those technical discussions in which I knew my own role would be mainly that of listener, with an occasional question, intelligent if possible. I waited for him to go on.

"The problem of rest is easy for some birds —they can sit on the water. But not your golden plover," he said. "He gets waterlogged."

The thought drew him into sober reflection, as it did me. Finally, though, I felt it was time I responded with a question.

"What are some more that get waterlogged?" was all I could think of.

He unbuckled his safety belt, left absently fastened after the take-off. "Terns. Your sooty tern, for instance, neither swims nor dives, and how he parks on the unbroken ocean is another thing we wonder. Some rest on flotsam, I'll grant you, and we do know that the noddy tern occasionally uses the head of a floating pelican for a perch."

"Come on," I said with an open skepticism born of having instinctively taken it from the pelican's point of view. "Are we positive?" He said we were, on the strength of reports deemed reliable. He got off into statistics on migratory punctuality.

"The greater yellowlegs leave Patagonia for the Canadian muskegs, a sphagnum bog up there, a distance of eight to ten thousand miles, hatching their first eggs without fail between the twenty-sixth and the twenty ninth of May, inclusive——"

I grew restive in the spate of facts.

"What else don't we know?" I asked. "What are some other things we wonder?"

He bent up a knee and clasped his fingers around it.

"We wonder how the young of the Atlantic plover reach a destination they have never seen, the Argentine, where one branch of the family regularly winter, and which they must

find alone, since they're abandoned by their parents at the feeding ground," he said. "We wonder especially——"

I never got what we wonder especially, because just then we were suddenly enveloped by lightning, bounced violently up and down and slapped sideways by spats of wet. I fumbled for my safety belt even before the instruction to fasten it flashed up front; but it didn't seem to faze him.

"Then there's that uncanny thing, the homing instinct." He buckled his belt after a pedagogical glare from the stewardess. "Your theory that they make their way back by landmarks is out, because then how could they stay on the beam after dark?" he put to me curtly, as though routing a myth I would be presumed to hold. "Not only do they return to the identical island—they set down in the exact same spot as the year before, making a pinpoint landing that would put this thing to scorn. Do you know what our latest theory is?" I shook my head, conscious only that we were churning steadily into more agitated zones. "That some nerves in their wings—get this—some nerves in their wings act as radar detectional antennae, to relate them to latitude as one co-ordinator, and the lines of magnetic force in the earth as the other." He gave a philosophical shrug. "But then do we know what magnetic force is?"

Out of the tail of my eye, I had become aware that at least one of our own wings was garnished with a light glow that remained. I pointed a thumb at it over my shoulder.

"Do we know what that is?" I asked.

He leaned past me to get a look at it. "Oh," he said. "St. Elmo's fire. Yes. Static electricity that may gather on the wings of a plane in a storm. It's not dangerous."

"Are we sure?" I asked.

"Positive. I once took a noddy tern, banded for identification, to Shreveport," he said, getting back to the homing instinct. "Several hundred miles from where he belonged. In four days he was back in his mating area."

"One good tern deserves another," I jabbered as a fresh flash of lightning drew a nervous giggle from me.

He gave me a sharp glance of appraisal.

"This thing is airborne. It bobs up and down just as a boat does on the water," he said. "There are two flight principles: that of the goose, which must use his wings against the air, to overcome gravity by sheer effort, and that of, say, the gull, which gives his wings *to* the air, letting the currents carry him. In other words, the airplane and the glider. These two principles. When we set out in a glider, we're a gull. When we go up in a plane," he stated with a wave at the laboring motors, "we're a goose."

You're telling me, I thought as we dropped what seemed fifty feet into another air pocket. "What were we then?" I asked, gripping the seat with my eyes closed. I don't know what he said because just then we went back up with a snap, like a yo-yo. "Then can't geese glide?" I asked trying to affect his conversational air, but it ended in another spasm of unstable mirth.

He turned away, whether out of disgust or resentment I didn't know. He just crossed his legs into the aisle and pulled a newspaper out of his coat pocket. I had the uneasy feeling he thought I had been picking his brains frivolously, and wanted to make amends.

"About this homing instinct," I said presently, with a more sober show of interest in the subject. "Didn't I read something new and revolutionary about that?"

I was hardly prepared for his response. "Something besides what I just said?" he asked, putting the paper back and looking at me sharply. When I answered, hazily, that I thought so but couldn't recall exactly, he seemed irked. "Where did you read it?" he demanded. I had to answer that I was sorry, but I couldn't remember that either. Probably some magazine.

It had been a remark of the kind one drops to stay in a discussion; but it was something I was swiftly to regret—even though, in the turn of events that followed, it helped afford me an illuminating glimpse into his obsession with the unknown.

A DEFECTIVE oil pump kept us indefinitely in Cleveland. We sought out a tavern, and furthered our acquaintance over a few drinks. His name was Ammidown. When we had been served our first, he drank, shoved aside an ashtray, and folded his hands on the table.

"Look, I don't suppose you've ever heard of Synonymy," he said.

The word being accented on the second syllable, it was a moment before I properly

connected it with "synonym," and then only by visualizing the spelling.

"No, I haven't," I said. "What is it?"

Synonymy is the record of all names given to species and other groups, both correct *and* incorrect; so that a naturalist, say, who thinks he has fetched up a new species and goes ahead and names it, only to find that it has already been discovered and named, gets his boner entered just as officially as he would have had his triumph. Nor is it necessary to blunder on that scale; the slightest violation of an extremely complicated protocol governing nomination, and the name is discreditably "placed in Synonymy," "relegated to Synonymy," or "thrown in Synonymy" (depending on the degree of shame intended) by the International Commission on Nomenclature, with whom the guilty naturalist is then in the doghouse.

"I have a friend who just caught Synonymy," he said, digging into a bag of pretzels we had bought.

"You have?" I said. "Who is he, a colleague or something?"

He chewed rapidly for some moments. "It doesn't matter who he is," he said, looking away too casually to leave any doubt in my mind the dunce cap was on himself. "Fellow did a job with a little-known sub-species in the Pacific. Brilliant job. Took skill, perseverance, even courage. But——" He sighed and pulled an ear-lobe. "We already knew it. His name was thrown in Synonymy."

We both sat a moment without speaking, as though observing a respectful silence.

"That's the way it is," he said. "One slip and it's humble pie."

We drank simultaneously, looking in different directions. He drew wet marks with his glass.

"How long will he have to eat it?" I asked softly. "How long will his name stay in Synonymy?"

He broke a pretzel on the table-top and said abysmally: "Forever."

I began drawing wet marks of my own. Presently he straightened and spanked the crumbs from his hands.

"Well, what I'm pitching into now is some experiments with homing behavior, which you said you read something about? A big advance in data was made by Army personnel, who found carriers better than radio for some things, and the Racing Pigeons Association. The ornithologists won't have any part of it because they consider the sources beneath them—especially the Racing Pigeons Association. Well, I don't." He narrowed his eyes with a look of resolve, and ground his jaws. "And I think I'm on the track of something. Of course it makes you break out in a cold sweat to think it's already been done. For a while all this chap could do was drink. And that he hasn't been back to the club since, goes without saying." He twitched his chair more squarely opposite mine. "What was in that article?"

Why can't you keep your mouth shut, I reproached myself, instead of popping out with the first thing that comes into it just to keep in the conversation?

"Oh, it was probably nothing worth worrying about," I said, desperately attempting to clarify my associations in terms of his comments on carrier pigeons, which had, again, dimly rung a bell. "You know how those things blur together in a layman's mind. Probably something I read in a dentist's office."

The thought of what a naturalist might catch for filing information available in a frazzled copy of the *Reader's Digest* must have struck us simultaneously, for just as it crossed my mind I thought he shuddered in his chair and looked away.

"You never know when something new may turn up, especially in a newspaper," he said. He leaned toward me with his elbows on the table again. "I want you to think hard. Was it," he asked with eyes that haunt me still, "the article in *Life* about the Signal Corps and all?"

What I answered was again the first thing that came into my head, but though it may have been a bit dishonest, I had no feeling it was dishonorable. "That was it!" I said, trusting that a foggy recollection of a several-page spread with lots of pictures, together with the obvious relief from nervous tension this announcement produced, justified the exclamation

Anyhow I thought it safe to assume that anybody with a history of Synonymy would keep frenetically posted, and he didn't appear to know of anything else on the subject.

"Except for something the *Journal of Applied Physics* ran about the same time," he said.

"Well, it's a cinch I didn't read it there," I said with a laugh, and he laughed too, and the glimpse of his face, as he sat back, was like seeing the Fasten Your Belt sign go off.

THE defective pump was replaced, and the rest of the flight was uneventful. We both rode the airline limousine to the end of the route on Forty-second Street, and took leave of each other on the sidewalk there.

"Goodby," I said, putting out my hand. "I hope your experiments are a success. And tell your friend not to feel too bad about the Synonymy. It could happen to anybody."

"Well, you're right there," he said as, smiling, he shifted his grip to take my hand. "Good by and good luck."

"You too," I said, and made off through the crowd.

I got a cab first, and as it nosed its way into the traffic, I looked for him through the window. He was at the curb trying to flag one himself. He caught sight of me and waved. I waved back, and as my cab shot away and I lost him from view, I wondered what it is he's on the track of, hoping, with him, as I still do, that it's something we don't know.

Don't Lock the Laboratory Door

A SINGLE scientist, working all by himself, is today an unproductive anachronism. A single laboratory, keeping its results within its own walls, will soon find itself out of date. A single nation, keeping its research secret, will inevitably fall behind. For research is essentially a collaborative effort. This has been said before, but it needs to be said again and again. . . .

One of the crucial experiments concerning the nature of the meson was carried out by a young Italian in Rome just after its liberation. This young man is now in this country, but he of course cannot be "cleared" to work on atomic research of military importance. The most exciting experiment in nuclear physics this year was the creation of mesons by the huge Berkeley cyclatron, a collaborative experiment carried out by a Brazilian and an American. If it should turn out that the results have military value the Brazilian would then and there be disbarred from continuing. . . .

At present no adequate course in nuclear engineering can be taught at a university: the material is too secret. Courses are given to properly cleared people at the various atomic energy laboratories, but this is a poor substitute for the well integrated course which a university could give. Besides, how is one to attract the best minds if one cannot tell them what it's all about until they commit themselves? . . .

What is the answer? I don't believe it is the other extreme, that of complete freedom of exchange of ideas. Not just now, though some thoughtful persons believe we would gain more than we would lose. I believe we can reach a not-too-crippling compromise for the present by choosing a few crucial subjects which are to be kept secret and by declaring the other fields open. The separation is not difficult; the engineering and technical details concerning the bomb itself can be kept secret, just as design details of many other weapons are kept secret. Data on the properties of uranium, for instance, could be reported openly, without disclosing the secrets of the bomb, just as properties of electric motors can be talked about without disclosing the secrets of electric torpedoes. The fundamental facts of nuclear science, the results of pure research, must be open to free discussion.

—From an address by Dr. Philip McCord Morse at the *Herald Tribune* Forum, October 20, 1948.

After Hours

DURING the first weeks of April the war of the phonograph records, predicted since the beginning of the year, will have begun in earnest. The record-buying public—euphemistically known in the profession as "America's music-lovers"—will have a choice between two entirely different and mutually exclusive types of new records and equipment, the "microgroove" systems of Columbia and RCA Victor. Each side has prepared its attack with a barrage of statements, press releases, and advertising campaigns, and for months the record columns have been full of nothing else. If you have read the latter assidiously you will by now have the impression that the record business is irretrievably snarled up and that no good can come of it for the consumer. Yet if you are also among the many (variously estimated at between 12 and 17 million) owners of standard phonographs who might be interested in the new gadgets, then by your vote you may be determining which of the two companies shall prosper. "The public will decide who's going to win this battle of the discs," as one record maker put it. "But you can be sure of one thing: somebody is going to get hurt."

It is natural to hope so. At first glance, the existence of three distinct record-playing mechanisms is the image of free enterprise gone wild, and one can sympathize with Virgil Thomson's characterization of a three-way record library as "intolerable to all, as everybody knows." This same reaction elsewhere has brought public resistance to a high pitch. The general impression (which the two companies have allowed to grow, in spite of their protestations to the contrary) is that each is trying to reserve unto itself a private lot on Parnassus that used to be shared—or at least fought over—by all. Each has taken up a position high in the clouds of public relations, has piously protested innocence and thundered barbed communiqués at the other. The human reaction is to damn both houses, and at least during the Christmas season (when the RCA announcement was made) the sales of records and machines seemed to reflect it. But perhaps the picture need not be so dark. My own impression—after reading stacks of mimeographed material and listening fairly carefully to both machines—is that Columbia and RCA, while making a spectacle of themselves in public, have behaved in private as well as should be expected, and that the consumer will benefit.

Remember, first of all, who the consumer is. The so-called "popular" records (to paraphrase Milton Mayer elsewhere in this issue) are so called because they *are* popular—they account for about three-quarters of the market. The remaining quarter taken up by "classical" recordings is further subdivided and includes a quarter (that is, a sixteenth of the total) that consists of classical *albums*. That six or seven per cent minority may include you and me and most of the record reviewers and all right-thinking people, but it is not incumbent upon the manufacturers to make policy in accordance with our taste. What is remarkable enough by itself is that the whole microgroove "revolution" has been aimed toward better quality recording and higher fidelity in the home.

Though Vinylite, of which both RCA's and Columbia's new records is made, is unbreakable and virtually free of any surface noise, unfortunately it is also expensive. The answer, if the public was to get a high level of quality at a reasonable price—and there is no law that says it must—was either to make the records smaller or put more music on them, or both. And here we run into the irreconcilable alternatives that caused RCA and Columbia to part ways.

By making record grooves narrower and closer together, and by rotating the turn-

table at a speed slower than the conventional 78 revolutions per minute, much more music could be put on a smaller disc of expensive vinylite. Columbia's speed of 33 1/3 rpm made it possible for a twelve-inch record to carry up to twenty-two minutes of sound on each side; for a little under five dollars you could buy the equivalent of a four-record album. Additional tone quality was noticeable on phonographs that had not been capable of it before and, best of all, the music was not interrupted except at the breaks put there by the composer.

RCA has suffered in consequence from appearing willfully to have compounded confusion by bringing out still another machine, at a different speed and with a special wide hole in the record. Both companies have been planning and experimenting with microgroove and vinylite for a decade. Columbia offered complete technical information to the industry, including RCA, before it released its LP records, and therefore implies that RCA refused to co-operate. RCA's story is that on this occasion they showed Columbia their own system, maintained that it was a better one, and determined to stick by it. Columbia has progressively cut prices in order to get as many as possible of the 33 1/3 machines into the American Home before RCA's was available. There is nothing here on either side that is particularly good, bad, or abnormal. Columbia has had all the breaks so far, and the consumer now has an even better opportunity to pick and choose—and to answer the most important question of all: whether RCA's system really *is* better.

RCA's reasoning ran something like this: Since the groove in a record runs in a constantly decreasing spiral, the circle tracked by the needle is much smaller in toward the center of the record than out at the edge. A quarter-note of music, for example, will last for a shorter arc of the groove close in to the spindle than it will at the outside, and the wiggles that determine the sound will be pressed closer together. The slower the speed on a small-size record—Columbia's 33 1/3 as opposed to RCA's 45 rpm—the closer still will be these modulations. This can cause distortion, and it is the reason that radio broadcasts, though recorded at 33 1/3, are held to the outer edge of a sixteen-inch disc. RCA wanted to avoid distortion by keeping the grooves out from the spindle and running at a faster speed. RCA's engineers compromised by taking up the extra space in at the center with a thick spindle that could contain a fast and efficient record-changer.

If, however, you would like to add microgroove to your present set without setting up an additional turntable, there is still another gadget called the Microverter that may solve your problems. It consists of a supplementary platter-shaped object that fits down over the spindle of a conventional set and revolves at 33 1/3 while the other goes at 78. An additional pick-up comes with it that has a taped bottom and doesn't even need to be screwed on to your present changer—just set it down and it sticks. The Microverter also has a sapphire needle, which at the time I write still does not seem to be available on the usual Philco-Columbia long-playing attachments. The difference in spindle size will make it impossible for RCA to develop a comparable device, so that those who don't want to mar the exterior of a cabinet with an extra object may find it worth while to stick with Columbia.

Quality is a matter of opinion. Put five experts in a room with as many machines and you will get five different preferences. Records vary one from another, let alone from company to company, and they sound utterly different on different machines. The word for the distortion that can occur at the Columbia speed is "wow"; I have heard it on some LP records on some machines. It seems to me worse on the small discs or in at the center of large ones, leading me to think that there may be some justice in the RCA point of view. If I had to commit myself—and I can't very well back out now—I'd say that RCA has the edge: their best is ever so slightly better than Columbia's best, and their worst is far better than the opposite number of Columbia's. RCA has undeniably missed the boat on length of play, but their case is that a vinylite record at their speed which would play as long as Columbia's would have to be a third again as large and more expensive. In an ideal world it ought to be possible to combine the best features of both, but at present I'm afraid all we can hope for is that each will go on getting better at its chosen specialty. "After all," as one RCA man put it, "We may both be right."

Stinkers

I SPENT an afternoon recently at the NBC television studios under the auspices of a friend who works there. I arrived with no firm notion of what I wanted to see, and after discussing a number of shows that were in rehearsal that afternoon, I asked him if there were any "stinkers." "Boy, have we got stinkers," he said.

My only previous experience with the machinery of putting on a television show had been an afternoon spent at the Yankee Stadium a couple of years ago. At that time televising a baseball game still had something of the pioneering spirit about it, and the men who worked at it seemed to do so with intense enthusiasm. What I saw at NBC had something of the pioneering spirit about it too, but what new horizons they thought they were trying to discover I couldn't make out. It was as though they had arrived in California about a century too late for the gold rush and were panning streams that no longer had even water in them.

The first rehearsal was the Lanny Ross show, a standard variety number. It was the only one of the three I looked in on that was not using a theater-like stage. There were sets and props in three or four places around a big studio—a Chinese restaurant scene, a telephone booth, a garden gate, and a sort of one-table café. "They're using impressionistic-type sets," my friend said, "I guess because they're cheaper." Three cameras were working from three different angles, a twelve-piece orchestra was in an out-of-the-way corner, and the men in the control booth, which was a sort of glassed in balcony, kept asking that things be changed. They may have known what they were doing, but there was no firmness in their voices. There was anxiety, though. Show-time was only a few hours away. "Can we go, boys?" the voice kept asking. "It's getting late." We left Lanny Ross humming to himself in the Chinese restaurant and went on to another studio.

"This," my friend told me, "is the Gulf Road Show starring Bob Smith." There was a twelve-year-old boy in a checked red cowboy shirt zooming not too accurately through what I took to be "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" on a pint-sized saxophone. He was followed by a young man who tap-danced and was having trouble getting the orchestra to keep in time with *him*. It was that kind of tap-dancing. This all happened on a small stage that looked as though it had been set up for a grammar-school play—pale green and pale blue draperies. The television cameras were field equipment, the kind that are used on location for sports and news events. Some of the members of the orchestra were sitting on the carrying cases.

"Seen enough?" my friend asked.

We went on to look at the Phil Silvers show. This was being rehearsed on a stage too, a bigger and more elaborate one with a stack of monochrome flats for a variety of scenes. Silvers was going through an act called "The Ironing Out Board," a parody of the Mr. Anthony kind of thing. Two of the three man board of judges howled and barked like wolves when a mincing blonde starlet appeared before them. It was killing. Arrow Shirts sponsors this show. There was a platform on which one of the cameras could focus that had four shirt dummies on it.

"That's the commercial," my friend explained. "Every show has a commercial—we hope." We went on to look at a fourth rehearsal, the Dunninger show, but it was fortunately taking a recess. I wondered, though, how one rehearses a mind-reading show.

These four chef's salads are laid end to end between the hours of eight and ten every Thursday evening on NBC. It is surely not just to judge television by what may be its lowest common denominator, but there is no denying that these are the pioneers of the great new medium of entertainment and communication. Burlesque and vaudeville are the dried up streams that the industry (and I) are panning.

The trouble, it seems to me, is the anomaly of an art that is developing backward. In most new art forms the imagination of the artists far outruns their technical ability to do what they want. In television the artists (or somebody) knows how to do it, but they don't know what they want to do. Television isn't the only art these days that is similarly at sea. If you can just sit this out with your eyes closed, eventually you may open them on a brand new form of entertainment—yea, even a new kind of art.

—*Mr. Harper*

NEW BOOKS

Past Masters and New Blood: Elizabeth Bowen, Arthur Bryant

Jacques Barzun

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S ***The Heat of the Day*** (Knopf, $3) deals with Londoners under the blitz, but as her devoted readers would expect, it is not primarily a novel about the war. It is in truth rather hard to say first or last what the aim or even the main subject of the story is, for it falls naturally and repeatedly into three parts which are a good deal more than semi-detached, and which never come together at the end.

We start with a man and a woman who meet by chance at an outdoor band concert; one is a working girl whose husband is at war; the other is a taciturn mysterious fellow, who brushes off the girl's friendliness and takes himself (and us) to Stella Rodney, the heroine. She is a woman after the author's own heart—intelligent, sensitive, capable, well-to-do, unafraid, all-encompassing—in short, the authorial mind quite credibly made flesh. Mrs. Rodney is a widow who has had an unfortunate marriage; her grown son is in the war; and she is expecting the mysterious stranger for an evening appointment. All we know is that his name is Harrison, his visit unwelcome, and his profession dubious. What we learn after this long moment of suspense is that he is forcing his attentions on Stella in a most singular manner—politely, distantly, and obsessively—and at last coercively: he blackmails her by saying that her lover, Robert Kelway, is a spy who uses his official position to aid the enemy. Harrison hints that he will save Robert from the consequences of discovery if Stella will yield. Harrison expects from her no love, nor even the pleasure of acquisition, but something like status in his own esteem. He is of course the counterspy on the case, and he arranges things so that Stella's possible warning to her lover will be of no avail.

These are the initial complications which propel the plot. A writer of mysteries would have to give an embarrassed cough or two to help us swallow so lumpy a conception, but Miss Bowen is of course saved by her manner and her power to suggest at every point that she has some deeper intent than has yet been disclosed. It is a wonderful gift which any novelist should find serviceable until the last page but one.

Meantime the manner is lordly enough to persuade the reader that he is not being cheated. He is given scenes in country houses (English and Irish), passages between loving mother and devoted son, flashbacks of family history that awake memories of the late John Galsworthy, lovers' dialogues and quarrels, then a return to the working girl with whom we began. By this time the plot has taken its tragic course and has had the irony squeezed out into our palm lest we miss it. We end rather flatly with the idea of Stella's marriage to an irrelevant stuffed shirt or brass hat (apparel of equal discomfort) and the more lively

The grand tradition of the theatre lives in this biography

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prospect of the working girl's illegitimate child.

The figure in the carpet

In all this, there are for my taste only two fine moments. When Robert Kelway admits to his mistress that he is aiding the enemy, he gives a really moving account of his motives and the scene is managed with unerring art. Again, when the factory girl Louie re-enters our ken together with her neighbor Connie, we are treated to some wonderful dialogue, as well as to an epistolary masterpiece from Connie's hand. There Miss Bowen displays a faculty characteristic of many another Irish writer, the ear for folk speech.

The rest of her book remains a puzzle. Clearly, her characters are meant to be of our time and of the given place, but at moments they allow themselves to talk and act like marionettes. Some of the conversations between Stella and Harrison are a strain on both credulity and attention, with their strings of "Are you?"—"Did he?" and "Is it?" as chief repartee. Then again, we strike passages of social history couched in textbook style, and at any time we may be treated to the author's best finery, derived from Henry James and meant for philosophy: love, it seems, is never alone, for Time is always with it; and for nostalgic effect: "She wore the look of all she had lost the secret of being." While we finger these nuggets, our mind cannot help running on plot: why this cock-and-bull story which loosely links a pair of commonplace girls, a passionate spy, a dispassionate counter-spy, a fine lady and her son's estate in Ireland, against a dim background of old servants and old customs?

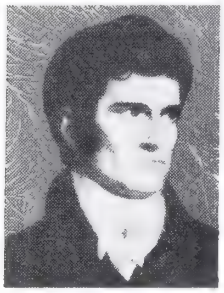
So far as I know, Diana Trilling is the only critic who has guessed the riddle, and since the solution (which I would never have found unaided) throws the whole book into a new shape, it may help readers to have the clue briefly set forth, with the caution that it is a critical surmise, not official truth: *The Heat of the Day,* says Mrs. Trilling, should perhaps be read as an allegory of modern England. Stella stands for the intelligent middle class, open to betrayal, and her lover is one of these betrayers from generous motives. Harrison is the newly risen man, unbred, unloved, quite resigned to his lack of passion, but desirous of possession. The working classes are on the contrary full of life and only waiting to be led. Lastly, the Ireland which reeks of tradition is contrasted with the England which has kept only the savorless husk of the fruit. Such is the possible myth whose elements make the given outcome of the improbable tale suddenly meaningful. The novelist's art is thereby vindicated at many points where it seemed unaccountably clumsy, and the characters lose their perfunctoriness in gaining a role outside the story.

A New Name to Remember

For a different reason and with more apparent excuse, Arthur Bryant's ***The Valley of St. Ives*** (Farrar, Straus, $2.75) is a less than completely satisfying work. But it reveals such excellent native gifts and so much power to conceive and execute that I do not hesitate to recommend it. The novel is brief and concentrated, and its theme outwardly simple: a young man of self-impeded character, who teaches in a boys' school and nurtures heroic and poetical dreams, falls in love with an oddly shy and wealthy girl who moves in a predominantly equestrian set. They marry, against general advice, and drag on embittered lives.

So far, nothing in Mr. Bryant's canvas is out of the ordinary. But the reader has hardly gone ten pages before he is aware of an individual note, a genuinely new voice. The pace, the intensity, the selection of significant detail, the swift probings into the past—all exhibit a kind of mastery which augurs the very best things for the writer's future and that of modern American fiction. It is the author's very powers that throw his weaknesses into unmerited relief: he is occasionally didactic; his casual dialogue tends toward flatness; and his melodrama (which is quite justified) becomes too mechanically violent at the very end. But to make up for this there are a number of admirable portraits done seemingly without effort: Margaret Warrington, the heroine's mother; George Spoffard, the hero's friend; the headmaster of the school, the neighbors, and not least, the dead Mr. Warrington, around whose suicidal figure the whole story revolves. For it is a novel of reversal, in which things are not what they seem, though they keep their first reality even after

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we have plumbed hidden histories and the murky depths of mind.

Christine Warrington, the self-centered heroine who objectifies her ego in the person of a horse (so to speak) was of course the greatest challenge to Mr. Bryant's strength of nerve: to make her be loved he had to make her lovable, and then he had to act like a surreptitious Indian giver and steal back her attributes. He succeeded at nearly every point except possibly in the matter of passion. In this regard two of the relevant incidents early and late seem hard to reconcile. Mr. Bryant may have known of D. H. Lawrence's *St. Mawr,* which depicts a superficially similar situation, and perhaps the slight coincidence bothered him. At any rate, his own heroine is an independent creation in whom we believe regardless of flaws. Add to these solid figures the light plotting and well-filed prose (far superior to the author's earlier "stream of consciousness" in *The Double Image*) and you have the elements of a work which any craftsman should be proud to own.

Capsule of Self-Pity

I unfortunately cannot say the same of Stuart Jackman's ***Portrait in Two Colours*** (Scribner, $2.75) which is reported to have "swept England." It is nice to know that small books of such slim merit can sweep so much, but it is likely that a superficial response to the raw contents and the crude message account for the succeess. The book consists of a long interior monologue by the hero, who has just returned from the war and finds home strangely uncongenial. He is haunted by the horrors of desert warfare, including the death of his buddy, which he describes in detail. Somewhere about the middle of his remembered woes, he takes the family car out and runs it into a brick wall, and it is during convalescence that he sorts out his impressions. Gradually, his mother becomes acceptably real once again, he is reconciled to the regularity of breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and he concludes with the thought that "unless there is something to believe in, something that goes on being true always, then there isn't any way out of the mess."

We see what the young man means, just as we sympathize with his feelings about cruelties of nature and man that he had to undergo, but it is not enough for a novel that it should repeat a true proposition. Rather a novel, or any work of art, is an object which we must be able to touch, feel, taste, and walk around. It was difficult enough to hold in mind Miss Bowen's fictional fragments until the notion of an allegorical play of collective figureheads supplied the imaginative framework. Here in Mr. Jackman's lament we feel more than ill-at-ease; we grow almost resentful that he should make his legitimate complaint in the form of an imaged world of thought, and then wind up with a calendar sentiment which has no force when merely uttered. Which is another way of saying that in art execution outranks conception: a moment ago we readily forgave Mr. Bryant's lapses because of the many solid chunks which he actually created and for which no amount of logic could substitute.

Recognizing this, possibly, Mr. Robert Wernick decided to put his experience, which much resembles Mr. Jackman's, into a series of almost discontinuous chapters entitled ***The Freebooters*** (Scribner, $3). The book is frankly plotless—as plotless as *South Wind,* which its paradoxical author thought was all plot—but this does not mean that *The Freebooters* fails to create a consistent effect: it depicts the American occupation of North Africa, Italy, and France by means of fantastic vignettes told in the first person. Not danger but folly is the theme, not understanding—much less explanation—but minute description in the mood of detached disgust. Mr. Wernick might be willing to alter the watchmaker's metaphor for that of the entomologist and say that what he wants to know is what makes men *ticks.*

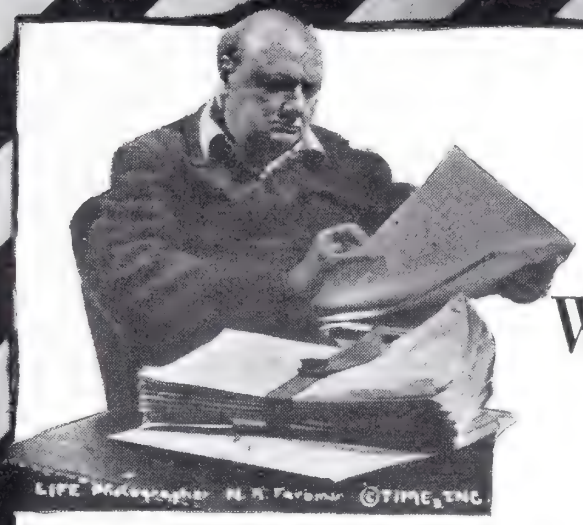
His own prose, I hasten to add, is far purer than my imputed words would suggest—or rather no: he writes all the words that the soldiers use in the heat of inaction, so that his language is not pure, but his prose is invariably full of delicacy, nuance, wit, and force. His three main characters differ in origin, temperament, and brain power, but they are equally alive to themselves and to the reader. They meet dozens of others—American and foreign—in the course of improbable adventures which seem all too likely to have occurred, and these others are also full of the mad, mean life which it is the author's purpose to make us feel. His success is complete, and it would be greater only if he had chosen a theme capable of showing progression. It may be hoped that having deterged his mind in this book, Mr. Wernick will attempt a satire at once broader and finer.

Biographer's Delight

Though many explanations have been advanced, it is hard to say why character should be essential to the novel, whereas it may be dispensed with in other literary genres. But so it is, an empirical truth with few exceptions such as Hugo's *Notre Dame* and Zola's *Germinal.* And since truth is another desideratum, the modern novelist who finds his contemporaries dim, shrunken, or fractional—that is, non-characters—is in a hard case. He is left without a hero and in consequence nobody can remember his slices of men. Hence did Chesterton say that only one fictional character had been created since the days of Dickens—Sherlock Holmes.

Holmes is of course more than a fictional hero, he is a culture hero. He is memorable precisely because he stands for so much outside the stories, and it is neither accident nor complete frivolity that has led to the mock-scholarship of considering him an historic personage and Watson a second Boswell. (Apropos of this, see the delightful introduction by Christopher Morley to Edgar Smith's excellent edition of ***The Blue Carbuncle:*** Baker Street Irregulars, N. Y., no price: it is priceless). The beauty of Holmes is that he is a man of science and a father confessor rolled into one: we go to him in our troubles and tell all, and he is never at fault. He has moreover all the accessory virtues—artistic, pugilistic, photogenic, monastic, and even aristocratic, since he hobnobs with princes and coolly pockets the rubies with which titled clients try to placate his austerity.

None of this is new, but John Dickson Carr's admirable ***Life of Sir***



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Arthur Conan Doyle (Harper, $3.50) throws a fresh light on the facts while adding monumentally to their number. Mr. Carr has gone through trunkfuls of family papers and produced a compact biography which is as fluent as it is rich, and as sympathetic as it is clear-minded. It is he, of course, who repeatedly suggests that Holmes is Doyle, and one of the chapters of the Life (which appeared in this magazine before book publication) does indeed read like a Holmes adventure: Doyle supplied the occasion by solving a mystery and Mr. Carr adroitly fashioned the narrative.

But it remains a fact—for one reader at least—that in other genres Doyle never achieved more than a passing success. I cannot now reread Doyle's historical novels and Professor Challenger acts upon me like an emetic. Yet Mr. Carr shows how steadily Doyle resented the pre-eminence of Sherlock Holmes in the public esteem, and it might be argued that what happened was that Doyle put all his unconscious preferences into the one character he disliked and so endowed him with true life. Read the absorbing account of Doyle's many ventures and you will see the courage, perseverance, eccentricity, love of battle, and love of drama which transpired naturally into Holmes. Even the constrained passion of Doyle's last, uncommon love affair has something Holmesian about it.

When we come to the final phase of Sir Arthur's intensive propaganda for Spiritualism, the biographer rises to new heights of impartiality and straightforwardness in the marshaling of facts. He shows that Doyle was no postwar convert and that like the founders of the Society for Physical Research, Doyle felt for the subject a lifelong scientific interest. He was a believer and all the while something of a materialist in his crediting of the unseen.

In his actions, too, Doyle was moved by a strong desire to vindicate. He spent years, toil, and money to correct miscarriages of justice and errors of public opinion. He came at the end of the individualistic era when a man with a name could rouse national opinion by a letter to the *Times,* and when people admired rather than resented independence. This social trait went under during the First World War and Doyle himself did his bit to strengthen the mass against the man. But when he undertook the spiritualist crusade, he staged a comeback as notable as Holmes' climb up the cliff at Reichenbach. Unlike him he died under a kind of intellectual disfavor, exercised by people who thought that the early Holmes stories dated back to the time of Prince Albert. That they belong mostly to the Nineties and speak (like Gilbert and Sullivan) of an age rapidly passing away is a truth which Mr. Carr's Life and Times of Doyle imparts with all the vividness of fiction and all the authority of research. He has filled a vacant niche in the great sequence of English men of letters.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

A Wreath of Roses, by Elizabeth Taylor. It's the women novelists—two British and one American—who have run away with the honors thus far in 1949: Elizabeth Bowen, Anne Goodwin Winslow (American), and now Elizabeth Taylor. In a sense all three novels are dealing with the same aspect of human experience, the impact which at a given susceptible moment one person can make on another without ever actually being able to reach across the impenetrable mystery which is the other's personality. When two people love one another the attempt to cross the barrier of personality is, of course, love's perpetual joy and anguish. Mrs. Bowen is preoccupied with this. (So is Mrs. Winslow in *The Springs,* reviewed last month.) So is Elizabeth Taylor, for that matter, though she is more concerned with the fascination which evil (in this case represented by a man) can hold for a gently bred and lonely person (here, a woman) when at a crucial point in their lives violence throws them together. The

BOOKS IN BRIEF

uthor does not suggest that the war nd the new world we live in make his kind of infringement more and nore likely to occur—the sudden ose confrontation of personalities p till now separated by barriers of ass, education, aspiration, and taste but one wonders if that doesn't ccount for her preoccupation with ne theme. Elizabeth Bowen, on the her hand, makes the point directly. . . In Elizabeth Taylor's *A Wreath Roses* there is the pretty but inreasingly lonely schoolteacher who ddenly finds herself emotionally ntangled, through a suicide which ey both witness, with a man who pels yet fascinates her. That is the sic story of Miss Taylor's book. ut in it there is all the beauty of a ng, slow, English summer afternoon; there is a study of the artist nd his relation to life and to his ork; indeed there are wise, suggestive comments on life in so many of aspects that they send the reader's ind off on long, conjectural journeys of its own, as all good writing ould; and it is all turned with a iet wit that makes the reading a light.

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e Girl on the Via Flaminia by red Hayes. Mr. Hayes approaches mystery of personality more iquely, but no less sensitively. He ts from scratch. A young soldier h the American Army in Rome anges through a friend to rent an indefinite time a room and Italian girl to go with it, in exnge for the food which the soldier provide. Although he has never n the girl before, the family who ts them the room is told that the are married. The scene in which y meet for the first time, though posedly man and wife, is one ich one hopes the censors won't of all drama when Gary Cooper,



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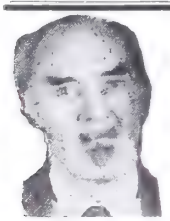
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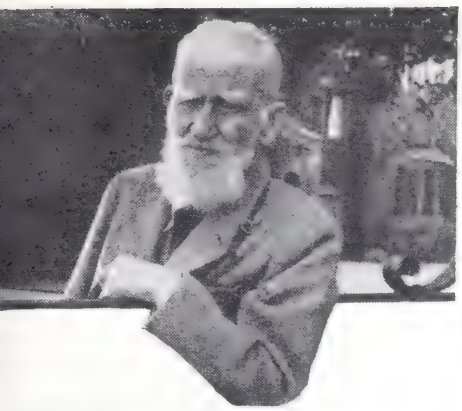
who has bought the film rights, puts it in the movies. . . . Here are a decent young man and woman making what they consider a simple businesslike bargain. They think they know exactly what is expected and what to expect, and then it just doesn't work out. Personalities will not disappear and when, after several days, a crisis imposes itself on them from outside, they are forced to examine the nature of their feelings for each other. In a scene that is more intellectually than emotionally satisfying Mr. Hayes seems to be saying that love is impossible between them because love can only come slowly, through slow discovery of tastes and community of experience. Some may quarrel with this and with the way he resolves or fails to resolve his point, but there can be no quarrel with the dramatic feeling in every scene, the sure dialogue, and the excellent characterization of some of the minor members of the cast. There is an effective picture here, too, of Italian resentment at the American "imperialists" and of other political issues of the time. But, again, no message is pushed at the reader. The implications are carried in the actions of the people, in the rich overtones of the writing.

Harper, $2.50

The Hour of Truth, by David Davidson. This book, in contrast with the two above, leaves nothing to conjecture or to the imagination of the reader. It is all said so plainly and so painfully that one feels rather bludgeoned by fairly obvious truths before one is through. It is the story of William Harmon, who at the age of thirty-three, physically very attractive, finds himself failing as a lawyer and impotent in his relations with his clever and pretty wife. Suddenly he is offered a job with a party which Washington is sending to help cement our relations with a certain poverty-stricken South American republic. Here, through his real sympathy for the sufferings of the people and from the inspired courage of a revolutionary he regains his ability to lead men, and with the beautiful and unhappy wife of one of the rich landowners (as you, dear reader, have already guessed) his physical impotence disappears. Unfortunately one rather foresees th in the first few chapters, and o does not have the satisfying feeli of inevitability which comes wh events grow predictably out of cha acter. Instead, one feels that devis circumstances have been impos from outside to bring about a d sired result. To one who great admired Mr. Davidson's previo book, *The Steeper Cliff,* this is a d appointment. The writing is as i pressive as ever, and the descriptio of the mud flats and jungle of th tropic South American country a magnificient. And here is anoth American novelist (the other is A fred Hayes vis à vis the Italian showing effectively how other pe ples feel about the American co quistadores. If we have our fau it's a good thing we have our nov ists so ready and able to show the up. . . . There is great earnestne in the book, but as a novel aspiri to a high place in literature it hard gets off the ground.

Random House,

The Wastrel, by Francis Wakema Can a man, in a single momento night, change the course of his wh life? This is the problem that M Wakeman is concerned with in h latest novel. Thoroughly unlike *T Hucksters* and *Shore Leave* exce in its brilliant narrative sense a brittle dialogue, this book conside whether or not a man who has be a rich, *dolce-far-niente* playboy a his life can, after fifteen years of wasted marriage (wasted except f the nine-year-old son), find a way make up for the years of all play a no work. . . . All the real action tak place during one endless night wh Duncan Bell and his son are driftin in the sea after the explosion of the boat. The relation of the father a son, and the clear exposition of t way in which the father uses h navigator's skill to judge the curren and the tides, their only hope f survival, are wholly credible and t best part of the book. The scen from Duncan's earlier life whi wash over him while he lies in t sea—"his psychiatrist, the sea"—a less credible though the reading never dull. The dilemma of t novel, it seems to me, is that we ha Duncan renouncing his way of li



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at the very moment when what he has learned from it—his knowledge of the sea—is the one thing which can save him. Perhaps the author is saying that given the necessity one can almost always dredge up the resources for salvation. Not at all a profound book, but a very readable one, containing considerably more humanity than Mr. Wakeman's other books. Rinehart, $2.75

Toasted English, by Marghanita Laski. Five heterogeneous survivors of Singapore return to England in 1945 to find, to their intense surprise, that a Tory revolution has taken place and a complete Tory hierarchy has been set up. The Tories got in because the police and the M. I. 5 combined to fight the Communists, and as they couldn't tell Communists from Intellectuals they cleared out both.

> "Naming themselves finally and decisively the Tory Party," continued Ughtred, "the group of politicians I have mentioned went into action. They had M. I. 5, they had the police, and most important of all, they had the police horses. No Englishman, as you know, will do anything against a police horse."

These politicians set up a stratified society to end all stratified societies. The upper classes, with gold identification tags, are A's. B's are the middle classes. C's, who wear tags of solid English oak, are the retainers. D's are the Trade Unionists (whose price for supporting the regime was that no one who is not a member of a Trade Union can take a regular job). And E's are the Tramps and the Intellectuals. . . . The way the system works is demonstrated by the way it affects our five characters. An amusing satire, but more amusing when you begin than after 212 pages. Houghton Mifflin, $2.50

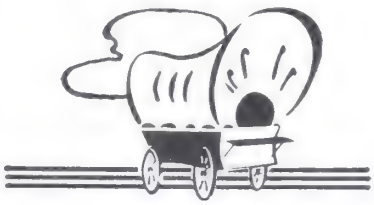
Non-fiction

There's Freedom for the Brave, by Paul McGuire. The "loss of responsibility is the clue to our moral disaster." That is the keynote of Mr.

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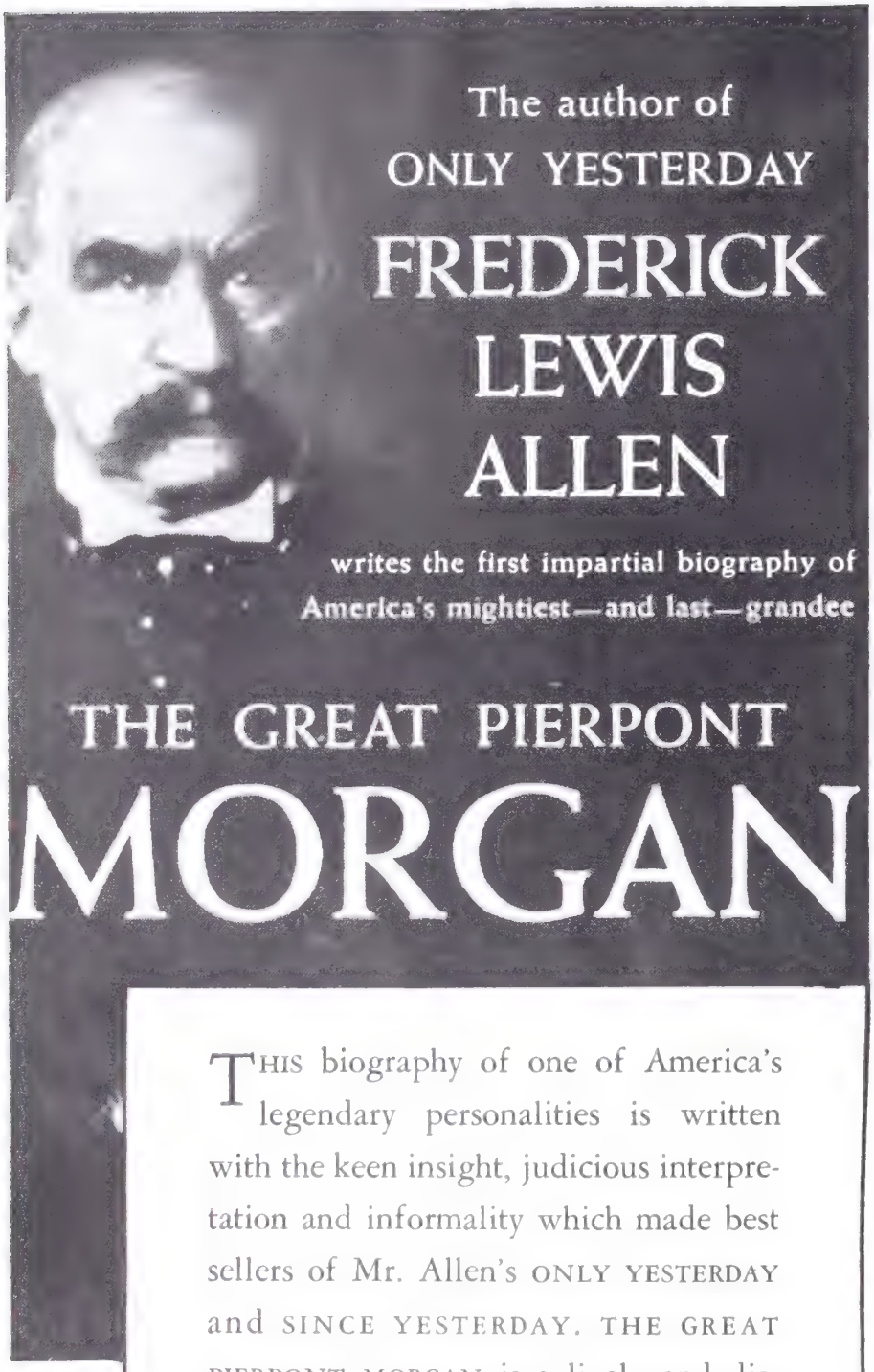
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McGuire's book. The things he preaches aren't new—our obligations as persons and as citizens if there is to be freedom anywhere in the world. And his feeling against government control of the economic process and his belief in immediate political and military collaboration with other free nations may not be as sympathetically received everywhere as they are by this reader. . . . But he brings to his plea for individual responsibility and to his belief in its potentialities as a moving force in man's affairs, such a wide knowledge of history and such a crisp eloquence that the old story is made new and exciting again.

> We are all there written plain, the splendor and the misery, across earth's face. This is our artifact, the mirror of ourselves where we may examine our consciousness and conscience. For man is an artist and a maker, free to form things for good and ill, to shape his own salvation or to work his own damnation. The Kingdom of Heaven is within us. . . . Morrow, $4

To Hell and Back, by Audie Murphy. The best advertisement for this book is the face of the young man on the back of the jacket. He wasn't quite twenty-one when VE-Day came, but he had more decorations than any other soldier in the U. S. Army, among them the Congressional Medal of Honor. The face is young, earnest, and very good looking with an expression in the eyes that says a good deal about what his life has been like. It will be interesting to see the movie, *Bad Boy,* in which he plays the lead. . . . The book is the story of his war experiences, arresting and moving as all such literate personal experiences are—but in quality it is no better than many other books of its kind. It was worth doing because the man who wrote it cared so much about those years, but it will be read because of the author, rather than for any special literary merit. And that's all right, too. Holt, $3

The Oblong Blur and Other Odysseys, by Philip Hamburger. This is what is known to the editors of the *New Yorker* as a "clip book," a book put together merely by clipping out of the magazine a selection of a writer's pieces and sending them off to a publisher. It seems to be a standard procedure for *New Yorker* writers, of whom Mr. Hamburger is one; authors like to see their work between hard covers. There is a sort of respectability about it which the magazine writer hankers for. Such books have their shortcomings, as this one does. It takes extraordinary writing to keep a topical job of reporting from seeming slightly limp a few years after the event. But this book proves a number of things: that the *New Yorker* formula is really not a formula at all except perhaps in fiction and in the "Talk of the Town" pieces; that Philip Hamburger hasn't nearly as big a reputation as he deserves as a satirist, a humorist, or a reporter; and that the journalist probably comes a great deal closer to achieving art in our era than most poets and novelists. To my mind the best piece in the book is the last one, and the last one to be written, on account of a visit to Argentina called "Wind Off the Pampas." But try, even if you have read them before, the title piece in which Mr. Hamburger hoists Norman Corwin by his own poetical petard, and "The Great Judge" (which was written for *Life),* a profile of Learned Hand. Otherwise just dip in anywhere; you'll find it refreshing, often extremely funny, and never insensitive or heavy-handed. Farrar, Straus, $3

The Second World War, by Major General R. F. C. Fuller. This account by a retired British Army officer is likely to be of most interest to the military, but it comes very close to filling the need for a compact, one-volume history. There are spirited discussions of matters which still command interest, and General Fuller's narrative style is admirably suited to battles and strategic decisions on the high level. He has also a nicely attuned sense of the thin line of demarcation that separates the purely military from the political, and the book excoriates most of the Allied moves in the latter class. Here all the book's virtues make it doubly unfortunate that *The Second World War* should be the best book of its kind now available. General Fuller's denunciation of a policy like the air bombardment of Ger-



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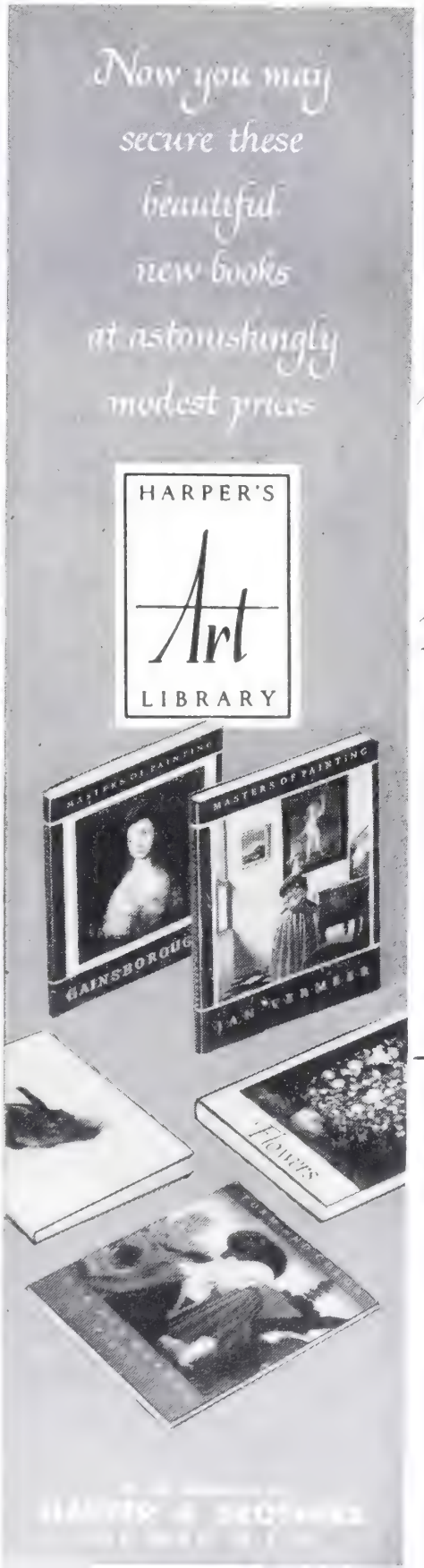
nany may be sufficiently serious and well documented to ask for considered rebuttal, but anyhow it is one of the few lucid arguments in the book. General Fuller's own purely political notions are at best anachronistic and at worst dominated by a childish animosity toward Winston Churchill and all his works. The author is good at explaining why a campaign had to be fought, yet hopelessly inadequate at explaining why the war had to be fought; one feels that he himself would scarcely have bothered.

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The Unknown Warriors, by Guillain de Benouville. "This," said Winston Churchill on July 14, 1940, "is a War of the Unknown Warriors." Nowhere was the statement more true than in the war of the French Resistance and no book that I have seen has told the story more dramatically than this work by a Frenchman who today, at thirty-three, is the youngest general in the French Army. He earned the rank by four years of courageous leadership and fantastic escapades in Occupied France. . . . Although this is primarily a tale of men and adventure, it is also to some extent an excursion into the deeper realms of politics and the spirit. The French Resistance—even in its later, organized stages—was loosely put together. Units were many and most members knew only a few of their co-workers. Some of the groups were primarily political and widely divergent in their origins, some were military, some were regional. Among the leaders, as in the ranks, there were ex-royalists (like the author of this book), Communists, Socialists, men of all persuasions. But over-all there was a sense of unity and common purpose. As Benouville puts it: "Those who had just been arrested were torn from the Resistance like shreds of flesh. . . . The blows that the Germans showered upon them struck all of us." This unity may seem transient today but, in the end, it may prove to have been more important than the bridges destroyed, the trains wrecked, the Nazis killed. The recreation of this unit, however partial, is the deepest virtue of this book. Simon and Schuster, $3.50

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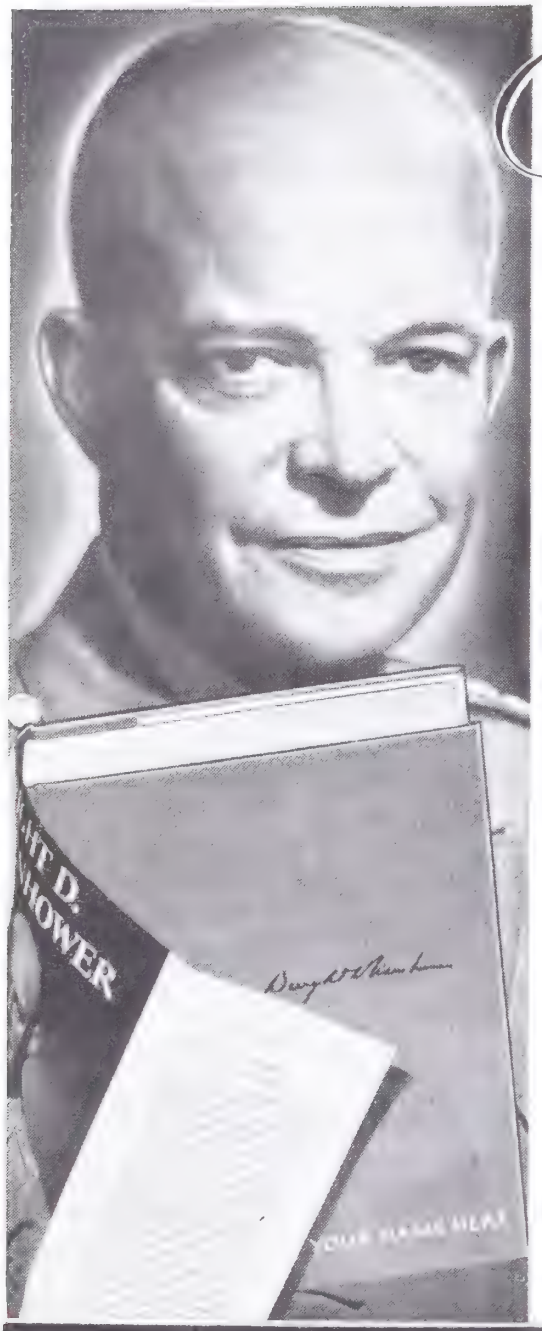
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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

THE overwhelming subject of our times is the conflict between the Soviet world and the Western world. How may it best be eased? How may the Soviet offensive best be blocked? How may international disputes best be reconciled without setting our whole civilization on fire?

All other issues of the day seem entangled with this one. When Governor Chester Bowles made a plea for world government in our March number, and David Bernstein appraised "The Cold Peace" in our April number, and Senator Austin wrote his plea for the UN which appears this month, each had the rift between Russia and the West at the center of his attention.

Next month, ***James P. Warburg*** will face up to it from still another point of view, writing with knowledge and fervor about "The Defense of Western Europe" (and challenging our present policy of seeking to arm the signatories to the Atlantic Pact) and ***John Gunther*** will produce a detailed account of the state of affairs in one of the most perplexing countries behind the curtain, Hungary (with full reference, incidentally, to the Mindszenty case).

For variety ***C. Hartley Grattan*** will portray "Truman's Three Wise Men," the little-known members of the Council of Economic Advisers and the little-understood—and increasingly vital—job they are confronted with.

"What's in the Deep Freeze?" by ***C. Lester Walker,*** will survey one of the most astonishing phenomena of our times, the vast and exciting onrush of an industry that is reaching into every American kitchen.

And don't miss "Ordeal in Massachusetts," ***Arthur Hepner's*** account of the Van Waters case, which raged round the head of one of the leading penologists of our day.

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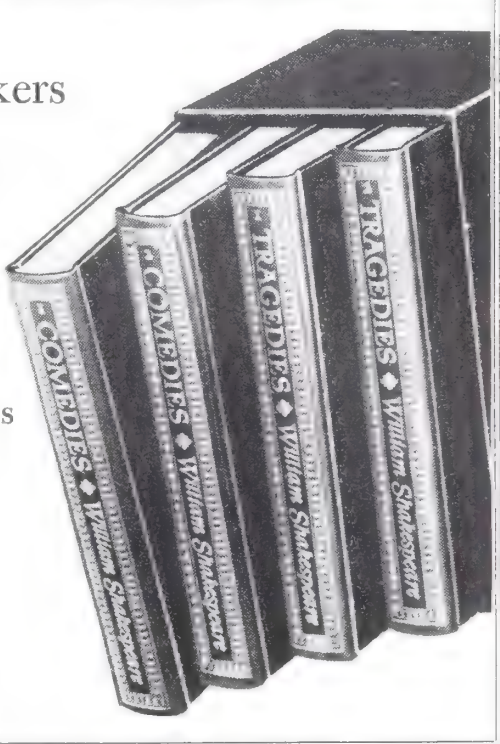


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Personal & Otherwise

Two months ago we published an article called "World Government—'Yes, But . . .'" in which Governor Chester Bowles of Connecticut, aided by Norman Cousins of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, set forth the argument for world government as both a necessary and a practical goal. This month, in "A Warning on World Government" (p. 91), the head of the United States delegation to the United Nations, ***Warren R. Austin,*** argues a contrary case. In the light of present realities—geographical, political, economic, and spiritual—world government, he maintains, cannot now be achieved. As Mr. Austin sees it (and he has, after all, a ringside seat), the "mere technical difficulties," which are often brushed aside by those who believe we *must* have a world federation, are in fact insurmountable obstacles. And if that is so, it may well be a tragic error to stir up and organize crusading popular support for a program based on the idea that only world federalism can save us from an impending cataclysm.

Probably, in the long run, world government in some form *is* the only thing that can bring relatively permanent constructive order to this bedraggled planet. But, from where Mr. Austin sits, it apparently looks like a mighty long run; and meanwhile how are we going to manage to keep alive?

His answer is: by concentrating on gains that are immediately possible. That means by working for changes and improvements in the present structure of the United Nations. And that in turn calls for widespread critical interest in what the UN has done, is doing, and proposes to do.

Mr. Austin speaks somewhere in his article of America's schools and colleges as "our great reservoirs of idealism and devotion"—and he might have mentioned also the women's clubs, which are, in spite of those Hokinson cartoons, groups in which educated adults are organized to grapple with fundamental problems. It is principally from these sources that dynamic support must come for whatever action is necessary to save our skins and make this a better world.

If, therefore, one believes, as Mr. Austin does, that all we can do is work with what we've got, one faces the discouraging problem of convincing students and clubwomen that instead of cheer-leading for the parliament of man they must critically evaluate the UN's handling of the India-Pakistan problem and the most recent technical proposals for procedural revision in the Security Council. Which is to say, one faces the amusing—or terrible—truth that idealism is more easily aroused by an abstraction than by a fact.

What this means for our chances of survival, P & O would not want to guess. As for the facts of current international dealings, Mr. Austin should know as well as any man what they are like. And lest the reader assume that here is an anti-world-government man who can't see the international

woods for the Russian trees, it should be remembered that even before the United States entered the war—back in the days when a number of those who now advocate world government were isolationists—Mr. Austin had already, as Senator from Vermont and one of his party's outstanding internationalists, declared himself in favor of a postwar organization to maintain the peace.

Ah, Rats!

For a number of years now ***James Rorty*** has been engaged in research and writing in the related fields of health, economics, nutrition, and agriculture. Back in 1939 his book, *American Medicine Mobilizes,* was published, and in 1947 Prentice-Hall brought out *Tomorrow's Food,* written in collaboration with Dr. N. Philip Norman. More recently Mr. Rorty has written two reports on activities of the Tennessee Valley Authority: the first, called *Food At the Grass Roots,* dealing with the TVA's agricultural program; and the second—which will soon be published by the Government Printing Office—called *Soil, People, and Fertilizer Technology,* dealing with the work of TVA's chemical engineering division. It was while he was writing *Tomorrow's Food* that he became acquainted with the Cornell research on aging which he describes in "The Thin Rats Bury the Fat Rats" (p. 28).

You will have to read the article to find out why the thin rats bury the fat ones and what that has to do with you. But we aren't letting any cats out of Mr Rorty's bag—if he'll pardon the expression—by telling you that the fat rats at Cornell are close relatives of the rat which was featured in a story called "Grade 5-B and the Well-Fed Rat," by Frances Gray Patton, which we published just three years ago (in the May 1946 issue). In that delightful story, as some of you may remember, a Mrs. Patton's young daughter, Elinor, was in 5-B and had been assigned to sum up—at a PTA meeting—the class's experimental study of nutrition. As the teacher, Miss Oates, had already told the assembled mothers, the Health Department had donated two white rats, one to be fed milk, eggs, and vegetable stew, the other to be fed cookies and cokes. It fell to Elinor to tell how the coke-eating rat became maladjusted and ill-tempered, whereas the well-fed rat was calm and contented. Afterward, when Mrs. Potter inquired after the rats, it turned out that although Elinor's report exactly described what the Health Department's charts said the results of the experiment would be, it did not describe what had actually happened to 5-B's rats.

But, as Miss Oates put it, "We knew from the Health Department what facts we ought to have found, so—well, we just decided to take the bull by the horns and go ahead and find them!"

When you have read Mr. Rorty's article you will be able to make a pretty good guess about what really happened to Grade 5-B's rats. What's more, you will probably find yourself thinking differently about that middle-aged spread which has been creeping up on you lately.

Sam Norkin created the rats ornamenting Mr. Rorty's article. His theatrical caricatures have appeared in the Sunday New York *Herald Tribune* since 1940, and his illustrative work has been used in *Life, Collier's, Variety,* and other publications. During three years in the Army, he wrote and did art work for camp newspapers. Now he is doing a good deal of experimental painting. He was born in Brooklyn and studied at the Metropolitan Art School and the New York School of Fine and Industrial Art.

Uncovering News That's Been "Covered"

As ***Fred M. Hechinger*** reminds us in "All the News That Fits the Pattern" (p. 35), there has been a good deal of good- and ill-natured comment on the way American journalism covers the news—instead of uncovering it—since Li'l Ole Harry took the crease out of Mr. Dewey's pants. P & O has contributed its share. But it doesn't seem to have occurred to many people that a press which covers the domestic scene with blinders on may be doing as badly—or worse—abroad.

Mr. Hechinger, back from seven months in Europe and the Middle East, thinks our press-coverage of the real news abroad is frankly lousy, and he makes the point with emphatic and precise examples. With a good reporter's luck, he landed in one country after another at the exact moment when things were hap-

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pening: in Germany's U. S. and French zones and Berlin as the airlift reached its peak; in Czechoslovakia at the time of Beneš's death and funeral; and in Israel (via the refugee-packed, ex–Hudson River Dayliner *DeWitt Clinton*) during the Negev fighting. Throughout his trip he avoided as many "briefings" and ignored as many "handouts" as possible, relying instead upon his own observation. (He thinks, by the way, that one of the most neglected, and one of the most useful, sources for a foreign correspondent is a country's schools.)

This is the second article by Mr. Hechinger to appear in *Harper's.* (We published "The Battle for German Youth," based on information picked up on an earlier visit to Germany, in February 1948.) He writes frequently for *This Week,* the *Herald Tribune, Everybody's Digest,* the London *Times,* and other publications; is education columnist for the Washington *Post* and Connecticut *Sunday Herald;* and is a roving foreign correspondent for the *Sunday Herald* and the Overseas News Agency.

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The Summing Up

••• ***Gerald Wendt,*** author of "A New Job for the Atom" (p. 21), is better qualified than most people to challenge our present policy for atomic energy and to propose a new one. He is, in fact, that rarity, the person who is both a well-trained scientist and a top-ranking writer about science for the general public. He holds three scientific degrees from Harvard, and has been Associate Professor of Chemistry at the University of Chicago and Dean of the School of Chemistry and Physics at Pennsylvania State College. During the first world war he was a captain in the Army's chemical warfare service; he later served as director of scientific research for Standard Oil of Indiana, and was the first director of the Batelle Memorial Institute for Industrial Research.

Realizing the dangerous gap between science and the public Mr. Wendt gave up his research career in 1939 to become Director of Science and Education for the New York World's Fair. In 1942 he became science editor of *Time,* and a year later adviser on science for *Time, Life, Fortune,* and The March of Time. In 1944 he established the new magazine, *Science Illustrated,* which McGraw-Hill now publishes, and of which he is still editorial director.

As a research scientist and as a writer and editor he has thus been in close touch with scientific developments for over thirty years. As for atomic physics, which is the focus of his present article, Mr. Wendt's book, *The Atomic Age Opens,* was the first public exposition of nuclear fission and the first full account of the scientific background of atomic research. (The book was dictated in two days, over the weekend following Hiroshima, and Pocket Books had 500,000 copies on the newsstands two weeks after the bomb exploded.)

"My primary concern," he writes, "has always been not so much the news of science as what science is doing to us and what we shall do about it. Long before the present public interest in science, I insisted that it is by far the most powerful force acting on society today. I have never put much hope in social consciousness, much less social leadership, by scientists but have urged that in a democratic society it is important for the ordinary citizen to understand the nature of that force."

•••"The Black Major" (p. 43) is the first published story by ***Richard Lee Marks.*** Mr. Marks was born in Chicago twenty-six years ago and is living now in Arequipa, Peru. In celebration of the acceptance of his story he went to a country bullfight

o bet on a bull named Aurora (who urned out to be of pacific disposiion), because it seemed to him that vithout a doubt a new day was dawnng.

Mr. Marks enlisted in the Army t nineteen, on graduation from the Vharton School of the University f Pennsylvania in the first accelerted class, and was demobilized four ears later as a first lieutenant with early two years of service in the acific. He was on duty with a truck ompany composed of Negro soldiers, nd after he was transferred to staff ork he continued to live with the ompany as information and educaion officer.

Since the war he has done political artoons which have appeared in he *Christian Science Monitor* and ther papers, received a master's deree in public law and government rom Columbia University, and setled down to full-time fiction writng. He and his wife live in a house t the foot of a volcano in Arequipa houses are hard to find there, too.

Mr. Marks' own summing up of is varied experience is brief: "Like he average man in my generation, went to school, went to war, came ome in a turmoil, wondering what ad happened and why it had hapened and what virtue remained. m still wondering."

Pictures with "The Black Major" re by ***Lou Block,*** a painter who has one murals for ships of the United ruit Lines and is teaching painting t the Brooklyn Museum Art School nd at the Art Center of the Museum f Modern Art. He has also served planning programs for the WPA ederal Art Program, the National outh Administration, the merchant amen, and the War Department's anual Arts Branch (of which he as chief during the war).

•• The really important fact to eport in connection with ***Shirley ackson's*** "The Third Baby's the asiest" (p. 57) is the birth of Sarah yman on October 30, 1948. We on't know the other distinctions of iss Hyman—her mother is modest but her appearance in *Harper's* certainly precocious. We have disovered by quizzing that her older other, the first baby of Mrs. Stanley lgar Hyman (that is, the author in



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private life) is now six and a master at chess, and there is a sister, aged three, who is very pretty. All three were born around Hallowe'en.

This family, who live in North Bennington, Vermont, in an old fourteen-room house, have hearth-room for six cats, more or less, and a dog. Father is a staff writer for the *New Yorker* and author of a book on criticism, *The Armed Vision*. Mother cares for the house and its inhabitants, and writes fiction—one novel published so far, *Road Through the Wall*, and a book just off the press, *The Lottery, or the Adventures of James Harris* (reviewed this month in Books in Brief, p. 117), collecting stories which have appeared here and there in the magazines. We presented one, "The Renegade," about a dog, last November.

••• "Our Airsick Airlines" (p. 63) is the third article we have published in recent months by ***David Bernstein***, author of *The Philippine Story* (Farrar, Straus, 1947). Last summer, Mr. Bernstein acted as consultant for a group of non-scheduled airlines who were seeking permission to operate a low-cost passenger service on regular flight schedules. He became acquainted with problems faced not only by such small outfits but also by the big airlines, the government, and the flying (and would-be flying) public. This job ended in the fall but, as he tells us, "My interest in the possibility of wide-scale, low-cost passenger flying—and in related issues—continued and broadened to include the whole problem of our domestic airline industry. The article, therefore, is written with no special slant, but grew simply from the interest of a private citizen who has spent a good deal of time examining and thinking about the problem."

Mr. Bernstein lives in Washington. He has traveled widely—before the war as a student and as son of the U. S. Minister to Albania, and since the war twice around Europe to see what he could see. The war gave him special knowledge of the Pacific, for he served as adviser to two presidents of the Philippines and, as a soldier (private to second lieutenant), he trained to be a combat engineer and was sent to the Pacific to edit a

weekly magazine. Last month we published his article, "The Cold Peace."

With "Our Airsick Airlines," we present a few drawings by ***Robert Osborn,*** one of our favorite masters of the fantastic. You saw a lavish display of Osborn on the plight of economic man in the December 1948 issue, another on rainmakers in September 1946, another on animal fables in June 1946. Sorry, Mr. Osborn was too busy with a number of things to give us a bookful this time.

••• "African Chief in an Oldsmobile" (p. 72) is the second report from the tip of Africa by ***Martin Flavin,*** following "The Durban Deep," which we published last month. These will be part of a book, *Black and White,* to appear next fall. Mr. Flavin's unsentimental picture of Tshekedi, selfless, hardworking servant and master of his people, sticks in the memory when glossy portraits of worldly wisemen slip away. A colored man with a briefcase, deep in the African bush, he is a cannier and more determined "man with the hoe," and we are grateful to the author for the labor of finding and painting him.

Mr. Flavin is the author of *Journey in the Dark,* a novel which won the Harper Prize and the Pulitzer Prize for 1943-44, and many other works of fiction and drama. He is now at home in Carmel, California, after extensive travel last year in Africa. He has three grown-up children; he has piloted his own plane and worked in a machine shop making precision instruments; and he is an excellent cook. We perceive this likeness between Tshekedi and Martin Flavin—one cannot imagine either of them ever being unemployed.

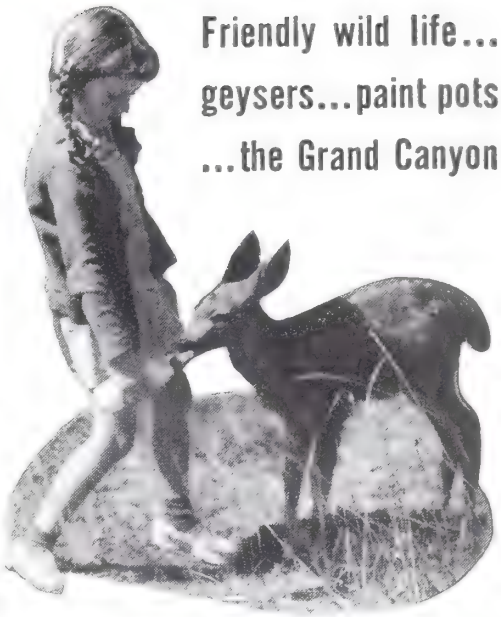
••• ***Howard Maier,*** author of "The World Outside" (p. 86), is employed in New York by the State Department's Voice of America. He has written also for the commercial radio, has contributed stories to *Collier's,* the *New Yorker,* and other magazines, and is the author of a novel, *Undertow,* published in 1945 by Doubleday. During the war he was a sergeant in the Air Force. His wife, Laurette MacDuffie, is a writer. This is Mr. Maier's first appearance in *Harper's.*

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private life) is now six and a master at chess, and there is a sister, aged three, who is very pretty. All three were born around Hallowe'en.

This family, who live in North Bennington, Vermont, in an old fourteen-room house, have hearth-room for six cats, more or less, and a dog. Father is a staff writer for the *New Yorker* and author of a book on criticism, *The Armed Vision*. Mother cares for the house and its inhabitants, and writes fiction—one novel published so far, *Road Through the Wall*, and a book just off the press, *The Lottery, or the Adventures of James Harris* (reviewed this month in Books in Brief, p. 117), collecting stories which have appeared here and there in the magazines. We presented one, "The Renegade," about a dog, last November.

••• "Our Airsick Airlines" (p. 63) is the third article we have published in recent months by ***David Bernstein***, author of *The Philippine Story* (Farrar, Straus, 1947). Last summer, Mr. Bernstein acted as consultant for a group of non-scheduled airlines who were seeking permission to operate a low-cost passenger service on regular flight schedules. He became acquainted with problems faced not only by such small outfits but also by the big airlines, the government, and the flying (and would-be flying) public. This job ended in the fall but, as he tells us, "My interest in the possibility of wide-scale, low-cost passenger flying—and in related issues—continued and broadened to include the whole problem of our domestic airline industry. The article, therefore, is written with no special slant, but grew simply from the interest of a private citizen who has spent a good deal of time examining and thinking about the problem."

Mr. Bernstein lives in Washington. He has traveled widely—before the war as a student and as son of the U. S. Minister to Albania, and since the war twice around Europe to see what he could see. The war gave him special knowledge of the Pacific, for he served as adviser to two presidents of the Philippines and, as a soldier (private to second lieutenant), he trained to be a combat engineer and was sent to the Pacific to edit a

weekly magazine. Last month we published his article, "The Cold Peace."

With "Our Airsick Airlines," we present a few drawings by ***Robert Osborn***, one of our favorite masters of the fantastic. You saw a lavish display of Osborn on the plight of economic man in the December 1948 issue, another on rainmakers in September 1946, another on animal fables in June 1946. Sorry, Mr. Osborn was too busy with a number of things to give us a bookful this time.

••• "African Chief in an Oldsmobile" (p. 72) is the second report from the tip of Africa by ***Martin Flavin***, following "The Durban Deep," which we published last month. These will be part of a book, *Black and White*, to appear next fall. Mr. Flavin's unsentimental picture of Tshekedi, selfless, hardworking servant and master of his people, sticks in the memory when glossy portraits of worldly wisemen slip away. A colored man with a briefcase, deep in the African bush, he is a cannier and more determined "man with the hoe," and we are grateful to the author for the labor of finding and painting him.

Mr. Flavin is the author of *Journey in the Dark*, a novel which won the Harper Prize and the Pulitzer Prize for 1943-44, and many other works of fiction and drama. He is now at home in Carmel, California, after extensive travel last year in Africa. He has three grown-up children; he has piloted his own plane and worked in a machine shop making precision instruments; and he is an excellent cook. We perceive this likeness between Tshekedi and Martin Flavin—one cannot imagine either of them ever being unemployed.

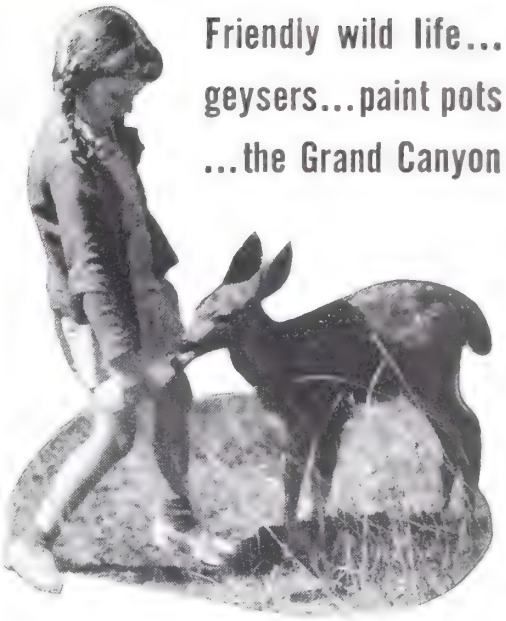
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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

LETTERS

Unsensational—

To the Author:

My deepest thanks for your article in the January *Harper's* ["A Million Unknown Diabetics," by C. Lester Walker]. It set me to thinking, and symptoms which I had regarded as nuisances (thirst, loss of weight, fatigue) suddenly loomed enormous. Four days and several tests later, I took my first shot of Protamine.

I have always condemned the popularization of medicine on the ground that a little knowledge . . . etc. Your article, however, was such a lucid, sane, and unsensational view of the problem that I look forward to more, written in the same vein.

My sincere thanks.

New York, N. Y.

Freedom of Speech—

To the Editors:

Mr. Norman Lewis's article on English usage in the March issue ["How Correct Must Correct English Be?"] calls to mind four of my favorite sentences:

Harvard man in the Yard when accosted by a stranger: "To whom in the Hell do you think you are speaking?"

From a theme at the University of Illinois: "He was the sort of man who, if it rained, you would be glad, for then you'd know he wouldn't come."

From his son to Professor Krapp of Columbia: "What did you bring that book I didn't want to be read to out of up for?"

And Churchill, when criticized for ending a sentence with a preposition: "That is one criticism up with which I will not put."

Don't the English say "different than," horrible as it is?

And "only" should always tell the truth and so be placed just before what it is only of.

THOMAS REED POWELL
Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors:

. . . As for your article "How Correct Must Correct English Be?" it was somewhat surprising to read the result of the vote. Modern standards or art, religion, etc., seem to be tottering. Now that our grammar is being tossed into the discard, it may come to pass that every man is a law unto himself. . . .

E. ROBB ZARING
Evanston, Ill.

To the Editors:

"How Correct Must Correct English Be?" To be correct it must be exact. The basic purpose of a language is to express ideas. . . . Mr. Lewis and his respondents have apparently considered popular usage only, without giving proper consideration to possible sacrifice in meaning. . . . Let correctness be determined as a result of the experts' applying the absolute standard of exactness of meaning to these popular usages.

Lazy popular usage if adopted as the criterion of correctness would result eventually in a language with which ideas could be expressed only with vague approximations. The only safe standard is exactness of meaning.

PAUL S. CULLEN, LT. COL., FA
Fort Knox, Ky.

Exactness of expression, it seems to us, is likely to stem from exactness of thought, and the sloppy thinker will write sloppily no matter how much he may know about the exact meaning of words.

Odyssey—

To the Editors:

In your March 1949 issue appears an advertisement of the U. S. Information Service [suggesting that readers send their old *Harper's* to friends and relatives overseas].

You might be interested in the case history of our own copies of *Harper's.*

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Los Angeles, Calif.

We don't expect very many copies of Harper's *to travel as far as those that Mr. Banks sends to the Ambassador, but we do urge our readers, if they have friends abroad, to send their old copies on.*

Casualty—

To the Editors:

As one directly interested in radio, I have read your article on Fulton Lewis, Jr. in the March issue ["Fulton Lewis, Jr., Man of Distinction" by H. N. Oliphant]. I want to thank

you for reminding me of a forgotten incident—that the campaign of this choir director . . . against air-mail contracts resulted in the unnecessary death of my boyhood friend, Durward Lowry, one of the army pilots killed as a product of the hysteria that followed Lewis' campaign.

HAVILAND F. REVES
Detroit, Mich.

Vom Winde Verweht—

To the Editors:

I was fascinated by the round-up of how *"G.W.T.W."* [February 1949] has been selling all over the world, but puzzled by the statement that the Nazis banned the book in occupied territory. They do not seem to have banned it at home in Germany.

The copy I brought back from Germany, entitled *Vom Winde Verweht,* was published in 1937, four years after the Nazis came to power. It was liberated from the shelf of a prominent Nazi official in Braunschweig who certainly wouldn't have had a forbidden book in his library. And I clearly remember the amusement of some members of the Psychological Warfare Detachment who examined the library records in a small German town while hostilities were still in progress, and found that *"G.W.T.W."* had been withdrawn twenty-five times during the preceding year, while *Mein Kampf* had been called for twice.

RICHARD HANSER
Larchmont, N. Y.

To the Editors:

. . . Thank you for sending me the letter from Mr. Hanser. . . . In reply to his remarks about "Gone With the Wind" apparently not being banned in Germany—as well as I can recall, the ban went on in 1941. The book had been published in 1937 in Germany and had been very successful there. When Hitler put the ban on, there were a great many copies on German bookshelves. I don't imagine they all got burned. I understand that in many places no attention was paid to the ban, whereas in other towns the possession of *Gone With the Wind* and several other books by American authors made one eligible for a concentration camp. It interests me that the library . . . was that of a "prominet Nazi official." Perhaps he could afford to keep such a book when a man in a lower position could not. . . .

MARGARET MITCHELL
Atlanta, Ga.

Cantonese Style—

To Mr. Harper:

In the January issue of *Harper's* Clem D. Easly sent you a recipe for fried rice [published in P & O]. He has given you a recipe that in preparation of the rice is more nearly an Armenian or Turkish pilaff, with vegetables on the Chinese order.

. . . I have spent much time in study and practice on the seasonings and principles of foreign cooking, mainly Chinese and Korean. I hope you will try this one:

First the rice must be cooked with every grain separate and fluffy. You'll get the best results with day-old cooked rice.

Heat two tbs. of oil in a skillet and add two cups of cooked rice and stir constantly until rice is heated through. Add tiny bits of cooked meat or fish, about one-half cup. Choose your preference of pork, beef, ham, bacon, shrimp, salmon, or a combination. Stir for two minutes. Have ready one egg slightly beaten mixed with two green onions and their tops cut fine. Stir this vigorously until the egg has set. Add three tbs. of soy sauce. Remove from fire and stir until the main part of the moisture has steamed out and the rice grains are separate. You may add some vegetables. If you do add them when you put in the meat, be sure not to be guilty of over-cooking them.

I suggest that the only way the argument can be settled is to have Wah Kee's chef as arbiter.

MARY MARTINSON
Dexter, Mich.

Often consultation with Wah Kee's chef, Mr. Harper is convinced that Mrs. Martinson's recipe is the authentic one for fried rice, Cantonese style.

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Schools and Colleges continued on second page following

Harper's
MAGAZINE

A New Job for the Atom

Gerald Wendt

WHAT the world needs most, certainly, is the assurance of permanent peace. After that, its first great need is much more power for turning the wheels of industry and agriculture—and for providing food, health, and good life in all the nations of the earth. The United States holds that power. Today it is hidden in secrecy, reserved for war, and certainly not understood by the American people. Yet that power may itself be the key to peace.

A single pound of the atomic explosive that the United States alone possesses has within it ten million kilowatt-hours, or thirteen million horsepower-hours, of available and useful energy. It would equal the power produced by a thirteen thousand-horsepower engine working for a thousand hours, or forty-two days. A pound of this uranium or plutonium fuel measures slightly more than a cubic inch, about the size of a big walnut. It can do the work of fifteen hundred tons of coal. It contains as much energy as the output of a hundred-horsepower automobile engine working day and night continuously for fifteen years.

How much of this concentrated energy goes into a single atomic bomb is a well-guarded secret, but informed guesses set the amount at twenty to thirty pounds.* That would be a piece as big as a grapefruit. It would provide some 250 million kilowatt-hours of electricity, and that is enough to supply for a week the electric light and power requirements of seven million Americans—say, the population of New York City. The content of twenty bombs would supply the

* Surprising as some of the facts and statements in this article may be, none are new. All have been published in the books and articles referred to in the text, in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* in the magazine *Nucleonics,* or in the newspapers. On the other hand, the truth is often held secret and even expert guesses may be incorrect. No effort has been made, of course, to verify secret data.

Dr. Wendt, editorial director of Science Illustrated, *is himself a scientist, lecturer, and writer who, for over a decade, has concerned himself with "closing the gap between the world of science and the world of ordinary folk."*

entire United States with electric power for a week.

The present American production of the atomic explosive is an even deeper secret, but it has been estimated at enough for one hundred to five hundred bombs a year (the latter figure is implied by Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, wartime head of the atomic bomb laboratory at Los Alamos). That would be a production of one to five tons of this concentrated power a year. What this means can be gauged by the fact that all the power (from coal, oil, natural gas, and water power) now used by the entire United States in one day could be produced by one ton of the atomic explosive.

There is no greater tragedy for humanity than the international tension that keeps the colossal atomic-power supply secreted behind walls and readied only to spread destruction and death. With peace assured, this same power could multiply many times over the industrial production, and therefore the wealth, of unnumbered nations. That possibility has not yet been taken to heart by Americans.

Our country, alone among nations, is blessed with an easy supply of power from coal and oil. With our resources and our social system, we can afford to ignore atomic power for our own use, or can at least question its value to us as a substitute for the power we already have. But it is a tragic error, if not a fatal one, to ignore what atomic power could mean to the rest of the world. It is wisdom to understand the difference between our point of view and that of the rest of the world.

II

THE complete stalemate in the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission seems destined to persist, with all its horrendous threat of war, until there is a wholly new approach to the problem in hand. Well worth examining, in this dire emergency, are three recent pronouncements that combine to suggest a new attitude. One is President Truman's "bold new program." Another is the attack made upon the American policy of secrecy in atomic energy by no less than Senator Brien McMahon, Chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. The third is the conclusion by Professor P. M. S. Blackett, in his new book *Fear, War, and the Bomb,* that all strategic bombing, and especially by atomic bombs, is valueless. This British scientist bases his argument on facts published in the official *United States Strategic Bombing Survey.*

In his inaugural address, President Truman said:

> We must embark on a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas. I believe that we should make available to peace-loving peoples the benefits of our store of technical knowledge in order to help them realize their aspirations for a better life. . . . Our aim should be to help the free peoples of the world, through their own efforts, to produce more food, more clothing, more materials for housing, and more mechanical power to lighten their burdens.

The President's noble theme extends to a world scale, and into the future, the same good will that created the successful European Recovery Program. Besides, it recognizes that the United States cannot long continue to support the rest of the world by means of material gifts. Nor will our normal foreign trade support it, because there is so little of the world's production that we can take in exchange for our goods.

Our wealth in natural resources and in production is so great that there are only a few items—tin, rubber, coffee and perhaps petroleum—that we can import in payment for the exports the world needs from us. Since we are almost self-sufficient, the rest of the world needs to become so. It can attain self-sufficiency, however, only by using science and technology for the development of its resources.

Technical knowledge would be our most profitable export even if it were only our cheapest gift. And by far the largest and most important item of our technical knowledge is the mastery of atomic energy. In that mastery is lodged the one great hope for a decent standard of living everywhere.

IT IS difficult for Americans to realize how far the world is still retarded. In India and in China, for example, fully seventy

per cent of all power is still generated by human and animal muscles. From the engineering point of view, that is the most costly and least efficient form of power. A man pulling a plow all day uses about 5,000 calories (kilo calories) of energy, which he generates from about 2½ pounds of food. Human food, even in the form of cheap rice, is the most expensive fuel on earth. A horse or an ox is no more efficient; though his food is cheaper and a single animal can do the work of five men, on five times as much food.

By contrast, for every person in the United States the energy provided from cheap fuels is about 300,000 calories per day—which gives each of us the equivalent of sixty hard-driven and expensively fed slaves. If, even so, we complain of a power shortage, then the world at large suffers from a power famine that is colossal and all but permanent. To bring other representative countries up to our level of energy expenditure, the power supply would have to be multipled by 60 in China and India, by 6 in the USSR and by 1½ even in the United Kingdom.

There is no possibility of any such increase in power for the far countries, if it must be based on coal. Aside from the cost of coal, it is impossible to transport that fuel by the billions of tons. The same is true of oil, with the further limitation that there is not enough oil underground to do the job. That is why the world's hope centers on atomic power.

But if we shared our technology, what would the prospects be? In the first place, is there enough uranium to go around?

Yes.

The entire present power requirements of the world could be supplied by a one thousand tons of uranium a year, or two million pounds. The minimum amount of uranium now known to be available in good commercial deposits is a hundred million pounds—enough to last fifty years. This is a minimum figure; for the value of uranium is new, the search for it is recent, and new deposits are being discovered in quick succession. At least one billion pounds are available in low-grade deposits, like the oil shales of Sweden and the gold sands of South Africa. Besides, it is no longer a secret that thorium also can be converted into atomic fuel. The sands of Travancore, at the tip of the Indian peninsula, plus those of Brazil, not to include those of North Carolina and Virginia, can provide nearly another one hundred million pounds of thorium for atomic fuel.

Thus, already in sight is enough raw material to last the world at least a century, even under a rapid increase in the use of power. Long before this atomic fuel supply is exhausted, other sources of nuclear energy may well become available. Both the fission of lithium into helium and the synthesis of helium from hydrogen would provide much more energy from a pound than does uranium fission, but both are—so far as public knowledge goes, at least—still in the realm of theory, as uranium fission itself was only ten years ago.

THE question now becomes: what is the cost of generating power from uranium and thorium? The approximate cost is known, but it is based on the operation of small experimental units and is, of course, kept secret. It is obvious, however, that there are two factors that make this power cheap.

One is the fact that the cost of transporting atomic fuel is practically nothing. A thousand pounds of it, although the equivalent of nearly two million tons of coal, would be a small load for even a small plane and, considering its energy content, could be delivered anywhere at a negligible cost. On the other hand, freight costs are a major item in the use of coal and amount to two dollars a ton even in favorable locations. The freight cost on two million tons of coal would thus be some four million dollars in the United States, far more elsewhere.

Even more important is the second fact. To begin with, a small atomic engine, like one for a battleship or a small power plant, would use up its fuel and would be considered "safe" by the Atomic Energy Commission, especially if its fuel were "denatured" or made nonconvertible for bombs. But a large generator, such as that at Hanford, Washington, not only develops heat and power, but also uses the penetrating atomic rays to convert ordinary uranium and thorium into the explosive forms of uranium 233, uranium 235, and plutonium. In future large generators, a pound of atomic fuel, mixed with a pound of ordinary uranium or thorium, will not only generate ten million kilowatt-hours of energy, but will at the same time produce another

pound of fuel. This means, in effect, that the atomic fuel itself does not diminish, and the cost of the power-full plutonium is no more than the cost of ordinary uranium, which is between five and ten dollars a pound.

With transportation and production costs so handsomely in favor of atomic fuel, the possibility of using it for industrial power becomes very attractive. The chief items of cost are the mining, transporting, and refining of the ore to produce pure uranium, and the relatively high cost of building an atomic-power plant as compared with the first cost of a coal-burning plant. Experts estimate that the investment for an atomic plant will be three or four times that of an equivalent coal plant. Thence, they calculate that the atomic plant can generate electricity at a cost of 0.75 cents per kilowatt-hour, and can thus compete with a coal-burning plant wherever and whenever coal costs more than six dollars a ton.

The conclusion is that, until the atomic process is improved and reduced in cost by operating experience, there is little chance that it can compete with coal in the industrial centers of the United States, or even in England or the Ruhr. But there are few other places in the world today where coal costs less than ten dollars a ton. At any distance from a coal mine, atomic power would be cheaper than coal power today.

Thus, it is inevitable that the chief interest in atomic power will be found in such countries as Italy, Cuba, China, India, the nations of South America, and even Russia. While Russia has ample coal within her borders, transportation facilities and transportation costs are probably prohibitive. If the United States adopts President Truman's new program, every power-hungry nation will be seeking access to the vast promise of atomic energy.

THIS was clearly stated by Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, Australian delegate to the United Nations, as long ago as 1946:

> There are nations whose industries may decline in the absence of an alternative to coal as a source of power. And to such countries, even the terrors of atomic warfare may often appear more remote than a dwindling economy or decreasing standards of living. There are other countries where the supplies of power not involving the transport of large quantities of coal or the building of long electrical transmission lines would open up new areas of agricultural or mineral development. Abundant power at reasonable cost is the life blood of modern industry. Power from atomic energy may enable modern communities to flourish in regions remote from existing sources of power. Such nations, for whom the peaceful uses of atomic energy are of more immediate importance, will be likely to demand access at the earliest possible moment to such materials and information as may be necessary for them to develop atomic energy for peaceful purposes.

All this was contemplated long ago in the original Baruch plan for the control of atomic energy on a world-wide scale by the United Nations. The purpose of that plan was not merely to guard against the misuse of atomic energy in weapons of war by giving the United Nations the right to inspect all atomic-energy installations anywhere, but to give the United Nations actual ownership of every resource, every power plant and laboratory, and all knowledge of atomic energy and atomic power. Only under this protection for all could the United States feel safe in revealing and presenting its knowledge to the world.

III

THE failure of the Baruch plan is disastrous. It has in fact intensified the fear of war and has led to a renewed armament race. The disaster seems greatest to Americans, because we have been shown the awful results of the bomb and live in dread of it as a decisive weapon. But expert opinion is now not so sure. Belief is growing that while the atomic bomb is certainly lethal to civilians, it is not a weapon that can win a war. If that is an authoritative opinion, the evidence must be considered forthwith; and if that view is correct, a revision of American policy may be needed.

Those who now decry the atomic bomb point to the official *United States Strategic Bombing Survey* and to the *Statement on German Industry* by the Office of War Information, which together present these shocking facts:

In the sixty-one major German cities bombed by the U. S. Army Air Forces, 3,600,000 homes were destroyed or badly damaged, 7,500,000 persons were made homeless, 780,000 civilians were injured, and 300,000 civilians were killed. Nevertheless, Germany's total war production continued to increase until in 1944 it reached 285 per cent of the prewar figure.

In spite of the dropping of 1,300,000 tons of bombs on Germany in five years, tank production climbed steadily from 3,800 in 1941 to 19,000 in 1944, and aircraft production grew from 11,000 in 1941 to 39,600 in 1944.

In the heavily bombed city of Hamburg, 60,000 persons were killed, one-third of all dwellings were totally destroyed, and most industrial buildings were wrecked. Yet 80 per cent of the city's former productivity was restored within five months. In other cities, too, recuperation was amazingly fast. It was not until the German Air Force had been almost completely knocked out of the skies, and area bombing could be replaced by accurate air assault on specific targets, that bombing became effective war strategy. Then good German planes stayed on the ground for lack of fuel.

Such facts have led the retired British Major General J. F. C. Fuller to the personal conviction that, "Strategic bombing actually impeded speedy victory." In *The Second World War: a Strategical and Tactical History,* he continues:

> Had not a single German city been bombed, and instead had half the vast manpower employed on the building of heavy bombers been devoted to the production of landing craft and transport aircraft, there can be no shadow of doubt that . . . the war in Europe would have been won at least a year earlier than it actually was.

A British civilian, Professor P. M. S. Blackett, agrees and goes further. Although he is known to stand left-of-center politically, Professor Blackett is first of all a scientist, winner of the Nobel Prize last year for his study of cosmic rays. But his education was in the Royal Navy and there he served as a regular officer in World War I. More to the point, during the late war he was the leader of "Blackett's Circus," a group that developed the new method of analysing and directing military strategy that was later to be called operational research. The work of the group was enormously effective in bringing Allied victory by making best use of Britain's limited resources on the sea and in the air. Professor Blackett is credited with having done more than any other one man toward the defeat of the German U-boats (and for this service received the U.S. Medal of Merit). His operational research group was deeply involved in the strategy of area bombing. Thus, there is great importance in his opinion that area bombing in general and atomic bombing in particular have little value in modern warfare. (Though he admits that the atomic bomb may prove to be "a valuable tactical weapon" against large masses of troops, as in a landing operation.

Professor Blackett accepts the adverse conclusions of the survey on bombing, and adds that many Americans are deceived by the success of atomic bombing at Hiroshima, because they forget that at that time Japan had no air force for defense. Success would not be so easy against ample fighter-plane protection. He considers an atomic attack on America "very unlikely," because the Soviets have no effective way of reaching America with such bombs, because it will be impossible for them to acquire a stockpile of a few thousand atomic bombs "for many years," and because the Soviets have never used strategic bombing and will not do so now since its futility was conclusively demonstrated in World War II. He thinks that the most the Russians could do would be to drop an "occasional" bomb on an American city, but that they know this could only be a decisive political success—for their enemies.

Blackett's book does not discuss the greater killing power of the underwater bomb as revealed at Bikini. The radioactive products of the bomb spread in showers, spray or dust, are more lethal for a much longer time than is the bomb itself. But this would only stress, not dispute, his point. The indiscriminate killing of civilians, and even the destruction of cities, does not reduce war production but instead increases enemy resistance, and makes actual occupation more difficult, if not impossible. This thought is borne out by General Fuller, who writes: "The object of war is not

slaughter and devastation, but to persuade the enemy to change his mind. . . . Strategic bombing . . . was not only morally wrong, but militarily wrong and politically suicidal."

If that is so, atomic bombing is even worse. And the use of radioactive spray and dust becomes a form of indiscriminate poison-gas attack, which was avoided in World War II as ineffective for military purposes.

The sum of Professor Blackett's argument is that the atomic bomb is a futile weapon, which is unlikely to be used by either side in any future war, and that, therefore, the United States is seriously at fault in basing its entire atomic-energy policy on the bomb.

The United States, certainly, cannot accept the British scientist's conclusions, unless and until they have been studied and confirmed by American experts—the more so, since his analysis, though presumably purely scientific, does bring him out on the Russian side of the controversy. He argues, for instance, that the only defense against atomic bombs is in the depth of territory that must be traversed before bombs can be delivered on their targets. And so he sees in the very real threat of American atomic bombing of Russia a sufficient reason for the westward extension of Soviet territory and Soviet control. That seems naïve and debatable. Yet despite his apparent sympathy with the Soviet attitudes, one can hardly disregard his expert opinion on bombing.

Certainly his opinion does not accord with that now prevalent in America, where the strategic bombing survey has received little attention while more and bigger bombers have had much publicity. A sharp and extended controversy will probably be required to clarify the national policies thus put in doubt.

CERTAINLY, Professor Blackett's conclusions subject the whole enigma of atomic energy to a new light that searches out significant possibilities. For instance, if the Russians too were convinced that the atomic bomb is a useless weapon, they could well afford to encourage us, by devious means, to concentrate our efforts on the bomb. For, meanwhile, they could perfect other weapons, biological ones perhaps, and devote all their work with atomic energy to the development of atomic engines and atomic power with which to win the peace—say, by the industrial development of China.

If that should prove to be the case, then international atomic-energy control is hopeless, and it becomes the task of the United States to increase the industrial potential of the safely non-Communist world as swiftly as possible. Atomic power might be used, for example, to reduce four tons of bauxite to one ton of aluminum at the mines in Surinam, South America (the process requires large quantities of electricity). This would reduce the cost of aluminum in this country, by avoiding the shipment of large ore tonnages, and would at the same time help the economy of Surinam. So, too, atomic power could greatly increase industrial (and military) production in areas like Puerto Rico, Cuba, and Mexico, as an early step in a bolder program of foreign development.

Since there is at present no atomic-energy control whatsoever, some other nations are going ahead with limited resources. France already has an atomic pile in operation. "Our attention," says Dr. Lew Kowarski, technical director of the French Atomic Energy Commission, "is focused on that not-too-remote future when atomic energy will be of considerable economic importance."

Norway, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland also have more or less definite atomic-energy projects in mind. There is much talk, in fact, of a common Western European effort. If the hope of the future is atomic power, not atomic bombs, then co-operation with such efforts becomes desirable.

IV

THE obstacle is our policy of secrecy that seems so essential to security. Secrecy on power installations cannot be divorced from secrecy on weapons; they are too closely related. And yet atomic power cannot bring a new and beneficient atomic age until the need for secrecy is ended. Is secrecy necessary or wise?

Every American habit and tradition makes secrecy uncongenial to us. We do accept it for military plans, but atomic energy is more than a military force. We can well ask, if we have one thousand atomic bombs, what harm is there in letting the Russians or anybody else know it? On the other hand, if we

have but a few, we should certainly know it ourselves. And if perchance one thousand bombs promise no victory, we are betrayed by a myth and the 250 billion kilowatt-hours of energy they contain can can be better used than for secret storage.

In fact, Senator Brien McMahon, Chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, has proposed that the veil of secrecy be lifted far enough to inform the potential enemy of how many bombs we have so that he would not make the costly error of underestimating our strength—but also to let our own generals know what they have to fight with. He also stated:

> This much we do know—the question propounded here goes to the very heart of our democratic system of government. . . . The experience of a century and a half has demonstrated that our system of free government functions best when the maximum degree of information is made available to our people.

The Atomic Energy Commission itself has questioned the desirable limitations of secrecy. Chairman David Lilienthal has said that secrecy carried to extremes "could actually black out democracy."

The industrial advisory group of the Commission is baffled in planning how American industry can take a larger interest in atomic energy. The group, under the chairmanship of James W. Parker, president of the Detroit Edison Company, reports that "industry has no way of determining whether important opportunities in fact exist. . . . Today no one can say whether the prospects of profit or other incentives exist because under present conditions the great majority in industry know little or nothing about the subject . . . they neither know where to look nor what to look for. . . . The government . . . alone is in a position to open the doors."

The crowning irony is that the decision on secrecy must itself be made in secret. A well-informed decision can be made only by that small group of officials who know just what is hidden by secrecy. If the decision were to be made by the American public in the traditional democratic way, it would have to be made in complete ignorance of the facts and solely on the basis of general principles. If the facts were to be revealed for the sake of a democratic decision, then secrecy would already be ended and the decision made in advance. Thus, incompatible with democracy, secrecy propagates itself.

PERHAPS Professor Blackett has provided a key to the atomic enigma. If his views are confirmed by American experts, and if thus the atomic bomb does not turn out to be a decisive weapon, but only another instrument of indiscriminate and useless death and destruction, then secrecy has no further purpose. Then the hopeless effort at world-control can be cheerfully abandoned. Then we can proceed to apply our precious and expensive atomic knowledge to increase industrial production. Then the Atomic Age can begin.

And then we shall, indeed, need "a bold new program." Atomic power could at once become a powerful political weapon, by eliminating the appalling poverty in those vast and populous regions of the earth where now the Communist doctrine seems to hold out the only hope of relief. Atomic power could win us friends where now the atomic bomb breeds fear and enmity. In President Truman's words, "our aim should be to help the free peoples of the world, through their own efforts, to produce more food, more clothing, more materials for housing, and more mechanical power to lighten their burdens."

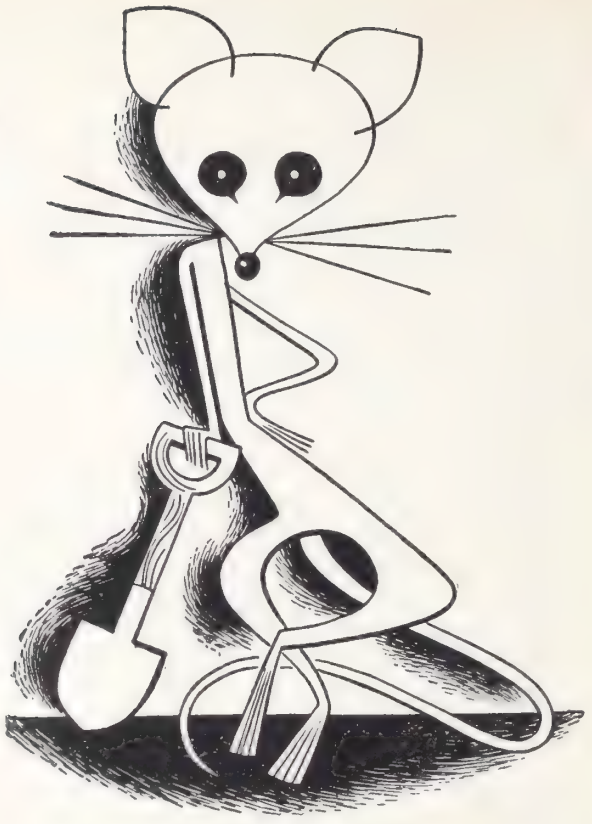
In our atomic knowledge we have the means to rectify many of the world's basic ills, provided only that the atomic bomb is obsolete. Professor Blackett has shown us a ray of hope. But is he right? We must be very sure. Until we are, nothing is changed. Until then, we can but join in the hope expressed by David Lilienthal:

"If we live by faith, I deeply believe that these great discoveries of our time can be made to better the lot of mankind and further the kingdom of God."

The Thin Rats Bury The Fat Rats

James Rorty

Drawings by Sam Norkin



WHAT is most notable about the Cornell rats is not so much the rats themselves as the company they attract. Not only do biochemists, nutritionists, and physiologists come to visit them; they are also being inspected by increasing numbers of highly impressed and thoughtful psychiatric social workers, pediatricians, gerontologists, economists, and demographers.

There are many cages of these rats in the Cornell nutrition laboratory at Ithaca, New York. At first sight there is nothing remarkable about them except that they are distinctly on the thin side, while obviously healthy. Their white coats are sleek, their eyes glisten, their movements are lively. You see them exercising diligently in their little treadmills, proving their intelligence by successfully finding their way through difficult mazes, occasionally pausing to consummate impromptu and zestful matings. At which their attendant shocks you by remarking proudly, "If he were a human being, each of those rats would be one hundred twenty years old."

Back to Methusaleh! And they aren't just biological sports either. Not breeding but feeding got them that way, or rather underfeeding. The Cornell scientists have proved that it is possible to double the normal life span of the rat; to delay the onset of the degenerative diseases that rats—and human beings—normally die of; to produce rat Methusalehs at will and in quantity simply by keeping random litters of rat weanlings on an excellent diet *which is low in calories,* especially during the early stages of their lives.

The implications of this discovery—which is the result of twenty-five years of studies of the aging process conducted by Dr. Clive M. McCay and his associates (first with trout, then with rats and hamsters, and more recently with dogs)—are potentially tremendous.

James Rorty is the author of American Medicine Mobilizes *and the co-author of* Tomorrow's Food. *It was while working on the latter that he first met the aging rats he describes here.*

For if controlled feeding can double the normal life span of rats, is it not possible that the same thing can be done eventually with other animals? With human beings?

To put it crudely at first, what these findings suggest is that the secret of a long and healthy life may lie in diet; that if the human race intends to deal intelligently with the degenerative diseases of later life, it had better change its eating habits, beginning in childhood; and that the best diet for the purpose may be one which is low in calories but rich in vitamin and mineral requirements—in short, what most of us would call a good reducing diet (of which, more later).

How long might men and women live? The incredible fact is that nobody knows what is the maximum life span of man, or of any other species for that matter. Recently the Cornell group, helped by a substantial subsidy from the United States Public Health Service, has been doing controlled feeding experiments with dogs. These take longer than those with rats, for the normal life span of the dog is ten years as against a little over two for the rat; but they will probably enable the scientists to extend their rat findings greatly because the physiology of the dog is closer to that of man.

Much has already been learned from these experiments about the diseases that old animals die of—human beings as well as rats: diseases such as cancer, diabetes, nephritis, arteriosclerosis, hypertension, heart disease. When enough has been learned about the relation of the degenerative diseases to nutrition *at all ages,* the new science of gerontology—the study of the aging process—will have equipped itself powerfully with some of the basic physiological knowledge that it has hitherto lacked. It may then be possible to fulfill a modest fraction of Ponce de Leon's dream: to delay the onset of the degenerative diseases by five, even ten or fifteen years eventually; and thus incidentally to reduce the growing public burden of old-age support.

Provided, of course, that the required revolutions in popular food habits, in the food industries, and in pediatrics can be duly engineered. And provided especially that more knowledgeable and careful feeding in childhood and throughout life really produces more lively and productive sexagenarians, septuagenarians, and octogenarians—not just Struldbruggs who will be a nuisance to themselves and to others.

The Struldbruggs, you will remember if you read the unexpurgated edition of *Gulliver's Travels,* was the name Dean Swift gave to the creatures of one of his most macabre imaginings. They are condemned to immortality in the flesh. "They commonly act like mortals till about thirty," reported Gulliver. "After which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they come to fourscore. Then they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. . . . Whenever they see a funeral they lament and repine that others are gone to an arbor of rest to which they themselves can never hope to arrive."

Fortunately, the Cornell rats are not immortal, nor do they behave like Struldbruggs. They are distinctly happy animals as well as physically vigorous up to the age of three—the rat equivalent of one hundred years in human beings; at the end they go to pieces suddenly, like the one hoss shay—which of course is ideal from the point of view of the gerontologist and of most of us mortals, too.

II

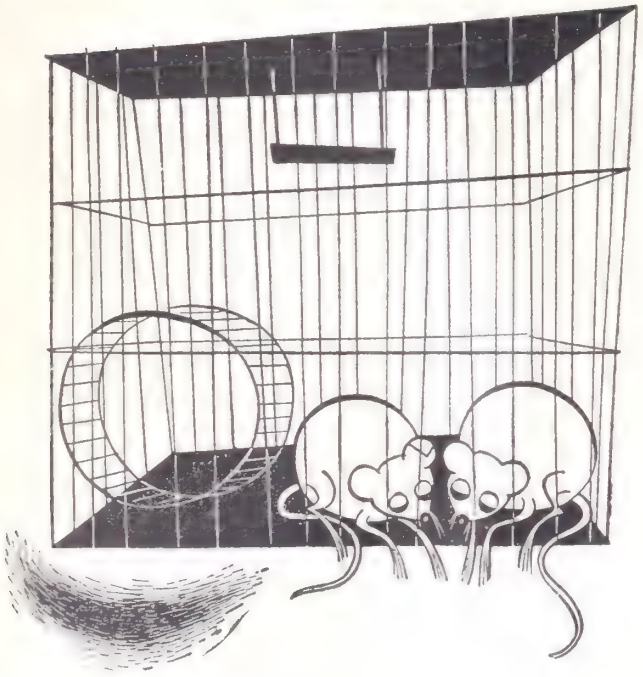
Dr. McCay's studies of aging received their first impetus at Yale a quarter of a century ago. As a research fellow under L. B. Mendell, McCay was assigned to study the growth of trout in the Unionville, Connecticut, hatchery, with the idea of reducing the cost of their feeding. To his surprise he found that if he cut down the rations of the trout, they grew more slowly, but lived longer. When McCay moved to Cornell he transferred his trout experiments to the Cortlandt, New York, hatchery and continued them over a period of sixteen years.

The Cornell rat experiments were begun in 1930. Rats were kept thin on diets high in vitamins, minerals, and essential amino acids but low in calories. Thereby their growth was retarded, but they greatly ex-

ceeded the normal life span of the rat, the females regularly surviving the males. As against two years, which corresponds to the biblical three score and ten of human beings, the oldest of these thin rats lived 1,456 days—just short of four years. That would be age one hundred forty in a comparable extension of the human life span. This thin, spry rat Methusaleh, like other rat ancients of the same series, remained vigorous, potent, and fertile up to within a few weeks of his death.

Normally rats become middle-aged by the beginning of their second year, when tumors appear and lungs, kidneys, and the middle ear show signs of deterioration. At this point tumors developed in 12 per cent of the fat rats, but in none of the thin rats.

A rat study started in 1939 involved 500 rats. Some of these were killed and autopsied at regular intervals to follow the development of the chronic diseases. It was found that the chronic pneumonia that kills most rats develops much more slowly in those fed retricted diets; the kidneys too, like the lungs, stayed young longer in the thin rats. The thin rats that were forced to exercise also seemed to have less calcification of the heart. In general, the optimum conditions for a long life proved to be thin bodies, exercise, and a low protein diet, with this protein supplied by liver. The sounds remarkably like what the family doctor has been telling his older patients these many years.



When rats were allowed to grow normally during the first year but kept on a restricted diet from then on, they lived longer than the control rats, but not nearly so long as those which had been put on short rations from the beginning.

In one experiment, 70 per cent of the fat rats had died by the end of nine hundred days, as compared to only 20 per cent of casualties among the thin rats. Thus four-fifths of the thin rats were alive and happy at what would be age ninety in human beings.

The control rats were kept fat by giving them supplementary rations of dried liver, dried whole milk, or dried starch and sugar. Of these fat rats, the males who were fed starch and sugar became sterile during the first half of life. Nobody loved those starch- and sugar-saturated fat rats, including their attendants, who noted serious faults in their dispositions. In contrast, the retarded thin rats remained lively and amiable, procreative and fertile, well into old age. The fat rats that were fed milk and dried liver also remained fertile during their relatively short life spans. But only the thin rats achieved long lives and merry ones.

III

The Greeks knew that thin animals, including thin human beings, live longer than fat animals. They also speculated, as far back as Aristotle, on the relationship between the rate of growth and the total life span. And even in the Renaissance, when men tended to be gluttons and wine-bibbers who lived violently and died young, there were lean ascetics who demonstrated that one could eat less and live longer.

Perhaps the most celebrated of these was the Italian centenarian Luigi Cornaro (1464-1566), whose book *The Art of Living* was republished in this country in 1916. Born with a poor constitution, Cornaro ate and drank to excess for nearly forty years before he saw the error of his ways. He recommended a diet limited to about fourteen ounces of food a day, consisting of soup, bread, and an egg. By restricting himself to this diet—plus wine instead of water—Cornaro deliberately kept himself slightly hungry for the last sixty years of his life. He administered the bishopric of Padua, drained marshes, encouraged agricul-

ture, and made a good deal of money. At the age of ninety he was still mentally and physically vigorous, cheerful, and contented.

Cornaro's recommended weekly food allowance is slightly smaller than the prison rations studied by Edwin Chadwick, a pioneer English sanitarian of the nineteenth century. Some of the prisons studied by Chadwick served 122 ounces of food per prisoner weekly, this being approximately the food consumption of the average English agricultural laborer of the period. Other prisons served nearly twice this amount. The prisons with the lowest food allowances had by far the lowest sickness and mortality rates.

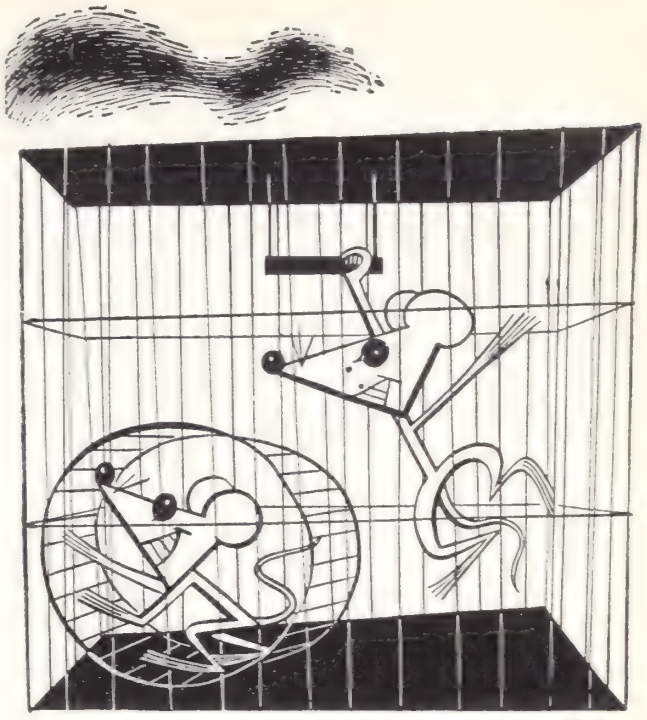
Although 122 ounces of food weekly is less than the minimum subsistence allowance of American relief agencies, contemporary nutritionists and geriatricians have no difficulty in believing Chadwick. They say flatly that we Americans eat too much at all ages but especially after the age of forty. "Obesity," wrote Darby and Milam in the *American Journal of Public Health*, "is a common unquestioned form of malnutrition, occurring in some fifteen to twenty per cent of the population, which has been greatly neglected."

Because we eat too much we are too fat and because we are too fat we victimize ourselves and burden our relatives and the state by becoming the premature victims of the degenerative diseases.

THE question, "What price obesity?" is answered in part by the life insurance statistics. Even as little as 10 per cent of overweight increases the mortality rate 20 per cent. If you are 15 to 25 per cent overweight, your chance of dying prematurely is 44 per cent greater than the average. If you are more than 25 per cent overweight, your chance is 74 per cent greater than that of your normal contemporaries!

The handicap of obesity increases with age. Of ten fat men at thirty, six will survive to sixty, three to seventy, and perhaps one to eighty; of ten lean men, eight will reach sixty, five will reach sixty, and three will become octogenarians.

Excessive consumption of sweets is believed to be a factor in causing diabetes, and obese diabetics are notoriously bad risks. They are two-and-one-half times as likely to die prematurely as diabetics of average weight,



whereas the mortality of underweight diabetics is 26 per cent *below* the average for the group.

The statistics of cardio-vascular disease exhibit a similar pattern. Overweight increases the mortality by 62 per cent; underweight decreases it by 23 per cent. Dr. Edward A. Stieglitz, author of *The Second Forty Years,* believes that more than half the cases of heart exhaustion in later years are due to obesity.

When you admit to a "tendency to take on weight" what you mean is that you have a tendency to overeat. Ninety-nine per cent of obesity is the result of overeating; one per cent is due to other causes. Says Stieglitz: "Any adult obviously overweight might just as well wear a placard fore and after saying 'I ain't got no self-control.' "

Being a reformed fat man himself, by his own confession, Dr. Stieglitz can afford to be intransigent in such matters. He tells us how he took off sixty pounds, at the gradual rate of about a pound a week. His prescription is simple: Eat a few less calories than you burn up in work and exercise.

IV

LET us be specific. The requirements of a safe and effective reducing diet are simple. There are dozens of such diets; your physician can probably provide you with one which will serve admirably. Here is the

diet on which I myself have been losing about a pound a week for the past two months:

Breakfast: Coffee with milk but no sugar or cream (the Cornell rats thrive on coffee). One egg. Citrus and other fresh fruit in quantity sufficient to satisfy hunger. Whole grain muffins or bread. One pat of butter.

Lunch: A large salad composed of lettuce, celery, carrots, cabbage, pepper, peas, lima beans, etc., with a small amount of soy bean oil and lemon juice or vinegar dressing. Fruit. Buttermilk.

Dinner: A hearty soup or meat, usually one of the more nutritious organ meats such as pork liver, kidneys, heart. One or two vegetables. For dessert, fresh, dried, or canned fruit without sugar.*

Note that this diet is cheap, easy to prepare, and shy on the high caloric sugars, starches, and fats. Whole grains, raw salads, milk, buttermilk, and organ meats are relied upon to provide optimum vitamin and mineral requirements. (We buy cleaned wheat, rye, and corn by the pound or the bushel and grind it freshly in a kitchen electric grist mill.) Dr. N. Philip Norman, my collaborator, who is the author of *Constructive Meal Planning,* recommends a diet somewhat similar to the above for both overweight and underweight patients. For it is his experience that once an optimum intake of proteins, minerals, and vitamins is provided from natural food sources, the fat ones lose weight and the thin ones gain.

It is easy for the physician to write this prescription. It is less easy for even intelligent and reasonably well disciplined laymen to fill it. What makes it hard is that our whole American food economy and culture is oriented, not toward optimum nutrition, but toward the obese type of malnutrition. To take off fat, you must scrap ruthlessly the dietetic and culinary folkways of your family and your community. You are obliged to secede from the American food culture. You become the private, if not the public, enemy of whole industries. Your grocer raises his eyebrows when your order no longer includes white bread, cakes, pies, and soft drinks. The butcher is dismayed when you stop buying fat back and bacon. The milkman is saddened when you stop keeping up with the Joneses in your purchase of cream and butter; nor is he placated when you begin buying a daily quart of buttermilk. The liquor dealer sniffs when you stop buying scotch, bourbon, gin, and rum and walk out with a modest quart or two of claret. All these tradesmen make less money out of you when you begin to eat and drink sensibly, and you can't expect them to like it; maybe you should stay fat in order to keep them in funds.

Perhaps the most difficult task of a man bent on reducing is to emancipate his wife from her unconscious thralldom to the menu and advertising pages of the women's magazines. It is hard for her to believe that she is not letting her husband down—or losing face with guests—when she stops making those elaborate, calorie-laden desserts.

For the fact is that the customs of the country, and the industries which support them, tend to fatten us—and shorten our lives thereby; that there has been at least a twenty-year lag in the application of nutrition science; that as a nation we consume at least twice as much sugar as we should; that despite two decades of agitation and governmental intervention, our milling and baking industries are still unwilling or unable to provide us with reasonably priced white or whole-grain breads of high nutritional quality made without the use of chemical bleaches or "improvers"; and that our food processors and their

*Here is Dr. McCay's own comment upon this diet: "Our idea of a low calorie diet is actually to keep the calories down. Few fat people will do this. The simplest way to keep the calories down is to limit the ingestion of fried foods and those high in fat, as well as to cut the cream out of coffee and other foodstuffs. The low calorie diet also involves reducing the alcohol, since every gram of alcohol contains seven calories in comparison with four calories for every gram of sugar. It also involves a moderate use of starch, although I think people often omit potatoes needlessly. Such a diet involves eating whole grain breads, since they satisfy the demands for bulk. It also involves eating a moderate amount of high vitamin meats. As you are aware, the richness of meats in vitamins starts at the top with liver. Next in order are kidneys, then heart, and finally, muscle meats. Such a diet involves a moderate use of eggs and also such special products as wheat germ and dried brewers' yeast. If there is a choice in such diets between low quality bread and potatoes, I believe potatoes should be given the advantage, since they contain high quality protein and are less liable to have been injured by processing. Furthermore, potatoes favor assimilation of Vitamin A, in contrast to cereal."

de facto allies, our advertising-supported press and radio, have established vested interests in some of our worst—and most fat-accumulating—food habits. One might say that there is fat on the midriff of the American citizen because there is fat on the midriff of the American body politic.

Let me illustrate what I mean. One of the most important findings of the Cornell scientists was that both rats and dogs, as they age, lose calcium. The lesson seemed to be that older people ought to take in more calcium. A logical place to apply this lesson seemed to be in public institutions such as hospitals in which old people live. And bread seemed a logical carrier for both calcium and cheap proteins needed both by institutionalized old people and low income groups everywhere. Dr. McCay and his associates found a willing callaborator in Commissioner Frederick MacCurdy, head of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene. As a result of this collaboration, the inmates of the New York State mental hospitals (a large percentage of whom are confused old people) will soon be among the comparatively few Americans whose health environment gives them access to a nutritionally satisfactory loaf of white bread.

This bread, which is already being sold by the co-operative store in Ithaca, New York, is made with unbleached flour containing 2 per cent of wheat germ, reinforced with 8 per cent of milk solids (to provide calcium, while the Cornell rats are testing other and cheaper forms of calcium) and 6 per cent of high fat soya flour. The Cornell rats have tried out this bread; it supports their growth, unaided by other foods, whereas seven brands of commercial "enriched" white bread will not do so.

There are over ten million old people in this country—a substantial percentage of them institutionalized in hospitals, asylums, and homes for the aged—who should be eating this or similar bread, which has high nutritive value and costs only from a half a cent to a cent more to produce than a very poor bread. Why, then aren't the American Bakers Association, the Food and Drug Administration, and the National Research Council actively collaborating in an effort to extend its adoption? Why, at the bread hearings held by the Food and Drug Administration last November, was Dr. McCay forced to fight an attempt to freeze the American bread formula around a standard of identity that in effect would have prevented this bread from being sold *as white bread* in interstate commerce, although at least one chain baker was eager to put it on the market? Straight answers to these questions, I am confident, would document my earlier allegations about the vested-interest fat around Uncle Sam's political midriff.

A somewhat similar situation obtains with respect to our failure to give basic science, as practiced by our biologists, physiologists, nutritionists, geneticists, and physical anthropologists, a chance to find the answers to hypertension, cancer, and polio, to take but three examples. In our attempts to deal with these mass "killers" we have poured out millions in fragmentary research conducted "on the scene of the disaster"—the cancerous patient, the crippled child. Meanwhile the subsidies, both private and public, that have been doled out to our basic scientists have been leaner than the diets allowed the Cornell rats. Basic science can't get very far with year-by-year, pay-as-you-go subsidies: it must deal in generations of test animals, look decades ahead.

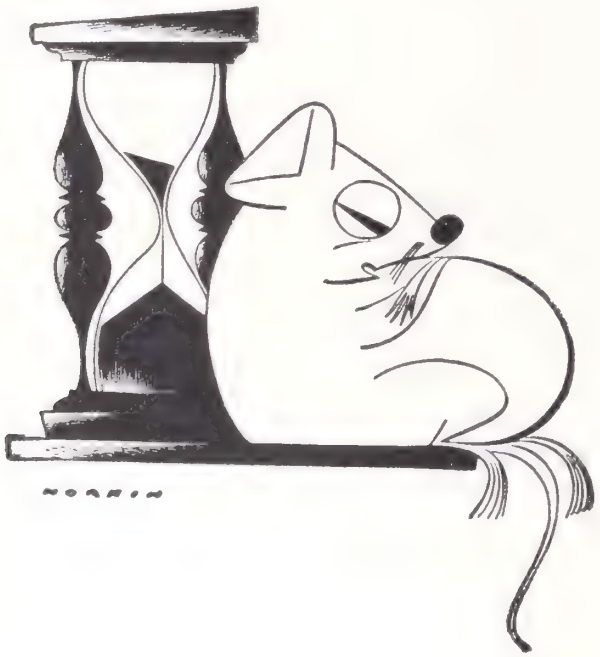
Such experiments as Dr. McCay's have



taken us so far only a little way toward full understanding of the relation between long life and a sound diet. Much more work is needed to amplify, revise, and perfect their findings. Such a diet as I have set down above is probably about as good as our present knowledge can produce; but it is merely a preliminary effort to apply what knowledge has already been gained. Well financed and well equipped research will teach us a great deal more. And this research will not only be important to us as individuals who personally wish to live long and healthy lives, it will also be important to us and our descendants as citizens. For it will go straight to the core of one of the most disturbing problems that confront the American people—the problem of our old people and what we are going to do for and with them.

An overfed and overweight America is aging rapidly, in the sense that the proportion of older people to the total population is increasing. In 1900 only a little over 4 per cent of our people were 65 or older. By 1940 the proportion had increased to nearly 7 per cent; by 1980, if the present trends continue, it will have climbed to over 14 per cent. Meanwhile the proportion of men and women in their productive years—who must carry the burden of looking after the unproductive oldsters—will have shrunk correspondingly. Anything which will lengthen the span of productive life and delay the onset of the degenerative diseases will be an immense boon. For it will not only lighten Uncle Sam's increasing burden of old age dependency, but will also provide more and more able-bodied and able-minded people to carry it. More and more shoulders will be available to carry a smaller and smaller load.

The road to survival is rough and crowded these days. And in traveling that road Uncle Sam is clearly burdened with more than one kind of fat. . . . The thin rats bury the fat rats.



All the News that Fits the Pattern

Fred M. Hechinger

One morning the American public woke up, rubbed its eyes, and found Harry S. Truman elected. Newspapers and magazines broke out in a masochistic orgy of self-accusation; one or two papers furnished comic relief, having actually proclaimed Thomas E. Dewey the winner. But the laughter of most rival editors sounded hollow since they, too, had been celebrating the Republican victory for many months.

For a while there was much soul-searching and beating of journalistic chests in the market places of newspapers and magazines. But having rent their slick paper and sprinkled the ashes of newsprint on their heads, the high priests of public information soon continued along their familiar path of expert self-assurance. The teleprinters ticked; the typewriters clicked; manuscripts arrived in the mail; and editors "pointed up" the news as they thought it showed trends and fitted into patterns.

Then—one morning we again woke up and found the Chinese Nationalists defeated. We did not know exactly how it had happened or when it had started to happen. There were even those who still advocated continued support of a lost cause; amid the lack of solid information they had grown accustomed to regard the losing cause as a winning one.

On another morning—about the same time—we woke up to be told that the Greek partisans had increased in number by some six thousand or more. This seemed a little strange, because we had been reading mainly about determined offensive actions and decisive victories by the Greek government forces.

A little later we found ourselves confronted with the puzzling Dutch blitz on Indonesia, and we had to admit that we knew little about the facts behind that new war. We began to pick up a few crumbs about difficulties in Turkey, but the information was incomplete and not very enlightening. We started to receive a trickle of disquieting reports from Japan, where democracy was long understood to have sprung full-grown from General MacArthur's braided cap. It seemed odd and remained unexplained that the recent election there showed the extreme left and right wings in a disturbing ascendency.

America today has the greatest, richest, freest, and technically most perfect media of information. The public is more sincerely interested in world affairs than ever before. Events in distant places affect the American reader more directly than at any previous time in history. But there is every indication that the newspapers and magazines are as tangled up in wishful guessing on many vital international issues as they were on Harry Truman's progress; that they are trying to fit news reports into preconceived trends and

Mr. Hechinger, who wrote "The Battle for German Youth," for Harper's *in February 1948, has just returned from a trip through Europe and the Middle East as a foreign correspondent.*

theories instead of covering the news the hard and thorough way; that they are intent on proving certain facts, and consequently are no longer able to see that the facts they would prove are not facts at all. Whether or not the press has been put in its place on domestic issues by the election fiasco remains to be seen; but internationally it is evident that the air bubble of editorial omniscience has not yet been deflated.

For the second time within two years I have returned from extensive tours of Europe and the Middle East. For the second time I am delighted at the growing and sincere interest of the American people in foreign issues. But more than ever I am shocked to find that most of the people's fundamental questions remain unanswered, are answered in an inexcusably incomplete way, or are met with dangerous half-truths.

Many of these questions could be answered by the majority of American correspondents abroad. To them the answers come in everyday experiences, in talks with the ordinary citizens of many countries, and at meetings of the leaders of many nations. But too little of the information at their disposal gets through to the American public.

THERE is probably no single simple and satisfactory explanation for this failure of the press. The communists in Eastern Europe kept telling me that the "big business monopolists" control the American press and rob it of its freedom. I spent hours with them arguing and rejecting this insolent accusation by those who have made the press of their own countries a pathetic farce. It therefore may seem a strange undertaking to blame American journalism here after having defended it abroad. But it is precisely because our press is free, and because the American people—in contrast to the peoples of the communist countries—are not creatures of the state but play a vital part in the shaping of their international action, that the shortcomings of our media of information are matters of general public concern. If our press guesses wrong on the President-to-be, the consequence may not be more serious than the amount of lost bets and the redness of some faces. But if the American people, inaccurately informed, underwrite a mistaken foreign policy in some vital theaters of world events, the losses may have to be paid in lives and the redness may be that of spilt blood.

Time and again, when I tell of my findings abroad, I am asked, "Why don't you fellows write about all this in the papers and magazines?" And more often than not correspondents and editors will shrug their shoulders at the same stories and say, "Yes, it's interesting and true and important, but it's not what they want." To the correspondents, "they" are the editors; to the editors, "they" are the reading public.

THERE is a pronounced tendency among editors, especially of the popular journals which reach the largest number of readers, to select for publication those facts and ideas which fit a pre-conceived pattern. In part this may be based upon a notion of what will be popular as when an editor is guided by a survey of readers' reactions which tells him that "sex, sports, and human interest," in that order, dominate the public mind. He therefore rules out some article on foreign affairs because it lacks a sufficient quota of sex, and regards with a more hospitable eye tidbits about divorce in Britain, bathing suits in France, or love life in Germany. In part the editorial pattern may result from a wish to publish what will cheer and comfort the readers, assuring them that they need not be disturbed by the inconvience of revising their ideas. And in part it may also result from a natural but oversimplified kind of loyalty of the editors: a feeling that because we Americans believe in free enterprise, any news from any part of the world which suggests that the local supporters of free enterprise are corrupt, or that socialism is locally successful, must be suspect; or a feeling that because we believe in the general principles upon which our American foreign policy is founded, and because those principles and that policy are now challenged by Soviet Russia, anything which suggests imperfections or failures in American performance abroad is also suspect. Add to these feelings a natural preference on the part of many editors for printing what coincides with their personal convictions — convictions sometimes based upon ideas they picked up in sojourns abroad in an earlier and simpler day, or else upon well-staged "briefings" by officials on carefully arranged personal tours of the areas

of conflict—and you have the pattern into which many items of news—important news—simply will not fit.

The danger is that the existence of this pattern may prevent the American people from learning things which they need to know if they are to play an intelligent part in the formulation of future American policy.

Since the chief focal points of recent international tension have been Germany, France, the "Iron Curtain," and Palestine, let me try to demonstrate the danger and, at the same time, indicate some of the most widespread misconceptions as they appear on the scene.

II

Since my return from Europe I have seen any number of well-written, emotional stories on Germany. Typical of these is the story of "an average family" in Munich or Frankfurt or Heidelberg or an unidentified village. The setting is an unheated, bombed-out room or a frugal, impoverished farmhouse. The cast consists of a hard-working, honest father; a kindly, scrubbing, and cooking *hausfrau;* a little girl with blonde braids; a teen-age boy who has barely escaped falling in with a gang of war-created delinquents; and an older brother who divides his time between earning a few extra marks for the support of the family and studying to become a lawyer at the university. It is pointed out that the youngsters are not wearing any shoes, an observation which is meant to underline respectable poverty without reference to the fact that the neighborhood kids never liked to wear their shoes in summer, even before the tragedy of the lost war. The story tells how the Müllers or the Schmidts or the Hofmanns have never been Nazis, although "Papa" had been forced to join the party in order to hold his job in the factory or to be permitted to take his cows to market. In fact, he has never cared about politics one way or the other; he is "non-political." In passing, Herr Müller adds he has always "been against" communism, but in a totally "non-political" way, of course. There is a short but emphatic account of how Herr Müller had actually saved the life of a Jew, unnamed, by making a daring remark at a certain meeting at which two other people, unnamed, were present. The older son had been a member of the Hitler Youth, had hated every minute of it, and has since learned to play baseball under the auspices of the American Army. He is therefore now a staunch democrat. An accompanying picture shows our family saying grace over a scanty one-pot meal and half a loaf of dry bread.

There are several variations to this story, but they fit easily into the framework. All of them exemplify what the profession calls "human interest" and what the pattern regards as "Germany—Which We Have Succeeded in Making the Outpost of Western Democracy."

Now there is nothing drastically wrong with that story if one has plenty of other information to gauge it by. Probably it is possible to find several families like the Müllers. What is dangerous is the succession of half-truths which it suggests. Some of the half-truths are documented by these facts: There are many British families who have been doing with less for longer than most Germans—and are getting only a fraction of our help and sympathy; there are French, Czech, and Polish children without shoes; there are Germans who were not "non-political," but fought the Nazis and the communists actively—and are now worse off than the Müllers; and finally—I received the best meals of Europe in German restaurants after informing the headwaiter that I had no ration coupons, and I saw Germans about me doing the same, while austerity-ridden Englishmen continue to submit to the prescribed diet. These are still not all the facts, but they add perspective to the "human interest" story.

I spent my first evening in Frankfurt at the Press Club with a group of newspaper friends. In the course of it I heard a number of first-rate stories illustrating political and economic conditions in Germany. The correspondents pulled no punches, and incident after incident furnished a true background picture of recent developments. At one point I interrupted to query one of the reporters as to the date on which a particularly interesting episode had appeared in the paper he represented.

He laughed. "I never wrote it," he said. "Nobody has written it. The desk wouldn't be interested." It was not a nice story about Germany. "But it's true," I said naïvely; "And it's got reader interest besides." My

friend shrugged: "All right. Then why don't you go ahead and write it?"

It was a simple story. During the war a certain Colonel of the German General Staff had been writing all the official training manuals for the *Wehrmacht* and embellishing them with Nazi introductions. Every German soldier not only had to study and memorize the contents, but pay for his copy. The Colonel collected the royalties.

After the war the Colonel went out of business—temporarily. A little later he met an American officer in the counter-intelligence branch who became his friend and gave him a letter of recommendation. Eventually that letter led to an assignment to write a training manual for the German Railway Police under the auspices of the First U. S. Military Police Service Group. German railroad headquarters in Frankfurt paid 10,000 marks for these services, and the Colonel proudly referred to the postwar booklet as "The New Edition."

The Colonel himself, however, was not so very new. When a German reporter went out to his estate near Frankfurt, the officer talked about the need to start training German soldiers. He suggested that the reporter accept a pig as a gift to his newspaper's office, but the young journalist remembered the days when he had cursed the Colonel's training manuals. He had been a private in the *Wehrmacht*. After that the interview had been brief, and besides the Colonel was entertaining important guests, including the local chairman in charge of railway denazification boards. The Colonel himself had not yet been denazified.

He had not been denazified by the time I left Germany. His case had been up for trial three times. Twice it was called off for various technical reasons. The third time one of the most capable prosecutors had prepared the case, and the date had been set. But on the evening before the hearing, German police found concealed weapons in the prosecutor's backyard. The charge was "unauthorized possession of arms." Arrest and imprisonment followed. The Colonel's trial was indefinitely postponed.

When I looked into the story, the German reporter, an anti-Nazi, thanked me personally. He had tried to tell several American correspondents about it, but they had shown no interest.

I had been in Germany for several weeks when the currency reform changed the entire economic picture. It was front-page news, and deserved that place. But most reports featured only a glorious half-truth. It was said correctly that shops were filled with merchandise overnight; that formerly empty windows displayed a wealth of goods which had been kept under the black-market counters before; and that restaurants offered normal—often even luxurious—menus. The cigarette was deflated. The reform had been a brilliant success.

All this was true (including the untold fact that the German masses, who had become the chief object of American pity, had been starved deliberately by their own farmers, manufacturers, and shopkeepers in expectation of a better price). But another part of the story was vital, though generally overlooked. While the shops were filled with tantalizing goods, those who were most in need of new clothes and additional food found it difficult to buy. Professor Erhard, economic chief for Bizonia, had kept wages frozen while, at the same time, de-controlling most prices. Textiles went up as much as 500 per cent; many food items rose anywhere from 100 to 300 per cent. For the first time shoes were again available, but a worker had to give up almost two weeks' pay to buy one pair.

This situation was aggravated by the technical handling of the reform itself. All private and industrial holdings were converted at the ratio of ten to one. It made no difference how much you owned; the rate was rigidly fixed—not unlike the "adjustments" made within the Soviet Union less than a year ago. The German who had amassed 100,000 marks, either during the Nazi period or in the black market, now emerged with the still considerable wealth of 10,000 marks. The great mass of small savers found themselves almost penniless. The politically least dangerous, traditionally most stable, and potentially most democratic elements of the working and middle class were economically wiped out.

In the press little was reported about the debit side of these economic moves. Most stories emphasized Germany's return to a free-enterprise economy, and this was interpreted as another step in the democratization process. Completely overlooked was the fact that Ger-

man industrialists and big business men were for the most part accustomed to doing things that would have classed them as common criminals in the United States: the great majority of them fail to pay their income taxes. Does this sound fantastic? The truth is that even at this time the tax laws in most parts of Germany are so lax that it is more profitable for industry to pay token fines instead of the tax. This process is simplified by an all-time low in "public morality" which makes tax evasion a national sport. Not eligible for the game, however, are wage and salary earners who find their contributions deducted on a pay-as-you-earn basis.

If these vital background features had been reported in the press, there would be few Americans ready to picture the German industrialist as the twin-brother of his American counterpart.

RECENTLY a newspaperman returned to the States after four years' service with Military Government. He went back to his former paper, where he is known as a reliable journalist. As one of his first jobs he prepared a series of critical articles on progress in Germany. When he submitted them, the editor shook his head. "Our policy is not to sponsor crusades," he said. The veteran reporter could hardly believe his ears. "But this is no crusade," he answered. "These are facts, names, events." The answer was still "NO." The story could not be made to fit into the pattern which had—perhaps unwittingly—been created in the editor's mind.

All this should not be interpreted as a plea for a "hard" policy against Germany or harsh treatment of the Germans. The question is not whether American policy toward Germany is right or wrong. The question is simply whether reporting and editing should be influenced by the pattern of that policy. The issue is not whether to love, hate, or pity the Germans as a matter of policy; the job of reporters and editors is to find out what the Germans are doing, saying, and planning, and how our policy affects world issues.

There is a certain significant humor in the fact that so unimportant a woman as Ilse Koch succeeded in spoiling the editorial pattern for a moment. She did so by pitting two journalistic forces against each other: the pattern versus the nebulous theory of "what they want." Since Frau Koch represented sex, perversion, and the most sordid kind of human interest, the pattern broke under the stress of gruesome lampshades and pseudo-seductive bathing-suit poses. Those of us, including myself, who jumped on the Koch bandwagon of sudden reader interest (read: editors' interest) felt a little silly at this unexpected re-discovery of the "German problem" when we only had to go to the bar at the Frankfurt Press Club to hear far more significant tales of re-nazification night after night. But we quickly realized that the pattern had not been seriously disturbed when our hints that a score of Ilse Koch's co-defendants had been treated with similar clemency were obviously regarded as "not what they wanted."

III

ALTHOUGH the pattern is most clearly evident in press and magazine reporting on Germany, it is by no means confined to that country. It extends to France. French politicians are portrayed as stubborn opponents of real European unity because of their opposition to German control of the Ruhr industries, which otherwise, we are told, would long ago have become the center of European recovery. And the strength of communism in France is cited as a reason for distrusting the French generally. (French communism is a real menace, but so is Italian communism—and yet there has been no similar wave of anti-Italian feeling.)

To put the French position into its proper perspective, a reporter would first have to spend some time in the French zone of occupation. He would have to see the desperate effort at sincere and honest re-education into which the French are sinking more money than they can afford. He would have to listen to the testimony of non-Nazi German educators upon the accusation that the French are "colonizing" in German schools. He would have to witness the honest gratitude of German college students in the French zone whenever Military Government helps them to assert themselves against the often dictatorial hostility of German politicians and petty officials.

From there the reporter should move into Paris. He should discard his American eco-

nomic superiority long enough to realize that the exquisite shops in the world's most glamorous and beautiful city are not an indication of the average Frenchman's lot. He should stop to think that the army of black-marketeers who follow him from street corner to street corner with offers of favorable exchange rates are neither convenient nor amusing curiosities, but the symptoms of weakness and disease. And he should try to realize that both the weakness and the disease are largely the consequence of two terrible wars against German aggression.

The danger of communism in France is undoubtedly real; but the patternized thinking of the press has been of little help in creating the desperately needed understanding of that danger. When a wave of strikes swept through France late in 1948, the reports conveniently labeled them as "communist-inspired." I stopped in Paris at the time, and I asked a high-ranking French official about the communists' part in the economic disorder. The answer was blunt: "The strikes would have started if we had no communists in France at all. Of course the Reds jumped on the bandwagon; but the real reason was and is the inability of the worker to keep up with rising prices." A Communist apologizing? The official was a confirmed Gaullist.

To report these facts means to disrupt the simplicity of the pattern—in this instance the theory that communism is The Evil, something to be fought in itself rather than in its causes. By fitting the news story or the magazine article into the incomplete picture of this pattern the press deprives the public of the truth that armed Gaullists on the right and armed Communists on the left both thrive on the economic distress of the masses and the justified fear of a strong, totalitarian Germany. The incompleteness of the editorial pattern has led to rude awakenings in the past; it seems entirely possible that in the future a baffled American public may find itself confronted with an armed clash between the French extremes of the right and the left. That would be civil war—a tragic repetition of the Spanish conflict in the heart of Europe —with all the possible implications of aid from East and West. Surely the news from a country which may determine the future issues of peace and war, democracy and totalitarianism, poverty or prosperity in Europe should not be forced into any pattern of reporting.

IV

When I flew from Frankfurt to Prague, two American girls were the only other passengers on the Pan American World Airways clipper. At the airport they suddenly became almost panicky because a Czech customs official took their passports in the routine inspection procedure. They protested to the amused hostess about "that Russian" who had walked off with their papers. I tried to assist the hostess in convincing the girls that the man was as Czech as Pilsener beer and that there were no Russian soldiers in Prague. Their suspicious look told me that I was probably a Communist, intent on whitewashing this Iron Curtain country.

A few days later I saw the two American girls again. They seemed to be quite happy and to feel that things really were not so bad in Prague. Their hotel was comfortable and the secret police had taken no interest in them. Ironically, I was now deeply depressed —even though my hotel was comfortable, too, and the officials had been exceedingly correct toward me. For although there was no shooting or terror in the streets, I found that things were far worse than even the most alarming newspaper reports could have made me believe.

Freedom was dead. But while the Communists had undoubtedly been the killers, I felt that in a negative way the American press had actually helped Moscow. I remembered my last visit to Prague in 1947. When I had returned to America I had reported that Czechoslovakia was a free country, that the people could do as they pleased, that they could buy the books they wanted, and that the press was uncensored. These observations caused some eyebrows to be raised. There were suspicious glances, and occasionally there were even polite doubts whether I had seen correctly and judged properly. The accepted "pattern" then was that Czechoslovakia was already "behind the Iron Curtain" and lost to the free world. Most of the press found it unnecessary or unwise to point out that the non-communist parties, including the Socialists, were basically

democratic although they may have disagreed with the American economic system.

Nobody will ever be able to determine whether a more accurate American knowledge of the aims of the non-Communist left in Czechoslovakia would have stayed the hands of the Moscow-employed traitors in Prague in February 1948. Nobody can tell whether President Eduard Beneš, confronted with the brutal ultimatum of his Communist ministers, would have risked the bloody road of civil war if there had been hope of any—even moral—support for his loyal National Socialists from the United States. What is certain, however, is the fact that the Czech president in his desperate plight must have known that the American people had declared Czech democracy dead and buried while the Soviets were ready to endorse their dictum with the might of the Red Army. It could easily have been true that the acceptance of an "inevitable pattern" may actually have helped to make the pattern inevitable. A Czech liberal summed it up sadly on my return visit a few months ago. "Democracy died unattended in the corner," he said.

Today Czechoslovakia is full of the most heartbreaking "human interest" stories. I visited a university professor who, less than a year ago, had been shrugged off as just another left-winger by American observers. Now he is a shadow of his former self—as anti-Communist as ever, but even more convinced that the West has betrayed him, too. When the strong-arm stooges of Moscow took over, the professor's son was imprisoned without charge. The father was told that he could free his son by sticking to his job. He made the human decision, and in the safety of the United States his friends denounced him as a traitor. An American newspaper pointed its headline accusingly and said that the professor merely proved the "pattern." I wonder. . . .

V

ISRAEL was one of the last stops on my tour. Now I find that the new state is the most recent addition to the victims of patternized reporting. With almost comic regularity I am confronted with the question—put as inevitably by Jews and non-Jews, Zionists and anti-Zionists, alike—of "Russian influence." By innuendo and by strangely "selective" reporting, considerable segments of the press have succeeded in creating the impression that Israel is openly or secretly attracted to the Soviet Union. Since it must be assumed that Russia is interested in the Middle East, it is automatically taken for granted that the Israelis may enter an unholy alliance with the country which can boast of a long anti-Zionist record.

Once again certain scraps of information are accepted to document the pattern. A group of Israeli soldiers in a bar at Haifa are singing partisan songs, and the story at once implies that these are satellite soldiers. A second thought would tell that these men fought in the ranks of the partisans, or even of the Red Army, against their most deadly enemy, Hitler, and that to them these songs are hymns of freedom rather than expressions of political dogma. I had previously spent many weeks with some of these people in the overcrowded, inhuman displaced persons camps all over Germany. Last October I joined fifteen hundred of them on a former Hudson River excursion boat at Marseilles, and we crossed the Mediterranean to Haifa under conditions which are best left to the imagination. Most of these refugees had come from Poland or points further east. Would they have chosen the years of miserable camp life and the long and indescribable trek if they had been looking for a political system that was theirs for the asking?

Another scrap of misleading information is about "those Communist arms the Jews have been using." It is true that there have been arms shipments from Czechoslovakia, but they were paid-for deliveries by the Skoda works to a well-paying customer, and the Czechs insisted on cash payment—in American dollars. "The Jewish Marshall Plan to Czechoslovakia," a government wit in Tel Aviv called it. It is true that the Israelis used Messerschmidt fighter planes of Czech manufacture; but one evening, when we were dangerously close to the Egyptian lines, we scrambled out of our car as an Israeli force bombed with——American B-17's. This sort of thing is confusing to those who like to fit things into simple ideological patterns; and the confusion is deepened by the reverence with which battle-hardened Israelis speak of the late Colonel Marcus of West Point, and by the further fact that the British Ministry

of Food has been authorizing the purchase of Israeli oranges and concentrates on a large and growing scale. There must have been some surprise among readers of many American publications when the elections in Israel left the Communists with just 3.5 per cent of the total vote.

For minds which work in tidy policy-grooves it is difficult to explain that the majority party in the Israeli government is of the moderate British Labor type, but that its leader, Premier David Ben-Gurion, has frequently spoken out against nationalization of industry. It is even more difficult to describe a co-operative, communal settlement without giving the impression that it is communistic. And when it comes to recording that successful free-enterprise industrialists in Israel actually invest some of their surplus profits in the central trade union organization, one realizes that a pattern-minded editor will simply be bewildered.

One afternoon I spent several hours in Tel Aviv with a minister of the Israeli cabinet. We talked about political and economic problems and the conduct of the war. When I finally got ready to take my leave, the minister said with a smile, "Don't you want to know how many Russian spies there are on every refugee ship and whether our army girls go to bed with their male fellow-soldiers?"

The minister had given press interviews before.

It is very unlikely that the British could have survived the past war if Churchill and their press had not told them all the harsh realities in their hour of crisis. Whatever powers are delegated to the government of a democracy, ultimately that government can act only as wisely and maturely as the public mind permits. In every public and private debate and discussion since my return from abroad I have found Americans ready to accept and absorb far more serious and less sugar-coated accounts of international events than they have been offered. They do not want to wait for the sordidly sensual story of Ilse Koch to learn of the dangers of re-nazification. They do not insist on the stock villain of the commissar to take in the full tragedy of Czechoslovakia. They can cope with the new reality of Israel without putting it on the Eastern side in the East-West game of chess. They can be expected to sympathize with those who suffer injustice and misery without wallowing in an indiscriminate mush of "human interest." And they can be counted on to prefer democracy to totalitarianism without having every foreign country forced into an over-simplified pattern of black and white.

In the movies Americans have long applauded that cussing, shirt-sleeved reporter who pushes the politicians aside with a gruff, "I don't make the news, Bud. I just write it." They might actually welcome a return to something like that. American journalism at its best has set some high records of achievement in hard, factual reporting. American publications have expressed their aims in some catching mottoes, but they have never boasted of printing "All the News that Fits the Pattern."

The Black Major

A Story by Richard Lee Marks

Illustrated by Lou Block

WHETHER or not this story has a lesson in it that can be tabbed as good or evil, I don't know. In thinking the story over and over many times, it often seems to me that what lesson there is concerns only practical living and has no moral weight at all. But at other times the story seems to say this: when the price of brotherhood is pain, still the price must be paid.

My story concerns a man I knew when he was a supply sergeant in the Army. His name was Darling N. Jefferson. That was an embarrassment for him naturally; he had been called D.N. for fifteen years until the Army had insisted on a full first name and it was clear on his birth certificate—Darling N. Jefferson. For two years during the war I saw Jefferson every day. I was his supply officer. He was then thirty-one, thirty-two. For a couple of hours every morning we worked together in whatever we had at the time for a supply room. There were also many long nights when Jefferson and I sat up waiting for supplies, smoking cigarettes to stay awake, talking disjointedly under the revealing glare of an unshaded bulb clipped on a drop line to a storage battery. At the end of two years —and I haven't seen Jefferson since the war— I had a picture of the man in the completeness of his life, and only in that completeness is the story of Jefferson comprehensible. Some of the parts of the picture stem from the said and many unsaid things during the long nights and short mornings. Some parts of the picture are not even mine because I know how Jefferson looked to Doctor Bracken, to Frank Gosnolt, our captain who among the officers was called Goose, and how Jefferson seemed to Chummy Robinson, Lish Maxwell, Haines, and the others. Thus my whole picture of Jefferson will not be biased in a complimentary way, although I want to say frankly that I liked him. In the composite picture of Jefferson I think that you can catch sight of the man in the fulness of his living.

IN MARCH 1945 we had been overseas twenty months. We worked on barren islands in the Pacific, trucking, moving supplies on coral spits where only reedy grass grew. Months passed and we moved from one island to another and there was no need to remember which was which; they were all sunny and sandy and without people. Months passed and we heard about the war as it moved from island to island thousands of miles away from us. Months and months. We slipped down to the rock bottom of existence. We lived in a sunny emptiness. Our jobs were dull; our games were dull; our food was dull; there was nothing except sun and work. And that was how it was when Doctor Bracken joined our battalion and I didn't think at all about Doctor Bracken until I had occasion to be sorry that I had not warned him about Jefferson. Bracken was not an old soldier. He was a family doctor from a respectable neighborhood in Pittsburgh where the children called him "sir" and his patients included him in their communal pride for having built the steel mills that for them were

all of America, Bracken had entered the Army when he was almost forty and, not only didn't he like Army life, he had a fastidious revulsion for it. He was with the battalion about two weeks when Jefferson reported to the little dispensary on sick call.

"Your ailment?" Bracken asked, sitting behind his desk, preparing to fill in the blanks on his form.

"I've got pains in the chest here," Jefferson said, holding his hand below the heart, "and aching headaches over the eyes and in the back of my head."

"How long have you been having the headaches?"

"About ten months."

"Have you complained of them before?"

"I've been complaining ever since they started," Jefferson said, "but it hasn't done any good." Jefferson pointed to a long box of file cards on the desk, brief medical histories of men from past sick calls. "It's all written down there." Bracken never consulted the cards except to verify his opinion after the patient had left.



"How many times have you been here on sick call?" Bracken asked.

"This is the sixth time."

Doctor Bracken leaned back in his chair and dropped his pen on the paper in front of him. It was a gesture to put patients at their ease since the official routine of questioning was over. Bracken smiled at Jefferson in a friendly way. The doctor after about six months in service was developing a dispensary technique with soldiers. He was feeling justifiedly proud of his adaptation.

"How do you like your job, sergeant?" Bracken asked.

"I like it fine," Jefferson replied.

"Worry much about it?" Bracken said chattily.

Jefferson leaned over the doctor's desk, pressing his knuckles against the smooth glass top, glaring directly into the doctor's eyes. "I don't worry about a thing!" Jefferson snapped tightly. "Not about a God-damn thing! All I ever get from you medics is Christian Science, Christian Science, Christian Science! The pains are all in my mind! I imagine 'em all! I'm sick and tired of that crap and now I want you to do something for me!" Jefferson's eyes burned into Bracken's face and Jefferson rapped his knuckles meaningfully against the top of the desk.

His dispensary technique shattered, Doctor Bracken stood up, responding instinctively like a man in danger, pale and taut. The medical officer and Jefferson stood glaring at each other as if they were ready to fight. Then Jefferson relaxed and stood away from the desk again, fidgeting, glaring at the doctor, looking out the window, glaring again, looking at the paper on the desk. Doctor Bracken controlled himself. He sat down and checked Jefferson's card in the file box.

"You can go and pack your clothes," the doctor said without looking up. "Report back here at two o'clock to leave for the hospital."

I HEARD about Jefferson from Doctor Bracken while we were waiting for the colonel in the shack that we were using for an officers' mess. Bracken was telling Frank Gosnolt about his extraordinary patient when I walked up. I almost could have guessed from the doctor's tone of outraged indignation that he had met Jefferson.

"The man's insane," Bracken said definitely. "I phoned the field hospital and told them that if they send that man back to us he'll be a danger to his fellow soldiers."

Goose snickered rudely. A two-hundred-pound cattleman from Texas, Gosnolt considered it ridiculous that Jefferson should be thought dangerous.

"He's an unusual type, you know," the doctor said, noticing Goose's disdain and striving to emphasize his point, "not the usual type at all. He doesn't look like a Negro really. He doesn't have the undershot jaw and the receding forehead, as does the typical Negroid. His skin is light. Only his nostrils and lips are heavy, but even his lips aren't thick in the usual way. They're mobile and move around in that half-smile of his." It seemed to me that Bracken had an unusually vivid impression of Jefferson from their one short meeting.

"How sick do you think he is, Doc?" I asked.

"What do you mean how sick?" the doctor sputtered. "How sick in his body? How sick in his mind? In his body he seems all right, a little underweight, very nervous, of course. There's nothing really wrong with him. The record shows that. But his mind in my opinion is breaking down completely. He's a dangerous man."

"Hell, Doc," Goose scoffed, "he can't be as dangerous as all that. He's so skinny any man in my company could take him on. I don't like the nigger any more than you do. But what gripes me is that he's goin' home."

"Well, you can't keep him here," Doctor Bracken said with a sniff, feeling that Goose was deprecating his professional judgment, which Goose was.

Goose hesitated a minute.

"He's got to stay here!" Goose shouted suddenly in a shrill voice. "Damn him! He's *got* to stay!" Goose stamped his foot exictedly against the floor. Doctor Bracken raised his eyebrows and looked with professional curiosity at Goose.

The colonel came into the mess and we all thronged in to lunch. Bracken sat with the battalion staff. Goose and I went to the table reserved for our company. Our other three officers were out on a loading detail on the far side of the island.

"That doctor's a moron," Goose said in a restrained voice as we started on our soup. I noticed that Goose's normally red face was purplish under the skin.

"I think Jefferson just scared him," I replied.

Goose tried to be practical. Since the doctor had ordered Jefferson to the hospital, the matter was no longer a company concern. "Who do you want for supply sergeant?" Goose asked.

"Oh, Henderson Jones probably, he's broken in. We can't get anybody to work hard any more." I thought a minute. "Don't you think that Jefferson is coming back?"

Goose shook his head. He finished his soup and propped his elbows on the table. With startling vigor he drove the fist of his right hand into the cupped palm of his left.

"I think he's made it this time," Goose said, speaking louder. "The yellow bastard's been complaining and complaining, whining, crying, and now I think he's made it. God damn him, now I think he's made it! This medic will just turn the trick for him." A couple of the officers at the adjoining table turned in Goose's direction.

I didn't say anything. When I was done with my soup, I buttered a piece of bread.

"If it was up to me——" Goose said loudly, grimly. He punched his hands together again.

"Don't you think he might really be sick?" I asked softly. "In the head, I mean?"

"Sick?" Goose screamed in exasperation. "Do you go running to the dispensary every time that you get a headache? Do I? Don't you ever get a headache? When that yellow bastard gets a headache he runs to the doctor and whines. And now he's gotten so damn good at it, he's goin' home! He's goin' home!" Goose saw the other officers staring at him and he sat back tiredly in his chair. He buried his chin grumpily in his big right hand. The other officers smiled and looked away.

I thought about suggesting the idea that, if Jefferson didn't get away from the islands now, his headaches would forever be a part of him. But I didn't suggest anything. I knew how Goose felt. I almost felt the same way myself. We all wanted so terribly much to be sick, anything to get away from the shining, echoing vacuum in which we all lived like a little band of prisoners. Why didn't we all get sick like Jefferson? What kept us all from having headaches and pains

in the chest? We all hated the blazing emptiness and were sick from it. And yet none of us made the first move.

The orderly brought the mutton and Goose and I listlessly began to eat.

After lunch I walked toward our company orderly room along the main road past the other companies. We were all quartered in tarpaper barracks. There were eight or ten colored soldiers, enlisted men, sitting in the shade of the barracks next to ours. As I walked by, the men stopped talking. They didn't get up or even look self-conscious; we had all been in the islands too long for that; they just waited until I had gone by. I climbed up the several steps to our orderly room which, together with our supply room, was in the front part of our first barracks. Lish Maxwell, a lanky corporal and the best basketball player in the company, was sitting at the charge-of-quarters desk. I stepped over and looked through the open door into the supply room.

Jefferson was in the supply room, moving about quickly, efficiently, the way he always moved. From a bin of shoes he went to a box beside the rifle rack, turned toward a pile of shirts and pants, walked across the room to the cartons of towels, never hesitating, operating apparently on a fixed plan in his mind. I was used to seeing Jefferson move about like that, a dusky man in baggy khaki shirt and pants. He never wasted a motion and until a series of movements was completed he never stopped to consider. Now he was packing his duffel bag, exchanging some of his worn clothes for new, picking up a few personal articles that he had kept in the supply room, cigarettes, lighter fluid. There was something peculiar, though, in the way Jefferson was moving that day. On other days in the past two years when I had watched him move rapidly around the supply room as he moved now, everything he touched was in better order when he left it—if he exchanged a pair of shoes, the old shoes were set to start a row ready for salvage; if he collected a lot of shirts, the pile was straighter when he was done; better organization and arrangement were by-products of his activity; in his wake, things were always in better order. Now as he moved around the room Jefferson disarrayed everything—the shoes were knocked out of place, a rifle was on the floor. Then I knew that something was different inside Jefferson. It may not have been that he was sick. It may have been that he was going out of business. I had nothing to say to him any more.

I turned from the door and walked into the section of the orderly room that was partitioned off for the officers. There was a sheaf of staff bulletins on Goose's desk and I picked up a few sheets and sat down at the long side table that the lieutenants used as a desk.

Lish Maxwell stuck his head into the office. He saw me watching him and grinned.

"Lieutenant, is Sergeant Jefferson leavin' the company?" Maxwell asked.

"Why don't you ask him?" I replied.

"I don't ask that man nothin'," Maxwell said definitely. "Who's goin' to be supply sergeant—Henderson Jones?"

"Maybe."

Maxwell thought. "Well," he said after a minute, "I won't expect to get stuff so often, but goin' in the supply room to get it will be a lot more pleasant." Maxwell withdrew his head. I sat back and looked absently at the bulletins.

I had met Jefferson's mother a few weeks before we left Fort Ord for the port of embarkation in 1943. She was a tall, white-haired colored lady, rigidly straight and thin, like Jefferson. In no way was she a mammy. We chatted for a few minutes in the supply room. I praised her son and she said that our company seemed very nice, except the motor pool which was messy. What impressed me in Mrs. Jefferson was a calm, unrelenting sternness beneath her meek and quiet exterior.

The only break in the sternness of Widow Jefferson, as far as I know, was the naming of her son. Having allowed herself that effusion, she proceeded systematically to raise Darling in a neat brown cottage off Central Avenue in the colored section of Los Angeles' east side. With ruthless severity Widow Jefferson maintained her home in a studied calm aloof from the perpetual carnival of Central Avenue. The tumbling emotions of the people in the neighborhood, the rapid fluctuation from blue tragedy to high giggling glee and back again to tragedy, the precious emnities and quick loves, the sporadic living supine



then orgiastic, the stifling closeness of everyone with everyone else—all this was kept carefully out of the Jeffersons' lives. Why? No one knew exactly. It was an attitude of the flesh, a manner of natural discipline deeply characteristic of Jefferson's mother. There may have been other reasons; there were only misty rumors about who Mr. Jefferson had been. But as a planned result of his mother's system, Darling grew up serious and efficient and incessantly busy. The neighborhood mothers with fatter, duller children snickeringly said that Darling at twelve was ready to go right to work in the post office where the Widow had made all her money, which consisted of the small pension that supported her and her son.

When Darling was graduated from high school, Central Avenue was flattened by the great depression. On Central Avenue the wretchedness was worse than it was generally across the nation. In all plants the colored men had been the first to go, the handy men, the porters, the attendants. Central Avenue was prostrate in its misery; it lay exhausted on the ground, spiritless, empty-gutted, swept over by cold winds that brought only dust under gray skies that never rained. The men were unemployed; they walked around empty; the emptiness spread to the women. But because the neighborhood had never been of any concern to Widow Jefferson and her boy, it surprised neither of them when Darling went out and immediately found a job.

Jefferson went to a cut-rate shoe repair shop on Central Avenue and offered his services for nothing. That wasn't a stratagem that Jefferson had calculated; it simply seemed logical to him that he should show how he could work before he got a job. After one day in the shop, the amazed Greek proprietor said to him, "Boy, you work like a immigrant. You come tomorrow an' I give you six dollar a week." The proprietor had never seen a colored man work as Jefferson worked, ceaselessly, with a plan always in his mind, with a natural efficiency and a restless energy that constantly expanded the scope of his work. The proprietor really had never seen any man work like that.

Jefferson was a clerk and cobbler in the shop for six months, then took over the hat-blocking section at his salary plus a commission. There were two white clerks in the shop who were very disappointed when Jefferson got the job. But beside his capacity for work, Jefferson had a canny ability to impress people whom he considered it necessary to impress. And Jefferson convinced the proprietor that only he blocked hats just the way the boss liked. Jefferson was too busy to

worry about the antagonism he aroused in the clerks. His cleverness with people was very short-ranged; he was hardly sensitive to general feelings.

In 1934, after Jefferson had been in the shop for three years, he quit. On an arrangement with the man who sold cobbling equipment, Jefferson opened his own shoe repair shop three blocks down the Avenue. Jefferson obtained cheap machines; he worked very late at night and stayed open on Sundays; "Fast and Good" was his motto; and within a year his business was established, his loan amortized, and Jefferson was in business for himself. A year later Jefferson opened another shop on the far end of Central Avenue. Both places did very well. He opened a third shop in the neighboring Mexican district.

As Jefferson's business became established, he gradually enlarged the scope of his living. With Mr. Wiggins, a young teacher at the high school, Jefferson began to play golf. Mr. Wiggins and Jefferson found a very natural relaxation in playing golf. Jefferson was not inhibited, and Mr. Wiggins pretended not to be, by the fact that very few colored men in the city played golf. Jefferson also found women. He did not chase the sinewy fillies who cavorted on the Avenue. In his patently logical mind Jefferson isolated his desire. He did not covet at all the party atmosphere of the street, the bright lights in the dance halls, the braggadoccio antics in the cafés. That was a part of the neighborhood and Jefferson had never coveted the neighborhood in whole or in part. Jefferson found quiet women, easily manageable, who satisfied him.

THE recession in 1937 came to Central Avenue like a hot wind returning to a dusty prairie. The spirit was blown out again; the people were down, empty. And the emptiness turned quickly into despair because the short-lived better times seemed like a dream that had passed and the reality of the depression was back again. Central Avenue was crowded again with the ghosts of working men. So Jefferson fired his four highest-paid employees and hired eight replacements. He paid the new men five dollars a week.

A local business bureau sent a representative to call on Jefferson. The young man, a



graduate of one of the colleges for colored men, entered Jefferson's main shop on a bright spring morning, carrying a pigskin briefcase with his initials stamped on it in little gold letters. The man asked a clerk for Mr. Jefferson and Jefferson came out from the rear of the shop.

"My card," the man said in a sprightly voice. Jefferson looked at the white card with the neatly engraved name, Louis A. Henry, and the name of the business bureau. Jefferson turned the card over several times and then ushered Mr. Henry into the small glassed office in the rear of the shop. Jefferson sat down behind the ledger-covered desk and the representative from the business bureau sat in front of him on the seldom-used other chair. Jefferson was quite curious.

"Mr. Jefferson," Mr. Henry said in an earnest baritone voice, "I want to tell you that our bureau is mighty distressed at your new wage policy."

Jefferson frowned. "Is this bureau of yours," Jefferson said, "is it tied up with the government?"

"Oh, not at all," Mr. Henry assured. "It's just a voluntary organization of business men dedicated to the improvement of the community."

Jefferson nodded and sat back in his chair.

"We've heard, Mr. Jefferson, that you're paying only five dollars a week." Jefferson did not reply. "The men in our bureau believe," Mr. Henry went on, "even more, we're certain as business men that wage-cutting is the surest way to prolong the present business recession in the community." Mr. Henry looked intently at Jefferson. He thought that he had put the matter strongly, tactfully; he was satisfied with himself. Actually Jefferson was savoring with delight the new words "business recession," "wage policy," and "the community." Jefferson had never had time to think in abstractions. Now he was faced with abstract argument for the first time. It looked like a fine game. Jefferson liked his position as the prominent business man to whom the earnest young man with the yellow briefcase was appealing.

"Go on," Jefferson encouraged. "State your case." That was an expression he had heard a judge use in a movie. Jefferson, too, was proud of his performance.

"The only way to break the present business recession, we believe," Mr. Henry said carefully, "is to get more money into circulation. Now we know that we can't accomplish that by ourselves. We have to wait for the plants to begin rehiring. But what we can do is not cut wages. By cutting wages we're working directly against ourselves by reducing the amount of money that people have to spend. Your clerks are the grocer's customers and his clerks get their shoes fixed in your shops. When your clerks have less money, the grocer's business declines. Then he lowers his wages and your business declines, and it works round and round in a vicious circle." That, Mr. Henry thought, was a classic explanation.

Jefferson pondered.

"You admit," Jefferson said slowly, "that a real pick-up in business won't come until the big plants put the men back on?" Mr. Henry nodded. "That's right," Jefferson said, "because I could do without all the business I get from the grocer's clerks."

"But Mr. Jefferson, you—" Mr. Henry began.

"We business men do two kinds of business," Jefferson went on, overriding the young man. Jefferson was thinking hard. "One kind is over the counter with the customers. The other kind is through the back door getting supplies. Both of 'em are important."

Mr. Henry was listening.

"Now if I buy soles for more than the Greek pays for 'em," Jefferson said steadily and slowly, "I'm going to lose in business." Jefferson paused. "If I pay less, I'm going to win."

"That's true, of course," Mr. Henry admitted, "but——"

"If the Greek wants to pay men six dollars, my men'll quit and go work for him," Jefferson said. "But he don't. So they work for me for five." Jefferson decided. "Then that's all they're worth. If they was worth more, the Greek would offer more." Jefferson became more sure as he thought about it. "I'd get 'em for four dollars if I could. That's business. But the lumber yard is paying four and they don't work as long."

Mr. Henry shook his head sadly. He was forced to be more honest.

"Mr. Jefferson," Mr. Henry said, "there's also the question of our people. Our people are always oppressed. It isn't decent for us to oppress them ourselves." That was a straight statement, Mr. Henry felt sure.

JEFFERSON leaned over the desk toward the young man. On this subject Jefferson did not have to find his way. "People get what they work for and that's all they get." Jefferson said clearly. Then he told Mr. Henry the story, the long story of his life, beginning when he was graduated from school, his methods when he worked for the Greek, his system for blocking hats, his business arrangements when he started his own shop, how he thought up his motto "Fast and Good," all of the details in his rise to power. Jefferson liked telling the story. He had never in his life talked so much about himself and all of these things had been in his memory, all of these good things.

Mr. Henry listened very patiently. In the face of all the personal evidence, he thought it best to revert to a technical discussion. So he argued all over again his theory of the relation between business and wages. Jefferson countered this time with alacrity, skipping nimbly over his points as they were now clear in his mind. Both men were even more self-satisfying the second time. But when it became Mr. Henry's turn to reintroduce the plight of the people, the young man recognized the hopelessness of it. So he arose and thanked Mr. Jefferson for the time and urged

him to think over what he had said. Henry left the shop knowing that he had not convinced Jefferson to raise wages, but Henry felt that his arguments could not have been better expressed. And Jefferson sat in his office for ten long minutes, relishing the whole conversation. He had thoroughly enjoyed himself.

WHEN the officer in the induction station administered the oath of allegiance to the new draftees, Darling N. Jefferson was removed by government fiat from the world of *laisser-faire*. As soon as the oath was completed, the officer told all Negroes to form a group in the rear of the room. Then D. N. Jefferson, the founder of the "Fast and Good" shoe repair shops, the American business man who had made his own way and had built a substantial company through his energy, intelligence, and determination, Jefferson, the United States citizen who relaxed at golf and quiet sociability, went into the colored Army.

I must explain exactly the kind of army into which Jefferson went. It was our *colored* Army. It was just like our whole Army in equipment, uniform, order of rank, pay, in every way except that all of the enlisted men in the colored Army were Negroes. The officers for the colored Army, who were not socially a part of it, and in various experimental lots colored, too. Strict segregation of the colored Army was effected; the colored Army had its own areas, its own service clubs and post exchanges; Negroes were not assigned except in the colored Army and Negroes were discouraged from using facilities not their own.

In normal civilian living, colored men band together; there are restrictive barriers around them, but as with all minority groups there is an internal desire for cohesion as well as an outside pressure that forces cohesion. When Negroes were drafted into the colored Army that was like an isolation ward within our national Army, the desire for cohesion was greatly accentuated. It was a necessity to stick together; it was an order. The closeness that had existed in civilian life developed into a pressing spirit of community. Morbidly self-conscious, the colored soldiers were bound together by a sense of sympathy that covered them all.

Jefferson was placed in the colored Army for the indisputable reason that he was colored. As a part of the colored Army, Jefferson was included in a group of men almost painfully conscious of kinship—a kinship for which Jefferson in his entire life had never had any respect or need. Jefferson had never had time to be self-conscious; he was too busy to be sympathetic. But now Jefferson had to share with all the other men, with all of them that he could see or find to talk to, he had to share their self-consciousness for being colored; he had to share their enveloping sympathy; he had to share or isolate himself.

MY MIND was occupied with Jefferson and his source-springs and his fate on that day when he was packing to leave the company. I tossed down the bulletins and walked into the supply room. Jefferson was still packing his duffel. I walked over and sat down at a small table in the corner where we kept our supply records. Jefferson nodded at me and went on assembling his equipment. The whole supply room was ruffled as if an irritable wind had played over it.

Chummy Robinson came up the steps and through the side door into the supply room. He was singing, but his music stopped when he saw Jefferson loading his duffel near the door.

"Where y'goin', man?" Chummy asked in thick wonder.

Jefferson raised his head as he rearranged his articles in the bag.

"Hospital," Jefferson snapped.

"Wha' fo'?"

Jefferson thought. Headaches. Pains in the chest. "For the French influenza," Jefferson said acidly. Chummy's sleepy lids lifted. He stood and grappled with the new thought, trying to fit it into a picture that his mind could understand.

After a minute Chummy asked, "How's dat diffrunt from d' reg'lar flu?"

Jefferson turned toward Chummy. "Now how would you know the symptoms for any kind of flu?" Jefferson said. "Take this bag over and put it in my room."

Chummy sulked.

"Take it *now*," Jefferson ordered. Chummy slouched over and began to drag the duffel toward the door.

"I know yer room," Chummy grumbled over his shoulder. "Dat's d' one nobody goes in." Chummy dragged the bag down the steps.

Jefferson glanced around the room, checking items in his mind. He saw me watching him and presumed that I had watched him and Chummy. "You can tell 'em anything," Jefferson said and shrugged. "French influenza or Chinese cancer, they don't know."

Outside I heard someone—Maxwell, I think—call to Chummy, "Where y'goin'?"

"I ain't goin' noplace," Chummy called back. "It's d' Black Major dat's leavin'."

The Black Major, I mused; I had almost forgotten the men's nickname for Jefferson. It was a behind-the-hand nickname; no one ever spoke it openly to Jefferson. Only the old men who had been in the company since our activation in California would remember. But Chummy was one of our charter members; and now when Jefferson picked on him and spoke to him sharply, degradingly, without any feeling for the fact that they had lived together for two years, it was logical that the picture should flood Chummy's mind of the time when Jefferson had earned his nickname.

We had been activated in California for only about two weeks when the company was jolted by a shocking incident. A major who was in command of the battalion to which our company was assigned was walking through our motor pool on a routine inspection. He wanted to question some of the men so he turned at random to Belue Davis, who was working on the engine of his truck, and called, "You, black boy, come over here!" Twelve men, including two sergeants, witnessed the insult.

Immediately after the supper meal that night, a few sergeants rounded up all of the men and assembled the company downstairs in the first barracks. Everyone knew by that time what had happened. Some of the southern Negroes were apathetic and a few of the young men were silly, but when the whole company was assembled without officers, there was an impressive seriousness among all the men. The idea of a meeting on their own was exciting. Preston T. Haines, one of the platoon sergeants and a high-school graduate from Chicago, talked to the men and told them what had happened. Then he called on those who had witnessed the insult to confirm him. Each of the twelve replied: "That was how it happened," "Clear as could be—black boy," and "You got it right." The solemnity with which the answers were given increased the tenseness of the men. The barracks was like a courtroom in which each soldier was a judge and a judge of a major's conduct. Even the most somnambulant Southerners were caught up in the common spirit of opposition to indignity.

"Now fellas," Haines said, "so far the army's been square with us. We haven't got any kick about our set-up here. So I can't see that we have any right to blame the Army for this. The major isn't the Army. He's just one man who thinks he's better than all the rest of us. And that's where he's wrong. So I propose that we send a committee to go tell the captain. The captain can tell the colonel. And the colonel can teach this major some proper manners."

The barracks buzzed with excited whispering.

"By complaining through channels, like we're supposed to," Haines continued, "we're just saying that we're as good men as this major. We're not asking for anything special except to be treated right. And that, we're entitled to!"

There were yelps of affirmation. The men could hardly sit still. Their racial self-conseriousness was suddenly given an outlet in specific complaint. An unquestionably right articulation was afforded to relieve the dull feeling of oppression that was usually an unsubstantial something in the air that the men couldn't touch or fight against or even realize exactly. Now there was something to do, something specific to say. Every man felt his blood beating inside him.

THEN Darling N. Jefferson, the acting supply sergeant, spoke up from the rear of the room. He was leaning casually against one of the wooden supports, but his voice was sharp and definite. "I don't see what you're making all the fuss about," Jefferson said. The men quieted to hear him. "So the major called Belue Davis 'black boy'—so what? People are calling each other names all over the world every day. It don't mean a thing." The men were baffled. What Jefferson said went against every feeling that they possessed.

"You scared, man?" someone shouted. That was all that could be imagined. There were several shouts of "Yeah!" and "Scared!" after the question.

Jefferson remained jauntily leaning against the wooden support. "There isn't any point in all this complaining," Jefferson said coolly without either excitement or much interest. "We all got jobs to do. The major's got his job. If we do our jobs right, nothing can bother us. If the major don't do his, he'll find out fast enough."

Everybody began to babble and the din rose in the room. Jefferson missed the whole point. Belue Davis was shouting about "equality"—Lish Maxwell was dancing around on top of a bunk—all of the men were jabbering in a cacophony of resentment toward Jefferson.

The truth was simple. In that whole barracks room, out of our entire company, Jefferson was the only man who knew that he was as good a man as the major. And he didn't care a bit about what the major had to say so long as it did not affect him and his work. To Preston T. Haines, the major had challenged the equal status of the Negro. And equality was a delicate, hardly won thing, something easily lost, something to be defended fiercely. All of the men in the company were behind Haines in his defense of the standard. But Jefferson was certain, absolutely certain that true equality was an existing fact. He was the only one.

"Damn it!" Haines hollered above the crowd. "Men shouldn't be called 'black boy' in the American Army!"

"Army or civilian life—what's the difference?" Jefferson replied. "We do our job and the major does his. Who cares what he has—" The grumbling rumbling talk of the men drowned him out.

"I'm calling for a vote!" Haines shouted. "All in favor of sending a committee to the captain, raise their hands!" All of the hands except one were raised. Jefferson shrugged.

Haines and two other sergeants saw Goose that night, informed him about the major's conduct and registered the company's complaint. After the sergeants left, the officers talked the matter over. Goose didn't like the idea of broaching a touchy subject with the colonel, but if we were to keep any morale in the company, there was no choice. So Goose told the colonel, a fiery old soldier who was revolted by the major's stupidity, and the major was ordered to apologize to our company the very next day. Our men stood up proudly while the major said, openly, that he was sorry and the major went on to talk up the war effort in which we were all fighting together.

THAT was the picture in Chummy's mind when Jefferson picked on him—the picture of Jefferson standing alone against the whole company and of the men later, in the certainty of their rightness as proved by all events, sarcastically dubbing Jefferson the Black Major.

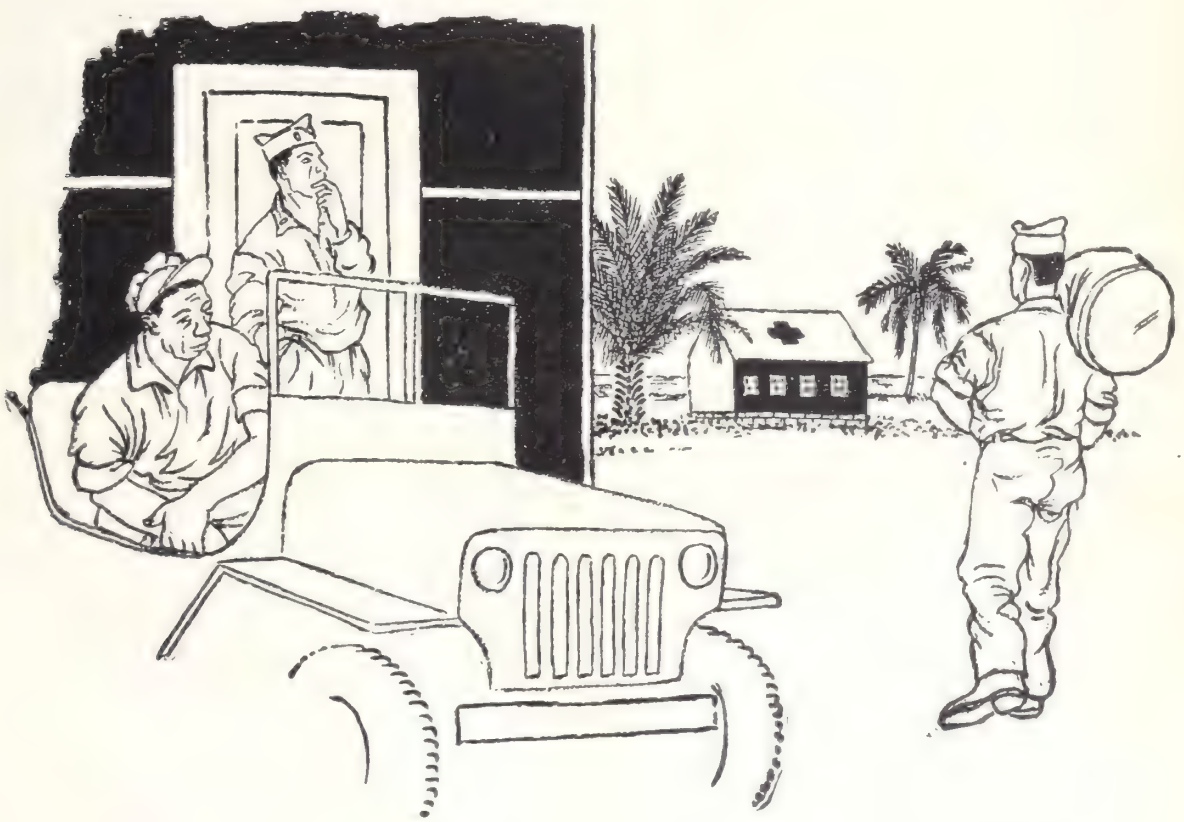
After three months of training in California our company went overseas. We went directly to the quiet islands and moved supplies from here to there and from there to there on bits of sandy waste insignificant to the war. For a while the sounds we were used to echoed in our ears. Then gradually the echoes died out and, listening to the quiet, we began to writhe in the emptiness of our existence. Months passed and a year passed and more months. Goose and I and the other officers lived together and worked together in the aching dullness; with each of us watching the other, we did our jobs. In the company area the enlisted men lived and worked through the same collective reflex. We all plodded along in an empty world.

It was bad for all of us, but for Jefferson it was terrible. His job in the supply room became automatic and there was no room for expansion; when the job became static for him, it became repulsive. Outside the supply room there were no women, no games of golf. But for Jefferson there weren't even any men. Jefferson lived in the company as he had lived all his life, apart from the others, shunning brotherhood, scorning the closeness of the colored men and their common spirit. And the men held away from Jefferson because he moved too fast and spoke too sharply and even the dullest plantation hands sensed that Jefferson was unsympathetic. It was customary for ranking sergeants to live, two or three together, in the private rooms at the end of the barracks. But no one ever shared Jefferson's room. It was a distinction to live with a little privacy, but the distinction never lured anyone to share

Jefferson's quarters. Jefferson lived in the company as if he were in solitary confinement. He was not a member of a group of men. He lived unconscious of the men around him. They were facts of the environment to him, nothing else. The communal tension that held the rest of us in line did not touch Jefferson. He sat by himself in the sun. He thought about the pleasing past until memory became a worthless toy. Then Jefferson was isolated, completely alone. He found himself in a vacuum. A human being cannot live alone in a vacuum. Things came to Jefferson to fill the emptiness.

First there was a heavy weariness and he lay on his cot, not moving for days and nights. The perpetual activity that had been his lifelong habit was interrupted. After the weariness he sensed plots against him, evil machinations concocted by the officers and the other men while he lay abed. Then he arose apprehensively and rushed around, listening, staring, penetrating into all the corners that were strange to him. His body worked fast, but after his weariness his body no longer worked with the same perfection. His hands moved in wasted motions. He walked around the edges of the company area. Then finally the enemy became clear to him. He had headaches and pains in the chest.

I saw Jefferson for the last time when he came out of the barracks with his duffel on his shoulder. I was standing on the steps in front of the orderly room. Lish Maxwell and a couple of the men were sitting in a jeep that was parked at the side of the building. We all watched Jefferson as he walked toward the path that led to the dispensary. Jefferson looked back at us. First he looked at me. I thought he might say something, but he didn't. Jefferson's gaze was crazy, jittery; his left hand twitched around his ribs while the knuckles of his right hand were white as coral as he gripped the neck of his duffel. Jefferson glanced from me to the men in the jeep. He turned away from us all toward the dispensary. "G'by, man," Maxwell shouted loudly, in a full voice and, I think, with sympathy. "Yeah, g'by," the other soldiers chorused, "G'by." Jefferson walked straight down the path away from us. He made not the slightest move to glance back over his shoulder and say good-by.



The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

One reason for the greatly increased interest in the conservation of natural resources that has developed all over the world since the war is the fact that the studies of many scientists have converged on human ecology. Specialists in widely different fields have reported a finding that the failure of mankind to live in harmony with its natural environment is depleting the earth's renewable resources at a now disastrous rate. One of the problems they have focused on is set by the fact that while the population of the earth is rapidly increasing, the capacity of the earth to produce food is steadily declining because of soil-erosion, loss of fertility, floods, and many other results of long-continued improper land use. Their studies have enlisted the co-operation of students outside the natural sciences: demographers and other specialists in population, sociologists, economists, educators, and public and corporate officials charged with protecting the natural resources and increasing their yield.

These facts are important. In the idiom of *Time,* "the weekly newsmagazine," they are newsworthy. Eventually *Time,* a heavily staffed periodical that reports and appraises the news, got round to them.

In the past decade a good many books have dealt with the implications of steadily deteriorating resources in a world whose steadily increasing population puts increasingly severe pressure on them. Last year two such books by qualified scientists who are also brilliant writers made a strong public impression. Fairfield Osborn's *Our Plundered Planet* came out in March and was promptly reviewed in *Time's* Science section. After pointing out what it considered two omissions—one a common, wishful *if,* the possible food potential of the tropics, the other an even more uncontrolled *if,* the ability of generalized "science" at some future time to produce food from sources or materials not now used—*Time* concluded: "But Osborn's basic thesis is reasonable. Improvements in food-getting require better organization and discipline than most nations possess. And even if all of them were put in practice, that would only postpone the crisis. The human race cannot continue to increase indefinitely at its present rate without reaching the starvation point—as India has done already."

That was one of the points made in William Vogt's *Road to Survival,* which was published in August. This book is more comprehensive than Mr. Osborn's, somewhat more pessimistic about the future, and more urgent in tone. Mr. Vogt is Chief of Conservation for the Pan-American Union and has spent years making natural-resources studies in the field for various Latin-American countries. If the reviews of *Road to Survival* published in scientific journals are an index, there is no important disagreement among scientists about Mr. Vogt's fundamental facts and not much disagreement about his fundamental theses. A second round of articles in such journals, in rebuttal of *Time's* attack on the book, is currently making this fact even clearer.

An authoritative judgment on *Road to Survival* was passed by the Inter-American Conference on Renewable Natural Resources, which was held in Denver last September. To *Time's* editors this, the most important conservation meeting since the North American Conference of 1909, did not seem newsworthy. Its local representative attended some sessions of the Congress, talked to various people, and interviewed one mem-

ber of the United States delegation, but not a word about the Conference appeared in *Time*. It is interesting, however, that the Latin-American edition of *Time* for September 27, 1948, did describe the meeting of twenty-one nations of the Pan American Union, headed its story with a quotation from Vogt, and reported the delegates' enthusiasm for his book and their determination to effect the reforms it calls for.

For two weeks delegates from all the Latin-American countries and Canada as well as the United States listened to and discussed papers by leading authorities on the subjects treated in Mr. Vogt's book. A larger number of such scientists than had ever before met together contributed well over one hundred summaries of their findings. They were not all the leading authorities even in the United States but unquestionably they summarized the present results of science and its present beliefs and expectations. As reported in Denver those findings do not dissent at all from Mr. Vogt's fundamental facts and theses: they support them. But the assembled scientists were more hopeful about the future than Mr. Vogt is. Everything turns on an *if*. Mr. Vogt repeatedly says, as the scientists repeatedly said in Denver, that even now we know enough to reverse the present disastrous trend, that mankind can halt the destruction of the soil *if* it proves able to apply its knowledge. The scientists at Denver were more hopeful than Mr. Vogt that society will be able to apply its scientific knowledge successfully and in time. Like Mr. Vogt and unlike *Time*, however, they acknowledged the enormous problems of education, culture, psychology, religion, government, finance, and economics that must be solved on the way.

I also point out that the sciences which deal with the soil are neither static nor by any means complete, that they exhibit much the same differences of theory and opinion that other sciences do, that some questions are in dispute and some others have hardly yet been approached. I point this out because in the article which *Time* published in its issue of November 8, such slight (and usually distorted) scientific opinion as it makes use of derives from these differences. But *Time* leaves out all the reservations and qualifications, all the explicit limitations of contingency and hypothesis, that the scientists it leans on invariably make about disputed matters. It represents their tentative and rigorously limited theories as established facts.

TIME's article, seven months later than its approval of Osborn, was astonishing. Called "Eat Hearty," it seems to have been designed to get rid once and for all of this nonsense that there is any food problem now or that there will be one in the future. It gets rid of the problem by sweeping misrepresentations of Mr. Vogt's book, by making him and people of like opinion say what in fact they have never said, by attributing to them ideas which they do not in fact hold, by derisive epithets, by citing as demonstrated facts what are really limited hypotheses or mere wild guesses or special experiments under controlled conditions, by ignoring the issues and the evidence, and by assertions for which no support is given and none exists. I cannot believe that *Time* set out to pervert the facts. The alternative, however, is not flattering to the judgment of a news organization, for its editors accepted and released as a statement of the facts a stultifyingly ignorant story based on research so superficial and incomplete that it falsified the facts.

To correct misstatements always requires much more space than to make them. When the Great Issues course at Dartmouth College set up "Eat Hearty" as an exhibit of slanted journalism, it needed ten pressboard panels twenty-eight inches high and eleven inches wide merely to list errors, distortions, and misrepresentations. I can only indicate some of the categories they fall into.

Example of research. *Time* says, "In . . . the Northeast, there never was much erosion, and most of this has been checked." At the New York Public Library, eight blocks from his office, *Time's* legman could have found the Soil Conservation Service's map, "Reconnaissance Erosion Survey." This map, a preliminary survey about to be superseded by one based on more detailed inspection which will show greater damage, shows sheet erosion up to "moderate" wherever there is intensive farming in New England except the Connecticut Valley, and the new map will show it there. (The Champlain Valley has lost a quarter of its topsoil.) It shows about half of New York, again the areas best fitted for agriculture, with erosion which in some places rises

to "severe," and Pennsylvania in worse condition, with some areas labeled "severe sheet erosion, frequent gullies." At the Library he (or she) could have found reports of land-use studies by the State of New York which specify more widespread and more critical erosion than the SCS map shows. A telephone call to any nearby SCS office would have informed him that not only has "most of this" erosion not been checked but that only a little of it has been, that in New England "checking" has only begun, that in many parts of the Northeast erosion is going on right now. The SCS would also have referred him to its reports which say that the United States as a whole has lost about one-third of its topsoil by erosion and that only about fifteen per cent of the work necessary to control erosion has so far been done. Research would have made impossible *Time's* flippant dismissal of the erosion problem.

Misrepresentations. *Time* says that according to Vogt "medical men who keep people from dying upset nature's balance; if more people died then there would be more room for mountain lions"; there is no such passage or suggestion in his book. *Time* further says that he "wants the U. S. to stop sending food to Greece": he does not, there is no such proposal in his book. It says "Vogt hates industrialism": nothing in his book indicates whether he hates or loves industrialism, and *Time* is thus avoiding and concealing two fundamental issues he inquires into, how far industry may be destroying instead of sustaining natural resources, and to what extent nations poor in natural resources can industrialize.

Ah, the scornful Science Editor. Mr. Vogt was led to the study of ecology by his training in ornithology, a science which *Time* confuses with bird-walking. His book discusses a problem that has been central in many sciences ever since Darwin, the unpredictable and frequently harmful results that follow when human civilization alters the relationships in the web of life. To his discussion of this problem and to the detailed illustrations he gives, *Time* pays no attention whatever. It waves the problem away by saying that Vogt believes man must live in ecological balance with wildlife, *a meaningless statement and one he nowhere makes,* and by making a series of derisive wisecracks. It jeers at "his friends the woodland caribou" and says "again & again he yearns for the 'lost song' of the extinct Eskimo curlew." Vogt thrice alludes, quite incidentally, to the curlew as one of the species that have become extinct, but he does not do so in any discussion of the web of life, which is the basic issue *Time* is concealing.

Ignorance. *Time* supposes that Vogt himself invented the concept of biotic potential. It also supposes that there is nothing in it.

Suppression of evidence. In *Time's* account of an Ohio experiment with land from which the topsoil had been removed, it failed to report that the cost of fertilizers, other treatments, and labor and time was so great that no farmer could afford it, that no organization could afford it except on small experimental tracts. It also failed to report a striking result of the experiment: in spite of all the resources of fully financed science, the strip from which the topsoil had been removed could not be forced to produce anywhere near as much corn as a strip within the experimental area on which the topsoil had been left in place. The omitted facts vitiate *Time's* thesis.

Gibberish. *Time* says that an acre of Tennessee land produced 157 bushels of corn. (It does not report that it was an acre of flat land treated experimentally by agricultural scientists, and that no acre anywhere could be made to produce such a yield year after year.) It then says that one such acre would "keep 17 corn-eating Mexican peasants in *tortillas* for a year." Since *Time* holds that Man is Master of the Soil, it does not add: *if* the land were flat and very rich, *if* the owner could be educated up to the highest reaches of agricultural science, *if* he could afford the labor, fertilizers, and machines required. It entirely ignores what Vogt calls attention to: Mexican poverty and illiteracy, steep-slope farming, arid climate, falling water-table, and disastrous erosion. An agricultural college with unlimited funds can do it under special conditions, so Juan can do it anywhere.

Time's science. Having named a straw-man "the neo-Malthusians" and attributed to it ideas that nobody holds and asserted that they are Vogt's ideas, *Time* corrects the straw-man's errors with ideas which so far as I can discover no scientist holds but which it attributes to "real scientists," "soil men" (who

"laugh at" Vogt and say "bunkum"), and "authorities." It refers to these imaginary persons upward of twenty times but never names them. In fact, it mentions just one scientist by name, Dr. Robert M. Salter, Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture. I can identify in *Time's* piece ideas, wrenched out of context and seriously distorted, from two speeches and one article by Dr. Salter. He does reject some of the scientific ideas expressed in Vogt's book; he represents some of the limited differences of opinion that I have mentioned. But in order to get support from him for its theses, *Time* had to confine itself to extremely short passages and leave out the careful reservations he makes. One of its omissions is interesting: Dr. Salter believes that increase in corn productivity has been achieved not because of increase in soil productivity but in spite of decrease in it. This undercuts *Time's* basic thesis.

Dr. Salter is one of three scientists with whom the author of *Time's* piece talked in Washington. (Perhaps he talked with others but I can certify to three.) Another was Dr. Charles E. Kellogg, head of the Division of Soil Survey in Dr. Salter's bureau. Dr. Kellogg is another scientist who, in disputed areas, holds ideas different from Vogt's; nevertheless one of his principal emphases, like Vogt's, is on the fact that social, economic, and political forces condition the whole problem.

Two lectures by Dr. Kellogg are *Time's* principal source. In some places *Time* alters the context, as where it says that U. S. soil men have little conclusive information about soil conservation elsewhere in the world (which is fantastically untrue), whereas what Dr. Kellogg says is that we lack good soil maps of the world. But *Time* reduces its source to nonsense by leaving out all the *if's,* the carefully qualified and limited assumptions that Dr. Kellogg himself calls attention to, which makes his hypotheses perfectly acceptable to those who do not agree with him entirely.

Time does not properly represent either Dr. Salter or Dr. Kellogg: I doubt if either is willing to stand on what it says. Its representative also talked with Dr. Hugh H. Bennett, the Chief of the Soil Conservation Service. Many people regard him as the greatest living authority on soils: the Denver Conference nominated him for a Nobel Prize. None of his ideas, which are available to inquirers in his books and papers, appear in *Time's* piece. Only in cases of flagrant error does the chief of a federal bureau feel free to comment on public controversies, but Dr. Bennett wrote to *Time* that the article "does not represent the judgment of the Soil Conservation Service." *Time* did not publish his letter. It failed to publish a good many dissenting letters from qualified authorities, among them one from the president of the National Association of Soil Conservation Districts, who listed and analyzed many of *Time's* errors and said that the piece was "one of the most confused and misleading articles I have ever read."

It was one of the most confused and misleading articles anyone has ever read. Neither its alleged facts nor its judgments represent the accepted findings of scientists all over the world, in federal and private laboratories, in agricultural colleges, in experiment stations. (I can supply a bibliography or a Who's Who.) I have no space to discuss the harm "Eat Hearty" has done. I merely remark that it is fearfully irresponsible journalism. The job stinks. One cannot help wondering why *Time* did not either assign to it a writer capable of learning and expressing the facts, or hold its peace.

Newsweek has published a pamphlet called "Are We Heading Toward Starvation?" It is an excellent discussion of the problem *Time* shrugs away. It can be obtained, free of charge I believe, on request.

The Third Baby's The Easiest

Shirley Jackson

EVERYONE says the third baby is the easiest one to have, and now I know why. It's the easiest because it's the funniest, because you've been there twice, and you know. You know, for instance, how you're going to look in a maternity dress about the seventh month, and you know how to release the footbrake on a baby carriage without fumbling amateurishly, and you know how to tie your shoes before and do knee-chests after, and while you're not exactly casual, you're a little bit off-hand about the whole thing. Sentimental people keep insisting that women go on to have a third baby because they love babies, and cynical people seem to maintain that a woman with two healthy, active children around the house will do *any*thing for ten quiet days in the hospital; my own position is somewhere between the two, but I agree that the third is the easiest. The whole event is far too recent for me to be deluded.

Because it *was* my third I was saved a lot of unnecessary discomfort. No one sent me any dainty pink sweaters, for instance. We only received one pair of booties, and those were a pair of rosebud-covered white ones that someone had sent my first child when he was born and which I had given, still in their original pink tissue paper, to a friend when *her* first child was born; she had subsequently sent them to her cousin in Texas for a second baby, and the cousin sent them back East on the occasion of a mutual friend's twins; the mutual friend gave them to me, with a card saying "Love to Baby," and the pink tissue paper hardly ruffled. I have them carefully set aside, because I know someone who is having a baby in June.

I borrowed back my baby carriage from my next-door neighbor, took the crib down out of the attic, washed my way through the chest of baby shirts and woollen shawls, briefed the two incumbent children far enough ahead of time, and spent a loving and painstaking month packing my suitcase. This time I knew exactly what I was taking with me to the hospital, but assembling it took time and eventually required an emergency trip to New York from our home in Vermont. I packed it, though, finally: a yellow nightgown trimmed with lace, a white nightgown that tied at the throat with a blue bow, two of the fanciest bed-jackets I could find—that was what I went to New York for—and then, two pounds of homemade fudge, as many mystery stories as I could cram in, and a bag of apples. Almost at the last minute I added a box of pralines, a bottle of expensive cologne, and my toothbrush. I have heard of people who take their own satin sheets to the hospital but that has always seemed to me a waste of good suitcase space.

My doctor was very pleasant and my friends were very thoughtful; for the last two weeks

Shirley Jackson, author of a novel (The Road through the Wall) *and a volume of short stories* (The Lottery), *is the wife of a literary critic and mother of—until recently—two children.*

before I went to the hospital almost everyone I know called me almost once a day and said "Haven't you gone *yet?*" My mother- and father-in-law settled on a weekend to visit us when, according to the best astronomical figuring, I should have had a two-weeks-old baby ready to show them; they arrived, were entertained with some restraint on my part, and left, eyeing me with disfavor and some suspicion. My mother sent me a telegram from California saying "Is everything all right? Shall I come? Where is baby?" My children were sullen, my husband was embarrassed.

EVERYTHING was, as I say, perfectly normal, up to and including the frightful moment when I leaped out of bed at two in the morning as though there had been a pea under the mattress; when I turned on the light my husband said sleepily, "Having baby?"

"I really don't know," I said nervously. I was looking for the clock, which I hide at night so that in the morning when the alarm rings I will have to wake up looking for it. It was hard to find it without the alarm ringing.

"Shall I wake up?" my husband asked without any sign of pleased anticipation.

"I can't find the *clock,*" I said.

"Clock?" my husband said. "Clock. Wake me five minutes apart."

I unlocked the suitcase and took out a mystery story, and sat down in the armchair with a blanket over me. After a few minutes the cat, who usually sleeps on the foot of my son's bed, wandered in and settled down on a corner of the blanket by my feet. She slept as peacefully as my husband did most of the night, except that now and then she raised her head to regard me with a look of silent contempt.

Because we live in a small country town and our hospital is five miles away I had an uneasy feeling that I ought to allow plenty of time, particularly since neither of us has ever learned to drive and consequently I must call our local taxi to take me to the hospital. At seven-thirty I called my doctor and we chatted agreeably for a few minutes, and I said I would just give the children their breakfast and wash up the dishes and then run over to the hospital, and he said that would be just fine and he'd plan to meet me later, then; the unspoken conviction between us was that I ought to be back in the fields before sundown.

I went into the kitchen and proceeded methodically to work, humming cheerfully and stopping occasionally to grab the back of a chair and hold my breath. My husband told me later that he found his cup and saucer (the one with "Father" written on it) in the oven, but I am inclined to believe that he was too upset to be a completely reliable reporter. My own recollection is of doing everything the way I have a thousand times before—school-morning short-cuts so familiar that I am hardly aware, usually, or of doing them at all. The frying pan, for instance. My single immediate object was a cup of coffee, and I decided to heat up the coffee left from the night before, rather than taking the time to make fresh; it seemed brilliantly logical to heat it in the frying pan because anyone knows that a broad shallow container will heat liquid faster than a tall narrow one, like the coffeepot. I will not try to deny, however, that it *looked* funny.

By the time the children came down everything seemed to be moving along handsomely; my son grimly got two glasses and filled them with fruit juice for his sister and himself. He offered me one, but I had no desire to eat, or in fact to do anything which might upset my precarious balance between two, and three, children, or to interrupt my morning's work for more than coffee, which I was still doggedly making in the frying pan. My husband came downstairs, sat in his usual place, said good-morning to the children, accepted the glass of fruit juice my son poured for him, and asked me brightly, "How do you feel?"

"Splendid," I said, making an enormous smile for all of them. "I'm doing wonderfully well."

"Good," he said. "How soon do you think we ought to leave?"

"Around noon, probably," I said. "Everything is fine, really."

My husband asked politely, "May I help you with breakfast?"

"No indeed," I said. I stopped to catch my breath and smiled reassuringly. "I feel *so* well," I said.

"Would you be offended," he said, still

very politely, "if I took this egg out of my glass?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I'm sorry, I can't think how it got there."

"It's nothing at all," my husband said. "I was just thirsty."

They were all staring at me oddly, and I kept giving them my reassuring smile; I *did* feel splendid; my months of waiting were nearly over, my careful preparations had finally been brought to a purpose, tomorrow I would be wearing my yellow nightgown. "I'm *so* pleased," I said.

I was slightly dizzy, perhaps. And there *were* pains, but they were authentic ones, not the feeble imitations I had been dreaming up the past few weeks. I patted my son on the head. "Well," I said, in the tone I had used perhaps five hundred times in the last months. "Well, do we want a little boy or a little boy?"

"Won't you sit down?" my husband said. He had the air of a man who expects that an explanation will somehow be given him for a series of extraordinary events in which he is unwillingly involved. "I think you ought to sit down," he added urgently.

It was about then that I realized that he was right. I ought to sit down. As a matter of fact, I ought to go to the hospital, right now, immediately. I dropped my reassuring smile and the fork I had been carrying around with me.

"I'd better hurry," I said inadequately.

My husband called the taxi and brought down my suitcase. The children were going to stay with friends, and one of the things I had planned to do was drop them off on my way to the hospital; now, however, I felt vitally that I had not the time. I began to talk fast.

"You'll have to take care of the children," I told my husband. "See that. . . ." I stopped. I remember thinking with incredible clarity and speed. "See that they finish their breakfast," I said. Pajamas on the line, I thought, school, cats, toothbrushes. Milkman. Overalls to be mended; laundry. "I ought to make a list," I said vaguely. "Leave a note for the milkman tomorrow night. Soap, too. We need soap."

"Yes, dear," my husband kept saying. "Yes dear yes dear."

The taxi arrived and suddenly I was saying goodby to the children. "See you later," my son said casually. "Have a good time."

"Bring me a present," my daughter added.

"Don't worry about a thing," my husband said.

"Now, don't you worry," I told him. "There's nothing to worry about."

"Everything will be *fine,*" I said. "Don't worry."

I waited for a good moment and then scrambled into the taxi without grace; I did not dare risk my reassuring smile on the taxi driver but I nodded to him briskly.

"I'll be with you in an hour," my husband said nervously. "And don't worry."

"Everything will be *fine,*" I said "Don't worry."

"Nothing to worry about," the taxi driver said to my husband, and we started off, my husband standing at the curb wringing his hands and the taxi tacking insanely from side to side of the road to avoid even the slightest bump.

I SAT very still in the back seat, trying not to breathe. I had one arm lovingly around my suitcase, which held my yellow nightgown, and I tried to light a cigarette without using any muscles except those in my hands and my neck, and still not let go of my suitcase.

"Going to be a beautiful day," I said to the taxi driver at last. We had a twenty-minute trip ahead of us at least—much longer, if he continued his zig-zag path. "Pretty warm for the time of year."

"Pretty warm yesterday, too," the taxi driver said.

"It *was* warm yesterday," I conceded, and stopped to catch my breath. The driver, who was obviously avoiding looking at me in the mirror, said a little bit hysterically, "Probably be warm tomorrow, too."

I waited for a minute, and then I was able to say, dubiously, "I don't know as it will stay warm *that* long. Might cool off by tomorrow."

"Well," the taxi driver said, "it was sure warm *yesterday.*"

"Yesterday," I said. "Yes, that was a warm day."

"Going to be nice today, too," the taxi driver said. I clutched my suitcase tighter and made some small sound—more like a yelp than anything else—and the taxi veered madly

off to the left and then began to pick up speed with enthusiasm.

"Very warm indeed," the driver babbled, leaning forward against the wheel. "Warmest day I ever saw for the time of year. Usually this time of year it's colder. Yesterday it was *terribly*——"

"It was not," I said. "It was freezing. I can see the tower of the hospital."

"I remember thinking how warm it was," the driver said. He turned into the hospital drive. "It was so warm I noticed it right away. 'This is a warm day,' I thought, that's how warm it was."

We pulled up with a magnificent flourish at the hospital entrance, and the driver skittered out of the front seat and came around and opened the door and took my arm.

"My wife had five," he said. "I'll take the suitcase, Miss. Five, and never a minute's trouble with any of them."

He rushed me in through the door and up to the desk. "Here," he said to the desk clerk. "Pay me later," he said to me, and fled.

"Name?" the desk clerk said to me politely, her pencil poised.

"Name," I said vaguely. I remembered, and told her.

"Age?" she asked. "Sex? Occupation?"

"Writer," I said.

"Housewife," she said.

"Writer," I said.

"I'll just put down housewife," she said. "Doctor? How many children?"

"Two," I said. "Up to now."

"Normal pregnancy?" she said. "Blood test? X-ray?"

"Look——" I said.

"Husband's name?" she said. "Address? Occupation?"

"Just put down housewife," I said. "I don't remember *his* name, really."

"Legitimate?"

"What?" I said.

"Is your husband the father of this child? Do you have a husband?"

"Please," I said plaintively, "Can I go on upstairs?"

"Well, *really,*" she said, and sniffed. You're *only* having a baby."

She waved delicately to a nurse, who took me by the same arm everybody else had been using that morning, and in the elevator this nurse was very nice. She asked me twice how I was feeling and said "Maternity?" to me politely as we left the elevator; I was carrying my own suitcase by then.

Two more nurses joined us upstairs; we made light conversation while I got into the hospital nightgown. The nurses had all been to some occupational party the night before and one of them had been simply a riot; she was still being a riot while I undressed, because every now and then one of the two other nurses would turn around to me and say, "Isn't she a riot, honestly?"

I made a few remarks, just to show that I too was light-hearted and not at all nervous; I commented laughingly on the hospital nightgown, and asked with amusement tinged with foreboding what was the apparatus they were wheeling in on the tray.

My doctor arrived about half an hour later; he had obviously had three cups of coffee and a good cigar; he patted me on the shoulder said, "How do we feel?"

"Pretty well," I said, with an uneasy giggle that ended in a squawk. "How long do you suppose it will be before——"

"We don't need to worry about *that* for a while yet," the doctor said. He laughed pleasantly, and nodded to the nurses. They all bore down on me at once. One of them smoothed my pillow, one of them held my hand, and the third one stroked my forehead and said "After all, you're *only* having a baby."

"Call me if you want me," the doctor said to the nurses as he left. "I'll be downstairs in the coffee shop."

"*I'll* call you if I need you," I told him ominously, and one of the nurses said in a honeyed voice, "Now, look, we don't want our husband to get all worried."

I opened one eye; my husband was sitting, suddenly, beside the bed. He looked as though he were trying not to scream. "They *told* me to come in here," he said. "I was trying to find the waiting room."

"The other end of the hall," I told him grimly. I pounded on the bell and the nurse came running. "Get him out of here," I said, waving my head at my husband.

"They *told* me——" my husband began, looking miserably at the nurse.

"It's al-l-l-l-l-l right," the nurse said. She

began to stroke my forehead again. "Hubby belongs right here."

"Either he goes or I go," I said.

The door slammed open and the doctor came in. "Heard you were here," he said jovially, shaking my husband's hand. "Look a little pale."

My husband smiled weakly.

"Never lost a father yet," the doctor said, and slapped him on the back. He turned to me. "How do we feel?" he said.

"Terrible," I said, and the doctor laughed again. "Just on my way downstairs," he said to my husband. "Come along?"

No one seemed, actually, to go or come that morning; I would open my eyes and they were there, open my eyes again and they were gone. This time, when I opened my eyes, a pleasant-faced nurse was standing beside me; she was swabbing my arm with a piece of cotton. Although I am ordinarily timid about hypodermics I welcomed this one with what was almost a genuine echo of my old reassuring smile. "Well, well," I said to the nurse. "Sure glad to see *you*."

"Sissy," she said distinctly, and jabbed me in the arm.

"How soon will this wear off?" I asked her with deep suspicion; I am always afraid with nurses that they feel that the psychológical effect of a hypodermic is enough, and that I am actually being inoculated with some useless, although probably harmless, concoction.

"You won't even notice," she said enigmatically, and left.

THE hypodermic hit me suddenly, and I began to giggle about five minutes after she left. I was alone in the room, lying there giggling to myself, when I opened my eyes and there was a woman standing beside the bed. She was human, not a nurse; she was wearing a baggy blue bathrobe. "I'm across the hall," she said. "I been hearing you."

"I was laughing," I said, with vast dignity.

"I heard you," she said. "Tomorrow it might be me, maybe."

"You here for a baby?"

"Someday," she said gloomily. "I was here two weeks ago, I was having pains. I come in the morning and that night they said to me, 'Go home, wait a while longer.' So I went home, and I come again three days later, I was having pains. And they said to me, 'Go home, wait a while longer.' And so yesterday I come again, I was having pains. So far they let me stay."

"That's too bad," I said.

"I got my mother there," she said. "She takes care of everything and sees the meals made, but she's beginning to think I got her there with false pretenses."

"That's too bad," I said. I began to pound the wall with my fists.

"Stop that," she said. "Somebody'll hear you. This is my third. The first two—nothing."

"This is *my* third," I said. "I don't care who hears me."

"My kids," she said. "Every time I come home they say to me, 'Where's the baby?' My mother too. My husband, he keeps driving me over and driving me back."

"They kept telling me the third was the easiest," I said. I began to giggle again.

"There you go," she said. "Laughing your head off. I wish *I* had something to laugh at."

SHE waved her hand at me and turned and went mournfully through the door. I opened my same weary eye and my husband was sitting comfortably in his chair. "I said," he was saying loudly, "I said, 'Do you mind if I read?' " He had the *New York Times* on his knee.

"Look," I said. "Do I have anything to read? Here I am, with nothing to do and no one to talk to and you sit there and read the *New York Times* right in front of me and here I am, with nothing——"

"How do we feel?" the doctor asked. He was suddenly much taller than before and the walls of the room were rocking distinctly.

"Doctor," I said, and I believe that my voice was a little louder than I intended it should be. "You better give me——"

He patted me on the hand and it was my husband instead of the doctor. "Stop yelling," he said.

"I'm *not* yelling," I said. "I don't like this any more. I've changed my mind, I don't want any baby, I want to go home and forget the whole thing."

"I know *just* how you feel," he said.

My only answer was a word which certainly I knew that I *knew*, although I had

never honestly expected to hear it spoken in my own ladylike voice.

"Stop yelling," my husband said urgently. "*Please* stop saying that."

I had the idea that I was perfectly conscious, and I looked at him with dignity. "Who is doing this," I asked. "You or me?"

"It's all right," the doctor said. "We're on our way." The walls were moving along on either side of me and the woman in the blue bathrobe was waving from a doorway.

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed," I said to the doctor, "and I loved her that she did pity them."

"It's all right, I tell you," the doctor said. "Hold your breath."

"Did he finish his *New York Times?*"

"Hours ago," the doctor said.

"What's he reading now?" I asked.

"The *Tribune,*" the doctor said. "Hold your breath."

It was so unbelievably bright that I closed my eyes. "Such a lovely time," I said the doctor. "Thank you so much for asking me, I can't tell you how I've enjoyed it. Next time you must come to our——"

"It's a girl," the doctor said.

"Sarah," I said politely, as though I were introducing them. I still thought I was perfectly conscious, and then I was. My husband was sitting beside the bed, smiling cheerfully.

"What happened to *you?*" I asked him. "No *Wall Street Journal?*"

"It's a girl," he said.

"I know," I said. "I was there."

I was in a pleasant, clean room. There was no doubt that it was all over; I could see my feet under the bedspread.

"It's a girl," I said to my husband.

The door opened and the doctor came in. "Well," he said. "How do we feel?"

"Fine," I said. "It's a girl."

"I know," he said.

The door was still open and a face peered around it. My husband, the doctor, and I, all turned happily to look. It was the woman in the blue bathrobe.

"Had it yet?" I asked her.

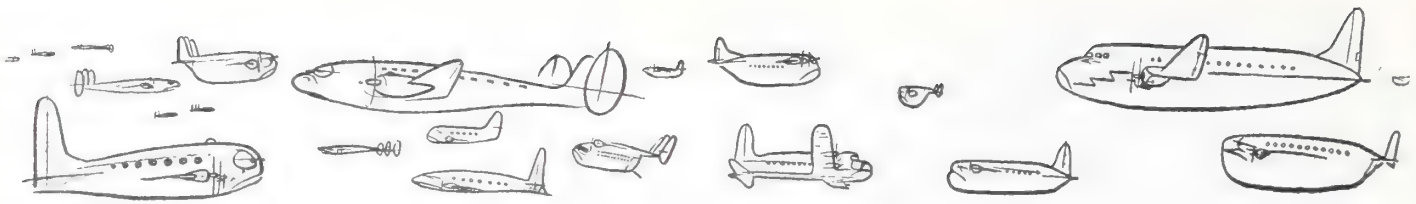
"No," she said. "You?"

"Yep," I said. "You going home again?"

"Listen," she said. "I been thinking. Home, the kids all yelling and my mother looking sad like she's disappointed in me. Like I did something. My husband, every time he sees me jump he reaches for the car keys. My sister, she calls me every day and if I answer the phone she hangs up. Here, I get three meals a day I don't cook, I know all the nurses and I meet a lot of people going in and out. I figure I'd be a *fool* to go home. What was it, boy or girl?"

"Girl," I said.

"Girl," she said. "They say the third's the easiest."



Our Airsick Airlines

David Bernstein

Of all industries in our "free enterprise" system, the airline is the most modern, the showiest, and—at this moment—the most spectacularly a commercial failure. On a map of our sprawling country, the routes of the Big Sixteen—the certificated trunk lines—criss and cross like arteries and capillaries pumping people with great speed from where they are to where they want to go. Whatever the complications of international flying, the local problems of feeder airlines, and the technical problems of air freight carriers, surely these domestic passenger lines should be doing well in our era of heavy profits.

They are not. With one startling exception, they are all in financial trouble, or would be except for bountiful gifts from the public treasury. And the unique exception is the more startling because nobody has a pat explanation as to why it should be an exception at all.

In two years the domestic airlines have lost almost thirty million dollars. The biggest, American, has lost the most money; and the others have been unprofitable in almost direct proportion to their size. Only Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's Eastern showed the sensational, and on the whole unsubsidized, profit of $1,683,000 in the first eight months of 1948 alone; and a handful of smaller lines are also in the black, though in minor amounts accounted for by public subsidy.

Obviously, a passenger airline can be successful only if its planes are well filled by paying customers. During the war, nearly every seat was filled on every flight. Today two out of every five seats are empty. Last year the number of revenue passenger miles flown dropped 1.3 per cent. If Adam Smith were to have his way, this could only mean that most of the Big Sixteen should go out of business; or, at least, that they should drastically cut their equipment and operations, and fly only those routes that make financial sense.

But Adam Smith had no inkling of our American system of subsidized enterprise. The fact is that, since the birth of the commercial airline industry, not one single major trunk line has gone bankrupt, much less gone out of business. You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs; no more should you expect, in a capitalist system, to build an industry without the trial-and-error marked by occasional financial failure. But there have been no failures; there have been only increased subsidies in the form of payment for carrying air mail.

As a result, a whole industry is failing,

Mr. Bernstein, whose "The Cold Peace" appeared last month, has been a consultant for non-scheduled airlines, but reports that this article "grew simply from the interest of a private citizen." The drawings are by Robert Osborn.

rather than any of its parts. And the reason is that the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Congress, the airlines themselves, and most citizens who give the matter any thought, have accepted the four great myths of commercial aviation:

(1) That people would rather fly than anything.

(2) That there is not much difference between wartime and peacetime.

(3) That our airlines—separately and collectively—are sacrosanct because the national defense, American commerce, and our postal system depend on them.

(4) That a subsidized, regulated industry can behave as though it were a free, competitive enterprise.

II

Would most people rather fly than anything? The two empty seats in every five seem to answer no. For a few, of course, flight is an emotional experience; for a few others, speed is a passion; for still others, the slick, expensive atmosphere of air travel has a snob appeal. For more Americans than all these put together, there are times when flying is necessary as a time-saving expedient. Yet all of them manage to fill less than sixty per cent of the available seats.

The average citizen is apparently not convinced that flying is safe; or, if he is convinced, then his wife is not. Furthermore, he knows that traveling by air is not always dependable, especially in the winter months. And, finally, he feels that flying costs more than he cares to spend.

Almost instinctively, even in the air age, most of us consider a plane trip something of a risk. We are still unaccustomed to the idea of something we can see and feel being supported by something we can neither see nor feel. And our newspapers have too often described the abrupt, explosive details of airplane crashes in which the transition from life to death takes a split second and the victims have virtually no chance to walk away unhurt from the smoking debris.

As children of our time, the Bix Sixteen rely heavily on the public-relations brethren to counteract this unfriendly attitude. They try desperately, when a crash does come, to get it on and off the front pages quickly. And they lull the public with impressive air-safety statistics which ring not quite true.

Recently, for example, the Air Transport Association announced that domestic aviation had chalked up in 1948 one of its safest years on record: On scheduled airlines there were only 1.4 passenger fatalities for every hundred million passenger miles, contrasted with 3.2 in 1947. During the year there had been but four accidents, in which 83 passengers were killed.

Now, these figures would seem to indicate that flying in 1948 was almost two and a half times safer than in 1947. It is true that there have been several notable recent improvements in safety engineering—but not enough to explain such a great advance. For it happens that in 1948 there was only one less accident than in 1947, but the planes which crashed last year were carrying fewer passengers than those which had crashed the year before. The fewer people in a plane, the fewer casualties when it crashes.

In other words, what really emerges from the figures and the facts is that the airlines were not doing so well in 1948, rather than that their safety record had vastly improved. "The lowest rate ever achieved," reported the Associated Press, "was 1.2 deaths in 1939 and again in 1946." If we accepted these figures without further facts, we should properly conclude that it was safer to fly in a commercial plane ten years ago, or three years ago, than it is today. And that is certainly not the case.

The man who flies from New York to St. Louis tends to judge his risk, not by the number of miles he covers, but by the single fact that he is in an airplane. In flying, the greatest peril is at landing and take-off. And each time he travels by air, no matter how far, the take-off and landing risks remain the same. In a sense, it is potentially as dangerous to fly from LaGuardia to the Newark Airport, which takes only a few minutes, as to fly from LaGuardia to St. Louis, which takes hours. Most people are at least dimly aware of this, even though there are no available figures on domestic airline safety in relation to the number of trips flown.

Nor is there much comfort in the recent observation of James M. Landis, former chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board and a man of blunt honesty: "We can say that

air travel is safer today than fifteen years ago, but at the same time we must recognize that the advances in air safety in the last eight years have been negligible."

Mr. Landis claims that aircraft designers have been more interested in speed than in safety. And, in truth, the airlines themselves have been alarmingly grudging in their interest in new safety devices. It took a full year of heavy pressure to get them to put a third crew member on all four-engine planes, to help cope with the bewildering array of dials and instruments that must be watched from take-off to landing. New types of planes have been insufficiently tested before being put into commercial operation. As a result, nearly every postwar type of plane has had to be grounded for long periods after a crash had revealed flaws common to the whole type—including DC-6's, Constellations, and the new Martin 2-0-2's. Only the Convair, among postwar planes, has escaped mass grounding.

Passenger flying, it should be added hastily, is not *inordinately* unsafe, except in the sense that all life is a risk. After all, there were only five fatal accidents in all of 1948. But those who take flying for granted are greatly outnumbered by those who do not. And the majority will not be reassured until they know that the airlines are solving the safety problem more successfully than they have so far done.

TIED in with safety is the inability of the airlines to keep on schedule, especially in bad weather. Flight cancellations because of weather conditions cost the industry forty million dollars in 1946.

Nobody with a tight schedule of appointments wants to depend on plane travel in the winter months, when passengers arrive on time once every ten trips and depart on time even less often. Rarely is exasperation so acute as for the unfortunate whose alarm clock jangles him awake early in the morning, who rushes to the airport half an hour before scheduled departure (as the airlines request), and then waits an hour or more to do his departing. And then, if the weather closes in on his destination, there is the annoyance of



finding his flight cancelled; or of landing at an alternate airport hundreds of miles away, with the prospect of a rail trip after all.

It is true that unreliability is, in a sense, a measure of the airlines' insistence on safety; and that new aids to all-weather flying have recently been developed. As a matter of fact, one industry spokesman claims that more than half the cancellations of last winter will have been eliminated by this year. This may be over-optimistic; but it seems likely that the airlines will solve the problem of weather-created unreliability in the next few years.

NOW comes the second big reason why the airlines do not have enough customers: flying costs more than it seems to be worth. For the single man, it is generally the most expensive way to travel. For the married man, who brings along his wife and children, there is the chance to cut costs by traveling on a Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, when most airlines will charge him full price but carry his family at half fare. This is the greatest incentive to marriage since Mussolini decreed the tax on bachelors.

The airlines are producing a commodity—speedy but expensive travel—which cannot rank alongside the average family's top-priority essentials in a time of high prices. Yet, when they cut their fares, they find



enough new customers to make the policy worthwhile.

Between New York and California, and New York and Florida, you can fly on so-called non-scheduled airlines, which operate DC-3's and DC-4's under the same general safety and inspection regulations as the Big Sixteen. Including taxes, you would pay $113 for a non-scheduled flight from New York to Los Angeles, as against $181 on a scheduled airline. These carriers are non-scheduled in the sense that they are not permitted by the Civil Aeronautics Board to fly more than a limited number of trips between any two cities each month, and because they cannot, therefore, represent themselves to the public as running on regular time-tables. They carry no mail; receive no subsidy; serve no elaborate free meals; maintain no lavish staffs and offices; and they charge far less than the big airlines. Their planes are almost always well filled. And they claim to be making money.

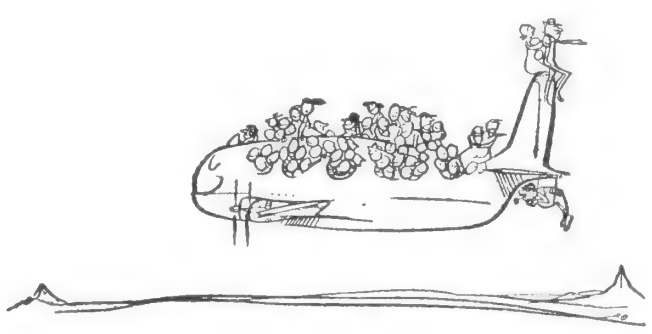
Recently, Capital Air Lines, one of the Big Sixteen, matched these cut-rate outfits by starting a low-cost night service of its own between New York and Chicago, charging a couple of dollars more than railway coach fare and much less than the sleeper fare. Since this service began Capital has been filling more than seventy-five per cent of its seats, and on a single night last winter it operated no fewer than six sections eastbound and five westbound.

This might be called the air equivalent of coach as against Pullman service on the railroads, a brand-new way of attracting more passengers, which in all logic the big airlines could have been expected to welcome. Instead, they fought the idea bitterly. They castigated Capital as a renegade from the industry; and they have been trying to put the small non-scheduled lines out of business altogether. Only desperate legal maneuvers in Washington during recent months have kept the non-scheduled planes flying. Nonetheless, having noted the success of these low-cost experiments, several of the big airlines have finally launched coach services of their own —such as Northwest's between Seattle and Anchorage, and TWA's between Kansas City and Los Angeles.

Their hesitation had stemmed from a kind of mental fixation: most of the Big Sixteen are still wedded to the idea that theirs must be a Pullman service. Certainly their coddling of passengers is pleasant for those who can afford the experience—the reservation by telephone; the reminder a few hours before departure; the downtown check-in; the free handling of luggage; the second check-in at the airport, with its bustling atmosphere of announcements and paging on the public-address system; the pile of bright promotion literature on every seat in the plane; the free meals and the snacks, and all the other frills of luxury flying.

Neither the non-scheduled lines nor Capital's air-coach service provide all these frills. You make your reservation by going down to the counter and buying a ticket; you carry your own luggage aboard the plane; you check in only once; and you might get a couple of sandwiches to eat during the flight, though more often you would bring your own meal or wait for an intermediate stop to patronize an airport lunch counter. All of which sounds fairly dreary by comparison with the splendor of the luxury lines; but it costs less, and more people can afford it.

Last fall, McGraw-Hill's independent trade paper *Aviation Week,* sized up the passengers on a typical cut-rate flight across the country. Among the forty-one paying customers on board, it identified rather more of a cross-section of America than you are likely to find



on most of the Big Sixteen's planes. There were, to begin with, five babies and two schoolchildren. Among the adults were five housewives traveling with their husbands; four salesmen traveling at their own expense; two business men heading for trade conventions; two nurses traveling for personal reasons; two actors fleeing a Broadway flop; two teachers returning from a seminar in New York; two typists seeking jobs in California; two do-

mestic servants returning from vacations; and two European tourists visiting American friends. Also on board were a telephone operator, a social worker, a dress pattern-maker, a machinist, a truck driver, a buyer, a dress designer, a press agent, an exporter, a student, and a secretary.

More than half the passengers on such cut-rate planes, according to another survey, were flying on a commercial plane for the first time in their lives; and fewer than one in four would have bought a ticket on a Big Sixteen line had there been no low-cost service available.

If these surveys prove anything, they prove that there is a huge market for the domestic airlines—a market that will not be tapped until the cost of air travel is brought down to the capacity of the average traveler's wallet. This year Western Air Lines, which had introduced the free-meal tradition to the industry in 1928, cut out its complimentary food service altogether and passed the five per cent saving along to its customers by reducing its fares. Western's President, Terrell C. Drinkwater, observed: "We think the public today is more interested in savings in fares than they are in 'free' food. It will be good to get out of the restaurant business and be able to concentrate our energies on safe, efficient, dependable transportation."

III

THE second myth of commercial aviation is that the peace is merely a continuation of the war.

During the war the airlines had more customers than they could handle. Members of the armed services, as well as government officials, were being shunted back and forth across the country as fast as the mimeographed orders could be cut. Business men, involved in war production, flitted from plant to plant, with side-excusions to Washington to dally with the government agencies. Huge new industries attracted workers migrating toward better pay. Wives and children breathlessly attempted to keep up with husbands drifting from post to post, or from job to job.

Inevitably the airlines took it for granted that all the thousands who had become accustomed to flying, whether civil or military, would continue to insist on hopping from city to city as blithely (and almost as frequently) as they rode to the office by streetcar. It was a vision of America perpetually airborne. One carrier told its employees that those who did not believe the company would soon be operating 1,000 large planes ought to resign because they lacked the vision necessary for the airline business.

So the airlines prepared for the great boom by ordering the big new DC-6's and the Constellations, the smaller but luxurious Martin 2-0-2's and Convairs, and the impressive double-decked Boeing Stratocruisers. They spent millions on this new equipment, and millions more to train crews, expand personnel, develop heavy flight schedules, open new ticket offices, fight for new routes, print lavish advertisements and multi-colored calendars, retain large legal staffs, and entertain congressmen. This heavy investment is one of the chief reasons for the financial straits of so many of the Big Sixteen today.

The wartime boom did last beyond the war, of course. Through the middle of 1946, hundreds of thousands of service men were returning home; thousands of business men were renegotiating or terminating war contracts and lining up peacetime business; more thousands of war workers were changing jobs and seeking new homes. The country took its time settling down to the cold peace. For months after the war, customers still found airline ticket counters jammed; they still wasted mornings getting to a clerk, only to discover that their flight was sold out after all. Most people were certain that the demand for plane seats would continue unabated, and that the airlines would have their hands full in coping with the volume of traffic.

Then, abruptly, came a sudden slump in business. The war was really over at last. The final blow came in the spring of 1947, when three major air disasters within a fortnight shocked the country and took the blitheness out of flying. With these disasters, the great vision of America airborne faltered in mid-air and plummeted to earth, like a poorly-engineered flying machine. Neither the airlines, nor the government, nor for that matter the public itself, had foreseen in the hectic war years that wartime conditions would not necessarily project into the years of peace. For nearly three years now, the airlines have been a depressed industry. They had at-

tempted—from 1945 onward—to build up a business structure designed to meet needs that were coming to an end in 1946.

This was simply an honest, and even a logical, mistake in judgment. It is now widely recognized as such by the airline industry. What is not so widely recognized is that the myth itself still carries on in other ways. Most of the top executives of the Big Sixteen today are men who served in the armed forces during the war. Many of them were in the Army's Air Transport Command —the well-heeled, open-handed organization which handled the country's first great effort to provide air transportation on a gigantic scale. They went into the ATC because they had a background of airline experience. But they returned to the airline industry, these majors and colonels and generals, with a background of ATC experience. It has influenced them ever since.

During the war, an uncritical Congress provided all the funds needed to build a huge fleet of transport planes overnight. The cost in billions of dollars was, inevitably, charged up to the demands of war. We won our war partly because we were so extravagant, and it was worth it.

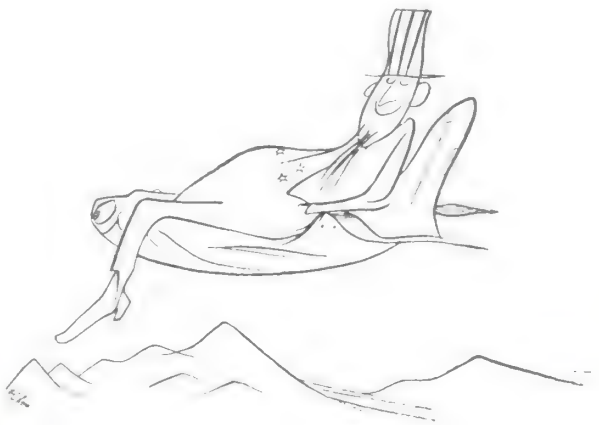
Via the individual general or colonel or major, the wartime ATC psychology has been carried into the time of peace. Do you need planes to run an airline? Then we'll order the biggest damn fleet you ever saw. Do you need men to fly the planes, and service them, and sell the tickets, and handle the traffic? Then we'll hire the biggest and best damn staff we can get. Do you need to impress Congress, and the Civil Aeronautics Board, and the public itself? Then we'll hire the most expensive damn public-relations men, advertising men, lawyers, lobbyists, in the business—and we won't stint on their expense accounts, either. We'll have our offices designed by topflight interior decorators; we'll serve free meals and fancy ones to every passenger; we'll . . . Good God, man, don't you know there's a war on?

The war is over, and the airline industry today is probably the most mismanaged, overmanaged, inefficient, and uneconomical of all major industries in the United States.

Rare indeed is the executive who, like Eddie Rickenbacker, would tell his staff: "I'm not talking about pennies, damn it, I want you to watch the mills!" (And this may be part of the explanation for his airline's phenomenal success.) More common is the kind of airline which, to its astonishment, discovered last year that it could cut personnel from 17,000 to 13,500 with no loss in efficiency whatever. And even more common is the airline which has not yet made such a discovery.

IV

The next great airline myth is that flying —any kind of flying—is sacred. Congress itself has declared that civil aviation is essential to our nation's commerce, our national defense, and our postal system. This declaration is the very foundation of the Civil



Aeronautics Act of 1938, by which the CAB doles out large subsidies to keep the ailing airlines in business.

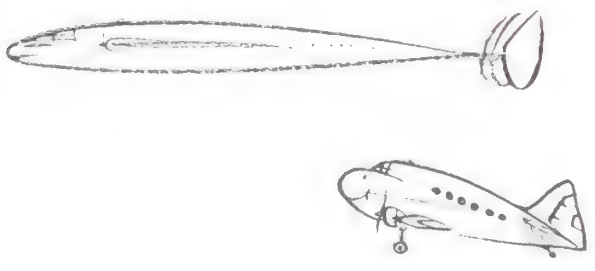
Certainly air transportation is essential to modern commerce. So are a good many other industries, in and out of the transportation field, which receive no direct subsidies from the government. But there is a difference between an industry and its parts; if the *industry* is essential it does not necessarily follow that every *segment* of it is also essential.

In the case of the airlines, it is hard to believe that every single one of their myriad routes is vital to the nation's well-being. The airlines seem to feel that they must collect as many routes as possible, and hold on to them whether people fly them or not. Once the government grants a certificate to an airline to fly regularly between Podunk and

Cupcake, it is next to impossible to cancel the certificate later on. Obviously, ownership of an air route certificate does not quite involve the same things as, for example, a railroad's right of way, with its roadbed, ditches, tracks, ties, stations, switches, sidings, and signal mechanisms. The trackage of an airline is nothing but air. And if the Podunk-Cupcake route is used by few passengers, little freight, and less mail, is it essential to the nation's commerce?

The line that holds the certificate would say yes, on the you-never-can-tell theory that some day there might be enough passengers, freight, and mail to make the service profitable—and that, if it is not then holding the certificates, possibly some interloper will get the business. The Chambers of Commerce at Podunk and Cupcake will back up the airline, for it feeds the local ego to see great planes winging in and out of the community airport; and this means that there will be pressure from Congress as well.

Under the 1938 law, the established airlines were assured of their original "grandfather" routes, and nearly all new routes granted since then have merely built on the initial patchwork pattern. Those early routes were planned for the obsolescent workhorse of the airlines, the twin-engined DC-3. Now, with long-range four-engined planes able to



DC-3

fly across the country with a single stop, this route pattern is in some ways meaningless. Airlines capable of one-stop competitive transcontinental operations are still being regulated as if they still were solely puddle-jumping, non-competitive lines.

What is called for today, therefore, is a ruthless reappraisal of the whole domestic airlines map. Such a study has been started by the CAB, and is expected to be completed this year. But the airlines, like many another industry, are hag-ridden by lawyers. When the study is done, and the findings announced, there will almost inevitably come a storm of demands for hearings, cross-examinations, filing of briefs and pleadings and petitions; there will be court actions and injunctions galore; and Congress will be pressed to investigate and harass the Board. Yet the reappraisal is desperately needed, for the benefit of the airlines themselves and in the national interest.

And over all would hang the charge that national defense was being sabotaged. For the equation—airplanes equal defense—is accepted by most policy-makers without question. There is, I think, room for just a little respectful caviling.

When Congress wrote into the 1938 law the statement that our airlines were essential to defense, it was acting in the shadow of a situation which no longer exists. Ten years ago the United States had virtually no air force to speak of: a few planes, a tiny core of personnel, and a pervading atmosphere of isolationism which made this minuscule air arm seem adequate. A few years earlier, the Army's air force had undertaken to carry the mails in place of the civil air fleet, and had failed in a welter of disaster. In 1938, then, it was no doubt time that our airlines, with their planes and personnel and know-how, were vital to the nation's defense.

But times have changed. Today we have a powerful peacetime air force, with a reservoir of trained manpower, and we are not likely to reduce this force as far as the eye can see ahead.

The Big Sixteen, on the other hand, own no more than a thousand planes altogether, many of them semi-obsolete. In case of military emergency, they could undoubtedly spare a few hundred for military use if they were needed, at least in the early months of crisis. They could also give the armed services some hundreds of men with a special background of professional experience. But in a real emergency their principal job would be to cope with the tremendous demands that would be made on the civil air service—for once again the nation would be on the move.

Thus, the industry's chief contribution to defense lies in the simple fact of being in

existence as an industry; which is true, to the same extent, of practically every other important industry in our complicated economy. Indeed, the airlines themselves, which use the defense argument when they demand higher subsidies, have faced about when they began to suspect that the Pentagon was taking their argument seriously. On December 22, 1948, *American Aviation Daily,* unofficial spokesman of the Big Sixteen, warned the military to keep hands off, declaring with astonishing candor:

> There is a feeling in airline circles that the military as well as some government leaders in aviation have the wrong concept of civil aviation's relation to national security. As one airline official stated, the military seems to feel that in the event of a national emergency, civil aviation should immediately come under military control. What is overlooked is the fact that a high-speed civilian transportation system, capable of transporting quickly key industry and government personnel to various parts of the country in connection with war production, is highly essential in the successful prosecution of a war.

Congress has held that the postal service, along with defense and commerce, depends upon civil aviation. And air mail, indeed, is the peg on which government subsidies to the airlines are hung. Payment for carrying mail is computed, not on the actual cost of this service, but on the financial needs of the airlines. This constitutes the subsidy; it means that one of the Big Sixteen, carrying a hundred sacks of mail a day, might conceivably be paid more for doing so than another line which carries a thousand sacks of mail a day. No one, in or out of the Post Office Department, has been able to figure out just how much it really should cost, without subsidy, to fly one or a hundred sacks of air-mail letters from one city to another. Instead, under the 1938 law, the CAB fixes an arbitrary but adjustable mail rate under which each airline is enabled to earn a fair profit on its total investment, provided it has been operated honestly, efficiently, and economically. In the twelve months ending March 31, 1948, the government doled out twenty-four million dollars in mail pay to the Big Sixteen, and the amount since then has been much higher.

In recent years there have been many proposals that all first-class letters be carried by air to destinations three hundred or more miles away, with the postage charge no higher than for surface letters. For the letter-writing public, this would mean a speedier mail service at no extra cost for postage stamps. And for the airlines the mails would become big business rather an excuse for federal hand-outs. The huge amount of mail cargo would, in nearly every case, put the Big Sixteen on their feet in their own right; and where it proved insufficient as a source of revenue, a comparatively tiny sum might be added by the government to assure the lines of the customary fair profit.

The idea is unpopular with the railroads, because they would lose some of their current mail revenue (though the loss would probably not be more than five million dollars a year). The Post Office Department would also suffer a loss, of perhaps a hundred million a year, as the result of lowered stamp revenue and the payment for airline mail service. The airplane manufacturers would be delighted, for somewhere between five hundred and seven hundred new planes would have to be added to the civil fleet in order to cope with the added load.

As for the taxpayer, he might reasonably inquire whether this is no more than financial acrobatics: since the subsidy, after all, would simply be transferred from the airlines to the postal system, with the cost to the federal treasury increased. But proponents of the plan point out that there is more logic in covering the losses of the postal service, which belongs to and serves all the people, than in subsidizing the losses of a single industry, which does not.

V

Subsidy—the word has spread like a plague over all the land, from the farm to the air. In the airlines it has done as much harm as good. Time and again, by reviewing and adjusting mail pay rates, the CAB has pulled airlines out of the red and into the black. Thus, last summer a company like Chicago & Southern, which flies down the Mississippi valley and on into the Caribbean, woke up one morning with a smart mail-pay profit in place of losses so

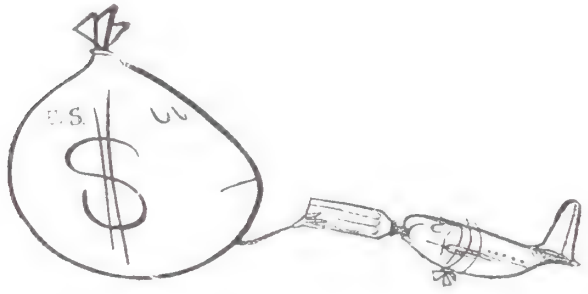
heavy that it had been doubtful whether the company could survive at all.

Nor does subsidy end with direct money payments. There is also a vast program of indirect subsidy, without which the airlines simply would not be operating. The government helps build and run airports, spends millions on the federal airway program and the air traffic control system, and has developed countless expensive safety devices at virtually no cost to the industry.

True, the government regulates the industry to the extent that it examines financial statements, certifies routes and (theoretically) can withdraw its certificates, decides what competition there ought to be, and holds the power (theoretical again) to put entire airlines out of business if it wishes to do so.

This regulation the airlines bitterly resent. They want the subsidies, but they cling to the idea that they can act like free enterprise. The CAB is their favorite whipping boy. Their lobbyists and periodicals devotedly castigate the Board and heatedly demand freedom from its restraints.

Meantime the real danger goes unrecognized—for the airlines' most insidious slavery is what Philip Wylie might call industrial Momism. With the government itself as the great mother to whom the industry can turn



in its hour of need, there is an inevitable softening of the muscles of enterprise. Psychologically, the knowledge that mail pay will always pull an airline out of the hole has brought on managerial flabbiness and inefficiency. Why get rid of the ATC mentality when the Treasury stands ready to foot the bill in the end? Why cut fares, eliminate uneconomical routes, reduce the rosters of vice-presidents, pare down the over-scheduled timetables?

The pressure, instead, is in the opposite direction. Increase mail pay one hundred per cent! Raise the fares! Give us new routes! Down with government supervision! Last fall the CAB decided to look into National Air Lines, which was then a sick company with heavy losses and a disastrous pilot strike. The idea was that perhaps National should be "permitted" to go out of business



entirely, and its New York–Miami route be taken over by Pan American, its New Orleans–Florida route by Delta, its Miami–Havana run by Eastern or Delta, and its local Florida service by some other unnamed airline. The entire industry rebelled; a precedent might be set which could one day apply to any other line. The Board finally handed National a mail pay-subsidy that will keep it in business; repeated its intention to continue the investigation; and admitted that it might not have the authority to force National to transfer its routes.

The Board is plagued, like the airlines themselves, by lack of a philosophy to cope with the fiction that a subsidized industry can behave like any free and unregulated industry and that the government should therefore give away money without caring about its use.

By now, only Congress can cut through the jungle of shoddy thinking about the airlines. It could eliminate airline subsidies almost entirely, if it wished, by transferring such subsidies to the postal system through the expansion of air-mail service. Or, if it boggles at this, it could give the

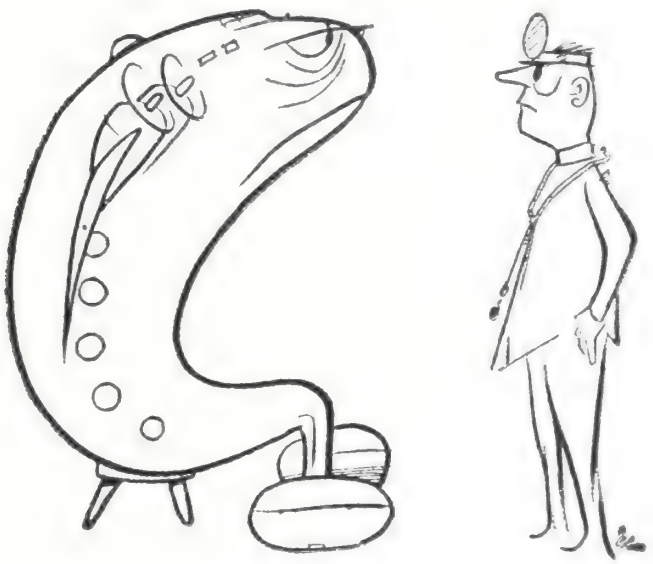
CAB more authority (and more direction) in regulating the industry, for the benefit of both the industry and the public.

With such authority, the CAB could bring order to the jumbled air map of the United States, merging some lines, strengthening others, killing off still others, pruning away side-routes, and occasionally encouraging the rise of new carriers, just as a tree surgeon doctors an orchard to make it thrive.

Too much government interference? There are only a few other alternatives. One would be to nationalize the airlines entirely; but this is hardly likely in the United States. Another would be to let the industry drift as it has drifted in the past few years since the war.

Perhaps the wisest alternatives would be for the airlines to think of themselves as competitive enterprises serving the fare-paying passenger, and regarding him rather than the government as the proper source of profit. They could cut and not raise fares, and thereby increase business immeasurably. They could massage away the accumulated shabbiness of easy-going, over-extended management, and reduce their operating costs. They could trim away such frills as the railroads and the bus lines have found unnecessary; they could charge for meals, as the railroads do; consolidate their ticket offices, as both railroads and bus lines do; put sky-caps in the same position as red-caps at railway stations; and, if at some future time their profits permitted them to do so, they could think about restoring some of these frills for the delectation of their passengers.

Perhaps, then, free enterprise is the one final salvation for the airlines. It would be interesting to see them experiment with this revolutionary approach.



African Chief In An Oldsmobile

Martin Flavin

THE Rhodesia Express crawled along all day, from Johannesburg, whence it had set out the night before, bound for Bulawayo. I was on my way to pay a visit to an African Chief in Bechuanaland.

Under date of February 29, my diary records: "This lousy little Continental train is packed, but I have, thank God, a coupe to myself. It is old-fashioned, shabby, and dirty. No soap and not a drinking glass, though there is a pseudo-resplendent diner—comfortable to sit in when the travelers have been fed. . . . This morning it is cool and rainy, almost chilly. We are crawling through a region of high veld, at about 4,000 feet; 'bush' they call it, scrub vegetation, rather dense in places. . . . Endless miles of it without a fence or house or any sign of life, except for widely separated clusters of mud-walled native huts with roofs of thatch. The few small European settlements are far apart; they look like tank towns in our Middle West—no, hardly that pretentious. When, at long intervals, we stop at one of them, there is a crowd of Natives on the platform: women with babies tied upon their backs, squatting in huddled groups; and men in ragged jeans and tattered shirts, crazy quilts of shreds and patches. . . . Nearly naked children stand beneath the windows of the cars, begging for cigarettes or pennies, shivering in the rain."

Bechuanaland, a British Protectorate, is about the size of Texas and not in shape unlike it: a solid chunk of country which has never been surveyed, bordered on the south, and partly on the east, by the Union of South Africa. Of the many smoldering frictions between the Afrikaners and the British government, control of Bechuanaland is not the least important. The Native population is about a quarter million, comprising eight different tribes, of which the Bamangwato tribe is by far most numerous—150,000 of them. The European population is less than 200, consisting chiefly of government officials, missionaries, traders, and labor agents.

Tshekedi (Che-*kay*-dee) Khama is the chief of the Bamangwato, and by virtue of this fact the Native Boss of Bechuanaland. The other seven tribes which share the territory, including a remnant of the warlike Herero—whom the Germans, in their brief occupancy of Southwest Africa, set out to, and almost did, exterminate—are guests, or vassals, of the Bamangwato.

A week or two before, in the lounge of the Mt. Nelson Hotel in Capetown, I had been chatting with the High Commissioner for Southwest Africa, a stalwart Afrikaner and an outspoken one. I had been questioning him about Native witchcraft practice, and what attitude the government had toward it. In reply he told me that if, in South West, he found a chief who tolerated witchcraft, he im-

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Flavin to result from his recent trip to South Africa. His book on the same material, Black and White, *will appear early next year.*

mediately deposed him, regardless of his claim to office, whether he was an appointed or hereditary chief. He said the government meant to stamp it out. I had mentioned to him my projected visit to Tshekedi, and the fact that I expected to stay a day or two as a guest of the Chief in Serowe, his capital. He had shrugged his shoulders and smiled grimly. "You'll have a bellyful of that in an hour," he had said.

I was thinking rather gloomily of this prophetic warning, sitting in the dining car finishing my dinner, as the train crawled through the wilderness. The veld had flattened out, no hills or mountains now, and the bush had thickened to dense scrub vegetation. There seemed to be no towns, and even groups of Native huts were rare; and the huts themselves looked drearier and poorer. It kept raining off and on, as it had done all day —thoroughly depressing. It would be after eight o'clock, and dark, when we reached Palaype, which I'd been told was nothing much except a water tank. From Palaype to Serowe was a drive of forty miles. And what would it be like in the capital of Bechuanaland? Suppose by some mischance they failed to meet me? This was Sunday and there wouldn't be another train till Tuesday. And Tshekedi, himself, what would he be like? On more than one occasion he'd been front page news in Africa. I went over in my mind what I'd heard and read about him ——

TSHEKEDI KHAMA, born Serowe, 1906; son of Khama, distinguished Christian chief, and loyal friend and subject of the British Crown. The mother of Tshekedi was an inferior wife, and by reason of this fact he was not in direct line of succession to his father. When old Chief Khama died, another son succeeded him, by whose death in 1925, Tshekedi became regent for his brother's son, then an infant and now at Oxford studying law.

Tshekedi, himself, was a student at Lovedale College near Capetown when he was summoned home to assume the duties of a chief. At Serowe he found evidence of maladministration: poverty and apathy—most of his father's excellent work undone; Bamangwato authority diminished and defied, and tribesmen drifting back into unprogressive ways. The new chief lost no time; he immediately dismissed the reactionary members of his council, and instituted numerous innovations and reforms. According to report he went about his job with great determination, sparing no one, least of all himself.

In August 1933, when he was twenty-seven and had been in power for eight years, something happened—one of those things known in diplomatic circles as an *incident*—sufficiently sensational in its nature to hit the African front page with a resounding wallop. There are different versions of the facts, but in substance the story goes as follows:

A young man named Phineas McIntosh was resident in Serowe, not unwelcome since he was by trade a blacksmith and mechanic, and his services were in demand. He was the proud possessor of a rusty old jalopy, and also it appears, of a lusty inclination untempered by discretion. At all events, in the Bechuana moonlight, he developed the habit of picking up Native maidens and taking them for rides, from which, it seems not all of them walked back. His behavior went from bad to worse and at last became a nuisance, and then a public scandal. Whatever the virtue of virginity, in Africa it has an economic value. Native wealth consists of cattle, and cattle must be paid for wives; and deflowered maidens are on the bargain counter, not readily marketable. Families with girls to sell were properly enraged.

Complaint was lodged and Phineas was warned to mend his ways. But he didn't mend them. Finally he was summoned before the Chief, himself, in the Native Court, where justice is administered according to the edicts of Native Law and Custom—a proper proceeding in the circumstances, entirely defensible within the tenure of colonial policy.

The court was held in open air beneath a spreading tree; and, as always, there must have been a crowd of Native spectators, and no doubt some Europeans, traders and the like—a bigger crowd than usual, out of deference to the issue. Exactly what took place is controversial; but probably something of this sort: Phineas was pugnacious and defiant, standing in the dock before the Chief, who addressed him from a dais, surrounded by his councilors, all of them unarmed save for slender staffs, known as courtesy wands, and commonly carried as insignia of office. In substance Tshekedi told the boy he must desist from

this wholesale waste of virgins or take himself away out of Serowe. If he did not mend ways or liquidate himself—and here Tshekedi made a blunder, which he afterward admitted, though his legal position was completely sound—if he did not do the one thing or the other, the Chief would have him flogged. An ugly word, though in the future tense; and a dangerous threat, from a black man to a white one.

Phineas was neither frightened nor impressed. On the contrary, it seems, he was furiously angry. He shouted that no Native would ever lay a lash on the back of Phineas McIntosh, and followed up his words with a threatening gesture toward the person of the Chief, or one that could be easily so interpreted. And then there is confusion in the testimony. One story runs that the councilors intervened to hold him off, using their courtesy wands only to prevent an attack upon their master; though it seems both reasonable and likely that, in the heat of the affair, they may have beat him up a little bit. At any rate he suffered no great damage except his loss of face—a minor dent in white supremacy. And here the matter should have ended, save for an unrelated circumstance——

The High Commissioner for Bechuanaland was on leave of absence. The Acting High Commissioner was Vice Admiral E. R. Evans, a British naval officer of distinguished reputation, but of limited experience in colonial undertakings. He was in Pretoria at the time. Such report of the affair was brought to him, perhaps designedly, as led him to believe a rebellion was in progress in Bechuanaland. In a jiffy he was on the phone to Simon's Town, the British naval base a thousand miles away; and in next to no time a special train was speeding, some fifteen hundred miles, to the scene of action, with flat cars carrying field guns, and coaches full of jack-tars, armed to the teeth.

It is said that the European residents of Serowe stood aghast as the sailors and their guns marched into the town, that Phineas himself could hardly be persuaded to support the undertaking. But the case had now surpassed any rational control: the nationalistic press was seething with it; even London was concerned—and probably embarrassed. Action must be taken, regardless of the facts. And so a court was presently convened, with Tshekedi in the dock, accused of something—I'm not quite sure what. But whatever it was, and despite the defense of able counsel, he was convicted of it. There was nothing else to do; there were too many faces to be saved. Admiral Evans came next day to deliver a castigating lecture and pronounce the sentence of the court: deposition from office and exile, for two months—a modest punishment, but none the less a punishment.

There was a storm of unofficial protest, both in South Africa and England. Indeed, the case was verging on a *cause célèbre* when London came to life and intervened. The King, himself, restored the Chief to office, a gesture with its own implication of apology. It its worthy of note that Tshekedi did no crowing; he returned to Serowe and went quietly to work. Admiral Evans was relieved of the High Commissioner's mantle and sailed away to less devious operations. The *incident* was closed.

In January 1935, Tshekedi was in the news again. He appealed to the British Parliament to reject a proposal of the Union government that the Bechuanaland Protectorate be transferred from Great Britain to the Union. His appeal set forth that his people regarded themselves as subjects of the British Crown and immune to interference by any other government. His stand in the matter made no friends for him in the Union of South Africa, where he didn't have too many to begin with.

In February 1936, the Chief, then thirty years old, was married, with great pomp and ceremony, to Bagakanetse Sekgoma, daughter of his half brother. Their union was brief and unhappy, ending abruptly in another front page story——

In March 1937, Tshekedi was granted a divorce, on grounds that his wife had given birth to a child of which he was not father. The testimony, as reported in the press, was more or less sensational. The case seemed proved; and Tshekedi's attitude in the proceedings appeared to be dignified and just. A month later, in the Native Court, the divorced woman was found guilty on another charge: practicing witchcraft, with intent to do injury to the Chief's mother. There was now a long period of comparative silence during which Tshekedi took to himself another

wife, and carried on with grim determination the business of his realm, until——

In October 1947, he was back on the front page with a bang, accused by members of the Mswazi, long resident in Bechuanaland and subject to Bamangwato sovereignty, of a catalog of crimes: an indictment which described him as a Native Hitler, a totalitarian tyrant, who ignored the traditions of Native Law and Custom and the dictates of humanity. The source of the dispute was not too clear, and seemed to date a good way back in time. It had finally culminated in rebellion on the part of a portion of the Mswazi. Some twelve hundred of them had fled out of the country to Rhodesia, where they were far from welcome, squatting near the border in abject poverty. From this refuge they alleged specifically that the Bamangwato chief had destroyed, or confiscated, their cattle, grain, and movables; that he'd sent armed force against them, and they'd been compelled to flee, in peril of their lives. Tshekedi, in reply, denied that armed force had been employed, and maintained that the Mswazi were delinquent in their taxes; the property impounded represented what they owed, plus the cattle and grain they'd abandoned in their flight. He was holding these chattels as a trustee, he said, pending the return of his rebellious subjects, which, he suggested rather ominously, had better not be long deferred. Such were, in substance, the respective allegations.

Discouraged in efforts to get their wrongs redressed by the Colonial government, Chief John Mswazi, headman of the group, then directed an appeal to the United Nations, through the Reverend Michael Scott, a cruising, free-lance missionary and staunch defender of underprivileged blacks, who was then at Lake Success with other Native briefs and projects of his own to bring to the attention of the Council. It is not of record that he accomplished much in the Mswazi matter, or in any other case on his agenda.

I remembered one more story of Tshekedi, undocumented and possibly apocryphal, but more than likely with a core of truth; and which seemed to underline his character and sentiments. At the outbreak of the war, when the Union of South Africa had not made up its mind what it thought of Hitler—it never did entirely, and hasn't even yet—the Bamangwato chief sent a message to the King of England. He was prepared, he said, to raise an army in Bechuanaland and march upon the Germans; and, if necessary, to make war upon the Union of South Africa.

That about completed my dossier on Tshekedi.

II

The vehicle which met me in the dark and drizzle at Palaype was a truck, for the Chief's sedan had been mired on the way. Slithering in the mud, so that I learned simply to close my eyes when I saw a narrow bridge coming, we went through the wilderness of bush. It was after midnight and I was half asleep when the driver announced that we were in Serowe. I looked out but could see nothing. We went on a way and stopped, with our headlights on a house—a rambling old white house, beyond which was a modest building that turned out to be the kitchen, with a roofed-over passageway between it and the house. There were no lights within the house nor any sign of life, not even barking dogs. The driver left me standing in the muddy yard while he went to rouse somebody, and presently returned with a sleepy-looking man who led the way into the house, through the covered passage between it and the kitchen, into a roomy hall, high-ceilinged and old-fashioned, where he had lit an oil lamp. The walls were thickly hung with ancient photographs and official looking scrolls in heavy frames; and the floor was carpeted with lion skins, as indeed the whole house was—just the skins without the heads, sewed together to make rugs, as soft and sleek as velvet.

And then, from a room beyond the hall, the Chief appeared, wrapped in a bulky bathrobe and carrying a candle—a chunky, solid black man, with the beginning of a paunch, accentuated by the robe he wore; of about, or even less than, average height, with a round, cropped head set close upon his shoulders and distinctly Negroid features; not in any sense distinguished in appearance, or with any obvious sign of artistocratic birth. He came toward me with a smile, holding out his hand, greeting me politely but not easily or warmly. I apologized for having got

him up at this hour of the night. And he replied with apology to me for the state of the roads and the chainless cars as he led the way into a small and stiffly formal parlor, with more lion skins on the floor, and huge, ugly, uncomfortable chairs; with windows bordered by frames of colored glass, and lace curtains hanging at them, as crisp and bleak as shrouds—a room that might have been, and no doubt was, inspired by example of the early Boer pioneers, than which there could be nothing more substantial and depressing.

There was a table in the center of the room, with several candles on it, which the Chief lighted from the one he carried. I begged him not to go to any trouble, but he insisted I must have a cup of coffee before I went to bed. We sat down and faced each other, making awkward conversation. I spoke about the house—its rambling roominess, which I could commend. He told me his father had built the house and lived in it; that he himself lived in another house though at times in this one, his guest house, when his wife was away, as she was just now—attending to their crops and cattle, a necessary matter at this season of the year. He explained that when the maize was growing, it was important for it to be guarded, from beasts and straying cattle; and commonly the women of a family, or some of them at least, taking turns about it, would go to stay and watch, living in the bush, with only little shelters made of thatch —often at considerable distance from their homes, for the cultivated fields apportioned to a family or a clan were scattered far and wide, and changed, from time to time, from one section to another.

The coffee was lukewarm. When we had disposed of it the Chief picked up a candle and led me to my room, which opened on the hall and had a door with a stained glass panel in it. The room was small and filled to capacity with three pieces of furniture: a wardrobe in a corner, a stand with bowl and pitcher, and a big brass double bed, with inviting sheets and blankets, and a mosquito net looped over it. The Chief said the net was quite unnecessary as the windows were well screened—but I could suit myself. We said good night and parted. I left the net hung up and took my paludrin, a malaria preventive, which I had been taking for some days, in preparation for this trip and my further excursion to the Congo; and I added a nembutal to insure a good night's rest. I was almost asleep when I crawled into the bed, which was soft and comfortable.

My first impressions of Tshekedi, which subsequent acquaintance tended to confirm, may as well be stated now. He is not, as someone had warned me, a vulgarian; nor is he a man of polished manners. He is not a highly educated or widely cultured man, as indeed men of action seldom are. I had been told that he possessed the most extensive library in South Africa. It turned out to consist of an indiscriminate collection of volumes on social subjects, and a vast amount of trash; in no sense extensive or selective. He has little sense of humor, and this is common to the one-track mind.

I would doubt he is exceptionally endowed with administrative talents; but he has a great capacity for work—the stubbornness and physical endurance to carry on his job through thick and thin; and the vision of a practical idealist—a fanatic, if you like—to inspire almost superhuman effort. He is not a man to be discouraged or defeated, or to recognize defeat when he has met it. He is not, I believe, personally ambitious—not motivated by a lust for power. But power is his heritage and the tool beside his hand; the autocratic power of a chief, prescribed and endorsed by Native Law and Custom. He is lacking in emotional warmth. I cannot say I was drawn personally, that I either liked or disliked him. I felt that such interest as he had in me was purely to the end that I might serve his purpose. I was a writer and he had something to sell me. That's why I was there. He made no effort to cover up the fact; or, if he did, he was not deft about it. I suspect he might be a very lonely man, if he ever found the time to stop and think about it. These conclusions were not, of course, the product of a moment, but derived from observation of the man throughout my visit: what he did and said, plus the record of him I had read and heard.

III

It was almost nine o'clock when I awoke. When they heard me stirring a boy came to my door, with coffee in a pitcher. I shaved and dressed and went out to look

around. There was no one in sight and I went back to the kitchen. The cook was there, preparing breakfast on a primitive brick stove. The Chief had been gone since dawn, he said. He was always up at dawn and sometimes earlier. Court was held at sunrise, and he had to be there to listen to complaints and adjust disputes of one kind and another. He'd soon be back for breakfast. The kitchen was a big room with almost nothing in it except the smell of onions; and I went out to the terrace. The rain had stopped and the sun was shining fitfully through the drifting cloud rack. There wasn't much to see: groups of round mud huts with conical roofs of overhanging thatch, enclosed behind stockades of rough, hand-hewn palings, six or eight feet high, designed to keep stray cattle from intruding. The view was interrupted by several craggy buttes of rock, rearing abruptly from the nearly level plain, their ragged flanks lush green with grass and bush. In the endless distance was a rim of hazy mountains.

The Oldsmobile which had gone into the ditch the night before came skidding through the muddy yard, and the Chief got out of it. He was dressed in a brown suit, blue cotton shirt and necktie; and he looked less squat and paunchy than he had the night before, but still quite undistinguished—like a reasonably prosperous Middle Western rancher. He apologized for being late. I said I wished he'd waked me, so I might have seen the functioning of his court; to which he replied that he knew I had been tired from my trip and was in need of sleep. But I had the feeling this was not the reason, that he simply had no interest in taking me along—not because there was something to conceal, but because there was nothing to serve his purpose from it. We went in to breakfast, which we ate from a white cloth-covered table in a conventional dining room, with numerous photographs in frames on the papered walls—one large one of Chief Khama in regalia of his office, and a collection of his favorite walking sticks, hung up like *assagai*. The boy who served us, dressed in khaki shirt and shorts, and of course barefooted, did it rather clumsily, never seeming sure where a dish should be set down, or just how to pick it up. There was nothing to suggest he'd been instructed by anyone who knew or cared about it. We had oatmeal and milk, and then a dish of mangled eggs and bacon cooked with onions—no doubt a robust dainty of the pioneer Boers; but I found it hard to take. We had good white bread, a pleasant change from the ersatz, sawdust kind adopted for the war, and still enforced by law, in the Union of South Africa. And the coffee was hot and palatable.

In the course of the meal the Chief volunteered some general information: the town of Serowe had a population of 30,000 people, of whom there were less than a hundred Europeans: some traders, labor agents, and the like, together with their families; and the members of the British administrative staff, whose work was carried on from a compound of their own. He had no complaint to make of the British government; or, if he had, he did not make it to me, either then or later. Though he mentioned rather sadly that of the taxes he collected from his people—about five dollars annually per man—the British took for their administration sixty-five per cent. It did not leave much, he said for his educational projects, which were the first essential in his program for improving the condition of his people.

Despite this fact, he added, he was constructing now at a place called Moeng, some ninety miles away, beyond Palaype, the Bechuana Secondary School—the first such school in Bechuanaland, where there would be education in the higher branches, and vocational training in mechanical and agricultural fields; a school with a curriculum as high as or higher than a high school in my country. But this was only a beginning: teachers must be trained, and then there would be other secondary schools. He was silent for a moment, staring at his plate. "With equal opportunity," he said, "the black and white may live in peace together." He pushed his chair back and stood up. Tomorrow, if the roads were dry enough, he would take me to Moeng to see for myself what was under way. This morning he would show me through the town.

We drove through a network of winding, muddy roads—not streets, but country lanes, deep rutted and with chuck holes that had to be negotiated carefully; bordered with stockades of wooden palings, with the conical thatched roofs sticking up above them—not symmetrically arranged, like houses in a town, but helter-skelter here and there, as if the

builders of them had no plan about it. There were pleasant shade trees but no gardens. Children were playing in the grass beside the road, and most of them looked undersized, spindle-legged, and frail—some with bloated bellies, commonly the sign of a carbohydrate diet. On a footpath at the roadside, men and women were going to and fro, but not many of them, nothing to suggest an urban settlement: the women carrying things upon their heads, baskets of provisions, jars of water. They stood still as we passed, smiling greeting toward the car; and the men, if they wore hats, took them off respectfully.

At the foot of a towering rocky butte we stopped outside a wire fence, beyond which was a flagpole with the union jack. Here, at one of a group of huts in the native style, we called briefly on the Commissioner. Then we set out again, wallowing through the mud. I suggested I would like to visit a Native hut, and the Chief stopped at the gate of the next one we came to. Inside the paling the ground was packed as smooth and hard as a clay tennis court, and divided by low mud walls, so that each hut had a decent yard around it. The roofing thatch was thick, and so skilfully fabricated that, at a little distance, it looked as soft as velvet. It was not supported on the round mud wall, which it steeply overhung, but on poles which ringed the outside of the house, leaving a narrow space between the wall and roof, which provided ventilation and egress for smoke, when, because of weather, there was cooking in the house. The color scheme of yard and hut and roof was a blending of warm browns, pleasing to the eye in the greenery of the trees.

Two boys were cooking mealies in a kettle in the yard. They were so startled by the visit of the Chief that they let the pot boil over, and yellow mush poured out upon the ground while they stood respectfully, smiling welcome. We walked through the open door of the nearest hut, which I judged to be about twelve feet in diameter, with an earthen floor as smooth as tile and spotlessly clean. There was no one at home. Quite high up in the wall were two small windows which did not admit much light because of the steeply overhanging eaves. The furnishings consisted of two wooden chairs and table, and two narrow beds with cheap but pretty counterpanes. The pillowcase on one of them, immaculately clean and fresh, had clusters of flowers embroidered on its corners. A few poor garments hung on hooks upon the wall, and there were two or three religious pictures, which identified the owners as Christian communicants of some sort—as indeed nearly all the people of Serowe are. There was a shelf of modest crockery and some utensils stacked against the wall, but no sign of any stove. The Chief said if the weather required them to cook indoors, they built a fire between mud bricks on the floor.

I do not know how typical this hut was, but it certainly was unselected. In any case, it seemed to me that it would be difficult to find, in a Western country, a cleaner, neater, better ordered household. But of course there was advantage in the fact that possessions were reduced to bare essentials. Architecturally the native hut seems admirably adapted to its functional use; and aesthetically it's pleasing to the eye, in form and color. And there is the added virtue of uniformity: no ugly, upstart house intrudes upon the scene. In a primitive society there is no such thing as individual architectural taste. If you want to build a house, there's only one to build.

As we were leaving I asked about the water, and the Chief said there were numerous wells scattered through the town, from which the residents were free to draw their needs. The women fetched it every day, or as often as they chose; the wells were gathering places where they liked to go to chat. I asked about the sewage, and he said there were no sewers nor sanitary works of any kind, not even privies for the average huts. There was the bush, he said, with a sweep of his arm to indicate the breadth of Africa, and for the present they must make the most of it, as they had always done. There were other things that wanted doing first. The idea of a city of 30,000 people depending on the bush for its sanitary needs was a little staggering to me. But there were no sewage odors in the town, though there was a suggestive quantity of flies.

Back in the car again the Chief volunteered some facts about his people, whom he described as constituting a communal, patriarchal society, composed of many clans. The head of a family was an authority within it, and families with close blood ties lived together. As for example, one

stockade of huts contained the homes of sons, and grandsons, too—if there was space for them. And the ground they cultivated was communal, increased if need be by an increase in their numbers, and, if changed from one section to another, changed for all of them. They did not own the land, which was assigned to them by tribal authority; ownership was vested in the Bamangwato tribe, in all the people. Nor did they, as members of a family, have individual claim on the produce of their labor. The crops and the cattle were the property of all. And the duty of the headman of the family, the oldest and wisest member of it—or there might be more than one—was to see that everybody got his proper share, and neither more nor less; and to settle such disputes as might arise between them.

As families grew in size and time, and blood ties were diluted, they gave birth to many families. And such a group of families was a clan, whose membership was governed by complicated rules of genealogy and which, though less closely knit than the family unit, had its own loyalties and obligations, and a headman with the rank of chief. The chiefs of clan were commonly the councilors of the tribal chief, and were to be consulted on matters which affected the people as a whole. Disagreements in a family, which could not be adjusted by its elder, might be referred to the chief of clan, of which the family was a member; and if not determined there, or if the chief of clan felt doubt about the matter, the parties to the case could bring their cause before the tribal court, with their witnesses and arguments—a court of last appeal, where judgment would be rendered in accordance with the edicts of Native Law and Custom.

I was thinking of Tshekedi's wife, the one who had been tried for witchcraft and found guilty; and I asked a question: Did witchcraft often figure in the cases brought before him? He said sometimes, not often; and he added that such cases could not be tried in a British civil court, since a charge of witchcraft would be outlawed at the start, and no evidence admitted to support it. But Native Custom recognized it as a fact, and Native Law provided for its punishment, when it was used to do an injury. Belief in it was general; it was basic, elemental in the culture of the people—as for example, where or when to plant a crop or build a house; or, more seriously, in the treatment of disease. But in fact it was in everything, all the doings of one's life: a deeply rooted fabric of taboos and superstitions, which played a dominant role in native undertakings, from the cradle to the grave. I told him what that sturdy Afrikaner, the Union High Commissioner for Southwest Africa had said to me in Capetown: how, if in his territory he found a chief who tolerated witchcraft, he would instantly depose him. Tshekedi frowned and shrugged impatiently. Witchcraft, he observed, was not to be disposed of by such summary procedure; and to legislate against it would merely strengthen it, in the way that repressive measures usually resulted. It would yield in time to education, and to nothing else. He was silent for a moment. "The witch doctor," he said, "in the treatment of disease, serves a necessary purpose. He can only be replaced by scientific medicine. To destroy him in advance of its availability would be a criminal action."

We were passing by a vacant, sun-baked strip of ground, like a small public square, with a big tree in its center, and a narrow oval building at one side—really just a long thached roof held up by poles, with a low mud wall around it. He pointed to it, saying it was where he held his court—in the open when the weather would permit, or otherwise under shelter of the roof. I was reminded of Phineas McIntosh, and I asked if this was the place where he'd been tried. He didn't answer that; he said, a little grimly, there were aspects of the case which had never been disclosed, but he didn't suggest disclosing them to me. Indeed, he changed the subject, nodding toward some unimposing structures on the far side of the square, which, he said, contained his administrative offices.

We went on a little farther and stopped at the foot of another rocky butte, up the side of which there was a road—or what had been a road, for it was now impassable, washed out and filled with rocks. It was not a steep accent, but the Chief strode so briskly that two or three times I had to pause for breath. About halfway to the top, around a spur of rock, we came upon a low stone wall with a padlocked gate for which he had a key. Beyond it, carved in the sheer flank of the butte, was a narrow shelf of grassy turf: a family burial ground

of half a dozen graves, with the monuments you'd see in an English churchyard. The dominating one was a slender granite shaft which marked the resting place of old Chief Khama. For some moments Tshekedi stood in silence, hat in hand; and then he motioned me to look across the parapet which edged the burial ground upon its farther side. And there, it seemed, was all of Bechuanaland spread out before my eyes: a breath-catching panoramic view. The ragged town lay sprawling on the floor beneath us, half-hidden by the butte on which we stood; and beyond it was an endless plain of bush, unbroken save for scattered crags of rock, splotched with barren patches of the reddish soil where the bush thinned out, rimmed at the end of vision with encircling soft blue mountains against a deep blue sky: beautiful and desolate, tinged with melancholy.

We sat side by side upon the parapet. Jutting out into the plain, almost out of sight behind the butte, was a lofty tableland—the top of it as flat, and the flanks as sheer, as if a knife had sliced them. This plateau, the Chief explained, was the beginning of the Kalahari desert, a vast, arid, uninhabitable region which stretched away a thousand miles into Southwest Africa. But much of Bechuanaland was potentially rich, he said. This wilderness of bush land spread before our eyes would grow everything on earth under proper cultivation—with modern, scientific agricultural methods—with machinery and equipment to cultivate and harvest. He knew, for he had tried it out under guidance of European experts. There was no doubt about it: not only a living in the soil for all the people of the country, but there would be a surplus to export, whose proceeds would provide the necessities of a more advanced society and even modest luxuries.

Nor was this all the story, for Bechuanaland was rich in mineral wealth. There were vast coal deposits not many miles away from where we sat, waiting almost at the surface to be mined. This, too, he knew, for he had employed European engineers to estimate their value and accessibility. And there were other minerals of great or unknown value. But development must wait until his people were able and ready to take it on themselves. Not now, but someday. Education must come first: schools to turn out farmers and mining engineers—trained men, and women, too, for every sort of skill and vocational undertaking—and teachers who would multiply their numbers. The Bechuana Secondary School was just a start. "It may seem to you," he said, "that not much has been done to improve the condition of the people. But a beginning has been made, and that is perhaps the hardest step of all."

I asked what schools there were in Serowe now. There were five elementary schools, he told me, able to accommodate 2,000 children, which was a third of the children in the town. The schools were of course inadequate, in quantity and quality, but there was a great scarcity of teachers, and a limit to expense. From its share of the taxes the British government contributed nothing to educational matters, and so the burden of them was a heavy one to bear. I asked another question: were many of his young men recruited for the gold mines of Johannesburg? Some were, he said, not many. From the way in which he spoke I had a feeling the subject was unwelcome. There were labor agents in the country, he admitted, and some young men and boys were tempted by their offers—prompted by a spirit of adventure, he explained. But those who did go seldom went again. When they came home they stayed. And men with wives and families rarely ever went. The Bechuana people loved their country and were not disposed to roam about the world. It seemed to me he was arguing with himself, evading, or ignoring, an admission that economic need was a factor in the matter. At all events he quickly changed the subject, calling my attention to the ragged town beneath us.

It had no plan, he said. It had just grown there, without direction or design. But unlike a Western city which must stay where it had started, Serowe could be moved. It had no permanency; the mud huts which composed it were of brief life anyway. When they had to be replaced they could as well be replaced somewhere else, and started with a plan: streets of proper size on geometric lines, and adequate provision for public services—a water supply and sanitation. It was in his mind to move the city, gradually, to a new location, actually adjacent to the one it occupied, but where it could be started from

a blueprint. He wanted bit by bit to eliminate the native hut and the helter-skelter grouping of dwellings in stockades, to encourage modern housing in the Western style. He wanted in the end a new and modern town, with electric lights and sewers, and decent shops well stocked with merchandise. He would like to do away, he said, with European traders—concessionaires who paid well for the privilege of fattening on the public. The business of a country should be carried on by its own citizens, who, if they must enrich someone, had best enrich themselves. He had been reading much about co-operatives, particularly those in the Scandanavian countries, and was greatly taken with the idea. When the time was ripe for it, he thought of introducing a co-operative system in the merchandising field, whereby the people could exchange their produce for manufactured goods and retain the profits for themselves. Such a system, he remarked, should be well adapted to the Bechuana people who were thoroughly conditioned to a communal life, and an easy, natural step for them to take. He glanced at his watch and said we must be going.

We went back to the car and drove a little distance, to the houses at the end of the square, which he had pointed out as containing his administrative offices. At the door of one several men were waiting, and they stood respectfully, hats in hand, as we passed by. The house consisted of three or four small rooms, meagerly furnished and equipped, with about a dozen clerks and typists busy at their tasks. The private office of the Chief had a modern touch, with a long narrow desk and metal filing cabinets, and a brisk young woman secretary who had numerous things to tell him and a batch of penciled memos to explain. They talked of course in the Bamangwato language, so I have no notion what it was all about. But presently, on his consent, she ushered in a woman who had probably been waiting for an interview—an elderly woman who, judging from her dress and almost tearful manner, might have recently suffered a bereavement. He motioned her to sit in the chair across from him, and listened to her story with attentive patience, twisting a paper knife in his big restless hands. It was a long story, but he did not seek to hurry her, nor did he interrupt her, save now and then to ask a question. When at last she finished with it, he said his say about it, without warmth or emotion, but speaking like a friend —like a father to a daughter, though the woman was of an age to be his mother. Presumably he advised her what to do in the matter that was troubling her—a trouble close to tears; and she seemed relieved and grateful.

He took me then into another room, which he said was the office of the tax collector, in which there were three or four men working, one of whom he introduced as the head of the department—a sort of Secretary of the Treasury, I suppose, though in no sense distinguished in appearance, or distinguishable from the clerks who served him as assistants. In short, he seemed an ordinary man of modest caliber, without earmark of executive ability or what we call efficiency. Indeed, I did not meet or see in the administrative offices, or elsewhere in Serowe or Bechuanaland, anyone who seemed to be the second in command —or third or fourth or fifth—any real vice-president or general manager, any individual who seemed really to supplement the Chief, or be capable of doing so, or within a long reach of it. It looked, from every angle that I saw it, like a one-man job, and much too big a job for any man alone.

AT HOME we found lunch waiting for us: a substantial meal of soup and meat and vegetables, garnished thick with onions—neither good nor very bad. There was no beer or liquor served, with the meal or any time. The Chief does not drink or use tobacco. After lunch he said he had business to attend to and would leave me to myself. He took me to the parlor where my Corona was set out on a gimcrack desk in a dismal corner of it, and rather waved me to it, as if to say, "You'd better write it down while you still remember it." And he left me there with the windows in their panels of stained glass behind the stiff lace curtains, and the lion skins on the floor.

I hammered out some notes, but time hung heavy on my hands. I went on to the kitchen and interviewed the cook. No, the Chief had not left word when he'd be back. The clouds had gathered and it looked like rain, but anyway I decided on a walk. I strolled, with no idea where I might be going, but taking care to remember how I came, lest I should be lost in the puzzle of stockades. Goats were tethered here and there, and being moved

about from one pasture to another. Men and women passed along the muddy path, nearly all the women carrying something on their heads—from a tea cup to a hamper full of washing. Some were young and pretty, and most of them had slender, graceful figures which their Western sisters would have envied. When you carry a burden on your head, your back is straight and you have to keep your chin up. They smiled and nodded shyly to me; men in faded shirts and jeans stepped aside to yield the path, taking off their hats; children called out, "Yambo," and seemed delighted when I called the greeting back.

It had commenced to drizzle when I came at length to a trader's store, a delapidated building with a crazy wooden porch on which a group of people had sought shelter from the rain: men and women, young and old, and spindle-legged children—poor people certainly, very poor indeed, but not unhappy. Their faces were not dull or listless, and there was a lot of laughing chatter going on. Inside the store two women were bargaining with a Native shop assistant for a length of cotton cloth, of which they make the simple garment that they wear. The gayer colors are the more expensive, but in Bechuanaland there are few gay colors used. The shop seemed almost bare of merchandise: bolts of cotton stuff, shirts and jeans for men—coffee, tea, and sugar, I suppose, some shelves of tinned and packaged foods, mostly from America—not on a par with the poorest sort of crossroads store at home.

I tried to think of the people on the porch as living in a modernized Serowe, as making their homes in the little bungalows—a way of life which, in itself, denied the deep convictions of their culture, which would disperse the family group and threaten all the loyalties tradition had imposed, which was antipodal to custom and destructive of the fabric of a tribal life. I tried to think of them as butchers, bakers, plumbers; as teachers, college presidents; as doctors, dentists, scientists, and lawyers; as governors, and bureaucrats and bankers; as policemen and firemen and radio performers; as writers and editors and publishers of books; as owners and clients of cooperative enterprises—to think of them as playing all the specialized and complex roles demanded by a competitive society, and which were as remote from their experience as the stars. And this, to visualize within a calculable time, was hard—impossible, in fact. There were so many things that wanted doing first, and not just things in the realm of education, that could be learned in schools. Only the children seemed in reach of it at all—but in reach of nothing more than being children, for children are the same throughout the earth; always and everywhere they are little primitives.

Too bad these simple people could not be spared the long and dubious agony of being civilized—a process which, no matter how humanely it be guided, is still a cruelly painful operation. But the world has grown so small there is no room left in it for adult children. And the process once commenced cannot be reversed, for there is no road back.

IV

The Chief disposed of me until bedtime by giving me a file of papers on the Mswazi controversy to wade through, while he worked on some problem from his loaded briefcase. The next day I saw the hospital, staffed by one European and one Native doctor—only a handful of Native doctors manage to surmount the color line and graduate each year, notwithstanding a Native population of 9,000,000 in the Union of South Africa alone. And I visited a barn-like elementary school where some 400 children got the equivalent of third or fourth grade work. Still ahead of me were the long trip to Moeng to see the Bechuana Secondary project and, finally, my train at Palaype. Conducted by Molwa Sekgoma, the gentle sensitive cousin of the Chief, we set off at noon by truck, waving goodby to the Chief, who, I felt sure, was relieved to see the end of me, and thankful that at last he could get back to his work.

The day was fine; the road already dusty, except for shrinking mud holes which could easily be avoided; the terrifying trestles turned out on close acquaintance to be decent wooden bridges over unalarming ditches; the sky was an inverted bowl, as blue as indigo and higher up than heaven; the air was fresh and sweet, and the bush was green and beautiful. Now and then we came to clearings, divided into little fields where knee-high corn was growing. Sekgoma pointed out two vari-

eties: maize and mealies, he explained. But from the car I could not detect the difference. These were communal tracts, apportioned to families resident in Serowe; and here and there among them would be a tiny shelter made of thatch, where those who stayed to tend the crops could make their beds at night. They were scattered far and wide, Sekgoma said, to distances of several walking days. Although great areas of the Bechuana territory are what is known as Crown Lands, and as such are, theoretically at least, subject to the disposition of the British Crown, practically, the Natives are free to use most of the land in any way they please.

We came on cattle pasturing in the bush—scrubby-looking beasts of uncertain genealogy, and shelters for the herdsmen who were drowzing in the shade beside the road. They waved and called to us as we passed by. There were no fences and the pasturage was meager, so the cattle must be moved from day to day.

I asked Sekgoma: to whom did the cattle belong?—To different people.——How many cattle did an average man possess?—It varied greatly. There were men of the Bamangwato tribe—though perhaps he spoke of families and not of individuals—who owned as many as 5,000 head (which would be in value about $20,000), and others who owned none.——Such disparity seemed difficult to reconcile with a communal economic system, and I raised the question.

"You mean," I asked, "that here in Bechuanaland, as elsewhere in the world, there are both rich and poor?"—"Yes, rich and poor," he said. "But the rich are not rich by European standards, and the poor are not so poor, for no man will die of hunger while any in his family—or in his clan or tribe—have food to eat."——I pursued the matter further: such rich men as there were, why did they not, I questioned, avail themselves of Western methods to multiply their wealth? Why did they not invest in tractors and equipment to cultivate the soil?——"They are content," he smiled. "They are not acquainted with competitive society, and their wants are few."——But at least, I insisted, they could build modern homes, with Frigidaires and radios and central heating plants.—"But they like their homes," he said, "and they like their way of life."——This seemed entirely reasonable to me, and I dropped the subject.

Long past lunchtime we rattled down into a lovely valley, completely encircled by the mountains, the floor of it lush green and dotted thick with clumps of fine big trees. For several miles we drove along a level road, fording trickling brooks where cattle wallowed and must be herded from our path, until finally, at the far side of the valley, close against the flank of a tall, thick-timbered mountain, we came upon a group of thatched mud huts—perhaps a dozen of them. And around them, half hidden by the trees, scattered through a natural campus many acres in extent, were the white-walled buildings of the school, with their silvery metal roofs. We drove to one, across the hummocked grass, and stopped beneath a spreading tree.

And where, I asked, was Moeng?——Moeng was here—that little group of huts.——There was no more to it than that?—No more than that.——But why select a spot like this in which to build a school?—Well, for one thing, it was beautiful, Sekgoma ventured shyly—or did I find it so?——Yes, beautiful of course. But still, why here?—almost a hundred miles distant from Serowe, in the heart of the wilderness, in a place so inaccessible, at the very end of nowhere?——There were practical considerations, too, Sekgoma said. The Chief had not selected the location for its aesthetic advantages alone, though they had played a part in his decision. He wanted the school to be removed from outside influences, in a place where the academic life could be uninterruptedly pursued, with almost monastic rigor. And Moeng served this purpose. Also, it was not too remote from the railway line, and this must be considered in the building of it. Finally, and perhaps most importantly of all, there was an abundant source of water, from near-by springs—"fountains" as he called them—on the flank of the mountain.

While the boys built a fire in the shade of the tree and set about preparing for the picnic, I strolled with Sekgoma from one building to another. The place was a beehive of activity: carpenters and masons busy at their jobs; trucks and wagons bumping back and forth with loads of brick and lumber. At a little distance the brick was being made. We presently encountered the European foreman, J. W. Warffemius—an amiable, big Dutchman from the Cape—who joined us and walked with us. He seemed to know his business

thoroughly, and be glad of a chance to talk about it. He had on the job, he said, only three other Europeans, and forty Native and Colored artisans whom he had imported. All the other labor was furnished by the Chief, and on the whole was very satisfactory. He picked up a brick and put it in my hands. It was first-rate brick, he said, as good as you'd find anywhere.

It would serve no purpose for me to describe the several buildings in detail, beyond to say they would be no discredit to an educational institution anywhere. They were in no sense elaborate or pretentious, but designed on simple functional lines, not for luxurious but for rather Spartan living. Aesthetically, with their white plastered walls one story high, and sloping, silvery roofs of stainless ribbed aluminum overhanging wide tiled porches, they were pleasing to the eye and appropriate to the landscape.

V

THERE was no time to linger. It was growing dusk and the headlights were turned on; and in the light of them we caught a silver fox—or so Sekgoma named it—as it slipped across the road and vanished in the bush. Two or three times, in the midst of nothing, we paused to discharge a passenger—several had joined us at Moeng; and finally, at the edge of a tiny clearing, two women who had corn to guard, their babies on their backs, carrying their belongings in their arms —blankets and a kettle and a bag of mealies: everything they'd need to make themselves at home, for days or maybe weeks. Perhaps there was a shelter into which they'd crawl to sleep; and if not no doubt they'd build one before they went to bed. They would know how to do it, gathering twigs and branches from the bush; they would not need any help. There might be lions abroad, or poisonous serpents hidden in the grass; and with such, too, they would know how to deal. And they would not be lonely or afraid. The errand they were on was part and parcel of their way of life, as unconsidered as, in the Western world, one would step across the street to buy a loaf of bread. They were laughing when we left them in the road, exchanging banter with the remaining passengers.

On the driver's seat we rode in silence, winding swiftly along the narrow way our headlights carved out of the wilderness. The stars were coming out. Again we crossed the railroad track—that segment of an uncompleted vision which a man long dead had dreamed. I was thinking of the Bechuana Secondary School, of the dream that inspired its creation, of the vision of the dreamer, in the distance far beyond it. I had seen the splendid buildings, had touched them with my hands, yet they seemed already like the fabric of a dream and incredibly remote. A railroad from the Cape to Cairo seemed in contrast a comparatively modest undertaking; there were only to be overcome some virgin forests, deserts, mountains, rivers; beasts and reptiles; plague-ridden tropics infested with malignant fevers; hostile savages, and European rivalries with spheres of influence—at their most deadly worst only forces of nature and political intrigue: nothing that money and a determined spirit couldn't conquer in a measurable period of time. But the Bechuana Secondary School had more formidable enemies to vanquish: lethargy, inertia; a kind of thinking and a way of life completely alien to its objectives, and which would be stubbornly defended, regardless of what lip service they gave, by the deepest strata of the primitive subconcious. There was, or so it seemed to me, riding in the darkness through the bush—there was too much that wanted doing first. As if you were to say to a child in kindergarten: tomorrow you must go to the university.

IN ANOTHER moment we drew up at the deserted railway platform, and the remnant of our passengers vanished in the night. The cook, who had come along to prepare our picnic lunch at Moeng, and the driver took my luggage in their charge. In the waiting room I found the station master and an assistant one—young Afrikaners with cigarettes hanging from their lips, exchanging words in their gutteral, bastard Dutch. They told me my train would be on time. They were not impolite, but they seemed crude and raw, and the whiteness of their skins had an unhealthy look.

I urged Sekgoma, in view of the fact they still had quite a journey before they would get home, that they go ahead and leave me; there was nothing to be done and no need for

them to wait. But he wouldn't hear of such a thing. The Chief had placed me in his care, he said, and his responsibility would not be discharged until he saw me safely on the train. So we strolled together up and down the platform, with our two retainers at our heels. There was a bench against the station wall and I was on the point of suggesting we sit down, when I suddenly remembered there would be a sign above it: "Europeans," Somewhere in the dark, more exposed and humble and well removed from contact with the superior race, there would be another bench with "Natives" painted on it. It wouldn't do for me to sit on that one; it would be an admission of the matter, or else a condescension on my part: in any case embarrassing to everybody. Nor would it do for Sekgoma—a cousin of the ruling Chief of Bechuanaland, in which this wretched railway station stood, who had represented him not long ago in London at the Victory Celebration and had been well received and entertained, who had met the King of England and shaken hands with him; who was in fact an educated, cultured gentleman, whose boots the Afrikaner station agents were not, on any rational social basis, fit to shine—it wouldn't do for him to sit with me, or without me for that matter, on the "European" bench against the station wall. Quite likely if he did, the youthful station master would tell him to get off.

And so we stood, or strolled, listening to the melancholy whistle at a crossing—perhaps the road to Moeng; watching the headlight spread thin against the sky, and then a steady beam driving at us down the track. The train came roaring, grinding to a stop: a modern monster in the silent wilderness, ablaze with light, and its tail of many cars stretching far beyond the platform. It was packed with voyagers: open windows in coupes and corridors crowded thick with European heads—white faces staring vacantly.

I shook the hand of each of my companions —the driver's and the cook's, and then Sekgoma's—contrary to the protocol of white supremacy. I would have done it anyway, as a natural, friendly gesture; but at the moment it was something more than that: a childish, futile gesture of hurt and angry protest against the color line, against the race of which I was a member, against the world in which I lived. I was conscious of the faces watching from the windows of the train, hoping they saw me and would think the worse of me, not wanting to be welcomed or accepted by them. The train was moving and I jumped upon the step. "Goodby, my friends," I called, and called it loudly.

The World Outside

A Story by Howard Maier

Illustrated by Frede Vidar

THE midget and the fat lady, the rubber man and the giant, the fire-eater and the tattooed man sat melancholy and unsmiling, each on his individual platform, staring down at the meagre crowd that wandered up and down the sawdust aisles. It was stifling hot within the narrow confines of the side-show tent. An acrid animal scent filled the air, but no animal stirred in the cages which lined the far wall. Occasionally a queer whimpering sound would come from the monkey cage. So pleading and importunate was this sound that those nearest the cage would stop in their tracks and lift their heads. At these moments even the children were quiet.

To John Douglas, standing beside the glass water tank on his platform, the meaning of the importunate whimpering was quite clear. That morning Bella, the Rhesus monkey, had given birth to a baby. The baby had been born dead and the cage men had taken it from her. Once before in the long years of his circus life, John remembered, another monkey had given birth like this, late in the morning just before the afternoon performance. Then, too, the baby had been born dead but its birth was undiscovered and in the afternoon when the tent was filled with people the other monkeys in the cage had tried to wrest the dead babe from its mother. The townspeople had witnessed the terrible struggle that ensued and had protested through their mayor. And that night, he recalled, they had played to an empty tent.

At the time it had happened he had paid it very little attention, for a wireman with top billing had nothing whatsoever to do with sideshow people or with animals. Then, five years ago, had come his accident and although nothing about him seemed different the bones of his left ankle would no longer adapt themselves to the stress of wire walking. Because he loved the circus but mostly because he knew no other life, he had devised his side-show act. Now he ate at the smaller table with the performers from his tent and he never mentioned the life he had once led. And they, perhaps because they had forgotten or because it was so commonplace an occurrence, never mentioned it either. And yet at night in the upper berth of the swaying circus train he dreamed that he again walked the high wire and that he could hear the measured, rolling sound of the applause as it swept up past him to beat at the pinnacle of the big top above his head.

As McGrady grunted his way up the ladder onto the platform, the prop-boys who had been lolling on the tarpaulin at the back of the tank got to their feet and began to test the air-pump. Stepping past John to the very front of the platform, McGrady said out of the corner of his mouth, "How's it, boy? How'd you feel?"

John gave him a curt nod of his head.

"Okay then, here we go."

McGrady picked up the leather hammer and beat repeatedly on the brass gong. The crashing discordance seemed amplified in the stifling heat. John tried to shut out the sound, steeling his nerves against it, trying

not to compare it with the beautiful ascending fanfare of the big top. The deep reverberations seemed to reach out and ensnare the wanderers, forcing them to turn and approach.

Dropping the hammer, McGrady went into his spiel. "Move in a little closer, folks, there's plenty of room up here in front. That's it. Thank you. And you, too, sir." He lifted his head and his jowls shook rhythmically as his voice carried to every corner of the tent: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness the most dangerous and awe-inspiring feat the world has ever seen. In exactly sixty seconds John Douglas at my side . . ."

At his cue John bowed three times from the waist.

". . . a man born right here in your own county is going to take his life in his hands and enter this tank. Once he's in, and mind you, he'll be armed only with a blunted wooden spear, we're going to open the chute to that tank truck you see there—and out of it will come a ten-foot shark, a ten-foot tiger shark, the most dreaded denizen of the deep. A single blow of its powerful tail will break a man's arm; a single snap of its jaws will shear off a man's leg . . ."

The crowd shifted restlessly before the platform.

In an undertone McGrady said, "Cuttin' it short tonight, John. Heat's got 'em." Then raising his voice again. "Yes indeed, folks, in the ancient days of the glory of Rome they pitted man against lion and man against bear, but never before in the history of the world has man pitted his wits and his strength against the strongest and evilest of all living things—a tiger shark!"

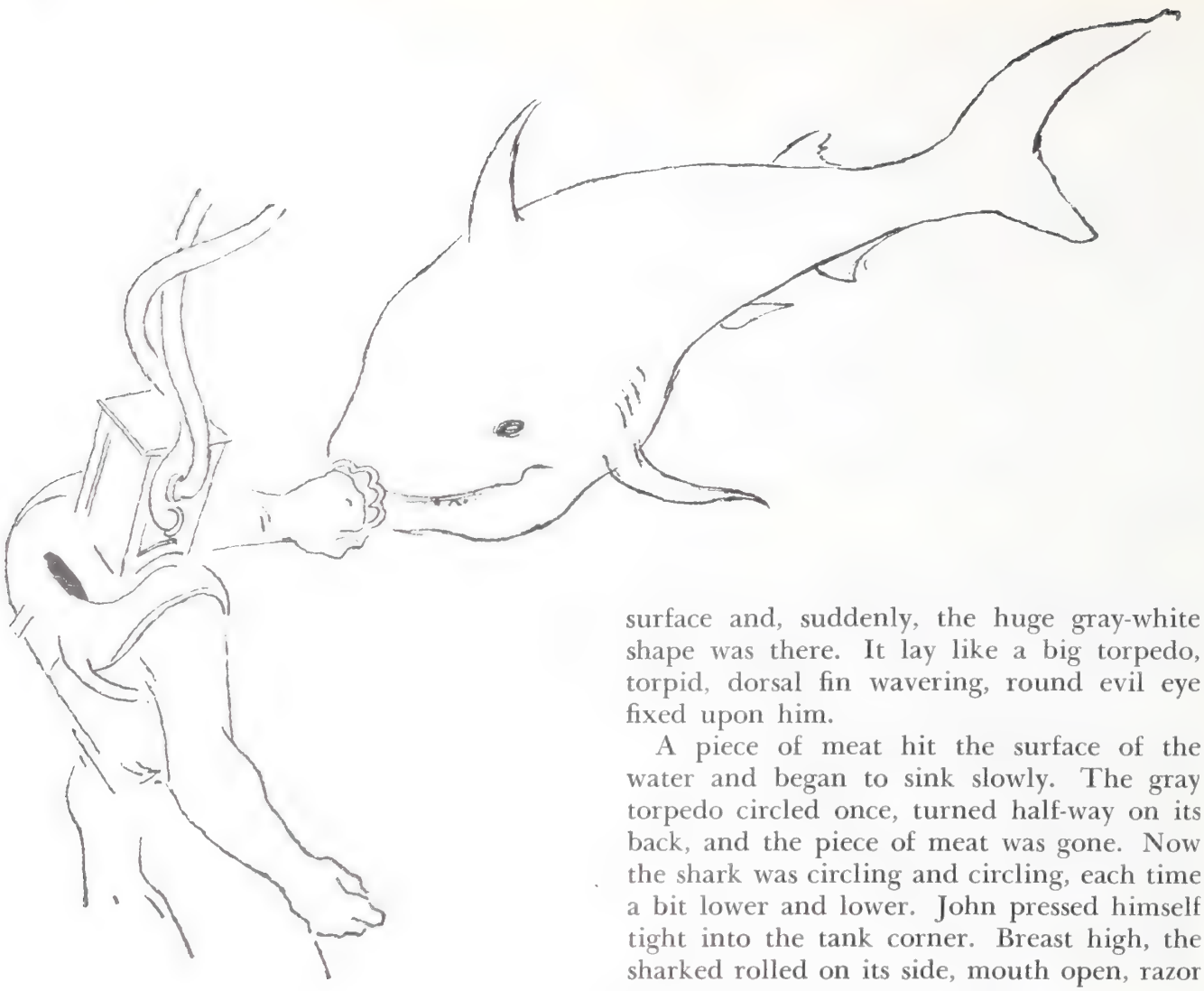
McGrady held it there, and finally drew forth a listless, reluctant round of applause.

"Within the limits of a fifteen-foot tank you will witness a titanic struggle, a titanic struggle with death such as could only occur on the floor of the Pacific five thousand miles away . . . ."

Aside he said, "Set, son?"

"Set," John answered, and signaled to the prop boys. They swung the light aluminum helmet down over his head and strapped it across his chest. He let his breath go slowly, breathing evenly, tasting the staleness of the pumped-in air. Through the wide glass visor he could see McGrady's mouth opening and closing, his jowls quivering. No sound penetrated the aluminum casque. For an instant, as at every performance, he felt a quick flash of panic: they are all gone from me, he thought, I have left them. The pump vibrated through his bare feet; the audience





shifted and moved; McGrady gesticulated; but he heard nothing. Gone, gone, the panic whispered. He shook his head and it was over.

McGrady's hand slapped his back; the wooden spear was thrust into his hand. As he turned about a prop boy strapped the brass knuckles round his left hand. Slowly he mounted the ladder and let himself slip carefully down into the green water. The floodlights behind the tank went on.

He could see perfectly all that the tank contained, but the world outside was only a diffused and wavering distortion. He paced once around the floor of the tank and took his stand in the corner. The slack of his hose was drawn up. Half-crouched, the spear at ready, he fixed his eyes on the spot on the far side where the tank truck would spill its load. A cascade of water hit the emerald surface and, suddenly, the huge gray-white shape was there. It lay like a big torpedo, torpid, dorsal fin wavering, round evil eye fixed upon him.

A piece of meat hit the surface of the water and began to sink slowly. The gray torpedo circled once, turned half-way on its back, and the piece of meat was gone. Now the shark was circling and circling, each time a bit lower and lower. John pressed himself tight into the tank corner. Breast high, the sharked rolled on its side, mouth open, razor teeth white, sharp. In it swept. He gave it the spear and felt the jolt run up his arm. The shark, still circling, went up above his head close to the surface.

Now came the moment of total danger: he must move from one corner to another. Timing the circling sweeps, he started. The water pressed against his chest. The gray shape hurtled at him. He felt the jolt, the spear snap, the fish rebound, and the scrape and smash of the tail against his shoulder. He made the corner.

Across the tank the shark sank slowly to a level with his chest. Suddenly it came straight at him, sweeping upward. John smashed out with his left hand and the tearing contact ran through all his muscles. The shark was circling again on the surface above his head. He felt the drawup rope touch his shoulder. Never taking his eyes from the huge fish, he worked the rope down over his shoulders and up under his armpits. With slow smoothness he began to ascend. Halfway

out of the tank, and the shark swirled in. He jacknifed his legs up, smashed down with what was left of the spear; as he was swung completely clear, the surface water roiled white with the sweep of the beast. Slowly they lowered him to the platform. It was all over once again.

They removed the casque, gave him a towel and even as he moved to the front of the platform the crowd was already on its way to the next platform. The fire-eater began to blow up his torch; McGrady started his grind. Standing there, rubbing himself dry with the coarse towel, John became aware of two boys, all that remained of his audience. About twelve, one had his hair slicked down and wore heavy bifocal glasses; the other was a towhead, with freckles and a snub nose. They were looking at John but not seeing him, talking about him the way all outsiders talked in front of circus people: as if they didn't exist.

"I wouldn't be scared to go in the tank with it," the one with the glasses was saying. "I'd do it even better than him because I'm skinnier."

"Go on. You'd be scared to death," the other jeered at him.

"Look at the corners on the tank," the one with glasses persisted. "Look how they bulge sort of. That's how he does it. Fits into 'em. Tank's fifteen feet, the man said, an' the shark's ten feet; it's got to circle to get at him. Can't do it. 'Sides a shark's got to turn on its back to bite. Comes straight at him, he hits him on the nose with the brass knuckles and throws him off. Nothing can happen at all. What's so hard about it?"

"Aw, you always got the answer for everything," the freckled one said, but now his attention was really drawn to John. He stared him up and down in an appraising manner. "Say, Bill," he said, "you think he's from around here, this county, like the man said?"

The bifocal glasses appraised John. "Don't look like nobody I ever saw 'round here," he said judicially.

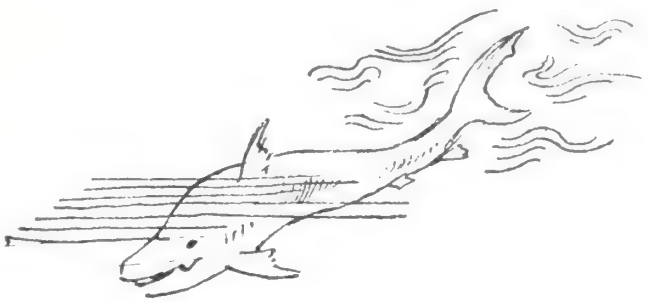
The other nodded his head. "Looks more like a foreigner."

John snapped the towel at them. "Go on, you kids," he said. "Beat it."

They appraised him silently for another second or two, then turned away and drifted toward the fire-eater's station.

John pitched in with the razorbacks: checked the pump, carefully dried and coiled the hose. The huge tank truck was run down off its platform, backed into position, the chute reconnected and the glass panel of the tank proper raised. The shark, like a thick gray log, lay torpid as the water level dropped, then feeling the pull made a threshing fight of it only to be sucked in at last into the truck.

They started cleaning the tank. The tent had been empty of people for almost two hours. It's time now, John thought, and threw his bathrobe across his shoulders.



He left his platform and walked across the tent; lifting the back flap, he went down the deserted lane of clown alley, past the empty costume racks and the long line of trunks with raised lids. As he approached the performers' entrance to the big top he caught the last strains of the waltz music for the ponies working the rings. He lifted the flap and entered the arena. The pony acts coming off brushed by him, first the grays, then the chestnuts, then the blacks.

One by one the lights were lowered, but John's eyes had already found and fixed the dim figure far above his head. There was a flash of brass from the bandstand and the fanfare started, rising and rising, lifting and lifting, holding its last transcendent note. Then silence, complete and final, took over the tent. A silence which held and held until at last a spotlight sprang from the very pinnacle to frame a slender white figure on a tiny swaying red velvet platform.

A rustle of release ran in a circle around the audience. Far above their upturned faces the figure moved and rubbed his feet in the resin box and in the darkness far below John's feet could feel the faint smothering press of it, his nose catch the odor of the powdery resin. As the figure on high lifted

the long balance pole John could feel the weight of it against his own palms.

A quick, beautifully executed run brought the figure out to the center of the tent, sent the wire gently swaying, and for an instant John could feel the wire as if it were biting across his own soles.

The hands high above sent the long pole tumbling end over end to the net far below. For a fleeting second the figure stood poised and then sprang in the air in a lightning about-face, landing on one foot, seeming to slip. A huge gasp, like a thousand arrows, sped up into the dome. With infinite care and slowness the figure drew erect on the wire. The outburst of applause raced like a ring of fire round and round the dark tent.

He's got them, John thought in triumph, and his own body ached with a sense of achievement. The rest was nothing but perfect co-ordination and infinite patience. He turned away.

Behind the flap all was bustle: the elephants were being massed; the chariots rolled into position. The Joeys were lining up for their final walk-around. Here and there a grotesque clown face called to him. Behind him the band struck up again, but as he got further and further away its brassiness became more and more muted.



As he dropped the last flap behind him, he had the impression of complete emptiness and stillness. The side-show tent was deserted, the platforms bare. Up near the entrance a light cast a circle of yellow. All else was shadow. Then his ear caught the soft whisper of padding feet as one of the big cats, made restless by the heat, paced its narrow cage deep in the shadows. Suddenly, as if sensing his presence, the forlorn and importunate whimpering came again from the monkey cage. The padding stopped for an instant, then began again.

JOHN crossed the tent to his platform and opened his locker. He ripped a banana from the hand he had purchased that morning, picked up a stick and made his way back to the monkey cage. It took a moment for his eyes to find her, a tiny soft gray figure drooping against the far bars, arms hanging, chin buried deep in the fur of its chest. He held the banana between the bars and softly called to her. She quivered and turned her head away. He called again. From either side the other monks glided up reaching for the fruit, but the rattle of the stick against the bars sent them scurrying. He called to her again. This time she lifted her head, but still she remained where she was. Down to his right he heard the heavy thud as the big cat settled down. Now the tent was completely quiet. Holding the banana thrust through the bars, he stood there.

A minute passed, then another. Suddenly, for he had not seen her move, Bella was in front of him. Her little hands reached out and took the banana. He encouraged her, but she just crouched there, the banana clutched to her breast, her chin buried in her chest. He put his hand through the bars and disengaged the banana; she allowed him to take it from her. He half-peeled it and gave it back. Delicately, she began to munch the fruit. John reached his fingers through and gently stroked the soft fur of her head.

A Warning on World Government

Warren R. Austin

UNTIL recently when people have written to ask me what I think of the various movements for world government, I have replied that I do not believe that world government is feasible in the foreseeable future, but that I do not wish to discourage discussion of world government as an ultimate goal. Now, however, I must add a warning. Every statement I have read and heard by the enthusiasts for world government contains a dutiful expression of loyalty to the United Nations. I do not assume that these excellent people would have anything to do with a plan to eliminate or hamper the UN. Their protestations of good will toward it, however, are often followed by a blistering account of its failures, a disregard or discounting of its successes, and a comprehensive plan to change it into something else.

There is a real danger that discussion to this effect, featuring attacks on the UN almost as fervent as the descriptions of the horrors of war, will distract us from the problems that must be faced now. In our zeal to find arguments to support our theories of the future, we must be careful not to use methods that will destroy the opportunities of the present. Those opportunities for a peaceful and prosperous world lie in the UN.

The defeatist attitude of the world-government advocates toward the UN can be as obstructive as the defeatism of the isolationists. Indeed it is sometimes difficult to differentiate between the support of those who want to use the UN to change it into something new and marvelous, and the attacks of those who admit they want to destroy it.

There can be no intermission in history while the statesmen of the world sit down to write a world constitution. No impartial referee is going to blow a whistle and give us time out and a fresh start in the second half. We must deal with the world we have and the tools we have.

Therefore I am not going to discuss the question of whether or not world government is desirable. I am only going to say why it is impossible in the world as it is today, and why the exclusive pursuit of this illusory goal is wasteful and potentially dangerous.

II

THERE are many reasons why it is impossible. In the first place, even to call a conference to consider the amendment or revision of the Charter, an affirmative vote of two-thirds of the General Assembly is re-

As the United States Representative at the seat of the United Nations—that's the technical term for the United States mission—Warren R. Austin speaks with authority on what helps and hinders American participation.

quired, plus the vote of seven members of the Security Council. An Argentine resolution to discuss the possibility of such a convention was voted down in the General Assembly in Paris last fall.

If, as seems most unlikely, for reasons which I will go into later, such a conference should be called, and should agree on some revision or amendment, such revision or amendment would go into effect only after ratification by the constitutional processes of two-thirds of the member states, including all of—every one of—the five big powers. *Here the effort to get rid of the veto runs directly into the veto.* If such an amendment substituted world government for the voluntary association we now have, there might well be unanimity *against it* among the five great powers. I do not think that even one of them would ratify such an amendment.

In our own country, an amendment to our national constitution would be required to provide for membership in a world federation. As for the other four permanent members, I have reason to believe that not one of them is ready to assent to amendment of the Charter even to the extent of removing the veto in issues limited to Chapter VI and admissions to membership. It is now only a little more than a year since, in response to a resolution of the General Assembly, I invited the representatives of China, France, England, and the USSR to a luncheon at my apartment to discuss possible modifications of the veto. At this luncheon, I indicated to Sir Alexander Cadogan, Mr. Guy de la Tournelle, Dr. C. L. Hsia, and Mr. Andrei Gromyko, that the United States was prepared to agree to the elimination of the veto in cases dealing with the pacific settlement of disputes and in the admission of new members. At that time, each of my guests made it clear that his government would not be willing to consider any such modification.

To realize how the USSR, in particular, feels about the veto—or the unanimity principle, as it is more correctly called—we have only to recall the episode reported in former Secretary of State Byrnes' *Speaking Frankly*. The Conference at San Francisco in 1945 was deadlocked for weeks because the Russian delegates refused to give up the unanimity principle *even in procedural matters*, including the introduction of items onto the agenda of the Security Council, and the deadlock was not broken until Harry Hopkins, then in Moscow, intervened with Generalissimo Stalin at the direct request of President Truman, who was afraid that the whole conference might break up on this one particular point.

It has been argued that the Soviet Union might be persuaded to agree to such surrender of sovereignty as limited world government requires, because we would not be asking them to give up any more than we would be willing to give up ourselves. There is no indication that the minds of the Soviet leaders work in that way. Every indication is that they belong to some other school of thought.

THE United States has again made an offer to surrender a portion of its sovereignty, and vast property, in order to promote the peaceful use and prevent the destructive use of atomic energy. It was agreed by all who have ever been members of the Atomic Energy Commission of the UN except the representatives of the Soviet Union, Poland, and the Ukraine, that atomic energy could be controlled effectively only by an international agency owning and operating all atomic energy activities dangerous to world security, with powers of inspection and enforcement not subject to the veto. A plan for such an international agency was approved in the General Assembly by a vote of forty to six with only four abstentions. This plan is blocked by the Soviet Union's refusal to employ its sovereignty in this co-operative manner.

Notwithstanding this intransigence, the enthusiasts of the cause of world government ask how do we *know* that Russia would not give up all of its sovereignty in security matters, just because she has refused to give up a fraction? There are few certainties in this world, but after a few years of experience in dealing with the USSR around the council tables of the UN, I would consider it the ultimate in improbabilities. In all of the cases where some small modification of sovereignty or even of the veto has been discussed, I do not remember any instance when the Soviets suggested that they might be willing to co-operate if the modification were more thoroughgoing.

One of the more moderate of the world-government organizations says: "If, in spite of the most exhaustive possible efforts, we should fail to obtain universal participation, we would not favor starting a new organization. The UN could be retained and a partial world federation started under Article 52 of the Charter within the UN itself, without excluding any nation from the UN."

Let us follow this suggestion a little way and see where it would lead. Remembering that it took the United States eight years to complete the mere formation of a federation in comparatively ideal circumstances of one continent, one culture, and no competitive power nearer than three thousand miles, and that it required a civil war to preserve that federation, and remembering that the Benelux countries have been negotiating for twelve months, so far, trying to write an agreement for no more than the economic co-operation of three small neighboring countries, what are the problems that the writers of a constitution for a part of the world would have to face? How many years or decades of debate and negotiation might it take to find answers that could be approved by the legal processes of the forming nations? I would like to have everyone who thinks that he is in favor of world government, or believes that it can be achieved in our time, test his judgment on these two sets of questions.

(1) How would voting power be arranged in this world federation? In terms of population, so that the United States would have approximately 6 per cent of the votes? Or in terms of productivity, with preponderant power in the hands of less than 20 per cent of the world's people, who produce 75 to 80 per cent of its wealth? How would we, as a member of that productive minority, then answer the cries of "imperialist plot"?

(2) What would limit the exercise of world police power over disarmed nations, or protect a minority against tyrannical action or laws voted by a majority of nations under the sway of groups representing only a small portion of their own people? What would prevent the seizure of the administrative machinery of a world government and its military power by totalitarian forces? (Remember that Lenin seized power from a struggling new democratic regime and then used force to suppress a representative congress; and that Hitler maneuvered himself into power under the democratic Weimar constitution, and then seized total control.)

These are some of the problems which the more serious-minded and politically experienced advocates of federation recognize as crucial. They admit they have no solution for them at the present time, so they toss them off as mere "technical difficulties" to be "worked out later." Even technical difficulties, however, often stubbornly defy solution, and nothing constructive can be done until these solutions are found. For example:

In the early days of the negotiations in Indonesia, after Dutch and Indonesians had both indicated willingness to negotiate, conversations were held up because agreement could not be reached on a place to meet, until this country offered the U. S. Navy ship, *Renville,* for a meeting place. This extremely small technical difficulty, in negotiations between only two parties, used up five weeks.

In the Military Staff Committee, charged by the Charter with the duty of "advising and assisting the Security Council on all matters relating to the Security Council's military requirements for the maintenance of international peace and security," negotiations have been stalled for two years over what might be called a technical difficulty. The Russians insist on "identical" contributions to the security forces by each of the permanent members, item for item, battleship for battleship and man for man. The other members insist that "comparable" contributions are required to build a balanced and effective force. Even within the general agreement among the other four members, there is still disagreement as to the size and kind of air power required for an effective peace force.

These questions, as appropriately as those relating to federation, could be described as technical difficulties, arising in a situation where there is an apparent general agreement on objectives.

III

There is a story of a Vermont farmer who was stopped on the road by a motorist and asked the way to Montpelier. After giving the matter some thought, the farmer

judiciously replied: "If I were going to Montpelier, I wouldn't start from here." So it is with some enthusiasts for world government. They refuse to start from here. They do not face the geographical, political, economic, and spiritual facts. They do not admit that this world, with all its inequalities and disproportions of resources and of democratic experience, is our only possible starting point.

The need for action is upon us now, today and every day. We must use the instrument we have, improving both that instrument and our skill in using it. I would now be willing to state categorically that any activity that threatens the United Nations is dangerous and any activity that deprives it of support is wasteful.

In this statement, there is no claim either that the UN is a perfect organization or that its present functioning could not be vastly improved; no more do I claim that it is wasteful to work for distant ideals. I myself have been in the peace business for more than thirty years, fighting for international organization since the time when the idea was generally unpopular in this country. I am persuaded by experience as well as by reason that development and progress demand concentration on gains that are immediately possible while maintaining direction toward perfection.

In saying that any activity that threatens the UN is dangerous, I am not asking for an armistice on criticism; I am asking for more criticism—specific, constructive criticism of the UN as the living, growing organism that it is, and not merely as a stepping stone into a cloud-cuckoo land of mutually inconsistent possibilities.

At the direction of the General Assembly, the Interim Committee is now considering ways of improving and strengthening the machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes. As a result of such work as this, there are two resolutions now on the agenda of the General Assembly. One of these would provide for a panel of trained and trustworthy persons to be immediately available to member states requiring their services for inquiry and conciliation. Another suggests a series of modifications in the use of the veto, within the framework of the Charter, similar to the important restriction which has been developed through custom, whereby the abstention of a permanent member is not regarded as a veto.

The work of this important committee, represented by these two items on the agenda, should be supported. Its propositions should be studied; and parallel studies, carried on by citizen groups, could develop additional and supplemental ideas.

I would like to see the U. S. position on each item on the agenda of the Security Council subjected to careful public scrutiny and to wide public debate. A public opinion which is critical of our position in specific cases can be mobilized to alter or strengthen that position. In this connection, I wonder how many peace-minded citizens wrote to their congressmen when the resolution providing for our participation in the World Health Organization was held up for several months. I know that some of you did.

I would like to see the accomplishments of the UN in promoting peaceful solutions of explosive situations in Palestine, Korea, and Kashmir, generally understood and properly valued. It would be interesting to see how many enthusiasts for world organization would be able to describe the activities of the United Nations in preventing the outbreak of wide-scale warfare among the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the sub-continent of India, or name the U. S. representative on the UN Commission for India and Pakistan which achieved the great feat of arranging to substitute a peaceful UN-supervised plebiscite for a bloody continental war.

It is extremely difficult to get men of ability and reputation to take on assignments with UN commissions and committees. Great personal sacrifice is often called for in the tackling of tasks that are not only demanding but probably thankless. Wide public interest and public support of the work of those commissions might make a difference. Preparation of a large pool of citizens available for public service is a public duty.

If the names of Ambassador J. Klahr Huddle, for instance, who served in Kashmir, and of Ambassador Merle Cochran, the U. S. Representative on the Good Offices Committee in Indonesia, were honored as they deserve to be by the lovers of peace; if accomplishments such as those of Dr. Ralph Bunche at Rhodes were used as vigorously to en-

hance the prestige of the UN as each temporary setback has been used to deflate that prestige, perhaps more distinguished Americans would be willing to accept invitations to tackle other important jobs that must be done.

Activities along these lines would constitute support of the United Nations, and support of the United Nations, if not the only task, is certainly the first and most urgent task of those who appreciate the urgent necessity of keeping the peace in this troubled world. Such activities, however, do not appear in the programs of any of the world-government organizations, although, they are all, or almost all, "for" the United Nations.

These organizations claim great strength in the schools and colleges, our great reservoirs of idealism and devotion. Neither this country nor the world community can afford to waste these assets. The energy of the youthful idealist is great but it is not endless. It must be used where it can be effective. There are bound to be disappointments, but if these disappointments are as great as those awaiting the devotees of world government, I am afraid that idealism will collapse, leaving that residue of general synicism and indifferentism that so often follows over-inflated plans and ill-founded hopes.

Among the members of those organizations there are men in public and academic life for whom I have the utmost respect and admiration. All of them recognize the importance of the work the UN is doing in removing the causes of war, substituting pacific settlement for force, and preparing, through its economic and social councils and commissions, the conditions for a lasting peace. They must realize that comparisons of a working voluntary organization, daily facing and handling problems of the utmost complexity, with some government of which there are not even blueprints available, are deceptive and dangerous.

The UN requires the active support of public opinion, critical but loyal, questioning but sanguine. In the effort to improve or transform the structure of the United Nations, let us use only those methods which will not endanger its functioning today, as a bulwark against threats of war and a builder of peace.

Father in Heaven, Let Us Be Reconciled

ALLEN KANFER

Out of the depths of childhood love emerged
Deep rooted, firm, invulnerably deep.
Father in heaven, let us be reconciled.
Now Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego
Are blended into Buchenwald as heritage
Now that your faithful ones are furnace ash,
Father in heaven, let us be reconciled.

Out of the beauty ineluctable
Out of the inescapable desire
For comfort as Isaiah comforted
Emerged the rock whereon the love was built.
Father in heaven, let us be reconciled.

Put thou my tears into thine urn, O keep
My tears before thee to remember me.
These many years of weeping I have kept
An ancient memory of love emerging,
Restoring Job, the withered heart, the loss
Beyond the living hope; thy will, thy love.
Father in heaven, let us be reconciled.

"Conspire, conspire," I said; "my heart conspire
Against the promise of immunity.
Into the shadow of the valley go,
Escort the desperate and much besieged,
For they are surely grieved who die, none by
To hold their hand. Take no assurances
Of sweet security, grief in thine ears."
Father in heaven, let us be reconciled.

The darkness of the mind is night of time:
About me there is little promised light.
I say no darkness is as dark as death
Of heart. No darkness like the dark
Of prophecy that issues from the arm
Of evil, killing, promising that so
Shall it be done unto millenium.
I say this darkness shall dissolve, the night
Of mind be scattered. And for this belief
Father in heaven, let us be reconciled.

Out of the depths of childhood hope was born
Deep rooted, firm, invulnerably deep.
Nor drought, nor ice, nor blood upon the ground
Nor ashes in the furnace, nor the lock
Upon the visas, nor the Janus at
The table of the nations breaks the hope.
Say, "Comfort ye, my people, comfort ye,"
Father in heaven, let us be reconciled.

From Palestine to Israel

Eliahu Ben-Horin

The Arch of Titus still stands on the Summa Sacra Via in Rome, on the way from the Roman Forum to the Colosseum. It is the Arch which, like the *Judaea Capta* coins of Titus, commemorated the victory of great Rome over little Judaea nearly nineteen centuries ago.

On a Sunday last December, I was touring the antiquities of Rome, including the Arch of Titus. Two hours later, an altogether different picture arose before my eyes. I was taken to the villa of an Italian nobleman outside of Rome. There and on a nearby airfield, forty Israeli boys were studying aviation in a special school organized by the government of Israel. Twelve instructors, including some Italians—some of them possibly descendents of Titus—were teaching them how to conquer the skies. The clock of history has worked with depressing slowness but its circle is now about to be completed. There on the outskirts of Rome, in the Israeli aviation school, one could hear a voice proclaiming: *Judaea non capta est.*

Nineteen centuries have gone by. The young state of Israel appears as a reality even before one sets foot on its soil. And when one arrives in Israel, goes across the small country, sees what has been achieved through statehood in nine short months, talks to people in the government and to the proverbial "man in the street," listens to proud Israelis and to cautious foreign diplomats—one is driven to the conclusion that Israel is not only very real but that it probably represents the one sound reality in an otherwise extremely unstable Middle East.

If I were to be asked what impressed me most during my first visit to Israel in December 1948 I would answer: "It works!" The Arab-Israeli War was still on. There were casualties on the battlefronts and mourning in the rear. There were—and still are—strict rationing and acute shortages. Even fruit, including locally grown bananas, is rationed and scarce. Life is extremely expensive, the purchasing power of the Israeli pound is small, and the average man's earnings are insufficient. At sunset, the cities, villages and roads were blacked out and one groped in the dark, fell down, murmured under his breath "visibility nil," got up and went on. Somehow, however, all these difficulties do not mar the impression that "it works."

One may say about the State of Israel as a whole that it, too, gropes in the dark, stumbles here and there, but invariably gets up and goes on. For if there was a blackout of light in Israel, and often also a blackout of news from the battlefronts, there was certainly no blackout of spirit and of dynamic vitality in this new republic.

Mr. Ben-Horin had lived for many years in Palestine before it became the new state of Israel, and he was at one time the head of the Palestine News Service.

The difficulties on the state and governmental levels are in no way easier than those which face the individual Israeli. If the breadwinner in Tel Aviv cannot produce a pay envelope large enough to feed and clothe his family, and if his wife does not know how to make ends meet, the Treasury of Israel has been facing the problem of maintaining a large army and financing a war, out of the very limited resources of a small land and of a population which has not yet reached the million mark. Heavy taxation—and it is very heavy in Israel—and high customs duties can no more solve the Treasurer's problems than an increase in salary can take care of the breadwinner's troubles.

Likewise, if the newly arrived immigrant faces the almost insoluble problem of finding a roof over his and his family's head, the government faces the problem of housing on a much larger scale. The immigration of Jews into Israel is now unrestricted. By the end of the first year of its independence, Israel will have absorbed over 150,000 new immigrants, which amounts to a twenty-five per cent increase of population. That is equivalent to absorption by the United States of thirty-five million immigrants in one year!

The scope of the housing problem can be grasped only when one remembers that all through World War II very few new homes were built, and that thereafter the Arab-Jewish War necessitated total mobilization of all resources for the war effort. There is a terrific housing shortage in the face of a constant and large stream of immigration. Even people in high government positions, who have had to move to Tel Aviv, the present capital, cannot find apartments. A current joke in Israel has it that ownership of a good apartment is one of the main qualifications for an Israeli diplomatic appointment: when a man is sent abroad, his apartment can conveniently be taken over by a high official in the government. As a matter of fact, the Foreign Secretary now lives in the house of the Israeli commercial attaché in Moscow, and one of the Secretary's top assistants occupies the apartment of the Israeli minister to Bucharest.

There are problems and difficulties wherever you turn. Yet, looking back at the past few years of Palestine's tragic history, at the conditions under which the new state was born, and at the obstacles which it had to overcome in the nine months of its existence, there is no escape from the conclusion that Israel is a going concern.

II

The last time I was in the country—in April 1948—it was still Palestine. It is true that five months earlier the United Nations General Assembly had adopted a plan for the partition of the Holy Land into two independent states, and that the British were scuttling their administration and preparing to evacute their large garrison. But the land was Palestine and its future seemed uncertain.

A reversal had taken place at Lake Success. Some of the very powers which had promoted the partition plan a few months earlier were now advocating an international trusteeship over a unitary Palestine. Whether the lack of an international military force capable of enforcing UN decisions, or systematic opposition on the part of Great Britain to the partition of Palestine, was responsible for the wavering of the United Nations is immaterial. The fact remains that the future of Palestine was cloaked in uncertainty. The day I left Palestine on my way back to the United States—only twenty days before the fateful May 15 on which the British mandate was to end—not even David Ben-Gurion, the future prime minister of Israel and the most dynamic personality in the new nation, could say with certainty that the Republic of Israel would come into being on May 15.

There were too many unknown and unpredictable elements in the situation. What would the policy of the great powers be? Would the six hundred thousand Jews of Palestine be able to stand up against an organized invasion by the armies of seven Arab states with a combined population of over thirty million? Would the Jews be able to set up the machinery of government in a country torn by internal war and threatened by invasion, by an oil blockade, by shortage of arms and shortage of food?

The march of events between April and December 1948 disposed of many of those doubts and uncertainties. But victory over the odds that seemed almost insuperable last

spring was no simple, inevitable matter: many of its aspects can hardly be explained rationally. It is no accident that the word "miracle" appears so often in the accounts one hears about this or that crucial battle in the Arab-Jewish War. There is more of miracle than modern logistics about many of them.

TAKE Negba, for instance. It was a Jewish *Kibbutz,* a collective settlement, on the northern fringe of the Negev, Palestine's southern desert. Some two hundred men, women, and children lived there, working the land, growing apples and plums in their fruit groves, attending to their cows and poultry. On May 14, 1948 the State of Israel was proclaimed; on May 16, in the dark of the night, the children and some of the womenfolk were evacuated northward; next morning, the Egyptian air bombardment of Negba began.

The Egyptian attack developed into a full-fledged siege which lasted for five months. The settlement was cut off from the Jewish hinterland, except for one road, which was well under the fire of Egyptian batteries occupying commanding heights. It has been estimated that nearly thirty thousand aerial bombs and shells from three Egyptian batteries of heavy artillery were dropped on Negba. At times, the defenders, counted from five to ten explosions a minute. Life above ground was absolutely impossible, and the whole population lived in trenches and small underground bunkers all through the five months' siege. Hospital, kitchen, living quarters were all subterranean.

The spirit of the defenders of Negba and the story of their life and suffering would make a great epic. It is charactertistic, for instance, that while shells rained from all directions, houses were destroyed, cattle killed, fruit groves badly damaged, and the whole Kibbutz lived underground, the defenders of Negba published a daily typewritten bulletin of world and Palestinian news. It was called *Kol Negba* (The Voice of Negba).

When I visited Negba last December, an American lady who accompanied me on the tour expressed her amazement at the endurance and heroism of the people. Her effusive admiration was parried by a remark of one of the villagers: ". . . There was nothing exceptional in it. If you had been in the same position, you would have acted in the same way." Half an hour later, when the same man was conducting us across the settlement, showing us the total destruction of the place, he turned round and said: ". . . But I must tell you that before the Arab attacks and the destruction, Negba was one of the finest agricultural settlements in the country . . . ." It was his village's agricultural achievements that he was proud of, not its military prowess.

The crowning miracle took place on June 12, 1948, when the Egyptians opened a concentrated onslaught on Negba, aiming at the occupation of the place. Six thousand shells and bombs were dropped on Negba that day. The Egyptians advanced in three equal columns, with twenty-four tanks and armored cars. All that Negba possessed by way of defensive weapons was one anti-tank gun with ten rounds of ammunition. A Jewish boy from Mexico, who was in charge of the gun, managed to hit seven of the eight armored vehicles in the first column. That proved enough to make the Egyptians change their minds and turn back. They did not know the secret of the ten rounds of ammunition. . . .

A miracle?

THERE were many other incredible episodes; I need cite only one, which concerned the defense of Ramat Naftali in Galilee. This is a young settlement on one of the Galilean hills. It was dangerously exposed and isolated. The invading armies of Lebanon and Syria commanded all approaches to the place. After shelling the village and destroying the wooden barracks and huts of the settlers, the attackers set forth to occupy Ramat Naftali. Several tanks came up the hill, straight to the gate leading into the settlement. Complete silence reigned in the place. The defenders were few, their arms poor and scarce, and, feeling absolutely doomed, they held their fire.

The quiet must have reassured the attackers. When the first tank came up to the gate, the officer in command must have decided that the place was deserted. Under the circumstances, he wanted to do it the easy way. He went out of the tank to unlatch the gate. It was at that moment that one of the defenders —Ada, a twenty-two-year-old girl from Haifa

—said to her comrades in one of the trenches: "I am going to pick off this fellow." She killed the officer with her first shot, and he remained sprawled on the barbed wire of the gate. His crew almost immediately turned round and fled, followed by the entire attacking column. The defenders of Ramat Naftali could not believe their eyes.

III

As we live in an enlightened age which does not readily accept explanation by miracle, we must look for a rational interpretation of the series of miraculous events typified by the episodes here recorded.

It should not be difficult to find the sober reasons underlying the Jewish victories and the Arab defeats. It is true that Palestine Jewry was very inadequately prepared for the war. Neither psychologically, nor militarily, was there readiness to meet the onslaught of the converging armies of all the Arab states. Zionism has always prided itself on being a peaceful, constructive effort aiming at the re-establishment of the Jewish people in their historic homeland and aspiring to harmonious relations with the Arabs in Palestine and in the Middle East. Hence, the psychological unpreparedness of Jews for a war with the Arab peoples.

The military unpreparedness was due only in part to psychological unpreparedness, for, despite their peaceful intentions, the Jews of Palestine during the past three decades had many opportunities to read the handwriting on the wall. But the British were in command in Palestine until May 14, 1948, and they did not allow either the formation of a regular Jewish Army or the importation of weapons. A clandestine army armed by contraband weapons could not attain formidable proportions.

If, despite their unpreparedness, the Jews won the Palestine war against terrific odds, it was mainly for two reasons: the spirit of the Jewish youth and of Palestine Jewry in general, and the low fighting quality, bad organization, and lack of unity in the attacking Arab armies. The Jews of Palestine fought not only for the cause of Zionism, but for their very lives. For them, their *Kibbutzim* were truly the last bastions behind which was only death. The Arabs boasted of pushing the Jews into the sea, and that is what they intended to do. The savagery displayed by the Arabs in the early stages of the war, when they paraded the heads of their Jewish victims on sticks, could leave little doubt in the minds of the Jews as to their fate in case of an Arab victory. I have not the least intention of belittling the natural bravery of Palestine Jewish youth, but their bravery during this war was intensified by desperation. Thus it reached unprecedented heights.

The Arab armies fought without heart; some of them not even half-heartedly. It was not a matter of life and death to them, as it was to the Jews. Nor was there unity of purpose in the direction of the Arab war effort. On the contrary, every Arab king, chieftain, and politician had ambitions of his own, and all acted at cross purposes. In addition, corruption was rampant in all the Arab armies. Less than fifty per cent of the financial allocations and supplies ever reached the armies in the field.

There were a number of other factors which helped the Jews. The industrial possibilities of little Palestine were incomparably greater than those of all the Arab countries put together. The Jewish youth, Western in its education and outlook, many of them with war experience, made first-rate soldiers, capable of using to the best advantage every weapon known in modern warfare. The Syrians, Iraqis, Transjordanians, Egyptians, and Sudanese, being for the most part illiterate, underfed, and underpaid, lacking in discipline and in organization, were no match for the Palestinian Jewish Youth. Furthermore, the Jewish defense forces were bolstered by volunteers, Jewish and non-Jewish, from all over the world.

The exact number of the foreign volunteers is still unknown. The Christians who came to help Israel regain its independence were not too numerous, but some very touching cases are recorded. There was an Australian who was in Suez with the British forces at the time the fighting in Palestine broke out. He joined a British convoy to Jerusalem, then crossed the lines from the Arab to the Jewish part of the Holy City, joined the Jewish forces and later commanded an Israeli battery in crucial battles. There

were Americans who helped to establish the Israeli Air Force. Young Christian lives were lost in the battle for Israel.

The Jewish volunteers came from fifty-two lands, from the four corners of the earth. They came in the hundreds from countries with large Jewish communities, such as South Africa and the United States. Dozens of them came from smaller communities, like those of Finland, Canada, Australia. Even the remotest lands were represented. One found Jewish boys and girls from Greenland, Java, India, New Zealand, Afghanistan. One Jewish girl from Kabul, Afghanistan, started out for Palestine on November 30, 1947, on the morrow of the United Nations partition decision. It took her a few months to reach Tel Aviv and join a detachment of the Israeli Army.

No, it was not a miracle or a series of miracles that determined the outcome of the Palestine war. The outcome could have been foretold and was indeed foretold, by people who knew the realities of the Middle East and the forces at play on both sides.

Nor was this war a picnic for the Jews of Palestine. Their sacrifices and privations were very heavy. They could not achieve victory without total mobilization of all the manpower and resources of the country, strict regimentation of civilian life, and the sacrifice of many of the best of the Palestine youth. Despite the help from abroad, which was essential and very helpful, it was Palestine Jewry and Palestine youth that carried the brunt of the war. There is almost no family in Israel which has not been bereaved. Leaders and rank and file have suffered equally. The former president of the *Vaad Leumi* (the National Council of Palestine Jewry) lost his son. The president of the provisional parliament of Israel lost his son. An outstanding leader in Palestine agriculture lost two sons. The daughter of the military governor of Jerusalem was killed in the Negev. This list could be continued indefinitely. The people of Israel have paid the full price for freedom and independence.

IV

Long before the Arab war, Tel Aviv was overcrowded and had outgrown itself. Its founding fathers never dreamt that in less than four decades their little suburb of Arab Jaffa would grow into a metropolis of a quarter of a million inhabitants. The town's narrow streets cannot hold half the traffic hurrying through Israel's capital today. As compared with Allenby Road in Tel Aviv, Fifth Avenue in New York is a driver's paradise.

The queues for the busses are often a block long. They were even longer during the periods of battle in the Negev, for the municipal busses were used to transport troops to the front. The moment one was told that Line 6 or Line 9 would not operate on a certain day, one knew that a battle in the Negev or elsewhere was imminent. The government's strict blackout on news was thus neatly defeated. Deductions based on bus schedules were invariably correct, which simply goes to show how difficult it is to keep secrets in a small country.

The proud minority who own private cars no longer look so proud, for most of them have lost their cars to the Army. Only those in charge of public utilities and essential services can still travel comfortably under their own power. The rest would not even recognize their limousines if they saw them. Covered with a coat of khaki paint, bearing a huge "Z" on their license plates (Z stands for "Zava," *Army*), hundreds of once private cars now carry officers of the Army on hurried missions across the small land.

Army uniforms, still makeshift and not very uniform, are omnipresent. In the streets, in the busses, restaurants, bars, cinemas, one meets the Israeli soldiers, boys and girls. For mobilization in Israel has reached an almost unprecedented totality. Even people over the age of conscription have part-time war duties. The cafés of Tel Aviv are still open until midnight, but behind the blacked-out doors and windows there is less commotion and less light talk and laughter than in the old days. The one all-night café of Tel Aviv, "Kasit," which used to be the hangout of all the Bohemians, is still overcrowded, but even there it is the young soldier on leave from Jerusalem or from the Negev who is more noticeable than the poet or the artist.

The Whitehall of Israel is actually not Tel Aviv itself but a suburb called Kirya. For decades, the place was known as "Sarona"—a flourishing settlement

founded by German Templars. Tel Aviv, in its phenomenal growth, surrounded Sarona from all sides, and was ready to swallow it. Now, with the Germans of Sarona in exile, many of them in Australia, Israel has turned Sarona into the seat of the central government. A case of poetic justice—the Germans of Sarona lent active aid to Hitler's program for the destruction of the Jewish people, and now this German colony houses the offices of the Jewish state.

Although on the roads that have been built throughout the length and breadth of the Kirya, automobiles drive in and out, and people with attaché cases hurry in all directions, the Kirya still looks more like a village than a seat of government. If Mr. Sharet lets you wait too long in his ante-chamber and you get thirsty, you can reach out through the window of the Foreign Office and pick a tangerine straight off a tree.

Inside the small buildings of ex-Sarona, however, a government machine is busily at work. There is already a bureaucracy, red tape, rank, and formality, like those in any other government in the world. Still, the novelty of the situation has not yet worn off. While the Israelis have proved that they are capable of performing all the tricks of statehood, they still feel more at home in an open Russian shirt than in evening dress and top hat. On this subject, an amusing story is told about Ben-Gurion, the prime minister.

Straight from a state reception, Ben-Gurion hastened to a meeting of his Labor party in Tel Aviv. He arrived there in his diplomatic attire, striped trousers and all. In response to the surprised looks and laughter of his colleagues, he solemnly excused himself for coming to the meeting "in his working clothes."

V

ISRAEL'S achievement of organized, orderly statehood in the first nine months of its existence is no less surprising than its military victories. An American, born and bred here, in a peaceful, orderly, highly efficient land which has not experienced a revolution or a war within its borders in almost a century, would not comprehend the extent of that accomplishment as quickly as those of us whose past experiences provide them with a wider range of parallels.

Seeing Israel in 1948 took me back thirty years to the days of the Russian Revolution. I recalled the complete disorganization of civilian life in Russia, the disruption of transport, mail, telegraph and telephone communication, the hunger and epidemics which did away with millions of people, the anarchy and lawlessness which ruled supreme for many long months. It took two years and more before the new regime succeeded in establishing its authority. It took five years and more before it could conquer hunger. It took longer before the Soviet government could claim that the new order was firmly established.

It is true that Russia is a vast empire, whereas Israel is a very little country. But this works both ways. Russia has unlimited resources and great natural wealth; Israel has almost none. Russia has practically inexhaustible reserves in manpower.

I could not help remembering the anarchy of Russia when I heard that on May 14, 1948, one opened the tap in Israel and water ran; one lifted the receiver and got his telephone connection; one turned the switch and electricity functioned. The postal service, the harbors, the roads with their repair service, the railroads (except for the parts passing through Arab-held areas); indeed, the entire machinery of government was taken over swiftly and put into operation almost overnight. Not one man died of hunger or exposure, despite the terrific shortages in food and housing.

These achievements are the more formidable when one recalls that the outgoing British administration of Palestine made no effort to hand over an orderly machinery of government to the new regime. On the contrary, because of their determined opposition to the creation of a Jewish state, the British did their utmost to make the job of Israel as difficult as possible. Until the last day of their withdrawal, they tried to prevent the formation of a new authority in the Holy Land. They scuttled the affairs of the various departments of government as if to make sure that with their departure from Palestine orderly government would stop forever.

Yet the British left Israel not only a negative but also a positive legacy. The positive legacy was of no mean proportions, and it has considerably facilitated Israel's speedy achieve-

ment of statehood. Whether the leaders of Israel know it or not, the present forms of government in the Jewish state are largely an imitation and adaptation of the forms established by the British administration. In an Israeli court of justice, the judge, prosecutor, and defense attorney address one another as "my learned friend." They speak in Hebrew, but it is translated from English. Not only the words, but the forms of exchange in the courtroom are English, not Jewish.

This is just one example of the adaptation of British forms, but many could be cited. The three decades of British rule in Palestine have left their imprint. Although the Israeli Government has eliminated English from Israeli passports, which are printed in Hebrew and French (probably as an act of political retaliation against England), the English language is widely used in the Israeli government. Officials trained in the various departments of the old Palestine administration are now active in the corresponding departments of the Israeli government. What could be more natural than to bring with them the forms, habits, routine, and language which they used for years in the same land and in the same work, though under different auspices?

THERE were also other factors which helped Israel to overcome the critical months of early statehood. One of those factors was completely unexpected. I refer to the flight of the bulk of the Arab population of Palestine.

There is not the slightest reason to doubt that, on the day of the British evacuation of Haifa, the Jews did not even dream of the occupation of the entire city. I know it on the best authority that the Jewish defense forces on that day moved to advance positions in order to prevent any Arab invasion of the Jewish parts of the town. Only when they saw that the Arabs were fleeing, deserting their homes, did the Jews move on and occupy the whole city. The same was true in most of the cities with mixed Jewish-Arab population. There were cases, in the early stages of the war, when Jews pleaded with their Arab friends not to submit to the panic of flight, to stay behind and live in the Jewish state as full-fledged citizens.

However, the Arabs fled in their hundreds of thousands. Only about 110,000 stayed behind. The many complications arising from the presence of a very sizable Arab minority in the Jewish state have thus disappeared. The problem of supplying food and all the necessities of life in a time of war and shortages to several hundreds of thousands of Arabs, disappeared by itself. Arab houses in Haifa, Jaffa, Acre, Tiberias, Jerusalem, Safed, Ramle, and other localities have been used to accommodate Jewish immigrants and thus ease, if only in small measure, the grave housing crisis. Keeping one hundred thousand "enemy aliens" under observation during the war was an incomparably easier job than having to watch half a million Arabs.

All this helped, but the achievement must be credited mainly to the people of Israel themselves and to their leaders. The road from Palestine to Israel was not covered with flowers. It was a thorny path, full of dangers and pitfalls. All the greater is the satisfaction of the Israelis today, when they can rightly say, "We have arrived."

After Hours

My wife and I recently delivered a friend to her house after dinner and heard chamber music coming from her living room. As we stepped into the hall our friend's daughter tiptoed up to us and asked us to be quiet. "It's Brahms," she whispered, and we sat down on the stairs to listen. Through the tall doors that opened into the pale-yellow living room (this was a New York brownstone) we could see four young men in their shirtsleeves—two violinists, a cellist, and a pianist—and a young lady in a bright green dress, a violist. They were "reading" a Brahms quintet. Occasionally a slight look of disgust crossed the face of one or another as he missed a note or counted wrong, but they went on until they finished. It didn't sound much like the Budapest Quartet or the Pro Arte, but it was singularly agreeable. When they finished the Brahms, they knocked off and had some bread and cheese and bourbon, and we joined them. They didn't rest long; they sat down again and started through a piece by Bloch.

It was a good deal more difficult than the Brahms, or so it seemed to me, but they played it with what sounded like sharper interest and greater sympathy. "This," I thought, "is their music. They like it better, so they play it with more of a will and with greater tenderness." They went through the end of one of the movements twice for fun.

They had evidently been playing for an hour or more before we arrived, and there were three or four of their friends sitting on sofas listening. All but the pianist and the girl who was turning pages for him went home after the Bloch was finished; they came and sat with us and had a drink.

"We're all professional musicians," the pianist explained, "but it's awfully hard to get a group together to play like this. We work in orchestras. You can't get older musicians to play quartets or quintets for fun. They've been too long out of music school. When they're still in school, they practice all day and play quartets all night. But after they have been professionals for a while, you can't inveigle them into playing for fun."

Several days later I took my eleven-year-old son to an intercollegiate basketball game in an armory. It was a Saturday afternoon, and though it was billed as a rather important game, only about a tenth of the seats were filled—perhaps a hundred and fifty people including the "Brooklyn College Boosters," a swarm of young ladies in white crew hats. My son, who had never seen a college game before, somehow knew half the players on both teams by their faces and numbers and reputations, and told me to keep a special eye on Dick and Al McGuire, which I dutifully and profitably did. The freshman teams were playing when we arrived, and they looked pretty good to me, but then my most recent experience with a basketball team had been as manager when I was in school. What the freshman game lacked in finesse it made up for in spirit. Like the quintets, the game had occasional blunders in it, but everyone took them in his stride. The varsity game was smoother, faster, far more expert, and much closer in score. It was from my point of view less fun than the freshman game.

This was my month for outings (and also armories) and the next Saturday evening I spent at a polo game with a couple of other adults, five boys under twelve, and one little

girl. This game, in which man is half beast and beast half man, has got everything basketball has and tan bark besides. We sat in a balcony at one end of the arena, and horses charged underneath us, balls whammed on the walls below us (and once hit the rafters above us), the kids screamed with excitement and delight, and so, I must add, did their parents. Players lost their stirrups, their mallets, and their helmets. Only the ponies seemed to have everything under control. The players had most things under control.

This was the playoff of the intercollegiates —Miami *vs.* Yale (Yale lost). The boys played their hearts out, and they looked pretty good. They were followed by Red Bank *vs.* the Ramapos, who play nearly every Saturday night and are rated as twelve-goal teams. The game was smoother, faster, far more expert, and much closer in score. It was a tie until the last twenty-six seconds. It was from my point of view less fun than the Yale-Miami game.

The chamber music, the basketball, and the polo seemed to have something else in common beyond the fact that they took me off my regular beat. There was a sort of juxtaposition of the professional and the amateur, the performance of the expert and the hell-for-leather enthusiasm of the neophyte. It seemed to extend beyond the players to the audience, the old hands who knew the names and numbers and performance of all the players, and the outsiders, like myself, who just happened in.

Games and music, I concluded (having had a very good time at both), are perhaps more rewarding in some ways for the neophyte than for the expert observer. Listening to the quintet play the Bloch, I not only discovered a piece of music, but discovered something about the work-a-day problems of the people who played it. It was lack of perfection that made this clear, just as the freshman basketball players had revealed the problems of their game by not solving many of them, and the Yale boys had done the same. The experts, whether basketball players or polo players or fiddlers, know their problems so well and solve them with such easy skill that the neophyte is unaware that they exist. It was the amateur, or I should say imperfect, performances that stretched a whole new set of brain muscles for me and provided a whole new set of perceptions. The experts merely made it look easy.

I don't imagine that I'll get to another polo game for a while, but if I don't, it will be because I intend to find some other kind of game I haven't seen in a very long time, something like fencing, for example, and see if I can get an inkling of what makes people put on masks and poke swords at each other.

No Ability Required

WHOEVER is in charge of maintaining the aura around the good name of "plastics" has done a remarkable piece of work. We have progressed into the age of postwar wonders through four years and disappointments without number, but in spite of a continued surplus of Lucite cigarette boxes shaped like grand pianos there is still glamor in the word "plastics" itself. "Lucite" may not sound quite as good as "Plexiglass," which has the advantage of connoting the dome-shaped noses of wartime bombers, but they are both merely roundabout ways of saying methal methacrylate. DuPont may call it Lucite and Rohm & Haas may call it Plexiglass, but sawed, carved, polished, or heated in the oven it's still the same old plastic. I'm sure that it was the call of this common, family name rather than the chemical one that brought such a crowd of people on a Saturday in March to the store of Berton Plastics, Inc., on Sixth Avenue in New York. I don't believe they could have been drawn together by a common interest in methal methacrylate, even preceded by the alluring adjective, "FREE!"

Berton Plastics—"The Complete Plastic Supply House, Let Our Experience Be Your Guide"—had started a few weeks before to hold free demonstration and instruction groups in the art of internal carving in plastic. This is only one of the activities in which Berton—"No Order Too Large Or Too Small, Visit Our Manufacturing Plant"—is engaged, but it seems to be on the way toward becoming the main one. The store had been opened after the war as a wholesale and—most surprisingly—retail outlet for acetate, Catalin, Polystyrene, vinyl leathers, Formica, Castolite resins, the acrylics, plus tools and accessories. These materials were to be seen in bins along the wall behind the mass of students attending

the free lessons. Several of the bins were filled with long tubes of extruded Catalin—"extruded" meaning, of course, squeezed out through holes of various shapes like toothpaste from a tube. This is a process especially suited to objects like napkin rings, which are always the same in profile, and can be cut off in slices from the tube and then merely polished down. Some of the rods of Catalin were shaped from end on like squirrels, scottie dogs, butterflies, fish, dachshunds, clock housings, drawer pulls, and religious crosses. I hoped that someone might come up and ask for three feet of scottie dog, but there were no takers. According to a smiling, prosperous gentleman who seemed to be one of the store's managers, this part of the plastics business has not been too good. "We had to find a gimmick to stay in business," he said. "The free school was the gimmick." He introduced himself as Bert K. Horton.

"Thus Berton?" I asked.

"That's it," he said. "Everything I have is called Berton. When I got a house in a development that was going up over in Jersey, the builder said he didn't know what to call the street, so now Bert Horton lives on Berton Street."

Mr. Horton also owns a printing company in his own name, but the plastics business that he started as a hobby has turned out to be the more prosperous of the two. As a result, Berton Plastics naturally has its eyes on the nation's hobbyists—"ten million of them"—and even its wholesale business is done largely with veterans hospitals and other organizations that use plastics in occupational therapy. Berton will sell plastic to the retail consumer in any shape and size for whatever he wants to make of it, through and including contact lenses, but the object in giving the free lessons is to get him interested in the hobbyist's art of all hobbyist's arts, a contemporary equivalent of painting on china, the internal carving of Lucite and Plexiglass. The school is appropriately under the direction of Mr. Harry A. Zoback, the author of *Internal Carving in Plastics* (appropriately published by the Horton Publishing Company, Inc., of New York). Mr. Zoback is a professional-looking young man who wears thick, horn-rim spectacles of the attaché variety that have sidepieces going straight back and resting on, rather than hooking, the ear. We withdrew from the mob of plastics enthusiasts to his desk on the balcony that runs across the back half of the store.

Mr. Zoback, after assuring me that I wouldn't blow up the inventory if I smoked, explained that he himself was an industrial designer by profession, but that on leaving the armed services he had been able to get a job only as a designer and builder of models. "You might say that unknowingly I developed this technique," he said. "Since then it's been growing and growing by leaps and bounds." He also explained that the school was open during mid-day on Saturdays and evenings on Thursdays, and he brought out photographs showing a sea of faces downstairs in the store. "This crowd," he said, looking over the balcony rail, "is still the result of our announcement at the Sportsmans Show. The first Thursday after the show—when these pictures were taken—we were packed to the doors."

The best way to describe a piece of internally-carved plastic would be to say that it looks as though a flower (or bird or fish) were imbedded in the material. Only when you turn the shiny plate over and look at the back do you realize that it has been carved in through a small hole from the rear, then colored and filled with plaster. The effect is remarkably alive and three-dimensional, and is apparently easily achieved by beginners (". . . speedy success before there is a chance to get discouraged," says the Berton manual). The secret of the ease of carving is that all the work is done by mechanical drills, the small hand-size models that keep cropping up in the advertisements on the war-surplus pages along with the T-shirts and tarpaulins and chronograph watches. "To tell the truth," Mr. Zoback said, "a lot of hobbyists come in here because somebody gave them one of those things and they don't know what you can use it for. You'd be surprised how many of them say, 'My wife bought me a machine for Christmas and I don't know what to do with it.' We show them how many uses there are for internal carving."

As Berton sees it, these uses are ornamental. A chunk of Plexiglass with a rose inside it can be made into a doorknob, perfume bottle, cigarette lighter or box, penstand, bookend, or piece of jewelry, but eventually even the

most inventive carver is bound to duplicate himself. It seemed probable to me that the fascination is all in the process of manufacture, and that like other hobbyists the plastic-carver is doomed to have his masterpieces more cherished through sentiment than admired for utility. But this wasn't bothering the beginners downstairs. They were buzzing away with hand drills, making flowers in the thick slabs of scrap plastic that Berton gives them to practice on.

A further limitation is imposed by the nature of the mechanical drills themselves. Since only the most exotic points and burrs will go around corners like a dentist's, most plastic carvers stick to shapes that come in from the hole in the back of the plastic in flat and bent planes—like leaves and petals and birds' wings. These natural surfaces also have fuzzy edges, which makes them attractive to the amateur who is out for "speedy success" while his hand is still unsteady. Berton supplies a set of heads for the drill, all of which produce semi-automatically some native effect of animal- or plant-life. If the pioneers of the medium like Mr. Zoback had originally been satisfied with a shallow, reverse bas-relief treatment, on the same principle as Steuben's expensive etched glass, then the technique would not have produced its own limitations so soon. But in plastic you can cut deeply and quickly, and the temptation to go looking for wildly three-dimensional subjects was too much to resist. When the interior of the carving is dyed and filled with plaster, and when the plaster then shrinks slightly, the result is a velvety texture that is still more lifelike and more terrifying.

"The thing is," Mr. Zoback was insisting, "that absolutely no artistic ability is required; the drill does everything for you. We just teach them enough to handle the material they're using, and you can see the interest it creates." He looked out over the edge of the balcony again, as though he couldn't quite believe it himself. "Now get this—this is a plug for your story—it's usually the husband who starts but the *wife who finishes;* she comes along to watch but she just gets so interested. I've seen that happen numerous times.

"And another thing," he went on, "this is a hobby that pays; you can make money at it very easily. There are gifts made of carved plastic at all the big stores—a display at Hammacher-Schlemmer—all over. I can introduce you to people downstairs that made eight or nine hundred dollars just in their spare time over Christmas."

If there are many uses for plastics in the home workshop that Berton hasn't thought of, I would be very much surprised. I had gone down to the store originally on the off-chance that it would be possible to make a plastic top for a radio-phonograph cabinet, but I was shortly set back on my heels by the prices (Mr. Zoback suggested that the best word for plastic prices is "comparable," which is perfectly true). As we came downstairs, Mr. Horton stopped by with a plastic plate with more flowers carved in it; I gathered that the plate had been carved first and then turned on a lathe. Mr. Horton explained that he often bought up the work of his best craftsmen. "I figure this one cost me about seventy bucks all told. You could make up a nice set for a thousand."

"What we call this," Mr. Zoback said, "is a new art and a new——Bert, what is it you called this? A new art and a new medium——"

"What are you doing now, quoting me?" Mr. Horton said.

"You know," said Mr. Zoback. "We're using skills that have been developed for centuries, in glass carving and so on, but now this is the Plastic Age. I got it . . . *this is a new art in a new medium using old techniques.* That's what we call it."

Mr. Zoback and Mr. Horton presented me with a plastic key-chain holder that had a small, red duck carved in it, and we thanked each other profusely. As I went out, a short man in an army mackinaw came up to Mr. Zoback with a foot-square, inch-and-a-half-thick piece of plastic entirely taken up by a cabbage-bed of practice roses. "Harry," he said, "which are the ones you did?"

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

The Seeing Eye and the Greedy Hand

Jacques Barzun

One of the happy results of the modern tendency to translate and convey experience by means of pictures — through the camera, the screen, the ad, the graph, the television set—is a veritable renaissance of interest in painting. For the many amateurs who take up the art as "Sunday painters" it seems an opportunity to choose and shape a visual reality different from that of the billboard or photo magazine. For the rest, who presumably buy and obtain delight from the numerous art books that are published, the satisfaction consists perhaps in exploring a world which is more orderly than the one in which we live. Even a picture of battle or agony can be soothing and restful because the mind is led by it to other sympathies than those usually aroused by pain and confusion. It would be interesting to know how many readers of today actually follow the old-fashioned habit of taking out the portfolio and indulging for an hour or so the harmless lust of the pictorial eye.

The portfolio used to contain for the most part copperplate engravings. Nowadays it consists of many kinds and degrees of color reproductions. The danger is that bad ones will spoil one's judgment by falsifying the artist's intentions. That is one reason why one may be grateful for the new Art Library editions in several series (Masters of Painting, Form and Color, Painters and Subjects, Master Drawings) which Harper & Brothers are undertaking. The first issues—***Gainsborough*** ($2.50) and ***Van der Weyden's Pietà*** ($2.50) show all the care one could wish in the accurate reproduction of tints and values, as well as in printing and paper. Whether the text is at all points suitable is a question which must be decided for each volume. I personally found the Van der Weyden commentary both too full and too fanciful. But it is a boon to have the large size plates to study in detail.

Nothing, of course, equals the direct vision of the original painting and today the practice of collecting contemporary work is rather limited. One reason is the good and sufficient one that it is an expensive luxury. This is also a traditional fact, as we soon find out from one of the most exhilarating of recent works on the graphic arts, Francis Henry Taylor's ***The Taste of Angels*** (Little, Brown, $10). Mr. Taylor is Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York—a title which may raise visions of endless mortuary halls and dim-lit masterpieces protected by plush-covered ropes. But those who have seen the transformation of the Museum under Mr. Taylor know that his conception, now a reality, is just the opposite. Reading his book gives us a simple clue to his philosophy of art: he feels it as a part of life. Art is to be enjoyed; it is to be respected not because it is rare and remote but because its power to give pleasure is so enormously great and lasting as compared with other forms of recreation.

This is the lesson of *Taste of Angels,* not its theme. What Mr. Taylor set out to do was to recount the history of art collecting from the Egyptians to the beginning of the nine-

teenth century. The subject, again, could have been of monumental dullness, but the author is an ingenious and cultivated man and his work is in effect one of the most entertaining as well as most instructive pieces of cultural history that have appeared in many a year. In it you will find not only great names and dates and reproductions of works of art, but poetry, anecdotes, extracts from diaries, character sketches, menus, descriptions of costumes, politics, love affairs, accounts of scientific and technological advances, business history, church intrigue, archaeology, music, magic, and wit.

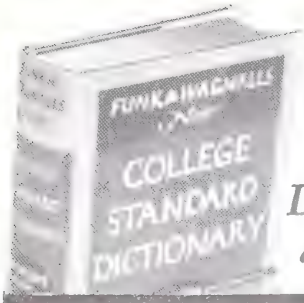
Nor is that sampling of life thrown at the reader pell-mell. Mr. Taylor has mastered the great span and keeps its multitudinous elements in admirable proportion. His prose is transparent, unassuming, and varied; so that we see successive periods in distinct shapes and tones, and not only see the age through the taste of its angels but hear its voice through the words of its prophets and profiteers.

By a supreme device of composition, the author gives the effect of continuity without that of a relentless survey. We skip from country to country or man to man as if on a capricious and not a Cook's tour—from Medici to Popes, from Spain to Fontainebleau, from Rubens to Christina of Sweden, from Mazarin and the Louvre to Horace Walpole and the Royal Society: I have no hesitation in saying that this volume of moderate size (some 600 handsomely printed pages) is without compare as an introduction to Western European art. Any reader who has savored it not only knows a galaxy of things he did not know before, but he is a different person, whose mind has been agreeably and usefully reshaped. One would be tempted to add that this is the only way to write about art or its history if it were not perfectly obvious that no one but Mr. Taylor could produce anything like this sort of work without falling into the dangers of superficiality, antiquarianism, or anecdotery.

To judge Mr. Taylor as historian, one has only to set his book side by side with the standard ***Art Through the Ages*** by the late Helen Gardner, which has just been reissued in a third revised edition (Harcourt, Brace, $6). Here is much information too, and a valiant attempt to provide "background" and "significance"; but with the exception of a few chapters, such as that on Primitive Art, the whole panorama is frozen. It is art history collegiate and congealed, correct and disheartening in the degree of its unassailable and unconscious falsification. One has but to try and believe Part IV, which deals with the modern period, in order to feel one's hair stand on end at the thought that any sensible human being could write historical generalities such as: "Socially and econonomically the artist is again, though slowly, finding a place in this evolving order; he is coming closer to his audience the people—" after which follows the usual fiction that the artist was cozily at home in earlier times. It is at this point that Mr. Taylor's account of patronage as it really worked is a needed corrective.

To be sure, the supplying of generalities for the innocent reader to hang on to is always the most difficult part of biography or history, and Mr. Taylor's work is itself not free from blemish in this regard. Often, it is a matter of language: *can* one say, "Personal individuality was the supreme gift of the Italian peninsula to the modern world," and imply that before the spread of Italian ideas into, say, sixteenth-century France, the universal church meant a uniform belief and therefore the absence of individuality? Heresy, after all, is the oldest of Western traditions, and the thirteenth century shows as handsome a collection of warring personalities as one would want to see.

Again, someone might say that any writer who tackles our touchy modern times must be treated leniently and that Miss Gardner's propositions should be taken in a Pickwickian sense. I see no reason for this withholding of criticism, which would only postpone the clearing up of our muddled minds. For example, Mr. Taylor promises us a second volume bringing his story up to date, but if he repeats in that work the wild, rabble-rousing attacks on modern art that he recently published in the periodical press, he should be held as strictly accountable as if he were irresponsibly maligning the Pharaohs of Egypt —indeed more strictly, for the Pharaohs have done their work, unalterably, whereas we can still be damaged and diverted from our true artistic goals by bad criticism. The question

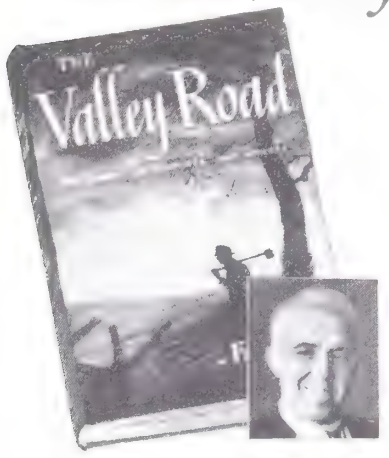


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is not whether one likes or dislikes modern art but whether, for instance, it can be spoken about in one breath when the category "modern" includes several dozen distinct schools and several thousand separate artists.

Readers who are curious about this question, which recently formed the subject of a forum publicized in *Life* magazine, may want to turn to the fifth volume published by the Museum of Modern Art on the paintings and sculptures in its collection (Simon and Schuster, $5.50). The editor, Alfred Barr, Jr., admirably describes and explains the diversity to which I have referred—and the plates would prove it even in a one-eyed world. Equally significant is the demonstration by means of the names of collectors whom he lists that the leaders of our plutocratic society are just as passionate about contemporary art as the Medici and the Mazarins of the past. This alone is a consideration that should give pause to the impugners of modern artistic talents. To say that the form and subject matter of modern art are not so restful as Claude Lorrain is something else again.

On this question of subject matter, the current offering is also abundant. We are told with almost comic unanimity by a dozen writers not to look for stories in pictures. The veteran critic, Bernard Berenson, is more subtle and less fanatical in his provocative ***Aesthetics and History in the Visual Arts*** (Pantheon, $4) and Mr. H. Ruhemann does a needed job excellently well in ***Artist and Craftsman*** (Chanticleer, $3). The others seem at once to underrate and to overload the minds of their readers, who are surely not all pictorial illiterates.

From Mazarin to Morgan

Modern collecting, too, seems full of intelligent purpose—I am speaking of the United States and comparing it with the record of earlier exemplars such as Mrs. Jack Gardner and J. P. Morgan. It so happens, as readers of this magazine know from previously published extracts, that we now possess a full length, scholarly biography of ***The Great Pierpont Morgan*** by Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper, $3.50). It is a complete yet compact piece of work which puts before us I will not say an attractive, but certainly an imposing personality. The biographer is full of sympathy for his subject but he keeps a critical eye on the financier, from his rubescent nose to his monopolistic schemes, and he writes with the assurance of one who has weighed and pondered the evidence.

What he tells us of Morgan's art collecting is depressing: the great man bought wholesale—"How much for the stack?" If he desired a single item he would buy an entire houseful. And he always bought at second hand in the sense that it was always old masters, old manuscripts, and old horrors. His most dangerously modern venture, I suppose, was his purchase of a Thackeray manuscript. But part of Morgan's sweeping acquisitiveness came from a desire not to haggle, which the biographer relates to a touching and little-known aspect of the man's character: he had an almost mystical view of business, according to which the practice of banking became a sort of modern chivalry. He insisted on dealing only with gentlemen and only by word of mouth—hence his conferences at home, with no pencil and paper at hand, from which might issue ruin for the serfs and burghers but which upheld the noble ideal and kingly sport.

In such deals, as Mr. Allen adroitly shows without reiterating it, Morgan dominated by main strength of will and faith in his code. There is no doubt that he was in his way a great American leader, different from the run-of-the-millionaire, and a key figure in the wildest era of finance capitalism. A single act of his during the panic of 1907 suffices to show his grasp of men and situations: he had with difficulty arranged a meeting of trust company representatives, late at night in his library. An agreement was painfully being worked out and some, weary or despondent, decided to leave in the middle, but they couldn't; Morgan had locked them in.

In his sifting of vast amounts of material, including archives of the Morgan firm, Mr. Allen has shown an unfailing eye for what is both true and telling. He is perfectly

frank about expressing doubt when it is called for, he is never systematic about praise or blame, and he has a positive genius for making the substance of Morgan's own works of art—stocks and bonds—into veritable actors in the drama. This capacity has not been as brilliantly displayed since Disraeli used to make the budget bill sound like one of his own novels. And one more virtue must be put to the biographer's credit: his arrangement is perfect. We start and end with the Pujo Committee investigation, yet chronological order is maintained within this frame, and there are just enough skips and backtrackings to provide variety. Were it not for a few concessions to colloquial diction, the work could be deemed perfection in all its parts—and this one blemish is so easily correctible as to seem, in retrospect, unimportant.

For the Mind's Eye

Passing from factual to fictional narrative I must recommend another polished piece of writing, this time a novel by Rupert Croft-Cooke entitled ***Another Sun, Another Home*** (Holt, $3). Mr. Croft-Cooke will be remembered as the author of a superb satire, *Miss Allick,* which I have just reread with pleasure after an interval of two years. Since I like this earlier work better than the present one, readers who know my foibles will no doubt prefer the later work: both are equally admirable in form and substance, but differ in mood and theme.

The subject of *Another Sun, Another Home* is the life of a remarkable colonel in the Indian service after his retirement and his return to socialist England. The plot is firm, the characters are persuasively complex, and the social history is artistically unobstrusive. Life in India as we are permitted to see it through Colonel Wilkes by no means resembles the modern stereotype that has been created in order to down Kipling. It partakes rather of E. M. Forster's ambiguous portrayal, though Mr. Croft-Cooke's story cannot afford to be so melodramatic as *Passage to India.* The England of the forties and especially the younger generation represented



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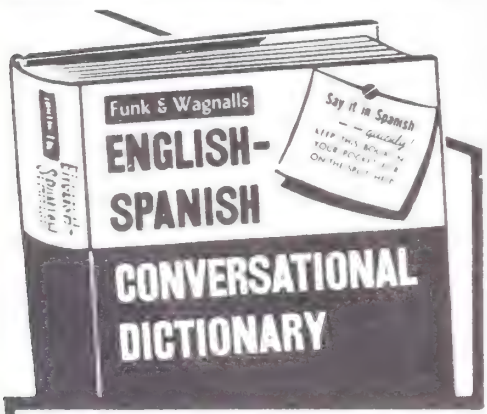


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by the Colonel's son, his business, and his entourage, are done with a masterly economy and a command of simple prose which make one want to stop and cheer. Possibly it is this unmistakable power which suggests that the author's art could be used in still more lasting forms—in satire again or at any rate in something that was not simple realism.

Two other works of fiction present parallels (with a difference) to Mr. Croft-Cooke's work to date. That veteran writer of novels in French on French life, Julian Green, has in his most recent book attempted a fantasy. ***If I Were You*** (Harper, $3) deals with the problem that every child considers—"What makes me myself?" Mr. Green says in a Preface that he has always brooded about this. Having grown up in France, he lacked (as I know from the same cause) the advantage of finding in *The Wizard of Oz* a release from this earliest of philosophic torments. *If I Were You* is therefore a belated outburst, carefully controlled by Mr. Green's ever vigilant mind—perhaps too carefully controlled. The situation certainly called for the free association of ideas and there are points in the story which offer chances for happy departures. The young man who struggles with himself over his relatively minor vices and as a result receives a visit from an unattractive devil empowered to bestow the gift of self-transformation, is in the coveted position of Faust. He also resembles the man who owned the wild ass's skin and could make his every wish come true, and his character reminds one of the naughty boy of Oz who had surprised the secret of self-transformation.

The point of these comparisons is that the author of *If I Were You* gives little more to the reader than a study of French provincial life minutely described. The hero jumps about from skin to skin, turns rich, ugly, violent, learned, handsome, and beloved, but except for the murder he commits he scarcely changes the current of local affairs. What goes on in himself is a progressive weakening of the ego, which finally disposes of its body altogether. The Cagliostro power opens up no vistas which a normal narrative would not have presented. Can it be that Mr. Green has allegory up his sleeve? If so, it must be this: that we fret ourselves needlessly by imagining what other people are like and wishing to be in their place. They are in fact what they do and what we know them by common report to be. The particulars in which they differ may be striking, yet all are alike in being uncomfortable sinners. The substitute personalities we would choose are bound to be as unhappy as ourselves, as full of balked desires. The only cessation of this fever comes with death or, we may infer from Mr. Green, it could come before the beginning of the adventure through the moral strength which arises from self-acceptance and self-denial under the command of religious precept.

Robin Maugham's ***The Servant*** (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50) is likewise a moral tale, but not an allegory. Like Mr. Croft-Cooke's novel, it is also a story of postwar readjustment to Britain. The resemblance stops there, for Mr. Maugham belongs, like his uncle of the name, to the cult of "story" worshippers. He prides himself on doing the kind of *tour de force* which by giving technical pleasure may often pass for art.

No one disputes the worthiness of care and skill, but too often, and I think *The Servant* is a case in point, workmanship only goes through the motions of hewing blocks. Mr. Maugham wanted to show how a man could go down the path of degradation through indulging the one small weakness of loving comfort. All the pieces in the plot are cunningly mounted, they all fit together, and we are supposed to believe that the resulting world do move. Yet it doesn't. Tony, the candidate for self-destruction, is so conventional a character that I doubt whether he would so much as stay abed of a Sunday morning. His girl Sally is the good girl straight out of a bad movie. The evil Barrett lacks both motive and subtlety, and the first person narrator is a bigger fool than Dr. Watson. As for the nymphomaniac, for all her duplicity and display of her person, she is so unsubstantial as to be transparently a device. Put together, these figures form a momentary make-believe

which flatters us into the thought that we are reading a tale of relentless horror. But we are quite sure deep down—or even part-way down—that we are only reading trivial-serious fiction. Mr. Maugham's own love of work and handling of English are his best assets: the literature from which he has picked up his characters and their attitudes he had better scrap at once—if it is indeed his intention to write seriously and give us an object of art to look at and enjoy for more than the moment of first acquaintance.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Brave Bulls, by Tom Lea. From a foreign country, an alien tongue, and an unfamiliar sport—or is it an art?—Mr. Lea has constructed a novel that evokes in the reader love, despair, fear, hope, and exaltation as real and familiar as any he ever felt in his life. It is the story of Luis Bello, the Mexican bullfighter, and of the men around him—for each bullfighter has his entourage, his caudrilla; of his love for a woman which nearly destroys him; of rebirth through love of his brother, his men, his art. How much of all this the author meant to be symbolic it is hard to determine, for the book can be read as the most artless, simple, and exciting story, reaching an emotional climax unequaled in anything I have read in a long time. Though in the early chapters the Spanish phrases and the picturesque but unknown language of the bull-ring seem confusing—*barrera, callejon, corrida, torero, picadore, divisa, toril*—by the end of the book they are as much a part of

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one's own vocabulary as Luis' emotional conflict is Everyman's struggle between Love and Death. The beauty and directness of Mr. Lea's writing, like the strong, clean lines of his drawings which preface each chapter, have a deceptive simplicity, but the force of the story, like the charge of the mountainous black shoulders, and its sharp and deeply penetrating implications, like the symbolic horns, keep assaulting one's mind long after the book is closed. And bullfighting, that unfamiliar, barbarous sport? It is now beautiful with the beauty of the known and understood. It is entirely comprehensible to the reader that one of Mr. Lea's characters should say: "It is the only art in which the artist deals actual death and risks actual death, as if a poet were called upon to scan his lines with his life. . . ." The pageantry has taken on meaning, each part of the bright costume has significance, the bull and the man are no longer separate but have become one in their creation of the perfect, exquisite Moment of Truth. To read the book is to lose one's self. One says with another spectator, "We have seen it, the tragic brave spectacle." And the spectacle, of course, is Life. Little, Brown, $3

Double Muscadine, by Frances Gaither. It is high enough praise of a book to say that it is a first-class murder-trial thriller that holds the rapt attention of the reader as fully as it held the attention of the courthouse benches in Athens, Mississippi, about one hundred years ago. The story of the trial of the lovely high-yellow slave girl, Aimée, for murder of a member of her owner's family, is based on records of an actual case. But the patterns of plot and character that Miss Gaither weaves around the bare record are as intricate—and the result as clear cut—as the pattern of the "double muscadine" quilt that figures as a symbol throughout the story. . . . V. S. Pritchett suggests in a recently published letter to Graham Greene that society says to the artist: "Tell us what we may be but tell us what we *are*. We too are striving for this and that, for the true, the good, the beautiful—but tell us what we are *now*." He believes that society is asking the artist to bring to his subject "not propaganda but the opposite: the power of definition." It may be easier for the artist to give shape and definition to an era not his own, being not caught up himself in the conflicts and pressures of another time, but it is still difficult to avoid doing it in terms of propaganda, especially when the issues and prejudices carry over into the present as the Negro *vs.* white question does in this story. But Mrs. Gaither *has* avoided propaganda and partisanship and has described the tensions and temptations created by a world in which slavery was accepted, so that the reader accepts them as they must have been. . . . It is a story full of thrills, sex, and violence, but beyond all that it has importance for what is revealed about an era, the importance not of "what we are now" but the equally true one of "what they were then." And she does it with an authority that only the creative writer can command.
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The Christmas Tree, by Isabel Bolton. *Do I Wake Or Sleep,* published two years ago, made an immediate reputation for this novelist who has been compared to "Elizabeth Bowen at her best." There is a likeness, surely, in the almost painful perceptiveness, in the intensity of the attempt to bridge over the gap between past and present. But remarkable as this picture is of the destructiveness of an unusual mother-son relationship, its load of Freudian overtones occasionally tends to blur the outlines in a way that Elizabeth Bowen would never allow, and by so much the portrait suffers. . . . The actual story all takes place in the three days before Christmas as the mother, in her New York apartment, prepares Christmas for her son's son while awaiting the return of the child's now divorced and remarried mother on Christmas eve. Meanwhile the son, who has been working in Washington and has not been heard from for months, is breaking up, with little grace, a homosexual relationship and is also planning to arrive at his mother's house on Christmas eve. The ensuing violence, while credible in itself, is laden with a symbolism that strains

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credulity to the limit. But Miss Bolton manages the difficult task of making her villain the one really sympathetic character, and the intelligence and beautiful precision of her writing make the journey through these tortured minds a revealing experience. Scribner, $2.75

The Lottery, or The Adventures of James Harris, by Shirley Jackson. "Shirley Jackson is wonderful, but of course she's a witch," is the first thing I remember having heard about the author of this book of short stories. Having since met her, the friendly and charmingly unforbidding mother of three (see page 58) I make haste to scotch all such rumors. To be sure, I noticed that she wore a silver ring with a death's head on it, the kind of thing a child might wear to indicate membership in a secret society, but there was not the lightest whiff of brimstone in the air around her. Since hearing the statement I have also read this book of short stories (one of them, "The Renegade," was published in *Harpers* a few months ago) and I can see how the legend grew. Though by no means all the stories are macabre, read "The Lottery," which brought in more letters to the *New Yorker,* where it was first published, than any other story they ever printed, or "The Witch," or "The Daemon Lover," and you will begin to feel the unseen worlds closing in. Our own realities come up against an atmosphere in which they dissolve like dreams into nightmares of accepted horror. Try them.
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Southbound, by Barbara Anderson. Integrity is an outstanding characteristic of all Mrs. Anderson's work. All the problems of the South, as well as the problems of the artist, are of the greatest concern to her, and in her books she has to write about them as she sees them. In *The Days Grow Cold* she wrote of the impact of the outside world on a conventional Southern town. In this novel it is the problem of the Negro artist that absorbs her. The artist, a pianist, is a woman, half Negro, half white, so that both by birth and ability she belongs to both worlds and yet to neither. The book

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is the story of her search, from Alabama, to Ohio, to New York, to Paris, to find her "place," only to discover that it lies in the South she has spent so many years escaping. The importance of the book lies in the fact that its implications obviously go far beyond the question of the person born between two worlds, important as that is. In a sense everyone is looking for his "place," choosing between loyalties. . . . If some people criticize Mrs. Anderson's work because it always seems to press its moral home a little too forcefully, it is a fault deriving from intense caring which lends to her writing, on the other hand, a compelling excitement and validity. Farrar, Strauss, $3

Macamba, by Lilla Van Saher. This is another novel of the misery of the person of mixed blood and heritage, this time of Paul, illegitimate son of the Jewish Hollander, Willem Hondura, and a native Curaçao girl, a Catholic. His situation could hardly be more involved. Because of his birth he is too familiar with the life of both native and white to find happiness with either. There is the added complication of resentment not only against the *macamba,* the white man, but against a specific individual, his father. And the resentment carries over into incidents as far away as the Dutch Underground during the war. The resolution of these tensions is finally achieved by a Catholic priest and a half Javanese, half Dutch girl who bring about his reconciliation to life. And after all the turmoil it seems much too simple. Miss Van Saher undoubtedly knows the misery these complicated situations cause, for she has lived in Curaçao and speaks the native language. One admires the crusading spirit but misses a literary quality which would raise it above a crusade. Dutton, $3

Non-fiction

Days With Bernard Shaw, by Stephen Winsten. As Mr. Winsten, who has been a near neighbor of Mr. Shaw for many years, also seems to be an excellent reporter, this book which describes and quotes profusely turns out to be witty, wise, and revealing. If it does not give the double-edged pleasure which Hesketh Pearson's own wit and wisdom gave to his *G.B.S.,* it is still a remarkable portrait of one of the most provocative and mischievous minds of our time. Vanguard, $3.75

Marmee, the Mother of Little Women, by Sanford Salyer.

As one whose childish idea of heaven was a place where I would actually meet Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, I still find anything that helps prove that *Little Women* "really happened" nostalgically satisfying. I could also quote whole pages of the book, and such unmemorable quotes as hang on to this day!

> "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents, grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.
> "It's so dreadful to be poor," sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

And:

> Joy put strength into the feeble limbs and Beth ran straight into her father's arms.

That scene was illustrated in my mother's edition (published by Roberts Brothers in Boston sometime before 1870), and I must have spent hours gazing at the picture of that touching moment. . . . In any case, Mr. Salyer has performed a service in making this study of Bronson Alcott's extraordinary wife. It is a straightforward, factual biography, full of quotes that now sound as stilted and formal as the prose in *Little Woman.* But it is honest and painstaking and one gets the whole picture of that remarkable woman who not only kept her many homes (twenty-two in twenty-four years) happy and pleasant places (while she did all the work), but encouraged Bronson Alcott in his eccentric experiments in living and her daughter, Louisa, in her first attempts at writing. She was, moreover, an important pioneer in social work in Boston, in the Abolition Movement, and in woman's suffrage. For anyone who wishes to be transported, as I always am willing to be, to the world Jo wrote about, here it is, except that this time one is sure that the facts are all authentic.

Oklahoma, $3

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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

LAST November's astonishing election was followed by a period, rather brief to be sure, when it looked as though a progressive Congress was going to make life rosy for President Truman. The honeymoon didn't last long, and ***John Fischer***, whom our readers will remember for his many political articles in *Harper's* and for his book *Why They Behave Like Russians*, has been in Washington to see what happened. He will report in our next number on the President and the men he has gathered around him and what kind of administration we can look forward to for the next three and a half years.

HAVE you ever been subjected to those tales about the good old days in New England, the ones that tell of the beauties of feather beds, families toasting themselves in front of blazing log fires, breakfasts of fried deer meat and the like? ***Franklin F. Gould***, who is old enough to remember the not-so-good old days, delightfully debunks the myths in "Maine Was Never Like That." ***Milo Perkins***, on the other hand, looks at the future and speculates on "How Rich Can Your Children Be?" At the rate at which production has been increasing and seems likely to continue to rise, your children will . . . but we suggest you wait and let Mr. Perkins tell you himself.

MARY HEATON VORSE has been revisiting her old haunts and tells vividly "How the South Has Changed." ***Felix Perris*** (pseudonym for the chief correspondent of a leading London newspaper in Rome) finds that Italy is the ground on which the battle of the Marshall Plan is being fought with the Communists. He writes a revealing and rather disturbing account of the techniques and weapons which are being used. There will be other articles, too, including: "It is I: Margaret Fuller" by ***Edward Nicholas***, and "Abolish the Government" by ***Bruce Catton,*** two or possibly three stories, and departments as usual.

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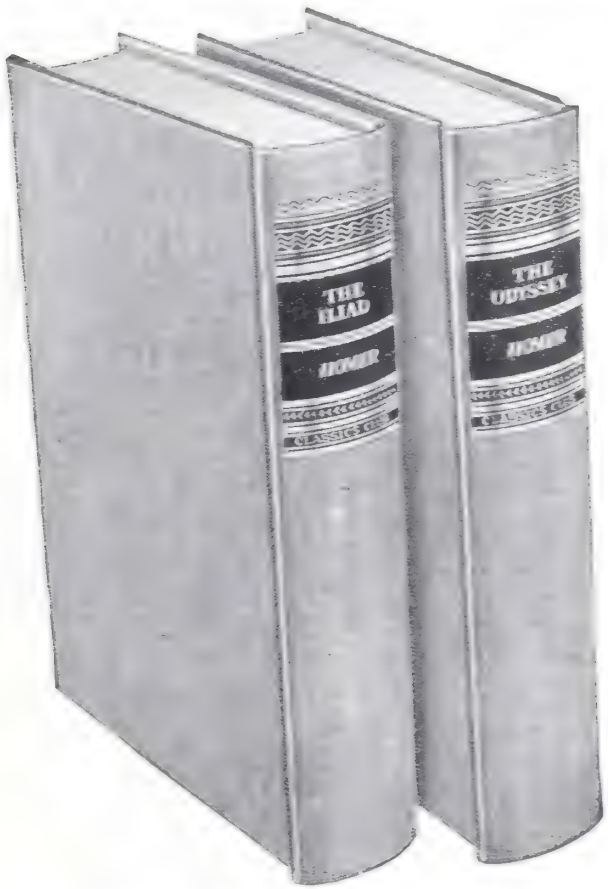
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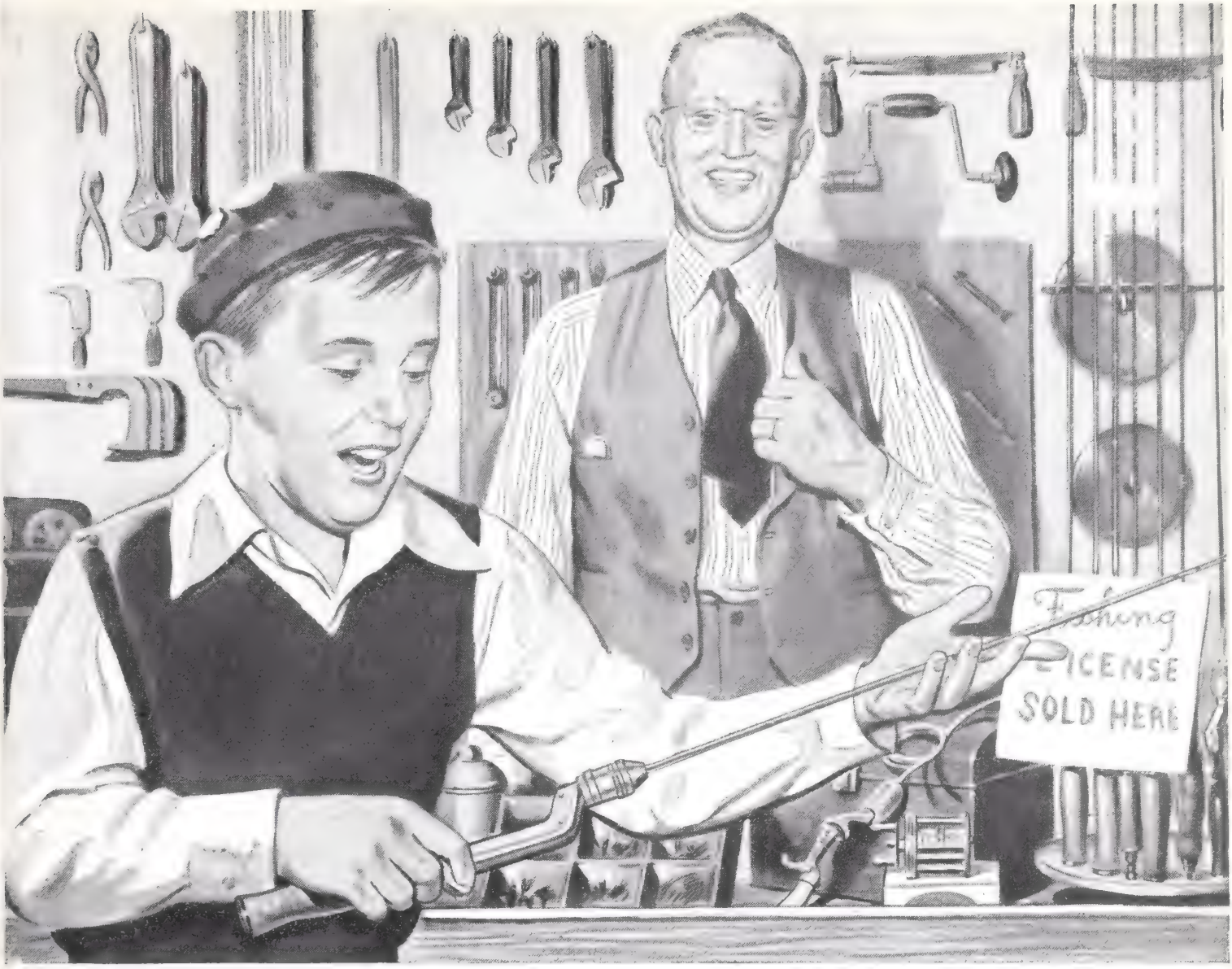
Personal & Otherwise

EVERY now and then we like to check up on who reads *Harper's*. The business manager and the advertising and circulation departments have their own uses for information of this kind, as you can well imagine, but the editors also like to have it. As we've said before in P & O, the editors of a magazine have less contact with the customers than most tradespeople have. The butcher, the automobile dealer, or the proprietor of a bar and grill gets to know his clientele, and knows whom he pleases and whom he disappoints.

Of course we hear from a few readers, who write in to tell us what they think. But only a small percentage of the subscribers write at all, and almost nobody writes unless he wants to take exception to something, or offer a correction. Even the favorable and friendly letters begin, nine tenths of the time, with some sentence like: "I've been a faithful *Harper's* reader for ten years, and enjoyed every issue, but . . ." And the rest of the letter tells us (or one of our authors) off for something which is—or is said to be—an error in fact or judgment.

Well, as you can see, that sort of mail doesn't exactly put us on a person-to-person basis with our customers. So every now and then we undertake some sort of survey to find out who our readers are, what they do, and so on. Several years ago we made a sampling-survey of subscribers all over the country. (See P & O, February 1946.) This time we picked a single medium-sized city and sent return-postcards to all 680 *Harper's* subscribers who live there. All we asked them to do was tell us what occupation, profession, or business they were engaged in and what particular job-rating or title they held, if any. That's not enough information to establish more than a nodding acquaintance, of course, but the results of the survey were interesting to us as an indication of the many different kinds of people who read *Harper's* in an average community, and we thought our readers might be interested too.

Of the 680 people we wrote to, 376 (well over half) filled out the card and returned it. P & O doesn't know enough about statistics to have any idea how this stacks up as a scientific cross-section, but by our amateur standards it seems pretty impressive. The Gallup Poll,



Waldemar Retzlaff and Billy Strate, as painted from photographs.

"Gee, *that's a honey!*" says Billy Strate

Ten-year-old Billy Strate of New Ulm, Minnesota, admires a steel fishing rod in the store of popular hardware dealer Waldemar Retzlaff. New Ulm is in the heart of wonderful fishing country and many a boy is making plans for his summer vacation right now.

That fishing rod of fine steel in Billy's hands is one of more than 10,000 steel-made items now stocked in Mr. Retzlaff's store. With steel in ample supply Mr. Retzlaff is finding it easier to meet all the demands of his customers.

Only 9,500 people live in New Ulm, but Mr. Retzlaff draws for his trade on a population of 20,000 within a radius of 15 miles. With the remodeling of his store and the addition of a new household appliance display department, he expects bigger sales this year.

Dealer Retzlaff couldn't for the life of him tell the source of all the steels in the thousands of products on his shelves. The fact is that a goodly number of the country's 247 steel companies are competing for the business. This competition in steel explains why the quality is so high, though the price is the lowest of all metals.

Small town storekeepers like Mr. Retzlaff and their suppliers play a big role in the life of the country. Together they work hard to supply at a fair price and fair profit the needs of the Billy Strates and the Father and Mother Strates in thousands of communities. That is *how* and *why* the American system serves the people.

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we've heard, bases its conclusions on the responses of 3,000 out of 140,000,000 people—which is only a little more than .002 per cent as against our 55 per cent. The mathematical difference may be misleading by economic standards, but it *sounds* impressive as the devil to us. Be that as it may, here is the dope as far as our statisticians have been able to systemize it.

Of the 376 subscribers who filled out the cards and returned them to us, 41 were housewives. That's not the largest group, but in some ways it was the most interesting to us. For years there have been people, even on the magazine's staff, who assumed that *Harper's* was almost wholly a man's magazine. As nearly as the rest of us can make out, their assumption was that a magazine which deals seriously with social, economic, and political problems will by nature be beyond the comprehension of mere women. It seems to have escaped their notice that at any public meeting where international affairs or domestic problems are discussed, women in the audience outnumber men. But here we turn up with more than 11 per cent of our subscribers who are housewives, and that is only one group of the women who subscribe. In addition we spotted, on a hasty count, more than sixty other women, whose statistical identities are scattered through such occupational categories as *Doctors, Government Officials, Nurses, Social Workers, Educators and Teachers,* and various jobs in *Business and Industry.* In the catch-all *Miscellaneous* category, we noticed a widow, seventy-six years old, who reported her occupation as "taking care of myself," and the wife of a globe-trotting soldier who says it's hard to find a copy of *Harper's* in some foreign countries.

The largest group, comprising about 27 per cent of the total, are the 103 people classified as engaged in *Business and Industry.* This is the loosest and most flexible category in the lot, including everyone from the chairman of the board of a great newspaper chain to a receiving clerk in a men's clothing store, from a telegrapher on a railroad to one of that same railroad's vice presidents. (In the *Librarian* category, by the way, we found the card of the research librarian of that railroad, with a note from him saying that as soon as *Harper's* arrives each month they study it for material of value to their executives "and route it to those whom it particularly concerns. This often means the purchase of additional copies.")

Harper's subscribers in the *Business and Industry* category are engaged in every imaginable line of work. There are a cabinetmaker and a toolmaker, both self-employed; the district manager of one of the world's largest textile companies; a furniture salesman; the president of a pharmaceutical company; a hotel manager; the owner of a variety store; a partner in the city's largest advertising agency; the president of an electric manufacturing company; the vice president of the city's largest bank; a book-keeping machine operator; and the head of the electronics department in a huge aircraft company. There are insurance agents, architects, accountants, foremen in factories and steel mills, investment bankers, research chemists, and managers of everything from a movie circuit to a woolen mill. On the whole, a pretty good cross-section of the city's business community (with what our own business office regards as a gratifying high percentage of "executives," as the phrase is).

The next largest category is labeled *Educators and Teachers,* and includes 53 assorted professors, associate and assistant professors, instructors, headmasters and principals, high-school teachers, and the state superintendent of schools. (Several of the teachers reported using *Harper's* in the classroom.) Then come *Doctors* (44); *Ministers* (20); *Librarians* (16); *Government Officials and Employees* (15); *Lawyers* (15)—including a judge of the state supreme court and the state's assistant attorney general; and a few smaller categories plus *Miscellaneous* (23). In many instances our classifications were pretty arbitrary. Where, for instance, should we put an interior decorator? Or the staff-pianist of a television station? Should an interne be classified as a *Doctor* or a *Student*? (We called him a *Doctor.*) One subscriber apparently had our classifying experts completely baffled. He said he was "a man of letters" and they put him down under *Retired.*

If You Could Only Thaw!

THAT, or something like it, will have to replace the old low-comedy vaudeville crack if the frozen-foods business goes on at the rate ***C. Lester Walker*** describes in "What's in the Deep Freeze?" (p. 39). Everyone knows that the frozen foods business is booming, and almost everyone you meet has opinions about the relative merits of fresh and frozen peas, or fresh and frozen orange juice. But it takes someone like Mr. Walker

(and that's just the point: there aren't many like him!) to round up the whole complicated story of this fabulous new industry and make sense of it.

Mr. Walker has done a number of articles for us on complex technical subjects. During the war he did pieces on how armored troops were trained, how war maps were made, and how the invasion of Europe was planned. (That last—in March, 1945—was an amazing job of Pentagon-picking, interviews with brass, and co-ordination. To say nothing of censor-placating! It took three months and ten days to get the article cleared by the War Department, the Navy, the British Army, and the Royal Navy and Air Force.) Later he was our correspondent in China, and wrote several war-articles from that unhappy land. Since the war he has rounded up the dope on "Secrets by the Thousands" (October 1946), "Where to Find Buried Treasure" (June 1947), "Too Many People" (February 1948), and "A Million Unknown Diabetics" (January 1949).

Incidentally, for those who are curious about the outfit which produces frozen orange juice, and about the process involved, the first account of these marvels, in their early stages, was an article called "Experiment in Enterprise," which was published in *Harper's* for October 1944. Since then it has become one of the most domesticated byproducts of wartime research.

We want to mention here for the record that "Deepfreeze" is the copyrighted trade-mark name of the product made by the Motors Products Corporation of Chicago. We discovered this fact when our article was already in print and our cover plated.

The drawings for the freezers are the work of ***Sam Norkin,*** who did some fat and thin rats for us last month. Mr. Norkin's theatrical caricatures have appeared in the Sunday New York *Herald Tribune* since 1940. He lives on Long Island, does some painting, and illustrates for *Life, Variety,* and other publications. He studied at the Metropolitan Art School and the New York School of Fine and Industrial Art, and he spent three years in the Army.

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The Wise Men

The job of formulating national economic policy has, until recently, been left pretty much up to chance. The President made recommendations to Congress whenever a whim or a crisis prompted him to do so, and what he recommended sometimes did and sometimes did not have much relevance to the economic facts. That depended on whose advice the President happened to have taken, and what the advisers' special interests were.

The Congress, in an effort to make the government's economic policy less haphazard, set up a Council of Economic Advisers whose duty, as ***C. Hartley Grattan*** makes clear in "Truman's Three Wise Men" (p. 52), is to advise the President—not, as some people seem to fear, to dictate federal economic policy. Just how the Council works, and what the councilors are like, Mr. Grattan describes in what was, when he wrote, the first full-scale article on the subject.

Mr. Grattan has a wide knowledge of economic and political affairs, and for a while was—like the men who work for the council—an editor of sociological and economic research and statistics for the federal government. While working on the article, he spent some time in Washington, interviewing the men on the Council and others associated with it, as well as some of its opponents.

Paul Arlt produced the caricatures to illustrate "Truman's Three Wise Men." His editorial art has been used in *Fortune, Holiday,* and other magazines, and we have presented drawings by him with articles on the Marshall Plan and the new automobiles. He has been graphic-designer for the State Department and a combat artist in the Pacific with the Marines.

Tribunes of the People

Anybody who has followed ***Rebecca West's*** reports on the English spy trials—or reads "The Tribunal that Stirred England" (p. 21) in this issue—cannot help wishing, if he has any taste for detective stories, that she would invent herself a detective and launch a new sideline. One such product a year would cost her little, we figure, and brighten our lives immeasurably. Meanwhile we content ourselves with something better—her illuminating and dramatic account of the so-called Stanley-Belcher "scandal," which has until this moment stubbornly eluded our understanding. The peculiar blend of pathos and comedy which she succeeds in conveying to the American reader is something which strikes us as ineffably British and, for us, in need of the translation which she provides.

Rebecca West was born in County Kerry, Ireland, grew up in Edinburgh, and went to George Watson's Ladies' College there. At nineteen she began her career as reviewer for *Freewoman,* and at twenty she became political writer for *The Clarion.* She took her pen name from Ibsen's heroine in "Rosmersholm"; in private life she became Mrs. Henry Maxwell Andrews in 1930.

She has excelled in many kinds of writing, and a number of her books have achieved distinction, including *The Judge* and *The Thinking Reed,* novels; *Henry James,* criticism; and two books of reporting which are something beyond journalism, *Black Lamb and Gray Falcon,* a travel diary about Yugoslavia, and last year, *The Meaning of Treason.* From this work, *Harper's* printed the philosophic concluding section in October 1947. Miss West has written for Harper's often since 1925, and for two years during the war contributed a bimonthly column "From England."

These many talents, which grow out of an imaginative interest in human character, are manifest in "The Tribunal that Stirred England." It is safe to surmise that you will want to read Part II, which will appear next month.

•••By way of parallel, we have another tribunal this month in "Ordeal in Massachusetts" (p. 81), the third piece we have published by ***Arthur Hepner.*** Like the other two, "Wildcat Strikes" (April 1945) and "The Nashua Story" (February 1949), the story of Dr. Miriam Van Waters, as Mr. Hepner reports it, is a social case history, instructive because it em-

bodies more than the fate of the persons involved. Political ambitions and personal jealousies, as well as the abuse of publicity, have been factors in the miscarriage of justice for these many centuries: witness Socrates. In Massachusetts these forces have a way of becoming causes which arouse passions beyond their moment in time and that rocky New England shore: witness the Salem witches and Sacco-Vanzetti. The fact that the Van Waters story happens to have a happy ending makes it no less significant. Indeed we are spoiling for happy endings these days.

Mr. Hepner is a Harvard graduate and has been a Nieman Fellow (1945-46), so comes by his interest in Massachusetts by rights. His career has included labor reporting for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* music reviewing for that paper and others, work on newspapers in Trinidad and Puerto Rico, corresponding for the American news services, the New York *Herald Tribune,* and *Business Week,* and radio commenting from London for CBS.

Spring Line-up

•••***James P. Warburg,*** author of "The Defense of Western Europe" (p. 34), has been writing on international affairs and the problems of domestic politics and economics for more than fifteen years. During the war he served as Deputy Director of the OWI in charge of psychological warfare policy in Europe, and since the war has spent a great deal of time in Germany and central and western Europe, as a reporter for the Chicago Sun Syndicate and as a free lance.

His two most recently published books (he has published fifteen, all told, besides many pamphlets and articles) both dealt with postwar problems in Europe. *Germany—Bridge or Battleground* came out in 1947, and was followed the next year by *Put Yourself in Marshall's Place.* A new book of his, dealing with the whole current foreign-policy problem, will be published this month with the title *Last Call for Common Sense.*

•••With "You Make Your Own Life" (p. 48), we begin our 1949 series of stories by ***V. S. Pritchett,*** literary editor of the London *New Statesman and Nation.* In this country Mr. Pritchett's reputation is growing steadily—through the publication of a volume of criticism, *The Living Novel,* and a book of stories, *It May Never Happen,* and through miscellaneous stories and essays which have appeared in American periodicals, chiefly this one. Readers who found Mr. Pritchett through "The Saint" (January 1947), "Koestler: A Guilty Figure" (January 1948), "Sense of Humor" (August 1948), or one of the other works by him which we have presented, will be on the watch for two more stories which we can promise for the coming months.

Of this story, the author writes: "The fruit trees are laden with blossoms in my garden in the middle of London, the birds are singing and the soot comes delicately down at the rate of—I forget the figure; is it about 1,500 pounds an hour? I have just packed up a film script, and am writing my weekly article for the *New Statesman and Nation.* Next week I hope to get back to my novel.

"Considering how garrulous they are, barbers ought to figure more in fiction, but on the whole, barbers are the great bores: horse racing, what the government ought not to have done, and a steady rain of destructive comment about the state of one's scalp is all they talk about. I recollect that this tale, or a part of it, came from a barber at the back of Claridge's years ago, but it was not until I heard another barber say, 'You Make Your Own Life,' that I suddenly saw a story. I wrote it in a summer house which had a bees' nest in the wall."

In a recent essay on "Prospects for the English Novel" in the *New York Times Book Review* (April 17), Mr. Pritchett prophesied that English novelists will "shortly" find the great subject for which they have been searching in the long war period and "grow the great eccentric and romantic blooms which are in our tradition. . . . For it is to our tradition that we are crabwise returning."

Mr. Pritchett's own career has been a crabwise progress. Born in Ipswich, Suffolk, he had little formal

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education and at fifteen went to work in the leather industry. He broke out of this drudgery when he was twenty by going to France as a salesman and remaining abroad as a correspondent in France, Spain, Ireland, and the Mediterranean. His first book was *Marching Spain;* since then he has established himself among the foremost writers in England. He is at work now on a novel, though editing and criticism, his family, and the "austerity" exact plenty of attention. "You Make Your Own Life" is the title story of a collection published in England.

•••"Thirty-seven Frontiers" (p. 51) is the final essence of a ferrying flight to Sumatra which ***Wolfgang Langewiesche*** made in a twin-engined Beechcraft plane. In a series of articles last fall we gave you his detailed chronicle—from "Upstairs to Iceland" to "The Middle East Over the Wingtip." Mr. Langewiesche is a research pilot licensed for helicopters, gliders, and other planes.

•••One day last fall an itinerant free-lance photographer wandered into the office and sold one of our editors a picture of bearded ***Fletcher Pratt*** with a marmoset perched on his shoulder. Inspired only by aesthetic appreciation, the editor shuffled the picture around on his desk until in our February issue an article by Mr. Pratt, "Who Has the Best New Submarines," gave him an opportunity to get rid of it by sending it to the engraver. Inevitably it turned up in P & O of that issue, to the astonishment of the large Fletcher Pratt audience who thought of him only as the author of big books on warfare and history (*Sea Power and Today's War, Ordeal by Fire,* etc.).

It could be that this apparition of himself and tiny Benny inspired Mr. Pratt to write "Emily Post and the Marmosets" (p. 65). This miniature rival to the Kinsey Report and *Etiquette* will be, we trust, as smart a surprise to you as it was to us.

Mr. Pratt, the word man in his family, supplies us with P & O about his wife, ***Inga Pratt,*** who made the drawings of the marmosets. He says: "She is a South Dakota Norwegian, brought up in Montana, where she learned to ride a horse before she was seven, and where she had a collection of pets, which included four eagles, one coyote, one bullsnake, and fourteen cats. She eats a very light breakfast. Her fashion drawings appear in the New York papers almost daily and in various magazines. She finds bridge a waste of time but has illustrated several books. She occasionally plays a recorder, knows how to drive a car, and spends weekends in the country."

•••Perhaps the man best equipped to get around Europe today is ***John Gunther,*** whose book, *Inside U.S.A.,* provides the author with a natural passport. Last year Mr. Gunther and his wife visited thirteen European countries; they made the American circuit of Italy, Greece, and Turkey, the Soviet circuit of Yugoslavia, Hungary, *et al,* and finally wound up in the free-for-all areas of Vienna and Berlin. Doors opened before them: that of the Vatican and of Marshal Tito, of General Clay, of Trygve Lie, of the King and Queen of Greece, of Alcide de Gasperi, among many others. The repercussions of *Inside U.S.A.* (as well as of that overwhelming prewar success, *Inside Europe*) prepared the way. The Iron Curtain itself has parted to permit translation into Hungarian, Bulgar, and Czech of the Gunther book about America which made the author a one-man U. S. Information Bureau.

"Behind the Curtain: Hungary" (p. 70) provides the reader with a double "inside," first, into one sector of the battleground of the cold war, and second, into Mr. Gunther's forthcoming book, *Behind the Curtain,* to be published on June 19. Like all four of Mr. Gunther's *Inside* books (*Europe, Asia, Latin America,* and *U.S.A.*), *Behind the Curtain* will be a Book-of-the-Month choice.

After his graduation from the University of Chicago in 1922, John Gunther worked at many jobs until he became a cub reporter; then in 1924 he won the assignment of European correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News,* which took him in the next twelve years all over the Continent and gave him the chance

to build a remarkable acquaintance with men and nations. His unique venture into up-to-the-minute reporting in book form, *Inside Europe* (1939), confirmed his position among the best American correspondents. Since then he has remained the only writer, among many who have tried, to work successfully on the Gunther formula—and he changes it with each volume. He has written several novels, and his articles and stories have appeared in many magazines, including *Harper's.* We have published a score of pieces by him, beginning with "The High Cost of Hoodlums" in October 1929.

His first book on Europe appeared in nineteen translations and had the honor of being suppressed in Nazi-dominated Hungary and several other countries. *Inside U.S.A.* crowded the top of the best-seller lists for many months, and his recent book about his son, *Death Be Not Proud,* is up there even now.

•••***James Jones,*** author of "The Way It Is" (p. 90), spent five years of his twenty-seven as an enlisted man in the Regular Army. He served at Hickam Field and Schofield Barracks on the Hawaiian Island of Oahu before, during, and after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and he was later wounded at Guadalcanal. He is now at work on a novel about the peacetime Regular Army in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Jones writes us that "The Way It Is," his second published story, was written "because I believe that with the late German advance in mass psychology and propaganda and also the current Russian and United States embellishments, the term Indoctrination and its attendant school of thought is much more dangerous than the atomic bomb, particularly since so many people are so willing to accept whatever they are told rather than suffer the disapprobation of their neighbors."

Born in Robinson, Illinois, he grew up there. He studied at the University of Hawaii and at New York University. Since the war he has lived mostly in Robinson, with some time out in Florida for fishing and in Tennessee.

Drawings with "The Way It Is" are the work of ***Robert Greenhalgh,*** who saw the war in the Pacific himself as combat artist on *Yank.* He illustrated another piece about a Pacific island for us, "Treat the Natives Kindly," in October 1947.

•••Finally, we present two poems which we believe can stand up to A. E. Housman's everyday test of quality: a line straying into the memory will make the skin bristle.

"Instantaneous Time Exposure" (p. 102) is the first poem by ***Brian Howard*** which we have published.

The author lives in Godalming, Surrey.

Don Gordon, author of "The Hunted" (p. 80), has had two books of poems published, *Statement* and *Civilian Poems.* His work has appeared in *Harper's* and other magazines.

The Masthead Changes

Since July 1947—as many of the new writers he has brought us know—***Merle Miller,*** author of *That Winter,* has been an editor of *Harper's.* With regret we announce that he is crawling out from under that pile of manuscripts on his desk in order to take a vacation—he hasn't had one since the Flood—and to launch other ventures of his own making. In the past year or so, he has completed his second novel, *The Sure Thing,* to be published by William Sloane Associates in August, lectured far and wide, written articles for *Harper's,* taken an active part in the American Veterans Committee and the United World Federalists. We are sorry to lose him as editor and glad to know he will write for us in the near future. There is an article of his now in progress which has set up anticipatory tremors in the sanctums of the public-relations men.

Anne Goodman joined the editorial staff of *Harper's* on May 2. She is a graduate of Bryn Mawr and knows the magazine field through jobs on *Vogue* and '48. She did her war stint in the publications bureau of the Office of War Information and worked for the U. S. Military Government magazine for Germany, *Heute.* She was recently book editor of the New York *Star.*

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LETTERS

The Bigger They Are—

To the Editors:

I was very surprised to find a completely fatuous article in *Harper's,* namely, Alfred M. Sinks's diagnosis of the automobile industry's ailments ["Those Big Fat Cars," April 1949].

It would seem that what you innocently describe as "factual material" represents a curious and often obscure brief for some pet convictions on the part of the author. There are few who would agree that cars degenerated either in appearance or efficiency over the past decades . . . .

If transportation were always circumscribed by existing highways, would we not be riding in ox carts? . . .

Are the individualistic European cars . . . available to a great portion of the people who make them? . . .

Have not planning experts and city officials been struggling with the traffic problem since the days of Rome? . . .

R. A. O'Reilly, Jr.
Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors:

Congratulations . . . on "Those Big Fat Cars." It hits the nail on the head for millions of long-suffering auto customers. But there are some customers who do know what they want in an auto.

I want a 2,000-pound car that will run 250,000 miles and ten years without either wearing out or rusting out.

I want to buy it out of the Sears Roebuck catalogue, which also should offer exchange assemblies up to complete motors.

I want running boards, floor panels, and plain mud-guards alloyed so that they will not rust through, and are easily changeable if damaged.

I want that three feet of false front melted down and added to the thickness of the body metal. I want the rear overhang shortened by the same three feet.

I want twelve-inch road clearance, a four-cylinder motor, and an economy gear ratio.

And I want this for about $750 at today's prices. That's a fair price. But I would be willing to pay the outrageous double of that price to avoid the monstrosities now foisted on us, willy nilly.

Robert Bordner
Peninsula, Ohio

To the Editors:

. . . I might add, apropos this subject, that Jones Beach State Park, which has five vast parking lots, last year had to build a new lot at a tremendous cost to taxpayers merely to accommodate the 10,000 spaces it lost by the new cars being too wide for their old markings. . . .

Paul D. Green
New York, N. Y.

And Consequences—

To the Editors:

Having read "How to Read the Chicago *Tribune*" [by Milton Mayer, April 1949], and having read the Chicago *Tribune* for forty years, I am now convinced that some truth exists in the death notices.

S. Hyman
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

. . . While disavowing all intent to defend the Chicago *Tribune,* I challenge your right to criticize it on moral grounds. I'd like to know where you get the authority to set yourself up as a moral monitor. . . .

H. C. Decker
Portland, Oregon

To the Editors:

Milton Mayer's piece recalls to me a visit made to the Trib's plant a number of years ago by a professor from the University of Iowa.

After being taken over the place, his host asked him what he thought about it. He said that he thought it was the most impressive thing of its kind he had ever seen.

His host asked him what had impressed him most. He said that what had most impressed him was how such a magnificent plant could produce such a hell of a paper.

Horace K. Vasey
New York 6, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Milton Mayer's article is first-rate. It is another article that leads me to believe you are abandoning the stuffy, pointless, policy of trying to appear as if you were on both sides of the question.

I have just read Dr. Stevenson's article ["Why Medicine is not a

Science"] and think it excellent; not only because it is right and revolutionary, but because it shows you as editors are not bewitched by the current belief in "factual" articles as telling all.

KEN MACRORIE
East Lansing, Mich.

Science?—

To the Editors:

The article by Dr. Ian Stevenson must certainly evoke considerable comment from research workers in the biological sciences, for it appears to reject the central premise upon which biological research is based. It assumes that our factual knowledge is great but that fundamental generalizations have not, as yet, been revealed by the numerous collected facts. Quite the contrary is true. . . .

The fundamental unit of living organisms is the cell and our knowledge of the interior structure and chemical machinery within this unit is probably less perfect today than was the knowledge of general physiology prior to the discovery of the circulation of the blood. . . It is a generally accepted principle among the researchers of today that the fundamentals of disease will not be grasped until our detailed knowledge of the design and function of the cell interior is considerably extended.

The article implies that experimental work directed toward this end involves "fallacies," that "only by observing the experiments of nature" can we learn "the secrets of biological life." This view is so contrary to the principles upon which investigators have worked successfully for generations that rebuttal is hardly necessary. . . . Biologists of today are engaged in prying operations upon the living cell. Several generations hence, perhaps, great generalizations will emerge. There is considerably less reason to believe that they will emerge as a consequence of simple observation of the intact human body. They have not resulted from such observations in the past one thousand years. Why should they in the next?

SIMON BLACK
Department of Medicine
University of Chicago

To the Editors:

. . . I was glad to note that Dr. Stevenson pleads for what is sometimes called holistic medicine, though I would not agree with some of Dr. Stevenson's statements, *e.g.*, that "it is only by observing the experiments of nature that we shall learn the secrets of biological life." Those readers who need to be told that medicine is not a science, or why it is not, cannot know enough of medicine or science to understand how in the world it is that progress in medicine continues none the less.

Please don't let anything discourage Dr. Stevenson, even if some criticisms may come in that might qualify some of his statements.

ALAN GREGG, M.D.
Director, the Medical Sciences
The Rockefeller Foundation
New York, N. Y.

Twain Letters—

To the Editors:

Mark Twain's Estate, of which the undersigned is one of the Trustees, has a very important collection of Mark Twain papers and letters which will eventually pass to one of our great universities.

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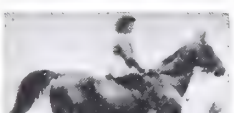
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MAGAZINE

The Tribunal That Stirred England

Part I. Mr. Stanley and Mr. Belcher

Rebecca West

Many Americans have been puzzled by the intense interest aroused in England during the past year by the proceedings of the Lynskey Tribunal, a public investigation of charges of corruption among officials of the Labor government. No large-scale graft was unearthed; indeed, the offenses which came to light were more absurd than shocking; yet the investigation fascinated the English people as has no other such inquiry in recent history. Part of the interest it attracted was the result of the fact that, in a sense, the Labor party itself was on trial. But more of it seems to have been caused by the strange characters who were involved and the strange parts they played. This is the first of two articles in which Rebecca West, who attended the Tribunal, sketches the scene, the people, and the episodes which so captured the attention of all England.—The Editors

WHEN the Labor government appointed a special Tribunal—a fact-finding committee of three—to investigate allegations of corruption among public servants, it soon became clear that there was no courtroom in the Law Courts of London which was large enough to house the sittings. There were going to be so many witnesses; so many of them would feel a choking need for legal representation; the press was going to be so interested. Therefore, the Law Officers hired one of the halls in Church House, the office building of the Anglican Church which forms nearly one whole side of Deanery Yard, the enclosed square lying behind Westminster Abbey.

The violet-gray Abbey tower dominates the Yard, and archways open into its twilit cloisters. This is a place of continuous history, river mists, the slow breaking-down of the violent present into a picturesque past under the pressure of a moderate climate. All the twisted turnings of this quiet place lead to the Thames Embankment, where the Houses of Parliament lift their Gothic fretwork, still further fretted by the scaffolding where the workmen are building the new House of Commons within the matrix of the old building. When the old one was wrecked by the Blitz, the Commons moved just around the corner to Deanery Yard, to Church House, to the very hall where the Tribunal met. There is engraved on the walls the words that Winston Churchill used at the first session held in this refuge:

> Today, in inaugurating a new Session of Parliament, we proclaim the depth and sincerity of our resolve to keep vital and active, even in the midst of our struggle for life, even under the fire of the enemy, those Parliamentary institutions which have served us so well, which have proved themselves the most flexible instruments for securing ordered, unceasing change and progress; which while they throw open the portals of the future, carry forward also the traditions and glories of the past and which, at this solemn moment in the world's history, are at once the proudest assertion of British freedom and the expression of an unconquerable will.

But this is not the only memorial on the walls to the days when they sheltered the essential instrument of our democracy. The Members of Parliament used to sit on their chairs ranged round the room and rested their heads against the panels. They left a fresco of smudges on the light wood which an army of charwomen have tried in vain to expunge.

At the end of this hall was a raised platform on which sat the three lawyers who composed the Tribunal. In the center was the chairman, Mr. Justice Lynskey, a gaunt Irishman, his eyebrows like tufts of white cotton wool on his lean, brick-red face, his gentle voice like silver. On his right was Mr. Gerald Upjohn, who makes a higher income than any other British attorney who deals with commercial cases. He sat as still as a bird dog, his lineless face a mask of contemplation, each word an icicle. It stimulates the imagination to remember that he is the son of a great lawyer who ruined his career by the violence of his temper. The third was Mr. Russell Vick, who looks like a fusion of Mr. Pickwick and a mastodon. He was the captain of a famous football team and has won success in the law by his butting turbulence, his common sense, and his peculiar and highly artificial gift of comedy; nobody but Sacha Guitry can deliver a comic line with a more perfect sense of time. Each of these was so genuinely and obviously what he was that together they gave the court the air of a work of art, which was always disturbing. It is not surprising when the three brothers Karamazov turn out to be personifications of the spiritual man, the intellectual man, and the natural man, but when three judges on the bench enact such an allegory of threefold humanity, it begins to seem not impossible that the court will waver, dissolve, and be transformed into a supernatural assize.

CERTAIN features of the Tribunal, indeed, were what may be expected at the Last Judgment. There was, for instance, the ever-increasing army of lawyers. At first the judges looked down from their dais on only a small group, which was psychologically in fair trim. The Attorney General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, and his assistants were as free from introspective worries as a gang of men engaged in unpacking a crate of snakes at the zoo. Sir Hartley was in as disconcerting a situation as any lawyer-politician since the beginning of time, owing to his character and the nature of institutions. He is one of the most sincere Socialists in the Labor government; and when the government decided to appoint the Tribunal, he accepted without the slightest reluctance the duty of acting as prosecutor, and examining and cross-examining all the persons called to give evidence. This was his duty as Attorney General under the Act which set up the Tribunal. But plainly he did not even find it a repellent duty. The suspected persons were his colleagues in the Labor party, but that seemed to his type of mind, which is honest to the point of naïveté, an additional reason why he should cross-examine them to within an inch of their lives. The Labor party ought to be above suspicion;

therefore it ought to be purged of all who cannot prove their integrity.

But Sir Hartley Shawcross had made his reputation in the courts as a disemboweling cross-examiner. Various people in the Labor government did not feel the same conviction that if their eye offended them they should pluck it out, and they thought it would threaten the credit of the Party if its members were roughly handled in the witness box by a cross-examiner who simply wanted to elicit the truth. They wished the Attorney General to relinquish his duty and hand it over to a special Commissioner. This would necessarily have been a mediocrity. Nearly all first-rate English lawyers have political affiliations, and it would have been impossible to appoint a prominent supporter of the Labor party if it had been accepted that a Labor Attorney General could not be trusted to cross-examine his colleagues; it would have been equally impossible to appoint a Tory lawyer whose political sympathies would have put him under suspicion of having an extra-legal interest in blackening the character of the suspected Labor members. There would have remained only the old and dim, who could put no force into their pursuit of the truth and might let the guilty go by with much of their guilt undiscovered. But other members of the government were on the side of the Attorney General, and chose to have the searchlight shine on the Party. This drama was known to most people in the court, and it gave the proceedings a significance and a dignity which offset the grubbiness and triviality of the evidence which was brought before it. The Tribunal was not such a defeat as it reads.

The Attorney General and his assistants formed the nucleus of a body of lawyers which increased daily at the same rate as the much larger group of witnesses which filled the hall behind them. This was partly the result of the constant enlargement of the sphere with which the Tribunal had to concern itself. It had been convened to investigate the rumors that John Belcher, the parliamentary secretary of the Board of Trade, and George Gibson, one of the four Labor nominees on the board of the Bank of England and the chairman of the Northwest Area Power Board (one of the regional administrative bodies of the nationalized electricity supply) had lent themselves as willing tools to the fraudulent schemes of a cheap crook and chiseler known as Koszychi, Wulkan, Rechtand, and Sidney Stanley. But this assignment stretched beyond all foreseeable limits because of the incredible variety of the activities of Mr. Stanley, who was constantly relieving people of money on dubious pretexts of one sort or another. Hence more and more people thronged into the court.

The more honest were never confident, and hired a lawyer straight away. Some of the others hoped for a time that as the government had set up this inquiry to investigate the conduct of its own members the aim of the day would be to spill whitewash and let sleeping dogs lie, and did not realize their peril until they were astonished by Sir Hartley Shawcross' cross-examination. This acted on the toughest of them like a fall through a trapdoor. They had been crooks so long, they had lived so exclusively among crooks, that his analytic inquiries into their conduct seemed to annul the floor under their feet. So they too sought legal representation, much as the sinner will call upon the saints on the knife-edge of the Last Day, and the court filled up with between thirty and forty lawyers, most of whom looked very much as the saints will look when they are called upon to give aid. There is Heaven, there is Divine Mercy, the saints will say to themselves, but there is also Purgatory, there is also Hell, and there are some people who belong to these territories by an appropriateness so absolute as to have as much claim as mercy to be called divine. Even so, many of the lawyers seemed bowed down and tongue-tied during the proceedings by a sense that there is Pentonville, there is Parkhurst, there is Wormwood Scrubbs, and that, and nowhere else, was where their clients ought to have been. But the situation was not without its bright material side. This was the nearest equivalent to a Klondike rush that the legal profession has seen for a long time.

It was that predestined quality of their clients which gave the Tribunal, much more than the actual story which was revealed there, its peculiar and perverse charm which recalled Gorgonzola, medlars, a maturing compost heap, the harbor at Marseilles. Among the witnesses were some who were

innocent, such as an accountant who had been involved against his will in Mr. Stanley's operations but had acquitted himself with propriety; and they seemed startling in their individuality. There were also the civil servants, whose participation in the suspected matters was sometimes not so definitely disproved as could have been wished, but who at least earned an honest living most of the time; they were featureless. The underlying individualities were often strong enough, and sometimes even disagreeably so in the witness box, but they had been sandpapered to a common smoothness by whatever forces make a man enter a communal service which offers security and a pension and little opportunity for initiative. About all the rest there was a rich, dark rottenness, combined with an animal naïveté, which compelled laughter; it suggested a world so comically free from scruple. A few were business men who, though not of the first or second rank, were identified with certain known and glittering shopfronts and office buildings. Others had the cold and hooded look of those who cater to the pleasures of their fellow men and make books for them on football matches or the dogs or horses, or build towers down which they can slide, shrieking blissfully, on spiral tracks, or assemble fruit machines in the naked shops which are called, with a pitiful allusion to architectural romance, arcades.

All these people were drawn together by their acquaintanceship with Mr. Stanley, and most of them had another bond in perjury, to which they were abandoning themselves with a single-minded fervor never equaled in any other case since the world began. The Tribunal sat for five hours a day for five days a week during five weeks, and for the greater part of that time people were lying to it. They were coloratura liars of immense range and technical accomplishment, and after the ear had become attuned to their crystalline trills, their velvety legato scales, the witnesses who told the truth seemed giftless creatures who could just manage a hymn tune. Nevertheless they ended, all against their wills, by telling the truth themselves. As each came in the story to the point he had invented to suggest his innocence, it established his guilt, as stones amassed too nervously to hide the body of a murdered man become a cairn marking his grave.

II

The mischief which was being investigated began on a train running between Manchester and London, about two years ago, when a passenger named George Gibson and some of his friends began hunting through their pockets for small change, so that they could start a card game. George Gibson was a peculiarly recognizable person, a pale, loosely knit giant, with a cockatoo crest of silver hair curling above the face of a baby. He was very well known among his fellow residents in Manchester, but was not altogether popular. He had started life as a nurse in a lunatic asylum, and won himself a prominent position in the Labor world by his organization of the Confederation of Health Service Employees. In 1940 he was president of the Trade Union Congress, and no man is called to that office unless he commands respect in his own union and outside it. Nevertheless, many people in Manchester looked on him as a ward politician of an old-fashioned type, genial on the surface but egotistical and intriguing and arrogant underneath. Nationally, however, he had a very different reputation. People of all parties and all ranks believed him to be sincere and sensible and upright. He was a devout Christian and spoke all over the country at meetings convened by the Anglican Church.

Because of this national reputation, the Labor government confidently gave him certain conspicuous honors when it came to power. In 1946 it nationalized the Bank of England and added to its board of directors, which numbered fourteen, including the governor and deputy governor, four of its own nominees. Three of these were old public-school boys—two from Eton—and all were men who had spent their lives in the City. The fourth was George Gibson. In the same year he was admitted to the Order of the Companions of Honor, which is a real distinction. It is limited to sixty-five men and women who have performed valuable and disinterested public service. This was not a dazzling career. But it was the very best homespun, the kind of homespun which is as good as silk or satin.

As George Gibson sat with his friends on the Manchester-London train, he was watched

by someone who was bound to envy him and admire him, because he was infatuated with success. This was Sidney Stanley: a man in his middle forties, of singular appearance. He was very short and looked like a piece of modern sculpture. He had the round, polished surfaces of a Brancusi, and the akimbo elbows and turned-in, fin-like hands which Henry Moore gives many of his figures. From the front he looked entirely bald. Out of his face there stared light eyes, which were deeply set in quite circular sockets and were shaded by heavy, lilac-colored lids. He seemed impassive, but his nostrils, which were also circular, often fluttered. From the back it could be seen that he had abundant hair, red-brown like beech leaves in autumn, which began at the back of his head and grew low on his neck, so that it rested on his nape like a skull-cap which had slipped. It was carefully cut and brushed. In all ways he pushed cleanliness and neatness to a hagridden dandyism. He was preoccupied with the condition of his hands, which he examined constantly.

He worshipped success, but could claim to be successful only because he had moved far from the place of his origin, and he would certainly have been a failure if he had remained there. In 1913, when he was twelve years old, his father, Chaim Rechtand, brought his wife and his five daughters and three sons from a ghetto in Russian Poland to London, and they settled in the immigrant district of Aldgate. Chaim had undergone the long training, part technical and part theological, which makes the *schochet,* the kosher butcher, and he followed that occupation in his new country. There is something hieratic about Sidney Stanley; a culture has imprinted on him the style of its ritual. The boy at once earned money as an errand boy and learned to speak a vivid, impressionist English, and when the first world war broke out was ready to show great precocious ability in farming out government clothing contracts among more recent immigrants. By the time peace came, when he was seventeen, he had thirty people working for him. Those who remember him in those days say that he showed real virtuosity in the driving, cajoling, bargaining technique required, and it is possible that his subsequent life is yet another example of the blight which falls on the adult years of the infant prodigy. It seems to be true that if one learns certain parts of a lesson too soon one will be forever unable to learn the rest.

Through the subsequent years he was to show limitless ambition and very few more resources than had been his when he was a lad in Aldgate. He stayed in the clothing trade, where many immigrants of his type have made large and small fortunes. But he went bankrupt in 1927, and in 1933 the Home Office issued a deportation order against him, in consequence of complaints of what appears to have been financial complexity of a sort and degree intensely exasperating to his environment, rather than any actual crime. There was no record of any court prosecution. This deportation order he evaded. It was suggested at the Tribunal that at some unspecified time he had escaped to Eire and re-entered England under another name. During the second world war he failed to register under the National Registration Act, for fear of drawing attention to the deportation order which was still hanging over him, and he was arrested for his negligence; but as it was by then impossible to send anybody back to Poland the police could do nothing to him. In the second world war, as in the first, government clothing contracts came to his rescue. He got himself a good job as a production manager to a firm named Lass and Company, but by 1942 had fallen out with them and, after painful threats of litigation, had been paid off with two thousand pounds. He, child of a race which develops early, had reached middle age and had got nowhere.

It is true that he had gone through some of the motions of success. During a run of good luck, he became a tenant in Aldford House, a small but not ascetic apartment house near Grosvenor House and the Dorchester, where various wealthy and theatrical and business people live. He made his apartment what he thought a home ought to be like, with shell-pink satin, wrought-iron furniture painted white, and illuminated mirrors. He had the right family too. As a youth he had married a tailoress, in an East End synagogue, but that marriage had long been dissolved, and in 1941, at a West End dance club, he had married a girl of twenty, exactly half his age, a luxury blonde, with

a flat heart-shaped face, like an old-fashioned locket. They had a little daughter, named Zorina. The household looked just like thousands of others that are founded by emergent business men on new businesses. The trouble was that there was no business. The rent of the apartment was only twenty-six hundred dollars a year, which is low for that district; but the landlord found great difficulty in collecting it.

When Mr. Stanley's books were brought before the Tribunal they showed that he was an expert practitioner of the art known as "flying the kite." To practice this in its simplest form, the artist must establish friendly relations with two banks, in one of which he has an account, while the other is willing to cash his checks. He then pays into the first bank a check drawn on the second, which takes some days to go through the bankers' clearing house and arrive at the second bank. In the meantime the artist has had the money to play with, and may have used it successfully for betting or speculation, in which case he will be able to pay it intact into his own account to meet the check; or, if he has not been so lucky, he can go back to the second bank, which will not yet have heard anything to arouse its suspicions, and cash another check, and pay the money into the first bank to meet the first check. With ingenuity the process can be continued indefinitely and the artist maintain himself on money involuntarily lent him by the second bank; and if several banks are brought into the scheme, the borrowings can be on a grand scale. It was well worth while cultivating this art in wartime, when banks and the postal system were understaffed and it might take as long as eight days to clear a check. But it is not an accomplishment which the successful man is likely to keep up, even if he found it helpful in his youth. The gaze which Mr. Stanley directed toward George Gibson, the man for whom everything went so well, was probably moist with esurience.

III

PRESENTLY, on that railway journey, Mr. Stanley was engaged in conversation with Mr. Gibson. That meeting laid the foundation of a curious alliance encamped on curious ground. The huge man of solid reputation, of acclaimed morality, who had spent his life upholding worth against wealth, joined forces with the tiny little bankrupt who had never paid his debts, the uneasy subject of an unrevoked deportation order, who had the exclusive interest in money that a newborn baby has in milk.

Their field of operations was that invisible territory which is superimposed on London as it is on Washington, the territory where the government puts off its public face, lets down its back hair, listens to gossip, thinks out its plans while it drinks a cocktail and does its nails, and often makes private promises. In neither place are the frontiers closely guarded. Government is here taking its ease and wants to put off the constraints to which it is subject in the legislative chambers. Besides, these are democracies. But all the same this territory is rarely visited by such naïve unfortunates as Mr. Stanley. And the introduction had to be tactfully made, through a series of dinner parties given in honor of first one and then another member of a group belonging to the Labor party, at one hotel or another, or even in the House of Commons. Some in this group were Members of Parliament, others just good party men. Two of the most active were W. H. Stevenson, a former editor of the *Daily Herald,* and Bill Adams, who works on its business side and is an old crony of Ernest Bevin. Though newspapermen are usually as cold-eyed in England as they are in America, these accepted Mr. Stanley without the slightest sign of prudent misgiving and welcomed him to these dinner parties, for which he often paid, thus buying dynamite. For the constitution of these dinner parties was very dangerous.

Among the guests were always a number of business men and some Ministers of the Crown; and the two groups might have something to say to each other which would be mutually profitable, if they were not too scrupulous. It might be supposed that this was a situation which has had many parallels in Washington, where many children of darkness have set themselves up to extract money from business men seeking government concessions, on the ground that they have close ties with members of the Administration. But the comparison is misleading. The situation is much more dangerous in England, where we attempt to distribute an inadequate supply

of raw materials and machinery to the best advantage by making it impossible for anybody to obtain scarce goods of this sort, unless the government is satisfied that they mean to use them in the national economic interest, and has granted them a license. This means that innumerable business men know a passion strong as intense hunger or thirst or lust which can be satisfied only by the granting of a license by some Ministry. And since they would not have become business men if they had not enjoyed doing business, they feel cheated of their fun. They are as strongly tempted as men who are hungry or thirsty or lustful to forget their usual standards if that would help them.

In the least corrupt administration, Ministers must have some influence in their own Ministries. It is also true that when the least corrupt administrations go out of office, Ministers find a remunerative outlet for their energies and a continuance of prestige in the directorships of corporations. There is a General Election coming soon and nobody can be certain that the Labor government will return to power. Since industrialists and financiers are often anti-Labor, such directorships will not come very easily to Labor Ministers. It was therefore really disturbing that these two sorts of people, so mutually tempting, should meet under the chaperonage of Mr. Stanley.

Only a few Ministers of the Crown were caught in the web of this dangerous hospitality. Ernest Bevin accepted an invitation to one of the dinners, which was given in honor of an aging and unfortunate member of the Labor party for whom he felt some affection. He looked around him and cocked a canny old eye at the company, made his speech at the first possible moment, and left early. Stanley, who had been put next to him at table, wrote to him later in an attempt to follow up the acquaintance, and got a cold, dismissing letter. Pliable as a deal plank and incapable of argument except in harsh, wooden terms, Ernest Bevin has nevertheless his own wisdom to give his country. There was apparently no question of asking men of such obvious integrity as John Strachey. None of the great names of the Labor party is involved in this grubby and fatuous affair. But Stanley landed enough of the little ones; and what was learned by the Tribunal of George Gibson's proceedings make it necessary to class him as a minimal specimen in this class. He, a director of the Bank of England, made himself an errand boy for an undischarged bankrupt, helping him in enterprises which he cannot have thought it his duty to further.

IT HAPPENED that at the beginning of 1947 Mr. Stanley's hesitation in paying the rent of his apartment was so marked that he received an admonitory visit from the secretary of the company which owned the apartment house. Mr. Stanley's characteristic method of following up this embarrassing moment was to tell the secretary that he wanted to buy the company. It was then necessary for him to go out and find somebody who could finance the purchase, and he lit upon Mr. Cyril Joshua Ross, the managing director of Swears and Wells, a West End department store which specializes in furs. Mr. Ross bought Mr. Stanley's holding in the apartment house, but with a listless appetite, for what he really fancied at the moment was a company named Jones (Manchester), an old, established business which produces women's clothes in the north of England.

On hearing this, Mr. Stanley briskly flung himself into the task of bringing together Mr. Ross and the object of his desire, which was not easy, for the north-country firm was living its own life happily enough and was not at all anxious to succumb. It is probable that Mr. Stanley was now dealing with more substantial sums than he had ever handled before; Swears and Wells were about to pay about four million dollars for Jones (Manchester).

In these new transactions, Mr. Gibson was Mr. Stanley's right hand. The persons involved wanted to raise the money by a capital issue to the public; but such flotations cannot be made without the permission of the Capital Issues Committee, a body appointed by the government, which uses its permissive powers cautiously, to shepherd the small sums available for investment in this country toward enterprises with high export potentialities. Mr. Gibson was not one of the directors of the Bank of England who sit upon this committee, nor had he any official way of influencing their decisions. But he pestered his fellow-directors at the Bank with tender in-

quiries concerning the possibilities of permission being given to this capital issue; and, though they probably regarded their replies as confidential, he reported them in detail to Mr. Stanley.

These interventions were so obviously futile that they might have been dismissed as unimportant, but there could be no mistake about the dangers of the reports of them which Mr. Gibson was sending to Mr. Stanley. There were various persons concerned in the buying and selling of Jones (Manchester) whose attitudes might have been strongly affected by the belief that it was to be refinanced by a public issue, and the oddly optimistic notes of Mr. Gibson might have fostered that belief in them. He might also have shown them, with profit to himself, to business men likely to have a need for a contact man with good connections in the government. It was unfortunate that Mr. Stanley had given Mr. Gibson to understand that, should the flotation of the public company be permitted, he would be offered the post of chairman of the board of the new company at a salary of forty thousand dollars a year.

We touch here on one of the most difficult problems of the modern state, the undeniable liability to temptation of the politician who has not private means. At the time when Mr. Gibson received this offer, he was drawing salaries from the Bank of England, from his trade union, and from a minor local administrative post, which amounted to something like sixty-five hundred dollars in the year. Only a few hundred dollars of these were regarded as an expense allowance and were therefore exempt from taxation. Nearly a year after the negotiations had begun, he wrote to Mr. Stanley regretting that he was "unable to accept the kind and generous offer you made to me on behalf of you and your associates," because he had been appointed chairman of the Northwest Area Power Board, at a salary of sixteen thousand dollars a year; and this was better than a post on a company which might never have been formed. This phrase was sinister enough, as it showed that when he had approached his colleagues in the Bank of England on behalf of Mr. Stanley's schemes he had not dismissed the possibility that he might benefit from them; but it was followed by an even more suicidal admission. He expressed his gratitude for "the kindness Mr. Cyril Ross has shown," and added, "nor will my interest in the latter matter lessen in any way—indeed, I hope I may be able to exercise a greater degree of influence in the future than perhaps I have done in the past."

Except for the gift of a suit, which cost about a hundred and forty dollars, the shadowy nearest to a bribe which ever reached George Gibson, was this promise of a forty-thousand-dollar-a-year directorship, and it was the thinnest of shadows. The person who should have made himself responsible for this offer was Mr. Cyril Ross; but he says simply that Mr. Stanley told him that he had offered Mr. Gibson a directorship and that he had told his bank of the possibility of Mr. Gibson's coming on the board of the company. From first to last there was nothing in writing to say that he was to be its chairman, or that he was to receive an extravagant salary; and forty thousand dollars would be an extravagant salary in the England of today, particularly as Mr. Gibson's earlier experience as a mental nurse and a trade union official would be very little use in the clothing trade.

But even when there was no longer any question of this post, whatever it was worth, Mr. Gibson still acted as Mr. Stanley's errand boy. Without cease he bothered every government department within the trading range with requests that they should consider favorably Mr. Stanley's schemes, though these were either futile or dubious. One of these which he most busily recommended, and which he should have been most careful to leave alone, was a project to float as a public company the football pools belonging to two brothers named Harry and Abe Sherman.

It is not certain whether Mr. Gibson busied himself with the Sherman scheme and others as wild-eyed because he was so naïf that he imagined the Capital Issues Committee would permit them to be realized, or because he had rightly divined that Mr. Stanley was quite as naïf as that and, for all his guile, had never grasped either the outline or details of modern company law. But again it did not mitigate George Gibson's proceedings that they were bound to be futile. He risked his future for nothing at all paid down and hopes based on a delusion that Stanley, whom any sharp-eyed boy of ten in the immigrant quarter would have identified as a predestined bankrupt show-off, was "a man of substance."

That was the old-fashioned phrase that Gibson himself used in the witness box to describe his monstrously false impression of Stanley.

IV

It was touching to see how cheap the old trade unionist had sold himself; and it was terrifying to find that time had taught his kind not a thing, and that John Belcher, a trade unionist who was twenty years younger, had sold himself as cheaply.

Time had made Mr. Belcher different from Mr. Gibson in other ways. He was a sleeker type, polished to a nice bourgeois gloss. There was nothing whatsoever in his appearance to indicate that he belonged to the revolutionary party. He was tall, slender, sallow, and very dapper, as if perpetually prepared for inspection by someone whom he accepted as having the right to pass judgment on him. He was growing bald, and on his shining, yellowish pate a little tuft of hair was combed out to a shadowy ace of clubs. At the back of his head, which bulged in a conformation often considered a sign of unusual brain-power, the blue-black hair was still thick and was carefully cut and brushed sleek. During the twenty-five days the Tribunal sat, his face seemed always ajar with apprehensive geniality. He never seemed to close the door of himself against the world and tell it to go hang. This was perhaps because from his youth he had lived a very public life.

That youth had not been particularly disadvantageous. This is not a story of men called to high offices for which their sordid upbringing unfitted them. John Belcher was the son of a soldier who became a postman; he was brought up in a pleasant outer suburb of London, and at fifteen he won a scholarship at a famous grammar school and had thus the same background as many distinguished Englishmen of this age. At seventeen he became a railway clerk, and a year later joined the Railway Clerks' Association, a body numbering ninety thousand members. At twenty-two he married the manageress of a dyeing and cleaning business named Louise Moody, remarkable for her harsh and passionate handsomeness, who had been brought up a Socialist and converted him to the faith. He worked at Smithfield, which is an important depot, serving London's meat market, and during the next ten years had become secretary of the local branch of the Association and chairman of his Regional Divisional Council; and in the dreary part of North London where he made his home he and his wife were the dynamic spirits in the local Labor party. He was regularly sent by annual conferences of the whole Association to act as delegate to the Trade Union Congress and the Labor Party Conference, and he was adopted as Labor candidate for a country constituency a couple of hours from London, not a very hopeful one, but such as would be handed over to a promising young man to give him experience. Everybody in the world he then inhabited regarded him as exceptionally able and charming, and destined with an almost unfair certainty to a notable career.

His wife had set to and made a pleasant setting for his talents. For the first thirteen years of their marriage, he had continued to work as a railway clerk, and with her savings she bought a house on mortgage. The particular house she chose, on a street of Victorian houses in Enfield, revealed her tense and decent ambition; for in the eyes of our age the street has style. Had Mrs. Belcher been less dogged the place would have been beyond her means. Even then it was beyond her means as a simple purchase. She let out the basement for four dollars a week and the top floor for three and a half, and lived on the ground floor, in quarters which must have been cramped enough. She has a daughter of nine and boy and girl twins of four.

The expected call to distinction came to her husband in 1941, when he was lent by the railway company to the Ministry of Information as a speaker on economics, a subject he had studied at evening classes organized by London University, and on Russia, a subject on which he must have had to rely on an interior revelation. It is profoundly disquieting that he should have made himself quite a name as a speaker and a writer in his world; for when he came to give evidence before the Tribunal he proved to speak a vague and nerveless and conventional English which recalled Frank Sullivan's dialogues between examiner and examinee on the subject of rubber-stamp phrases. "Mr. Stanley having invited me to be his guest at Margate in his

house was thereupon told by my wife, to use what is an expression that is not unfamiliar in working-class circles, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and Mr. Stanley had thereupon said: 'Well, of course, all of you come down.'" That is a perfect specimen of semi-genteel English cliché. But Mr. Belcher delighted everybody in his world; in January 1945, the Central Labor Office recommended him for adoption by a safer seat in the industrial north, and thereupon at the General Election he was elected to Parliament. A year later he got his chance of office; he was chosen to be parliamentary secretary of the Board of Trade.

JOHN BELCHER was now inside the circle where power resides. He was filled with a delight that made him patently likable; it was clear and brilliant and without reservations, like the delight of a child. It was also recognizable by the experienced as a challenge to destiny, a provocation to disaster. But it was not to be mistaken for the greed of the place-hunter who finds a full dish in front of him. Mr. Belcher had a high conception of duty, and saw himself as building up a harmonious relationship between the Board of Trade and the industrialists so that they worked together for the good of the nation, the government doing all it could to help the industrialists in their creative work, the industrialists losing their fear that the government was using controls as a mere cover for hostility. He kept a prodigious number of public engagements, never refusing an invitation to open a new factory or to be the guest of honor at a trade banquet. But it was tragic that here, within this circle where power resides, the currency he had used outside was not acceptable. None of the arts he had practiced during the six years he had been a professional glad-hander availed him in this world where black was white and up was down. He who came from a simple home and professed an austere idealism repelled the very people whom he and his Party had always thought of as greedy and pleasure-loving materialists, for the reason that they thought him frivolous and lax.

He was accustomed to ask everybody to call him John, and did not perceive that this request brought no pleasure at all to many people oppressed with the economic problems of our nation. Himself exalted by political power, he did not allow for the lowering effects of managerial responsibility. When he arrived at a trade luncheon and explained that he was feeling awful because he had been doing a round of nightclubs with a party of provincial business men the night before and had not got home till four in the morning, he expected to please his hosts with a picture of a thorough good fellow who would sit up all night to get the boys working together. But his hosts were not tuned to such joyous wavelengths. Sourly suspecting that perhaps the delays they experienced in getting licenses from the Board of Trade were due to the addiction of its personnel to night life, and reflecting that they themselves could not afford to go to nightclubs, they wondered what the provincial business men had hoped to get out of the evening, and if Belcher was looking out for directorships in case the Labor government went out of office at the General Election.

He was especially maladroit with women. He was punctilious about attending dress shows as an encouragement to a hard-working and public-spirited branch of the export trade, and always made efforts to get things going with a swing which were deeply resented by the dedicated women, icy as Chase and cold as Snow, who preside over such occasions. Eager to convince their buyers that their firms were on the same plane of sophistication as Cocteau or Dali or Sartre, they were disconcerted when Mr. Belcher made roguish speeches about the ladies. Soon those veritably within the circle where power resides, the true-born natives who will never be expelled, had made up their minds about John Belcher: not a bad chap, simple and imprudent, sure to get nowhere.

THE end of this story could not but be tragic. It might have been hoped that he would find his level as a reliable backbencher whose popularity in his constituency was useful to the Party, but he began to drink heavily. This was partly because he really was a good and dutiful Minister of the Crown and was imposing on himself a far too heavy program, but another cause may have been his mounting suspicions of his own inadequacy. It is a mark of his extreme inexperience that he chose sherry as his favorite medium of intoxication. When he was obliged to retire to

a clinic in a collapsed condition he must have been suffering more from indigestion than alcoholism. But nobody would have anticipated that Mr. Belcher, drunk or sober, would provoke the kind of tragedy that has engulfed him.

As soon as he met Mr. Stanley, the undischarged bankrupt, the fugitive deportee, the cheap shyster, he became the instrument of his cunning. At any time Mr. Stanley desired he could have access to Mr. Belcher in his private office at the Board of Trade, and bring anybody he wished to see him, and could summon him to his apartment whenever he wanted him to meet anybody. Any applications for licenses in which Mr. Stanley or his friends were interested were sent to Mr. Belcher, who passed them on from his private office to the officials who should deal with them; and this process was more than the mere favoring of friends which has always been the unadmitted practice in government offices and always will be. It was quantitatively excessive; his services to Mr. Stanley must have eaten into the time which he should have spent in rendering services to the state. It was unrestrained by scruple. To please Mr. Stanley, Mr. Belcher withdrew a prosecution which the Board of Trade had undertaken against a firm of football pool promoters; and our respect for the law might justly be called the only treasure we have left.

Like Mr. Gibson, John Belcher got nearly nothing in exchange for his career. No money payments were ever traced to him; and, indeed, had he accepted bribes he would hardly have dared to take them home to Mrs. Belcher, who is haggard with honesty. The change in their circumstances had not affected her as it had her husband; and, indeed, it must have seemed a small enough change to her. From two or three thousand dollars, which was Mr. Belcher's pay as a railway clerk, their income had risen to eight thousand dollars, which was his pay as a Minister of the Crown and a Member of Parliament, but Mrs. Belcher was receiving the same housekeeping money and was still carrying the responsibility of saving for her family, for Mr. Belcher was getting through the entire balance on his personal expenditure. She was even now doing all her own washing and had no nursemaid to help her with the children. But she would have washed sheets for eternity with a hundred children at her skirts rather than take a stolen halfpenny.

What Mr. Belcher got in all his two years of friendship with Mr. Stanley was so little that a chorus girl, receiving nothing better in a month, would realize a lack of vocation. As inevitably as a lily appears in the hand of a virgin martyr in a stained-glass window, so a gold cigarette case appeared in the pale, smooth hands of Mr. Stanley, and it was duly bestowed on Mr. Belcher, but it was worth only three or four hundred dollars. Like Mr. Gibson, Mr. Belcher took a suit from Mr. Stanley. He was given some bottles of whisky, some cigars. He was taken quite often to the greyhound races. He and his wife and his children and his mother had a week's holiday at Mr. Stanley's expense at Margate, which is a devitalized Atlantic City.

This was a pathetic outing, for here Mr. Belcher as a penniless Labor politician was at a real disadvantage compared to Tory politicians of the old school in an analogous position. Winston Churchill, for example, has in his day been not too well off; impossible to enumerate the great houses where relatives and friends were waiting to welcome him and his family whenever he wanted a change of air. Mr. Belcher can have had no such resources, and since his income was subject to tax, and resort accommodation in England is still scarce and dear, it would have been hard for him to refuse Mr. Stanley's invitation, even if he suspected that he would have had to repay it with official favors. In any case, Mr. Belcher was instantly punished for yielding to the temptation. For the family went to Margate for a fortnight, but Mr. Stanley paid only the first week's bill. Before the Tribunal the hotel-keeper gave evidence, which was painful to hear, that Mr. Belcher was greatly disconcerted when he was presented with the second week's bill, and asked if Mr. Stanley had not made arrangements about it. This was perhaps a jerk at the reins, such as paymasters find necessary to give from time to time, lest the paid forget their position. That was all Mr. Belcher got in exchange for his career, except the right to go when he liked to Mr. Stanley's apartment in Park Lane, and to sit drinking and listening to chatter about business in pidgin English. Nobody, it seemed, had struck a worse bargain than Mr. Gibson and Mr. Belcher since the Vicar of Wakefield's son went

to market and bartered a horse for a gross of green spectacles.

V

But this was a paper calculation. As soon as Mr. Stanley appeared before the Tribunal, it was manifest that so long as the bargain was in force they had got glorious value for the risk they took; for, against all probability, this queer little creature, with his odd aquarium look that was given him partly by the fishy coldness of the eyes which stared out from the deep circular sockets, partly from the blue-green shadows of his pale flesh, was a natural charmer of an exotic sort.

He had a powerful initial advantage in the extraordinary turn of phrase which was his peculiar gift. It was not quite Hyman Kaplan English; it had a dash of something stronger in it. At first it sounded quite normal, then the listener found his ears pricking. Could he be hearing aright? Or were the words which were coming to him accurate enough description of reality, and had reality itself become fluid? Then things began to float, as in the early and not unpleasant stage of intoxication. By the time Mr. Stanley had spent some hours in the witness box we were all smiling at him as if we were propping up a wavering bar. When he was asked, "Is that right or wrong?" he would answer crisply, as if clearing up a smudge of confusion by his definiteness, "It is, my lord," and he would admonish the Attorney General with the gravely indignant rebuke, "Will you stop trying to say what I am not saying?" Describing his relations with an unfortunate gentleman who had entrusted him with some money to invest, he said, "Mr. Beckett gave me a free lance"; and in recommending an industrialist whom God (Who presumably knows what He is doing) sent into the world under the name of Wolfson, he turned to Mr. Justice Lynskey and cried, "I do not know whether your Lordship knows Mr. Wolfson, he has every day . . ." ("I do not," interrupted Mr. Justice Lynskey) ". . . he was every day new ideas. One day he has an idea to make 5,000 chairs for the poor people, the next day he has an idea of building up 100,000 properties for the poor people. Oh," he ended with the most luscious appreciation, "he has *every day* new ideas." Sometimes he achieved a rich and complicated effect by exquisitely simple means. When he was asked if he had been refused admission to a certain business man's office, he drew himself up to his full tiny height and uttered the proud boast, "Nobody has ever refused me *any* admission." One saw the chariots and heard the trumpets of Caesar's progress. The hypnotic power which was exercised by this English which was just slightly incorrect suggests that the music snake-charmers play on their pipes may be almost but not quite what a snake regards as music.

What Mr. Stanley said made one laugh and see visions; and the visions were very picturesque. The police were wide of the mark in their obstinate opinion that he ought, had he had his rights, to have been deported to Poland, for his origin was not a country but a book. He was a displaced person from the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. He should have been the story-teller in an Eastern bazaar, keeping the yarn spinning through the long hot days when nobody can work, through the long hot nights when nobody can sleep. He could lead his hearers from house to house of a great city, from room to room in every house, becoming every person he found in any room. When he described how he had gone home and told his wife that he had asked the whole Belcher family, numbering six, to stay at their country home, he simply reported, "My wife said, 'You're mad,' " and flung out his arms behind him, and all of us in court saw a queenly blonde, justly infuriated by her much smaller husband, who had demonstrated his male lack of sense in the sphere which was by rights hers to govern. In his evidence he told story after story of sly men getting together to give each other checks, never for the simple purpose of transferring moneys to their debtors, but in pursuit of larger ends on the jailward side of life; and each time he was both the sly man who profferred the slightly irregular check and the still slyer man who, having marked the irregularity and seen how he could turn it to his own profit, accepted it.

The gift of impersonation was his, and the power to create marvels, which he had perfectly adapted to this rationalist age. English commerce was what he knew, so he gave it the iridescent domes and minarets of an enchanted city. When he used such phrases as, "the government then placed a

contract," or, "he was the chairman of the Dunlop Rubber Company," it was as if he had said, "then the magic palace rose from the sands of the desert," or, "then the Sultan Haroun-al-Raschid opened up his treasury." An accountant involved in the case stated in his evidence that Mr. Stanley was quite ignorant of the procedure of business, and he would know. But Mr. Stanley had made of business a complete and intoxicating imaginative world, where at any moment a man might see the white hand of an import license waving from a latticed window, or a new corporation being borne through the streets in a silken palanquin down to the river for the purpose of its public flotation. Of course Mr. Belcher and Mr. Gibson would have been tempted to frequent the flat in Aldford House which was, in fact, Bagdad, even if they had never derived a pennyworth of profit from the visits. The Tribunal proved that. All those present, up to the Attorney General and the three judges, were obviously grateful for the opportunity it gave them of seeing Mr. Stanley work his spell without compromising themselves.

Mr. Stanley's artistic powers were the prime cause which created the investigated situations, and their limitations were what sent it crashing. He was a demi-artist, who told his lies because there was something working in him which, had it been much stronger, might have made him a writer or an actor, and who lied about business because he was vexed by a spark of that contriving talent, the human form of the nest-building instinct, which makes the industrialist and financier. But he had no solid intellectual power, no discipline, no persistence. Witness after witness complained that none of his schemes ever came to anything. There is nothing that the real artist hates like the demi-artist, and it was Mr. Stanley's misfortune that his obsession with business, and with the energy with which he followed its dictates, led him into contact with business men who were real artists. They were at first enchanted by him, as artists often are by those who have facility, which they themselves usually lack. Then, as they saw what a mess he made of their sacred medium with his slapdash projects which he never worked out to a finish, they came to loathe him.

Thus Mr. Cyril Ross got more and more involved with him in the acquisition of Jones (Manchester) and found him breaking down the process by his inability to stick to any point, by his ignorance of technique and his lack of respect for it, by his superficial busyness and his fundamental idleness, by his irreverence toward reality, and all the other characteristics of the demi-artist; and he became filled with a burning rage against Mr. Stanley. But it was not Mr. Ross who destroyed Mr. Stanley. He did not belong to the dangerous type of artist. Mr. Stanley sealed his doom when he gamboled into the orbit of an artist of the other, the dangerous type; one of the same breed as Hokusai, who signed his work, "Old Man Mad About Painting"; of Beethoven, who when he was shut in a bell of deafness, dragged music across the threshold and made her live for his pleasure, without sound, which had been thought to be her body; of Flaubert, who, by his exercises in search of the perfect sentence earned the right to look down on those who had taken monastic vows as easy-livers. It is an understatement to say that such artists care for nothing in the world but their art; they would slit the throat of the world if it helped. To this company belonged Mr. Harry Sherman, bookmaker and football pool promoter.

It was most unfortunate for Mr. Stanley that, inspired by one of his vague creative impulses, he should have stretched out his pale, plump hand, snatched up a brush, approached the canvas on which a master was working, and offered to find a solution for the difficulty that was holding him up. That is how ruin came to Mr. Stanley, Mr. Belcher, Mr. Gibson, and many shady little people who were so little that they hardly had names, and made the words from Winston Churchill's speech engraved on the walls shamefully ironic, and the smudge left on the wall by the heads of the Members of Parliament grossly symbolic.

[In her second article, next month, Miss West will tell how the dangerous artist, Mr. Sherman, promoter of football pools, entered the Stanley-Belcher case, and what came of it all.—The Editors]

The Defense of Western Europe

Deception or Blunder?

James P. Warburg

THE real meaning of the Atlantic Security Pact will remain obscure until the accompanying program of rearming Western Europe has been adopted or rejected. I believe that this accompanying program should be very carefully scrutinized, lest a treaty entered into in order to prevent a war become the instrument for provoking a war, and a disastrous one at that.

In negotiating the Pact, the State Department has apparently based its action upon these four premises: (1) that the maintenance of the independence and security of Western Europe is vital to the security of the United States; (2) that there exists between the nations of Western Europe and the United States and Canada a common heritage of ethical values and of belief in a "democratic society" based upon the freedom of the individual and the rule of law; (3) that there is a Soviet threat to the security of Western Europe; and (4) that the Soviet threat is primarily military in nature.

With the first premise I wholly agree. I have, therefore, no quarrel with our avowed determination to protect Western European security. Ten years ago, in March 1939, I proposed precisely such an alliance with Britain, France, and the Low Countries as the only possible hope of preventing Hitler from starting World War II.

But the second premise seems to me a very thin attempt at moral rationalization of a simple move in power politics. We have, it is true, a common heritage with many of the peoples of the Low Countries, France, and Italy. But there were also large segments of the peoples of these countries which collaborated willingly with Hitler and Mussolini. There are even larger segments of these populations today who, as avowed Communists, are openly hostile to the maintenance of this "common heritage." This may be debatable ground. It is not, however, debatable that Portugal and Spain are fascist dictatorships, in which society does not operate on the principle of individual freedom nor on the principle of a rule of law by consent of the governed. The inclusion of Portugal and the mere consideration of the inclusion of Spain make a mockery of the pretense that all the nations embraced by the Atlantic Pact have a common heritage and a common set of ethical and political standards.

The third premise—that there is a Soviet threat to the security of Western Europe—seems to me incontestable. Where I find myself in serious disagreement with the proponents of the twofold Atlantic security program is in the fourth premise and in the proposed course of action which flows from its assumption. In my opinion, the nature of

Mr. Warburg, banker turned economist and political writer, has participated in the public discussion of international affairs and domestic politics for over fifteen years. His latest book, Last Call for Common Sense, *will be published this month.*

the Soviet threat to the security of Western Europe is primarily political and only secondarily military.

Let me, in order to be quite clear, state the working hypothesis upon which I base my criticism of the policies proposed by our government. Our present foreign policy rests upon the assumption that Russia wants to gain control of Western Europe. This assumption of aggressive Soviet expansionism may or may not be correct. Though there is much evidence to support it, there is also considerable evidence to support the belief that the Soviet leadership is at present engaged upon what might be called an aggressive retreat into isolationism, in which its concern with Western Europe is primarily to prevent the building of a springboard for attack against the Soviet Union. Since we are not here discussing the validity of the containment policy but only whether the rearmament of Western Europe would be a useful instrument in the cold war, we must accept as a point of departure the assumption of a Soviet design for conquest. Whatever Soviet intentions may be now, it is certain that, in the event of war, Russia would seek to overrun and occupy Western Europe.

Furthermore, Russian control of Western Europe—whether obtained with or without the use of armed force—would be a threat to the security of the United States, because control of West European production would vastly increase the Soviet war potential. Without having first gained such control, Russia does not want to risk war with the United States.

Russia will, therefore, (under our basic assumption) try every means short of risking war to gain control of Western Europe. So far, her effort has been political—an attempt to exploit discontent, to sabotage recovery, to create cleavages and promote civil strife, in order to bring Western European governments under Communist control. Failing in this political effort, Russia will resort to armed force only: (a) if she thinks the United States will not intervene; (b) if she thinks she is strong enough successfully to challenge the United States; or (c) if civil war in Western Europe either offers an irresistible opportunity for intervention or appears to threaten Soviet security.

It follows from this working hypothesis that our policy should be directed at two major objectives: first, to secure Western Europe against political conquest by promoting economic recovery and political stability; and, second, to deter Soviet military aggression by making it clear that such aggression would involve the Soviet Union in a war with the United States which it could not hope to win. This differs from what our government proposes to do in two important respects: first, in the relative emphasis placed upon the two objectives; and, second, in the means proposed to deter military aggression.

The State Department has officially declared that economic aid to Western Europe is to have priority over lend-lease rearmament. I do not believe that this declaration can be translated into fact under the proposed program. I propose to show that the program will not only fail to deter aggression but will, in the attempt to do so, weaken the defenses of Western Europe against the primary danger of political penetration or subversion. Let us, first of all, examine the facts.

The first fact to consider is that the Red Army could have overrun Western Europe at any time in the past two years without encountering any military resistance beyond that offered by the Allied armies of occupation in Germany. These Allied forces are the equivalent of perhaps six divisions—two American, two British, and two French—but they are scattered over the wide area of the western zones of Germany and could do but little to halt a highly mobile, fully equipped and trained Russian striking force of at least thirty divisions. The second fact to consider is that the Red Army has neither overrun Western Europe nor shown any signs of getting ready to do so.

These two facts added together would indicate that something other than the state of West European defenses has kept the Red Army in check. Assuming that Russia wants control of Western Europe, I submit that what has kept the Soviet leadership from considering military conquest is the realization that any such adventure would involve the Soviet Union in war with a coalition including the United States, from which it could not hope to emerge victorious.

This leads to two conclusions as to United States policy: we are right in making it clear beyond doubt that we would fight if Europe were invaded; we are right in maintaining sufficient military strength to remove any doubt as to the outcome of a war. We might add a third conclusion: namely, that our attitude has been amply clear, before there was any talk of an Atlantic Alliance, and that the Soviet leadership has recognized this fact for some time.

So far, then, one could say that the treaty itself has not substantially altered the preexisting state of affairs. It has had the virtue of making the American people more clearly aware of the commitment they had long ago undertaken. On the other hand, the inclusion of Norway has increased the existing tensions by extending the declared area of American interest to the frontier of the Soviet Union itself Furthermore, by including some countries outside the Soviet orbit in the treaty and excluding others, we have somewhat weakened the position that existed before any treaty was signed. This applies particularly to the two flanks of the position. On the north, Finland and Sweden are not protected by the treaty, which leaves it up to the Russians to guess what we would do if they were attacked. Yet if Finland and Sweden were overrun, Norway and Denmark would become difficult to defend. On the southern end, if Iran were overrun, Turkey would then be exposed . . . and so on.

All this, however, is of minor importance compared to the questions raised by the companion piece to the treaty—namely, the proposal to promote and assist the rearmament of the European signatories. This is where we can easily get ourselves into the very trouble we are seeking to avoid.

II

Let me begin by making a categorical assertion which is wide open to challenge: There is no way of creating a defense which would protect Western Europe from invasion, once the Russians make up their minds to launch an invasion. The only way to protect Western Europe against invasion is to deter the Soviet Union from making the attempt. If this assertion is true, then a number of important conclusions follow, which should radically alter our government's proposal. Before I state these conclusions, let me offer some factual support for the basic premise just stated.

The Russians have available now, in the Soviet zone of Germany, in Poland, and immediately behind the Soviet frontier, a fully equipped, mobile striking force of somewhere between thirty and fifty divisions. (If here and elsewhere in this article I speak in terms of divisions, I do not mean to imply that divisions in different armies are exactly equivalent; I use this method of computation simply as a rough shorthand to suggest relative strengths.) They have ample tactical airpower to support such a force. If they so desired, the Russians could double the size of the presently available force by merely moving up existing divisions from wherever they are at present stationed in the Soviet Union.

The distance from the border of the Soviet zone of Germany to the Rhine is less than from New York to Boston. A motorized army could cover it in half a day or night.

Apart from the American, British, and French armies of occupation in Germany, which would be overrun in the first shock, there are available for the defense of Western Europe perhaps twelve divisions — seven French, three British, one Belgian, and one Dutch. These figures are probably optimistic. Two of the French divisions are in Africa and not all of them are fully equipped. The Dutch and Belgian divisions are skeleton organizations.

To cope with the immediately available Russian striking force, these West European forces would have to be brought up to a strength of at least forty fully equipped, mobile divisions. Such a defensive force might be able to hold the Rhine line long enough to permit Allied air action to destroy the communications of the advancing Soviet Army and cause it to "wither on the vine" without reaching the Channel.

But—to create such a force in Western Europe would take at least a year. During that time the Russians would need only to regroup their existing forces in order to double the power of the initial blow, and thus the balance of forces would again be upset in favor of the Red Army.

Other factors than these must be considered. In addition to a ground force capa-

ble of holding the five hundred miles of Rhine front, the Western nations would have to create tactical and strategic air power, as well as air-raid protection for their cities and industrial centers. Furthermore, since Western Europe would depend upon American supplies, and since the Russians dispose of a substantial fleet of modern submarines, the overseas routes of supply would have to be protected by powerful naval and air forces. Even if the United States undertook to supply the greater part of the equipment for the ground forces and to keep the sea-lanes open, the effort to provide an adequate defense would still require a mobilization of manpower and resources sufficient to disrupt the present efforts to achieve economic recovery and self-support.

Thus—no matter what might be the intentions of our Department of State—rearmament would not only take precedence over recovery but would delay recovery for years. To whatever extent recovery might be delayed or impeded, the defense of Western Europe against Communist penetration would be weakened. Worst of all, even if this dangerous sacrifice in political security were accepted, there would still not have been created a force capable of defending Western Europe against invasion.

In theory, there are two possible escapes from this dilemma. One is to rearm the Germans. The other is the transfer to Europe—now, before any war starts—of two full American or Canadian armies (comprising not less than twenty divisions). These two escapes exist in theory only, because either would provoke the very war we are seeking to prevent. It is no more reasonable to assume that the Russians would sit still while we built up two full armies in Europe than that we would sit still while the Russians built up a powerful force in Mexico. As for rearming the Germans, this would be a clear violation of our agreement with Russia and would provoke retaliation leading, in all probability, to civil war between Germans armed by us and Germans armed by the Russians. This might easily set off a new world conflict in which the Germans would play one side against the other. In addition, rearming the Germans would utterly destroy the already uncertain morale of any West European fighting forces.

Why "already uncertain"? Because one Frenchman out of every four conscripted for a rebuilt French Army would be a Communist. The same is true in varying degrees of Italy and the Low Countries. The leaders of the Communist parties in Western Europe have left little doubt where they would stand in a war with Russia.

So much for the proof of the assertion that there is no way of creating a defense for Western Europe against invasion, once that invasion is launched. Insofar as this argument has been met at all by the proponents of European rearmament, it has been met by the guarded indication that we don't really intend to meet this issue. The program calls only for the re-equipment of existing divisions in the first year and for the creation and equipment of a few new divisions in the second. The cost estimates are, for this reason, relatively modest.

But what good does it do to build a bridge half-way across a river? Europe either can or cannot defend itself. The peoples of Europe are not going to sacrifice themselves in a delaying action for our benefit. Twenty divisions are no better than ten, if the men in the ranks know that they have no chance of making a stand against the enemy. Who is being fooled by whom and for what purpose?

The attitude of the Continental signatories to the Atlantic Alliance was expressed very simply and clearly by M. Queuille, the French prime minister, while the treaty was still under negotiation. He said to an American newspaper correspondent:

> France and Western Europe must be spared an invasion. We know that once Western Europe were occupied, America would again come to our aid, and eventually we would again be liberated. But the process would be terrible. The next time you would probably be liberating a corpse. . . . The real frontier of Western Europe, which must be defended, must be moved well beyond the actual frontiers, because once the geographical frontiers of these countries are crossed, it will be too late for America to save very much. Fifteen days even after the invasion will be too late. . . .

Does M. Queuille think we are going to put Western Europe in a position to defend

the Oder, or the Elbe, or even the Rhine? If he does, what implicit promise have we given him? If he does not, what sort of persuasion have we used to obtain his consent to an arrangement which falls far short of what he expected?

These are the questions to which not only the peoples of Western Europe but the people of the United States have a right to expect an answer. We appear to be headed either toward the undertaking of a commitment we shall be unable to fulfill, or toward an elaborate and costly building-up of a dangerous illusion in the minds of our friends.

BY RECONSIDERING the basic premises of the proposed rearmament of Europe, it is still possible to escape from the dangerous dilemma created by the treaty. Such a re-examination would indicate that we should abandon the idea of promoting or assisting the rearmament of Western Europe, except to the extent necessary to enable the governments concerned to maintain internal order—that is, to deal effectively with any threat of internal violence. I propose that we should, in effect, say to our friends on the Continent:

"We have made it clear that we consider your security against any kind of attack identical with our own security. At present, you are faced with a twofold danger.

"The first is the danger of political attack, through Communist subversion or penetration. This danger will exist so long as your economies have not fully recovered from the ravages of the recent conflict, so long as widespread suffering and discontent make your people susceptible to propaganda which—no matter how falsely—promises them relief from suffering and a greater degree of social justice. To help you ward off this danger we are providing you with assistance, under the Marshall Plan, which we hope will enable you to lock the door firmly against Communist exploitation of discontent among your people.

"The second danger, which is far less imminent than the first, is the danger that the Soviet Union may, when frustrated in its design of political conquest, seek to accomplish the same ends by military means. To ward off this danger we have made it clear that any attempt at military aggression against you will at once be met by us with overwhelming military force. By doing this, and by maintaining the necessary force to make our assertion effective, we hope to deter the Soviet leadership from attempting military conquest.

"Let us, however, be quite clear as to what this means. If our maintenance of military power and our declared willingness to use it in the event of aggression should not deter the Soviet leadership from risking war, we shall not be able to protect your countries from invasion. In order to do that, we should have to build up American armies on the Continent now, before any invasion begins. Were we to do that, we should provoke the very attack against which we seek to protect you.

"You, on the other hand, cannot rearm to the point where you could repel invasion at or beyond your borders—even with the utmost help we could give you in the way of equipment—without disrupting your present progress toward economic health and stability. If you delay or disrupt that effort, you will open the door wide to the immediate danger of political penetration.

"Therefore, we propose to you what seems to us a sensible division of labor. We shall maintain the strongest possible deterrent to military aggression. You will create the strongest possible defense against political penetration or subversion. Included in our task is the obligation to help you to the utmost of our ability to regain your economic health and political stability. Included in your task is the maintenance of sufficient military strength to deal with any potential threat by violence to your internal security."

It is still possible for us to re-interpret the treaty in this manner. In order to do so we shall have to renegotiate it in a sense, although the wording of the treaty itself would not have to be changed. Quite possibly some of our European friends would at first be dismayed by such a change in our attitude. Conceivably some of them might wish to renounce the treaty altogether. Certainly the Kremlin would derive no little satisfaction from the inevitable period of confusion and debate. But all these factors added together would be a small price to pay for a clean-cut, simple, and unequivocal definition of a state of affairs which affects the future of every family in the world, and which every family in the world has a right to understand.



". . . whale meat, borsch, crêpes suzettes, curried lobster, shark liver . . . ."

What's in the Deep Freeze?

C. Lester Walker

SOCIAL historians and economists (domestic or otherwise) have been cluck-clucking lately over the American frozen-foods industry. And well they may, considering some of the remarkable and at times fantastic goings-on in the deep-freeze world.

Last fall two Cleveland hunters took a six-cubic-foot freeze cabinet to South Dakota with them in their car, putting their pheasants, teal, and rabbits into it, and plugging it in each night in the tourist camps where they stayed. An American oil company ordered fourteen tons of frozen foods for the Persian Gulf; and the Air Force announced that to aid the air-lift it was drawing up plans to fly pre-cooked frozen foods into Berlin to save fuel.

A hundred-per-cent frozen-food cookbook has come out, published by Simon & Schuster. Ohio State University has opened a Frozen Food Locker Operators School. The home garden seed catalogues nowadays are full of directions like, "This kind good for freezing." Down on the Gulf Coast, *Arcturus,* a shrimping boat just launched, will deep-freeze its entire seventeen-ton catch on board; while in New York the Waldorf-Astoria has sold the exclusive "freeze-rights" to its name.

In some dozen American cities apartment houses have started offering frozen-food basement storage lockers—at $2.00 a month; and Philadelphia has seen the debut of an all-frozen-food retail Automat. Frozen frogs' legs are now coming here from Cuba, orange slices frozen solid in frozen honey from Formosa. A rumor hints that before long milk may be sold in frozen bricks rather than in bottles. And in San Angelo, Texas, a frozen-food locker plant—only yesterday, it seems—received for storage three frozen horses (1,400 pounds each) from a circus which was playing the town—because the lions and the tigers had to have their deep-frozen foods too. Americans in some areas are now consuming more of some frozen foods than of fresh. Frozen orange juice last summer reduced Pittsburg's daily use of oranges from five carloads to one, and the score on peas frozen versus peas fresh is already two to one.

At least four hundred companies are now deep-freezing foods, and last year they packed seven hundred million frozen pounds. Over 150 firms are feverishly turning out freezing cabinets; with, it may be added, some very odd makers among them: Firestone Rubber, International Harvester, Philco Radio, and

Technical developments that could revolutionize an industry —printing, that time—were C. Lester Walker's subject last July; this time it is frozen foods. Drawings by Sam Norkin.

even the Savage Repeating Arms Corporation. Last year 800,000 freezing cabinets were made. This year sales are expected to be a million. "It is boomier business," one manufacturing executive recently commented, "than the lushest days of the electric home refrigerator—which were in 1929, when we thought 660,000 units was something."

At least 1,200 to 1,300 different foods have now been test-frozen. One thousand have been tested by one company alone. Over four hundred are on the market. Indeed, in the United States today more foods are being frozen for sale, with the exception of soups, than are being canned. You can now find—all deep-frozen—Chinese egg roll, whale meat, borsch, crêpes suzettes, chow mein, curried lobster, shark liver, whole baked apples, mayonnaise, apple pie à-la-mode, pierogi, baked beans, chocolate chip cookies, tamales, tortillas, pippin apple slices, pear purée, cooked Parker House rolls, fresh coconut milk, soy bean whipped cream, chicken fat, liquid coffee, and mink food.

But wait—also the mango, the cherimoya, the guava, the chico, the feijoa, the lanzone, the guayabano (all foreign fruits), crab-apple juice, open-face Cheddar cheese sandwich, lettuce juice, carrot juice, split pea soup, orange cake dough, hors d'oeuvres on serving tray, tangerine juice, spaghetti, cream puff shells, grapefruit slices, and in Spokane, frozen-cooked waffles in five flavors: golden brown, cinnamon, chocolate, raisin, and orange.

These frozen foods and others on the market have been offered to Americans in a bewildering number of brands. Three years ago one could choose from over 350 different names, from Frigifood, Frozest, Igloo, Kold Kist to Bird Valley, Sno-Dipt, and Strat-O-Freeze. Today the number of brands is estimated still as over two hundred, with consumers often torn between the wisdom of buying the big-names, like Birds Eye, Seabrook Farm, Pict-Sweet (over one half the national retail sales) or taking a flyer on cheaper and unknown kinds.

Sometimes the "flyers" have been regretted experiments. For the industry, being still young and fast-growing, has scarcely had time to set up adequate quality grading standards. As a result, a good deal of second-rate merchandise has been let loose, to the detriment of the first-rate. Indeed three years ago, in a severe, if temporary, setback, nearly two hundred freezing companies went out of business.

Most of these were packers of low-quality goods; and the frozen-food world now feels that their disappearance was a good thing. The better quality packers are the ones now left in the running, and a movement to set up quality grading standards for the entire industry is now in full swing. Already about ninety per cent of frozen fruits and vegetables are subjected to standards worked out in co-operation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Its "housecleaning" over, therefore, the industry is now highly optimistic about the future. Frozen-food visionaries (and the landscape *in* the industry and *out* of it is swarming with them) predict that by 1955 the American deep-freeze pack will reach thirty *billion* pounds. Even that staid and conservative sheet, the *Journal of Commerce,* has estimated that two years later, 1957, one half of the nation's food money will be spent on frozen foods: $10,000,000,000. Since the country's peacetime automobile business is a trifling $2,000,000,000, this deep-freeze expectancy figure may give an idea of the soaring hope invested in the new industry.

II

THE beginnings of this fantasia go back to a man from Gloucester, Massachusetts, named Clarence Birdseye. Mr. Birdseye was a fur trader in Labrador some thirty years ago, and there one day observed a curious natural phenomenon. He dropped a fish, which he had caught some days previously and had frozen at once in the forty-below-zero air of the surrounding country, into a bucket of water to thaw. After a few minutes had elapsed, the fish, to his amazement, began to flip its tail and swim.

Since Birdseye had an inventive turn of mind, this set him to pondering. No fresher fish than that, he thought. Fresh as life. Good way to preserve something. Was it a *new* way to preserve something? Suppose other foods—at forty below—suppose . . . . He has said since that it suddenly hit him that possibly he had here "unlocked one of nature's secrets."

Back in the United States soon afterward,

Birdseye went into the wholesale fish business and experimented. He froze fillets of cod the regular, above-zero, slow-freezing way, and other fillets in a deep-freeze machine he had devised, at forty-five below. When they were thawed out weeks later, there was no comparison. The former were just old frozen fish; the latter tasted like fish ten minutes off the hook. Birdseye organized a company, which he called General Seafoods Company, to freeze fish this new way right at the wharves in Gloucester, and to market it. This was in 1924; it was the first quick-frozen food offered to Americans.

Surprisingly, the public didn't take to it readily—surprisingly, that is, considering the current stampede. "Frozen" in 1924, it seems, had a bad connotation: it meant "cold storage," which meant not fresh. So the pioneer company had some stormy weather. The new quick-freeze process rather narrowly escaped becoming an abandoned idea. But by hanging on, and by going into the deep-freezing of more than fish—fruit, berries, vegetables—Birdseye got over the hump; and by 1928 he was riding high. Fruit and vegetables quick-frozen had captured the public, and queries had begun to come in on the grapevine from other food companies. Was the process—were the quick-frozen patents—maybe for sale? Then one day the Postum Company sent a scout up to Gloucester to see Mr. Birdseye and to look around—with historic results.

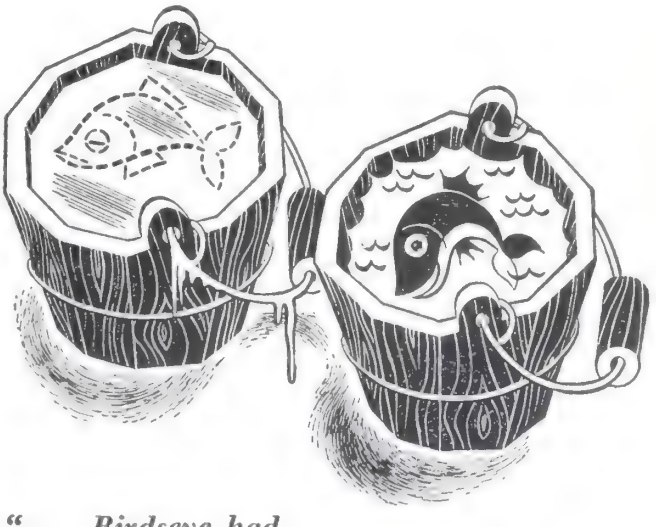
Postum soon bought Birdseye's two companies, now General Seafoods Corporation and General Foods Company, rechristened them General Foods Corporation, hired the discoverer as consultant, paid him and his backers $2,000,000 for the assets and the "Birds Eye" name, and for the quick-freeze patents, $20,000,000. The big sale made the headlines, and to many Americans this was their introduction to the idea of the deep-freeze.

Today, curiously, many who are devotees of frozen foods don't know that "Birds Eye" is also a person. Consumer surveys show that thousands think it is a generic word—like "Kodak." One report tells of a cook applying for a job who inquired: "Does madam peel or does madam birdseye?" (And Clarence Birdseye himself had trouble one day in California when he telephoned the West Coast Birds Eye office. He identified himself and was curtly advised by the company switchboard girl: "Okay—now cut out the comedy and give me your real name.")

What General Foods chiefly paid $20,000,000 for was the Birdseye-invented method of freezing fast—very fast. The speed-freeze was the secret of the whole business, because precipitous freezing prevented large ice crystals from forming in the food and breaking down the cell walls. Broken-down cell walls mean food that doesn't taste either fresh or right. But *small* ice crystals leave the cell walls intact. Birdseye had discovered that in freezing food most of the ice crystals formed up, curiously enough, only within a certain temperature span: thirty-one to twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit. His quick-freezing invention cooled the product so rapidly that it could be whipped through this danger zone of crystallization in a hurry. Hence only very small crystals had time to form, and these were quite harmless to the cell walls of the food.

Birdseye called his method the "multiplate" system. It is a series of metal plates, in layers, containing a network of ducts through which flows a refrigerant. The food, packaged, is placed in a freezing cabinet, between and touching the plates, and there frozen at twenty-five below, Fahrenheit. Depending on the food and the size of the packages, it usually takes from ninety to 120 minutes.

Birds Eye still uses the multiplate process, but the industry now has new and, some claim, fancier methods. The food can be put into tight metal containers and sprayed with super-cooled brine. Or it can be immersed in the brine. Or (the laboratories indicate) in



". . . Birdseye had an inventive turn of mind . . . ."

liquid air. Probably the most dramatic of the newer methods is the tunnel-blast process. On wide conveyor belts the food passes through a long tunnel where air blasts, whooshing off ammonia coils (minus forty degrees cold) at a thousand feet a minute, chill it fast. Most products deep-freeze here in sixteen minutes. And some of the tunnels can operate down to seventy-two below.

"How long will foods deep-frozen at these levels last?" consumers want to know. The companies answer that if air doesn't get at the food there is theoretically no time limit. The laboratories warn, however, that fat may start to get a bit high after a hundred years. As a known instance of how long meat will keep, they point to the frozen mammoths in Siberia and Alaska, discovered to be quite edible. As for the average American's practical needs—there are ears of corn in the Birds Eye storage rooms which have now been frozen over ten years. Birds Eye taste-testers take them out now and then and try them against fresh corn. So far nobody can tell the difference.

III

When the Deep-Freeze Era was just around the corner, in the beginning of the 1930's, one of its earliest manifestations was the frozen-food locker plant. Here the individual citizen could rent a sub-zero cabinet and be his own Mr. Birdseye, deep-freezing and storing away his own garden truck or other foods. Though they looked like a sure-fire idea, the locker plants, which mostly sprang up in farming districts, among the corn and clover fields, made a faltering start. By 1936 the country was supporting only about two hundred of them.

Today there are nearly eleven thousand. In some states it is geographically impossible to get more than twenty-five miles from a locker plant. Iowa has a record number, 840; with Washington, Minnesota, and Wisconsin close behind. Six million individual lockers are rented. They handle two billion pounds of food a year; and according to the Farm Credit Administration over thirteen million Americans are served by them. "Just put it down," a Wisconsin dairy farmer remarked to me one day, "that the locker plant has made life on the farm about five times more worth living."

Anyone can see why. With a locker plant available the farmer can have a better diet twelve months of the year. In winter the beef no longer need be the "corned" variety, nor the vegetables always come from the root cellar. Farm-raised meat used to be a problem to slaughter and preserve. One had to run a smoke house, or can or pickle or salt. Today those chores can be eliminated. The local locker plant will do them all, and better in the bargain.

Many locker plants have been able to effect a sizable saving in the farmer's feed bill. Formerly his pork and beef slaughtering waited on the weather; that is, until the cold days of December and January came. Now, with freezing facilities handy, he slaughters when the *animal* he has raised is ready. This is often months earlier than he used to kill. Which means months in which he does not have to pay out for feed.

In regions (and they are many) where game—such as venison—is an important item in farm larders, the quick-freeze has brought a significant change. Because it wouldn't keep, a deer used to be shot largely to be given away to friends. Now the farmer can shoot and freeze *all* his game for his own family, by making use of the locker plant.

And woman's work—which by the old adage is never done—the locker plant in the rural areas has lightened no end. Take one obvious example: canning. The long hot summer siege now need be no more. Fruits and vegetables can go to the locker with only one third the work that canning entailed. Farm women early learned to use the locker as a "bank" for pre-cooked foods. Just prepare meals for four or five weeks ahead, cook them, and then quick-freeze them. The mistress of the household can then go off to visit in the city. To eat, her menfolk merely have to heat up the quick-frozen meals. It's especially handy in case of a trip to the hospital. Many a new baby in the farm belt has been born with the benefit of this arrangement.

So important is the rural locker plant now that in some localities it is often called the "Community Freezing Center." And this is exactly what it has become, as you will see if you visit one. For instance, an up-to-date establishment like this one in a midwestern town. You might think you were in a modern hotel lobby, with its soft lights, pastel decor,



"In winter the beef no longer need be the 'corned' variety, nor the vegetables always come from the root cellar. . . ."

adjacent beautifully appointed Powder Room. And here, farther on, this room with the fluorescent lighting, the long work tables, some twenty women busily preparing strawberries, is the locker plant's Ladies Club Room. The women are the farm and town wives of the community, preparing their own garden strawberry crop for the freezer. A trained deep-freeze expert, supplied by the locker plant, moves among them giving suggestions and advice.

In his modern glass-bricked office, the plant manager assures you there is *nothing* in relation to deep-freeze which this Community Freezing Center cannot handle. "Meats, poultry—we do the works. We slaughter, cool, age, smoke, cure, render lard, stuff sausage, eviscerate, pluck, cut up, wrap, freeze at forty-two below—and stow away in your own locker. Complete service on fruits and vegetables too. We will add the necessary sugar to your berries, the necessary ascorbic acid to prevent your peaches darkening. And we *sell* everything: from wrapping and packaging supplies, to home-freezers or a hog. Now—care to see the latest wonder in locker arrangement?"

You are standing in a warm room, before a single, windowed door. You set a dial at the right, push a button. Tiers of lockers behind the door revolve, and "your" locker comes to a rest in front of you. "Done by the Polar Wheel," proclaims the plant manager. "An Armstrong Cork invention. It spins lockers around as on a turntable. Patrons no longer have to get chilblains from standing in the cold storage room."

Suppose you ask: "How much would I save if I bought a hog today?"

"As against retail prices—thirty per cent. On *all* kinds of meats this Community Freezing Center figures it consistently saves patrons an average of twenty to forty per cent. That's made a big difference in some big-family food budgets around here. It's a reason why every third farmer in the U. S. A., so I understand, now has a frozen-food locker somewhere."

THE cities and the suburbs cannot, of course, compare to this record in number of locker plants. However, they have the home deep-freeze cabinet. First sold for the home in 1937, these cabinets today number about 1,250,000 and come in all sizes and prices, from a four-cubic-footer for $250 to a thirty-cubic-footer at $900. But note that their users do not approach the thirteen million served by the deep-freeze *lockers.*

One reason is cost. The low-income citizen could afford a dollar-a-month locker rental but not three-to-four-hundred dollars to buy a deep-freeze box outright. Another reason is

a problem of space, for the freezer occupies an embarrassing amount of room in a small modern home or apartment. A basic trouble has been the insulation. Usually six inches of fiber glass, it has always usurped a disproportional amount of the total volume. Manufacturers have struggled to cut it down, but never successfully. Now, however, it looks as if they can do it, thanks to a new insulation material.

This is Santocel, a Monsanto Chemical Company product, which seems about to make all other insulation obsolete. A white, free-flowing powder, known technically as silica aerogel, ten or twelve inches of it equals two to three feet of conventional insulation. The substance is ninety per cent air (which is the key to the matter), and its air is trapped in spaces only one one-billionth of an inch in diameter. The distance the molecules of air can travel between collisions is, hence, so short that the lack of heat conductivity closely approaches that of a vacuum.

Santocel has shown that it can handle storage down to minus 219 degrees. A frozen-food box specially insulated with it is being used in a Terryville, Connecticut, factory today for shrink-fitting metal parts at 150 below. Sooner or later, experiments show, this miraculous stuff can be used in shipping-containers and picnic hampers (with the right construction and a small hunk of dry ice to help) and will keep deep-frozen foods quite unthawed for up to three days. Already it is being used by two manufacturers (the Whiting Corporation of Chicago and Firestone) in a handy kitchen-size freeze cabinet. Here it gives up to 78 per cent more deep-freeze storage space. Inevitable result, as cabinets drop in price: more and more home deep-freeze boxes in the small home.

As they arrive, these food freezers will do what frozen foods in the home have always done: give more and more housewives less and less to do. The deep freeze has already altered the pattern of work in the home in a revolutionary fashion. The woman with a freeze box discovered long ago that daily marketing is no longer necessary. Once in two weeks will do, or less, if one orders a sufficient amount of frozen foods. And actual time in the kitchen is cut. No shelling limas or washing spinach any more. There's no long cooking to do either. Fanny Farmer says twenty minutes for peas. Frozen peas need only four; other vegetables are comparable. Junior's school lunch isn't a daily nuisance any more. One just makes up a fortnight's supply of sandwiches and deep-freezes them. And then—that ultimate in getting a meal without doing anything—there is the deep-frozen, pre-cooked entire dinner, delivered direct to the home freeze cabinet by the several new frozen-food warehouse-to-customer services called the Frostmaster system, which department stores now offer in towns as wide apart as Seattle and Tampa. "The newest, the most revolutionary development in the food world," Macy ads proclaim. "Home at 5:30. Dinner at 5:55. Movies at 7:00. A meal without cooking or dishwashing—in a cardboard box, on a fibreboard plate. You just throw the plate away."

A New Yorker, one William L. Maxson, first successfully launched these curious wares four years ago, putting at one time twenty complete frozen blue-plates on the market. Today the Maxson Company and imitators are doing a land-office business. Even the airlines have capitulated. Pan American alone served four hundred thousand Maxson frozen meals aloft last year. Just how far these frozen pre-cooked meals have entered American life is revealed by a story the deep-freeze world tells:

A wife sought a divorce because her spouse insisted on pulling the same "joke" before all dinner guests. He would always say, she told the court, "Did you unfreeze this all by yourself, dear?"

IV

HOME isn't the only place the deep freeze has affected. Many an American industry is now feeling its chill. "The frozen pea and the frozen strawberry," observed one transportation official recently, "have put the country's railroads right on the hot spot."

Do the railroads want to lose thousands of tons of new freight business to the trucks? If not, they have got to build hundreds of sub-zero refrigerator cars. And quickly, for the trucks are grasping the opportunity. Already trailers of close to railroad-car capacity, which refrigerate to fifteen below, are rolling the highways.

The carriers are therefore rushing to build new types designed especially for frozen foods. Illinois Central has announced a new steel-and-aluminum car lighter by some seven tons than any refrigerator car ever made. Railway Express has ordered five hundred specials for zero temperatures. Ahead, perhaps, are whole trains of sub-zero freight—a kind of strung-out glacier, moving at a forty-mile-an-hour clip across the continent.

And in the dining car, great changes are under way. Trains like the Twentieth Century, it is predicted, will soon need only one diner instead of two—by using frozen foods. For their space and labor saving is phenomenal. No food "preparation." It is already pre-prepared because packed frozen, and it is pre-cooked. Then on-the-diner cooking is just a matter of quick heating in the cook's latest gift from heaven, the electronic stove.

This stove (it is on the market as "Radarange") will thaw a frozen steak in eight seconds. (It thaws in fifty-five minutes a barrel of deep-frozen fruit which at room temperature takes seven days!) It will grill steaks in forty seconds, cook pork chops in forty-five, and bake biscuits in twenty-nine flat. Twelve seconds does fried eggs, and twenty scrambled. Although it sounds like double talk, it is a fact that this stove, using microwave heat from a magnetron radar tube, will even cook food without heating up the container. In fact, as a trick, the Radarange will cook an egg on top of a bowl of cracked ice without melting the ice. It boils water in a paper cup without warming the container. A dining car would not be bothered by burning hot platters and serving plates—meaning quicker, labor-saving food handling.

What frozen foods when coupled with this Merlin device will probably do to hotel and restaurant business is something to think about. Statler and Sheraton hotels are already using the combination, and some restaurant chains. Boston's famous Thompson's Spa installed the system over a year ago. A restaurant chain so equipped can prepare meals in big kitchens, put each on a plastic tray, deep-freeze and ship to the restaurants of its chain, each of which has ready a frozen-food-holding cabinet. When a customer orders, the meal—tray and all—can be heated in two minutes in the Radarange. There is no dishwashing (plate trays are thrown away), no food waste in the kitchen, and the meals can be prepared in advance during months of slack business and low food prices. A restaurant which has normally forty employees, it is said, can by these methods operate with fifteen. And not far in the future is a Radarange for the home.

Other industries as diverse as fishing, ice-cream making, canning, meat and poultry packing are among those which the deep freeze has transformed. Dutch, British, and Icelandic fishing trawlers have now been quick-freezing on board for some time. Americans buy so much deep-frozen fish from Iceland that the fishing industry has howled for legislative protection. "At least," they cry, "until we can get our own deep-freeze-equipped boats on the banks."

In ice cream—a tidy billion-dollar industry in itself—the frozen-food idea has begun to influence buying habits. Home freezers and the quick-freeze pocket of the new home refrigerators have brought on two new customs: winter buying and buying in bulk. The citizen who in July used to get a quart of vanilla at a time, now in January buys a gallon and stores it. In canning, the labels Libby, Dole, Stokely–Van Camp are already on the frozen-food bandwagon; and Heinz, Del Monte, and Beechnut are soon to be seen. Meat packers Wilson and Armour capitulated last September. They now "fabricate" meat and deep-freeze it at the packing house. One-fifth of all poultry—under the influence of the deep-frozen pack—is now eviscerated, cut up, packaged, and quick-frozen at the plant. A day is to come, evidently, when Americans may have to search a bit to see a whole chicken again.

But perhaps frozen food's most far-reaching influence on other industries shows itself in agriculture. A vast amount of vegetable and fruit growing today is totally conditioned by the demands of the deep freeze. Soils are now "tailored" for the vegetable or fruit which is to be frozen. A company like Birds Eye tests the vitamin quotient of the farm fields it has under contract and specifies the right fertilizers and chemicals. Similarly, it orders what "strains" of a fruit or vegetable must be grown, because some freeze much better than others do. In strawberries, for instance, ex-



". . . a deer used to be shot largely to be given away . . . ."

perience has proved that Sparkle, Marshall, and Julymorn are tops for freezing. The Elberta peach is best for flavor and color, but it browns rapidly. Sunbeam scarcely browns at all. Especially for freezing purposes, therefore, the Elberta has been crossed with Sunbeam.

And peas! Over one hundred different kinds were tried by one packer alone before two were finally picked for freezing. Now deep freeze practically controls the crop. So influential are the freeze-pack's requirements that it is said that company officials can now spot a frozen pea's native heath just by tasting. Two Birds Eye officials, the story goes, were served peas at a hotel one day. They tasted, looked at one another, and exclaimed almost in unison, "Our peas. State of Maine. That farm on Route 223, just outside of Caribou."

V

Peas have always been the biggest and fastest seller among frozen foods. Strawberries have ranked first of the fruits. But today a new product has the spotlight. This is concentrated frozen orange juice, which is the current sensation of the frozen-food world.

This product has a curious and interesting history. Were it not for wartime penicillin research it might not exist. But during the war the WPB assigned to the National Research Corporation of Boston the task of finding a way to make penicillin, then a liquid, into a powder. It was a difficult problem, because in the drying-out process it would be impossible to use heat, since heat would render the penicillin useless.

National Research worked several years and finally brought to the task a new and altogether remarkable high-vacuum machine that had theretofore been used in coating optical glass. This machine extracted all the water, at a temperature below freezing. When dried penicillin was a success, the company then experimented for the Army to produce an orange powder which would have high vitamin C value and superior palatability. The same high-vacuum process (so near a perfect vacuum that there is less than one-half millimeter of atmospheric pressure) was successfully applied, and the Army placed an order for $750,000 worth of the orange powder. A separate company, Vacuum Foods Corporation, had been formed to manufacture it when the war ended. The contract was canceled in the summer of 1945, and National Research was left with its remarkable new machine on its hands. The company, however, resolved to proceed with the orange-powder venture and to sell the product commercially.

Eventually this project was abandoned, since the powder, although excellent as fruit powders go, was found to be uneconomical to produce. Meanwhile, however, Vacuum Foods' sales manager, a man who had had long experience in the frozen-foods field, was playing with the idea that a consumer-sized package of the sherbert-like concentrate of orange juice—which was one of the stages the orange powder passed through in its making—would have good consumer sales prospects. For if one just added water, one had an excellent, full-strength orange juice.

Not that frozen orange juice, on the other hand, had not already been tried. In 1945 eighteen California companies were packing it. But their juice was natural strength, hard to defrost, bulky, and often of poor quality; and they had had so little success that, to quote

Quick Frozen Foods, the trade magazine, "by the end of 1946 everyone thought that frozen orange juice was finished."

Vacuum Foods, however, started commercial production of its new product in April of that year and by December had made 90,000 gallons at its Florida plant. The Florida orange season runs from December through that year and by December had made 90,000 gallons had been processed. The juice concentrate, sherbert in form, sold slowly at first under a private label. Then, in September 1947, the first six-ounce can of concentrate under Vacuum Foods' own "Minute Maid" label hit the New York market, and the real fireworks began.

Since then the frozen-food industry has been asking itself: "Is it maybe a dream?" In September 1948 nation-wide rationing had to be introduced: a case-a-store-a-week, only. Some of the heaviest buyers are the orange-growing areas of California and Florida. New packers—with vacuum machines of their own devising—have joined the gold rush in such numbers that today one finds them ranging all the way from Birds Eye to Sperti, the ultra-violet-lamp manufacturer. And in the current season packers expect to put up ten million concentrated frozen gallons. Vacuum expects its pack alone will gross over $10,000,000.

But an explanation of the phenomenon is simple enough. The deep freeze has a product here that apparently has everything. *Economy:* a twenty-five-cent can of frozen concentrate plus three cans of water makes the equivalent of juice from ten oranges which would cost thirty cents. *Flavor:* most Americans swear they can't tell the difference from fresh-squeezed fruit. *Convenience:* the American wrist is tired and the cook is sick of orange peels in the garbage. Who wants to ream when just adding water will do? *Vitamins:* the Mayo Clinic, other hospitals, use the frozen juice because their own tests show it of higher ascorbic acid (Vitamin C) content (due to tree-ripened oranges, incidentally) than market-bought fresh fruit. Indeed the only failing would seem to be the whimsical one expressed in one advertisement: "*Disadvantage of Frozen Orange Juice:* You cannot slice it and use it as a garnish for old fashioneds."

And the citrus growers, of course, are in ecstacies. For so long there have been too many orange trees. And too many oranges. In Orlando last year oranges were given away. Four million boxes of Floridas rotted on the trees. But this season the deep freeze will use three-quarters of all the juice oranges grown in the state.

And the new product is bringing other juices into popularity. Concentrated by the same no-heat vacuum processes, fresh frozen grapefruit juice, tangerine, pineapple, and Concord grape juice are already being test-marketed. So one can apparently expect the deep-freeze to take over *any* juice—vegetable or animal—almost any time now.

Milk, for example. Experiments with the same processes point to milk in the future, in quantity, being sold not fluid but frozen. By vacuum the bulk is reduced two-thirds. After reconstitution (thawing plus water) the result is so like fresh fluid milk that few people, tests show, can tell the difference. Bricks of this milk are already being shipped from the West Coast to Alaska, and the Army now uses it in the Canal Zone.

From this development far-reaching changes in the milk industry are possible. As an official of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics has expressed it: "When the housewife can buy at the grocery and carry home in one trip several days' supply of frozen concentrated milk . . . distribution costs will be cut and consumption encouraged." It is even predicted that the distribution cost might thereby be cut as much as 30 per cent. Which might mean that milk, once the "poor man's food," might some day become just that again—thanks to the miracle of the deep-freeze.

And what next? In an industry where surprise is the rule, speculation is not foolhardy. Perhaps next will be one of the dozen or so exasperatingly common foods which the deep freeze still cannot freeze successfully. The tomato, the cucumber, the banana, the whole pear, the plum. Those, and lettuce and all its cousins, frozen foods have not yet conquered. But on the past record and present performance of the fantastic industry, we can expect any one of them tomorrow morning.

You Make Your Own Life

A Story by V. S. Pritchett

UPSTAIRS from the street a sign in electric light said "Gent's Saloon." I went up. There was a small, hot back room full of sunlight, with hair clippings on the floor, towels hanging from a peg, and newspapers on the chairs. "Take a seat. Just finishing," said the barber. It was a lie. He wasn't anywhere near finishing. He had in fact just begun a shave. The customer was having everything.

In a dead place like this town you always had to wait. I was waiting for a train, now I had to wait for a hair-cut. It was a small town in a valley with one long street, and a slow mud-colored river moving between willows and the backs of houses.

I picked up a newspaper. A man had murdered an old woman, a clergyman's sister was caught stealing gloves in a shop, a man who had identified the body of his wife at an inquest on a drowning fatality met her three days later on a pier. Ten miles from this town the skeletons of men killed in a battle eight centuries ago had been dug up on the Downs. That was nearer. Still, I put the paper down. I looked at the two men in the room.

The shave had finished now, the barber was cutting the man's hair. It was glossy black hair and small curls of it fell on the floor. I could see the man in the mirror. He was in his thirties. He had a swarthy skin and brilliant, long black eyes. The lashes were long too and the lids when he blinked were pale. There was just that suggestion of weakness. Now he was shaved there was a sallow glister to his skin like a Hindu's and, as the barber clipped away and grunted his breaths, the dark man sat engrossed in his reflection, half smiling at himself and very deeply pleased.

The barber was careful and responsible in his movements but nonchalant and detached. He was in his thirties too, a young man with fair, receding hair, brushed back from his forehead. He did not speak to his customer. His customer did not speak to him. He went on from one job to the next silently. Now he was rattling his brush in the jar, wiping the razor, pushing the chair forward to the basin. Now he gently pushed the man's head down, now he ran the taps and was soaping the head and rubbing it. A peculiar look of amused affection was on his face as he looked down at the soaped head.

"How long are you going to be?" I said. "I've got a train."

He looked at the clock. He knew the trains.

"Couple of minutes," he said.

He wheeled a machine on a tripod to the back of the man. A curved black thing like a helmet enclosed the head. The machine was plugged to the wall. There were phials, with colored liquids in them and soon steam was rushing out under the helmet. It looked like a machine you see in a Fun Fair. I don't know what happened to the man or what the barber did. Shave, hot towels, hair-cut, shampoo, this machine, and then yellow liquid like treacle out of a bottle—that customer had everything. I wondered how much he would have to pay.

Then the job was over. The dark man got up. The clippers had been over the back of his neck and he looked like a guardsman. He was dressed in a square-shouldered gray suit, very dandyish for this town, and he had a silk handkerchief sticking out of his breast pocket. He wore a violet and silver tie. He patted it as the barber brushed his coat. He was delighted with himself.

"So long, Fred," he smiled faintly.

"Cheero, Albert," said the upright barber, and his lips closed to a small, hardly perceptible smile too. Thoughtfully, ironically, the barber watched his handiwork go. The man hadn't paid.

I SAT in the chair. It was warm, too warm, where the man had sat. The barber put the sheet around me. The barber was smiling to himself like a man remembering a tune He was not thinking about me.

The barber said that machine made steam open the pores. He glanced at the door where the man had gone. "Some people want everything," he said, "some want nothing." You had to have a machine like that.

He tucked in the cotton wool. He got out the comb and scissors. His fingers gently depressed my head. I could see him in the mirror bending to the back of my head. He was clipping away. He was a dull young man with pale-blue eyes and a look of ironical stubbornness in him. The small dry smile was still like claw marks at the corners of his lips.

"Three bob a time," he said. He spoke into the back of my neck, and nodded to the door. "He has it very week."

He clipped away.

"His hair's coming out. That's why he has it. Going bald. You can't stop that. You can delay it but you can't stop it. Can't always be young. He thinks you can." He smiled dryly but with affection.

"But he wasn't so old."

The barber stood up.

"That man!" he said. He mused to himself with growing satisfaction. He worked away in long silence as if to savor every possible flavor of my remark. The result of his meditation was to make him change his scissors for a finer pair.

"He ought to be dead," he said.

"T.B.," he said with quiet scorn.

He looked at me in the mirror.

"It's wonderful," he said, as if to say it was nothing of the sort.

"It's wonderful what the doctors can do," I said.

"I don't mean doctors," he said. "Consumptives! Tuh! They're wonderful." As much as to say a sick man can get away with anything—but you try if you're healthy and see what happens!

He went on cutting. There was a glint in his pale-blue eyes. He snipped away amusedly as if he were attending to every individual hair at the back of my head.

"You see his throat?" he said suddenly.

"What about his throat?" I asked.

"Didn't you notice anything? Didn't you see a mark a bit at the side?" He stood up and looked at me in the mirror.

"No," I said.

He bent down to the back of my neck again. "He cut his throat once," he said quietly. "Not satisfied with T.B.," he said with a grin. It was a small, firm, friendly grin. So long, Fred. Cheero, Albert. "Tried to commit suicide."

"Wanted everything," I said.

"That's it," he said.

"A girl," the barber said. "He fell in love with a girl."

He clipped away.

"That's an item," said the barber absently.

He fell in love with a local girl who took pity on him when he was in bed, ill. Nursed him. Usual story. Took pity on him but wasn't interested in himself that way.

"A very attractive girl," said the barber.

"And he got it badly?"

"They get it badly, consumptives."

"Matter of fact," said the barber, stepping over for the clippers and shooting a hard sideways stare at me. "It was my wife."

"Before she was my wife," he said. There was a touch of quiet, amused resolution in him.

He'd known that chap since he was a kid. Went to school with him. Used to be his best friend. Still was. Always a lad. Regular nut. Had a milk business, was his own guv-nor till he got ill. Doing well.

"He knew I was courting her," he smiled. "That didn't stop him." There was glint in his eye.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I lay low," he said.

She had a job in the shop opposite. If you passed that shop you couldn't help noticing her in the cash desk near the door. "It's not for me to say—but she was the prettiest girl in this town," he said. "Still is," he mused.

"You've seen the river? You came over it by the station," he said. "Well he used to take her on the river when I was busy. I didn't mind. I knew my mind. She knew hers. I knew it was all right."

"I knew him," he grinned. "But I knew her. 'Let him take you on the river,' I said."

I saw the barber's forehead and his dull blue eyes looking up for a moment over my head in the mirror.

"Damp river," he said reflectively. "Damp mists, I mean, on the river. Very flat, low lying, unhealthy," he said. "That's where he made his mistake. It started with him taking her on the river."

"Double pneumonia once," he said. "Sixty cigarettes a day, burning the candle at both ends."

He grunted.

"He couldn't get away with it," he said.

When he got ill, the girl used to go and look after him. She used to go and read to him in the afternoons. "I used to turn up in the evenings too when we'd closed."

THE barber came round to the front and took the brushes lazily. He glanced sardonically at the door as if expecting to see the man standing there. That cocksure irony in the barber seemed to warm up.

"Know what he used to say to her?" he said sharply and smiled when I was startled. " 'Here, Jenny,' he used to say, 'Tell Fred to go home and you pop into bed with me. I'm lonely.' " The young barber gave a short laugh.

"In front of me," he said.

"What did you say?"

"I told him to keep quiet or there'd be a funeral. Consumptives want it, they want it worse than others, but it kills them," he said.

"I thought you meant you'd kill him," I said.

"Kill him?" he said. "Me kill him?" He smiled scornfully at me: I was an outsider in this. "He tried to kill *me*," he said.

"Yeah," he said, wiping his hands on a towel. "Tried to poison me. Whisky. It didn't work. Back okay?" he said, holding up a mirror. "I don't drink."

"I went to his room," he said. "I was his best friend. He was lying on the bed. Thin! All bones and blue veins and red patches as if he'd been scalded and eyes as bright as that bottle of bath salts. Not like he is now. There was a bottle of whisky and a glass by the side of the bed. He wanted me to have a drop. He knew I didn't drink."

" 'I don't want one,' I said. 'Yes, you do,' he said. 'You know I never touch it,' I said. 'Well, touch it now,' he said. 'I tell you what,' he said; 'you're afraid.' 'Afraid of what?' I said. 'Afraid of catching what I've got.' 'Touch your lips to it if you're not afraid. Just have a sip to show.' "

"I told him not to be a fool. I took the bottle from him. He had no right to have whisky in his state. He was wild when I took it. 'It'll do some people a bit of good.' I said, 'but it's poison to you.' "

" 'It *is* poison,' he said."

"I took the bottle away. I gave it to a chap in the town. It nearly finished him. We found out it *was* poison. He'd put something in it."

I said I'd have a singe. The barber lit the taper. I felt the flame warm against my head. "Seals up the ends," the barber said. He lifted up the hair with the comb and ran the flame along. "See the idea?" he said.

"What did you do?"

"Nothing," he said. "Just married my girl that week," the barber said. "When she told him we were going to be married he said, 'I'll give you something Fred won't give you.' We wondered what it would be. 'Something big,' he said. 'Best man's present," he said. He winked at her. 'All I've got. I'm the best man.' That night he cut his throat." The barber made a grimace in the mirror, passed the scissors over his throat and gave a grin.

"Then he opened the window and called out to a kid in the street to fetch *her*. The kid came to me instead. Funny present," he said. He combed, he patted, he brushed. He pulled the wool out of the back of my neck. He went round it with the soft brush. Coming round to the front he adroitly drew off the sheet. I stood up.

"He got over it," he said. "Comes round and plays with my kids on Sundays. Comes in every Friday, gets himself up. See him with a different one every week at the pictures. It's

a dead place this, all right in the summer on the river. You make your own life. The only thing is he don't like shaving himself now, I have to go over every morning and do it for him." He stood with his small grin, his steady eyes amused and resolute. "I never charge him," he said.

He brushed my coat; he brought my hat.

Thirty-Seven Frontiers

WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

On the long stretches of a recent trip ferrying an airplane from Long Island to Sumatra, I sometimes used to think, "If I knew nothing of the world but what I have seen these past few days—if I cracked up now and woke a thousand years later—what would I tell them?" The first thing I thought I would tell them is that our world is all cut up by boundaries. Every few hours of flight, you come to a boundary. And from the air you see so clearly that there is no physical reality to them, that they are just an obsession by which we torture ourselves, choking off our own bloodstream.

Another pilot and I had the simple job of moving an airplane some twelve thousand miles. The airplane was to expedite, down under, the job of getting oil out of the ground, getting the world's tractors and fishing boats and trucks to run again. We were not engaged in a stunt, or in any military or imperialist enterprise; we were just helping to get that oil flowing again. Yet, what it took to cross those frontiers—we crossed thirty-seven of them—would have kept a whole Chinese village alive for a year. Consider: the man-hours consumed in getting visas and permits; and, conversely, the man-hours consumed in giving them. The extra flying time (at $100 an hour) wasted on detours prescribed by red tape. The forced lay-overs, the hotel bills, the cable charges, the $30,000 customs bonds. The two, three hours a day we stood in offices, going through customs control, exchange control, etc.; and, conversely, the same hours consumed also by the officials that "processed" us. The official forms alone that we filled out on this flight must have represented some ten dollars' worth of paper and printing—at a time when the British could not buy some of their own classics for lack of paper. Altogether, I calculate that some $5,000 worth of the world's resources were used up; *not* to make the airplane fly those miles—that would be nothing to complain of—*not* even, mark you, in actual customs duties, which were something else again—but simply in useless and inane motion. "Friction loss," an engineer would call it. And it seemed obvious that the world cannot waste its energy at that rate.

Sometimes it seemed as if all this waste and delay were the result of some international conspiracy of the world's bureaucrats—we called it the Burintern.

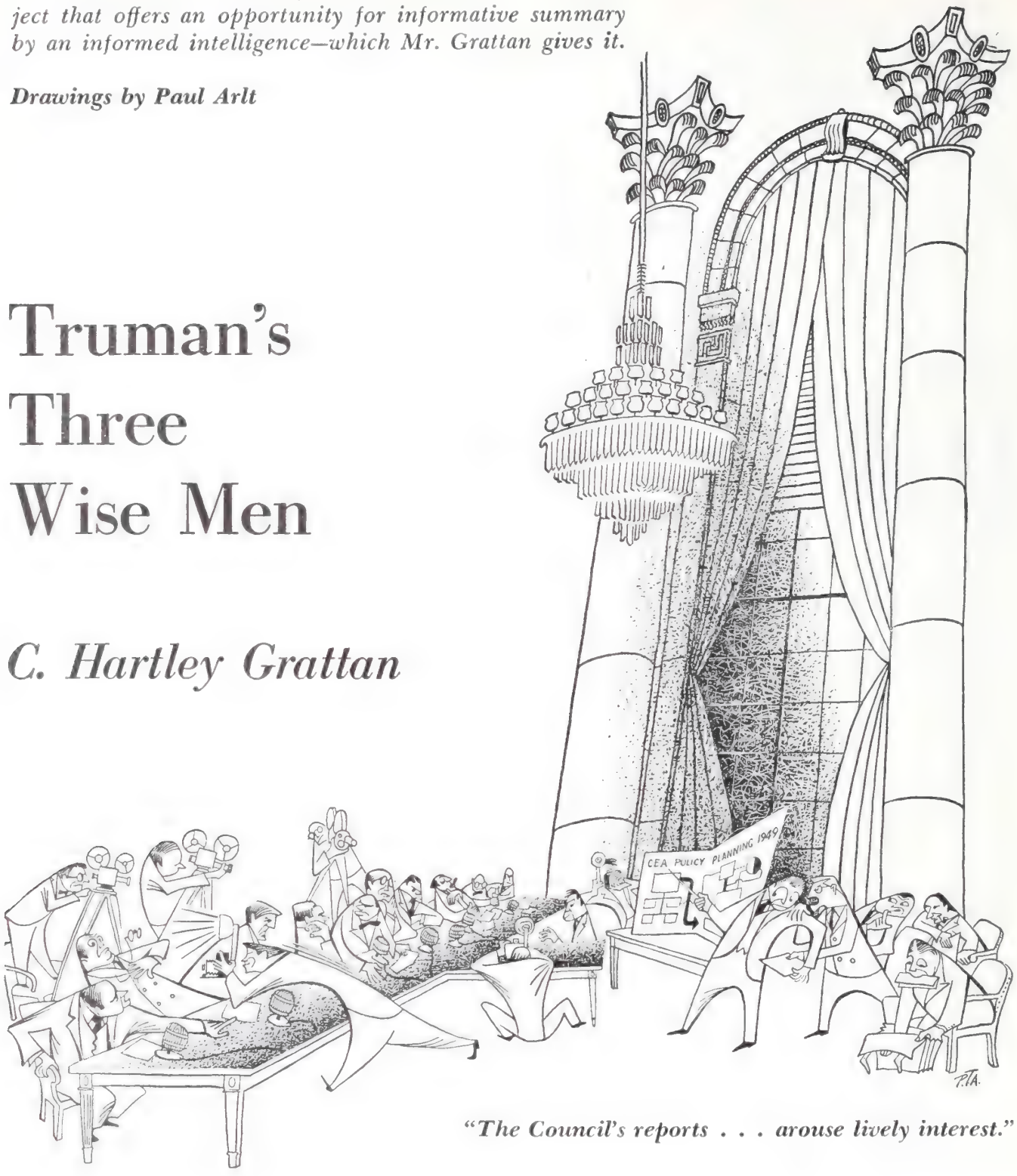
Every government clerk has learned how you can make an easy living with a typewriter, a few sheets of carbon paper, a rubber stamp, a printed form. A new kind of servitude is growing up—life by Permit: the blocked account, the managed currency, the rationed gas, the travel permits, the prohibited areas, the identity cards, the export permits, the forbidden possessions, the visa, the police clearances, the queues; the calling-in of banknotes, the freezings as of January 1, 1939, the "targets," the black lists, the quotas. This cancerous growth of the state is as malignant under the label of democracy as any other. What is the state of man in the middle of the twentieth century? He stands in some office; they have taken away some paper of his which needs some stamp of theirs, and he is waiting.

The President's Council of Economic Advisers is a subject that offers an opportunity for informative summary by an informed intelligence—which Mr. Grattan gives it.

Drawings by Paul Arlt

Truman's Three Wise Men

C. Hartley Grattan



"The Council's reports . . . arouse lively interest."

WHEN, three years ago, President Truman chose three men—Edwin G. Nourse, Leon H. Keyserling, and John D. Clark—as the first members of his Council of Economic Advisers, he loaded upon them a responsibility unprecedented in American history. Since the early days of the Republic, voters had applauded the party in power if times were good, and blamed it if they were bad; and since 1929 public opinion had come to assume more and more positively that any break in our national prosperity was something that the government must cope with. But not until the Employment Act of 1946 was passed had the government explicitly acknowledged its definite re-

sponsibility for promoting "maximum employment, production, and purchasing power" —in short, for preventing or at least battling with economic storms. And never before had there been anything like the Council of Economic Advisers which was created by that Act: a group of three economists whose duty it was to report to the President from time to time upon the economic weather in the United States and suggest what, if anything, ought to be done about it.

The Council's reports to Mr. Truman, made public every January and July, arouse lively interest. At present their circulation is crowding 50,000 copies and mounting. And no wonder; for more and more they are being recognized as important economic documents, about which swirls and will swirl the perennial American debate over inflation, deflation, taxes, profits, wages, and prices. The mere fact that there is now a focus for the fierce discussion is all to the good—a far healthier situation than existed before January 1947, when the first Council report appeared. But it puts the members of the Council on the spot. For not only is national economic diagnosis difficult, and economic forecasting perilous, but in a time of hotly conflicting economic views anybody who officially proposes a national policy is bound to be a target for assorted brickbats.

The three men who occupy this exposed position, Messrs. Nourse, Keyserling, and Clark, are not very well known to the general public. But none of them is unknown to his professional brethren. And all are men of substance. In background and outlook they are distinctively different; no one should suppose that the façade of identical views presented in the reports necessarily reflects an identity of conviction behind the scenes. The strength of the Council, indeed, is due in considerable measure to the fact that the three men are not interchangeable parts of a thinking machine.

It is due also to the vast amount of information upon which they can draw. For back of them is a small corps of economists, and back of these men, in turn, is the vast government apparatus for gathering economic intelligence, especially in statistical form—the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and Labor, the Treasury, the Bureau of the Budget, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal Reserve System, and so on—all this supplemented by the findings of private economic research enterprises of great variety. From this ocean of information the members of the Council try to distill a manageable draught of wisdom.

II

Before we look at the men themselves we must understand clearly what they are supposed to do and what happens when they do it; and this brings us to the Employment Act of 1946 which established them. The Act was the response of the American Congress to a fear which gripped not only the United States but most of the rest of the world—the fear that after the war, which had brought full employment to most of the warring nations, there would be a business collapse and a return to the dreadful chronic unemployment of the nineteen-thirties. That fear produced, within a few months of one another, declarations in favor of full employment by the governments of the United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, and other democratic countries, as well as the United States, and it resulted in the insertion of the idea of promoting full employment into the Charter of the United Nations. (It also was responsible for a pile of books, articles, and documents, official and unofficial, so huge that no man has ingested the lot and emerged into daylight again without concluding that a little *un*employment is all he himself wants for a spell.) Our American Congress's declaration of intent in the Employment Act of 1946 was written in a kind of economic jabberwocky and was manifestly drafted to mention everything that any Congressman might want to see included, but its drift was unmistakable: it endorsed full employment as something necessary to our national health, even if rebaptized (with high wisdom) "*maximum* employment."

To maintain it the Act provided, first of all, for a Council of Economic Advisers, set up in the Executive Office of the President (or, as the Hoover Commission proposes it be called, the President's Office). This Council was expected "to analyze and interpret economic developments, to appraise programs and activities of the Government in the light of the policy declared . . . and to formulate

and recommend national economic policy. . . ." In other words, just as many corporations now employ economists to advise their executives, so the Council was designed to advise the President and thus bring economic experts into the leadership of the nation. So far, so good. Few people will object to the theory of the Council, though many may object to the substance of its advice.

Next, the Act provided that the President, having been thus advised by his Council, must prepare an Economic Report to Congress setting out a program to deal with the economic necessities of the nation, fortified by the expert advice he has received. The first of these reports was transmitted to Congress by Mr. Truman on January 8, 1947, in such a form that any distinction that existed between the report received by the President from the Council and the report transmitted by the President to Congress was rather blurred; but as time passed that distinction has been established, so that it is now technically possible to discriminate between what the President says and what the Council says, if only by the way the document which includes both reports is made up. This is a very useful distinction even if not too firmly maintained except on paper. For much of the criticism of this whole operation revolves around the question of how far the Council operates as a body of politically aloof and intellectually independent advisers and how far it is simply a body which fortifies the President's political leadership with a show of economic knowledge.

But the law passed in 1946 went further than to call for reports by the Council and the President. It also provided that once these reports reach Congress, they are to be analyzed by a Joint Committee of seven senators and seven representatives, assisted by a small staff, again including economists. This Committee is supposed to study the issues raised in the reports and to transmit to Congress its findings and recommendations.

The chief significance of the Joint Committee's work is that, through public hearings, it provides a forum where the great issues of economic policy are threshed out by business men, labor leaders, farm leaders, economists, and others willing to speak their minds. For the hearings focus the spotlight of publicity both on what the President has proposed and also what the Council has said in its report. It is here that national economic questions can be discussed in the full glare of public attention; and if you doubt that the glare is really intense, I suggest that you get a report of a hearing that interests you and read the verbatim record of the statements made, the questions asked by the Committee, and the answers given by economists, business men, and labor leaders. Such reports hardly make exhilarating reading—they do not compete with good novels—but they teach you a lot about how men differ on questions of economic policy, even men of apparently identical qualifications for judgment.

Once the Joint Committee issues its findings, the document recording them is transmitted to Congress, which deals with them as it sees fit. There is no compulsion anywhere along the line. As things have gone during the past two years, the findings reflect the political outlook of the dominant party in the Joint Committee. Senator Taft, the first chairman, reflecting his fear of a controlled economy and what he calls socialism, gave the findings a twist quite unlike that of his successor, Senator O'Mahoney, who apparently agrees with President Truman that there really is a distinction between planning and authoritarian control. Nevertheless, the Joint Committee members do not necessarily come out exactly the same door through which they went in. If they are reasonably receptive, the chances are excellent that the experience will be educative and will stiffen their resolution to legislate at the highest possible level of intelligence. *That* is a net gain for the Republic. But however that may be, it is the Joint Committee and Congress that guarantee that the reports are really taken as advice and not as orders. If Congress cannot be persuaded, then the advice is out the window.

In short, there is nothing authoritarian about the Council of Economic Advisers. Their advice, whatever it may be, is not only filtered through the President's Office but further modified—or even rejected—by the Congressional Joint Committee, and then again by Congress. If we are to reach our objective of steady jobs for all willing and able to work in factories, farms, stores, and offices, it will be along this road.

III

NEVERTHELESS, the three men who make up the Council of Economic Advisers are the key men in the whole undertaking. It is they who propose, whatever may ultimately be disposed. Their ideas and the Presidential and congressional reaction to them will largely determine the government's role in managing the economy for boom or bust. For the moment, the Council is what it has been made by Messrs. Nourse, Keyserling, and Clark, who have been its members continuously since their appointment in 1946. What manner of men are they?

Edwin G. Nourse, *Chairman,* was born in a small New York State town sixty-five years ago and educated at Cornell and Chicago (Ph.D., 1915). Today he is a tall, thin man whose appearance and manner are those which non-academic Americans instinctively believe to be professorial, an impression perhaps heightened by his rather ascetic cast of face and finally enforced by his use of pince-nez glasses. (His two associates wear conventional bowed glasses and the effect is quite different.) Dr. Nourse's career was made in university teaching and research until his appointment to the Council. For most of his academic career he was concerned with farm economics—chiefly at Iowa—but latterly he spent some years with the Brookings Institution in Washington. He is a past president of both the American Economic Association and the American Farm Economic Association. Perhaps the closest he ever came to winning a popular reputation—using the expression very relatively—was when in 1934 he appeared as principal author of *America's Capacity to Produce,* the first of three highly important Brookings studies of the American economy. In recent years he has intensively investigated the problem of prices and has published a number of pamphlets and a fat book on it.

As chairman, Dr. Nourse appears to have functioned simply as first among equals, not as boss of the works. Yet it is definitely the feeling around the Council that his was, in the early stages at least, the dominating and perhaps the most creative influence. He chose to make haste slowly and apparently was beset by the idea that, as the whole venture was an experiment, it should therefore be approached experimentally. How odd such an approach would be in Washington only habitués can really appreciate, for during the New Deal days the word "experiment" was usually applied to enterprises hastily conceived, hastily executed, and revised belatedly and haphazardly if at all.

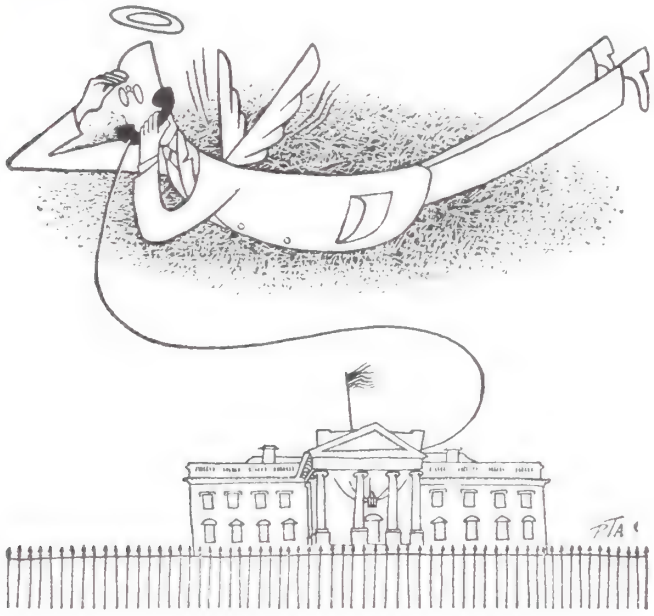
And not only did Dr. Nourse put the Council together carefully as a piece of machinery, but he also was cautiously tentative about the reports, especially in defining what he felt was a proper relation between the Council members and those responsible for political policy. He leaned toward the position that economic advisers should be non-political. In early 1947, he wrote that the Council members should live "in the scientific atmosphere of ends-and-means analysis, not in the rarefied atmosphere of authority." Again, a year later, in collaboration with his assistant, he wrote that the Council "is strictly an advisory body, not an administrative agency. Its advice is in terms of economics, not politics." As we shall see, he did not succeed in fully establishing this point, which is a pity.

Leon H. Keyserling, *Vice Chairman,* was born in South Carolina forty-one years ago. He was educated at Columbia in economics and at Harvard in law. He is not a Ph.D., a point worth mentioning only because his two associates and his economist-assistants are. His career has been made in the government service and his record is a long one of legal work in public housing agencies, though he also served in the AAA and was for four years secretary to Senator Robert F. Wagner, as well as consultant to a wide variety of Senate committees.

Both on his record and because of his known attitudes, Mr. Keyserling is regarded as the New Dealish member of the Council. In 1944 he received considerable publicity when he won the Second Award of $10,000 for a postwar employment scheme in a contest sponsored by the Pabst brewing company. While he envisaged an American Economic Committee of fifteen members in his essay, he did not specifically forecast, except in the roughest way, the setup in which he eventually came to play a part. The Committee he advocated was far more political in character than

the Council was intended to be. The Pabst essay shows that he does not share Dr. Nourse's scruples about keeping the Council on the strictly advisory level. Mr. Keyserling is an economist who is so acutely aware of politics that he is willing to participate in political battle to gain his economic aims. Nevertheless he moves in Dr. Nourse's direction when he makes it clear that he wants to act as an economist, not as a politician *per se*.

No pertinent conclusion is to be drawn from the fact that Keyserling is the youngest member of the Council, for I have known older men who were more youthful both in appearance and manner. He is intense, radiating controlled energy. He is much concerned to establish the point that he is, in fact, a solid citizen. He obviously thinks and acts in harmony with a carefully rationalized theory of how a man in his position should think and act; he is knowingly playing a role in a drama. He has a large olive-skinned face with rough but pleasant features, and a solid physique which lends authority to what he says. When he undertakes to justify the fact that he and Mr. Clark went to the Hill and testified before the Joint Committee, whereas Dr. Nourse, who had his own theory of the proper thing for a Council member to do, stayed away, you realize that he has at his command an exhaustive rationale of his action.



". . . a proper relation between the Council members and those responsible for political authority."

Summing it all up, you are driven to conclude that Mr. Keyserling somehow typifies the thinned ranks of the reserve formation of New Deal brain-trusters, the men who did a job but never enjoyed the dubious fun of being conspicuous to the public. Unlike his fellows, he did not leave the government to earn a competence in private enterprise when the New Deal was sent to the archives, but stayed on, still to advise and perhaps later to administer what he feels will be the American world of the future. In his way, Mr. Keyserling is the most dynamic member of the Council, running on a full head of steam of conviction, and therefore also the one most likely to bring down conservative lightning on his head—and indeed he already has done so.

THE third member of the Council is as different from the other two as they are different from each other. ***John D. Clark*** was born in Colorado sixty-four years ago and has made his career chiefly in Wyoming, Colorado, and Nebraska. He has had a more varied career than the other members. For after college training at Nebraska, Mr. Clark studied law at Columbia and for about a dozen years practiced his profession in Cheyenne, where at one time he was city attorney and, in fact, for years participated in politics as a Democrat. He was a delegate to the 1912 National Convention and saw William Jennings Bryan put over the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. But Mr. Clark says depreciatingly that he has never found it satisfactory to stick to one line for long, and this is borne out by the fact that after his turn at the law he used it to gain entry into the oil business during the 1920's, rising to be vice president of Standard Oil of Indiana. This phase also lasted about a dozen years. He then shifted into academic work in the early 1930's, taking his Ph.D. in economics at Johns Hopkins in 1931 at the age of forty-seven and serving as professor at both the University of Denver and the University of Nebraska. From the academic field he migrated to the Council.

Talking to Mr. Clark—the Dr. does not come readily to the tongue when one confronts this lawyer turned politician turned oil executive turned professor turned economic adviser—one feels that his academic career is perhaps the oddest thing about him;

and yet the fact that he bothered to get a Ph.D. in middle life shows that his interest was very keen. Slight of build, moderate of stature, he has a mobile face which you feel you have seen in many interviews in many English-speaking lands. Mr. Clark strikes you as a good, average, American citizen with a Ph.D. At his desk he still handles himself more like a business man, or lawyer, than an academician; he is definitely relaxed, not tense; and his talk has an informality about it that reflects a good-natured and distinctly ingratiating tolerance for the foibles of mankind.

Certainly he is neither a crusader nor a cautious analyst. Perhaps he should be described as a highly sophisticated politician, using the word in its broadest sense. At any rate, like Mr. Keyserling, he is keenly aware of the political implications of the operation in which he is engaged. But whereas Mr. Keyserling is a deeply serious man, with a strong dash of purpose in his make-up, Mr. Clark, at least on casual encounter, strikes one as fascinated by "the game," whether of politics or life in general, rather than troubled by visions of ultimate purpose. Yet Mr. Clark is definitely not frivolous. He simply isn't solemn.

IV

Although the Council has a monumental task—nothing less than to keep you and me prosperous—it has a remarkably short roster of employees. Excluding the three Council members, the staff numbers but thirty-four, of whom seventeen are economists, eight senior and nine junior. (The others are clerical and administrative workers.) The seventeen economists are grouped around four main areas of continuing study: (1) "capital needs, investment policy, and sources of funds"; (2) "wage-price-profit relationships and policies"; (3) the preparation of the nation's economic budget; and (4) "economic stabilization devices and their application." The established method of bringing the work into focus is through informal staff committees which insure that nobody strays too far from the task he is supposed to have in hand and also that the findings are periodically brought into relation to practical issues. All these areas of study are selected to illuminate the way to the ultimate objective the Council was really established to reach: a stable economy which will provide maximum employment continuously.

How to reach that ultimate objective is, of course, the great economic problem of our time. Conceivably full employment could be provided in a weak and unstable economy by concentrating on feather-bedding and other make-work schemes, supplemented by the creation of pseudo-employment along early New Deal lines in periods of slump, all this supported by draining off the fat of the economy with no thought of the morrow. But properly viewed the problem is quite different: it is to discover the policies which will insure that the economy will operate at a high level of activity in such a fashion that it offers a maximum of employment of a wealth-creating character; and, indeed, to discover policies that will not only insure stability at a high level but will also encourage the steady growth of the wealth-creating factors of the economy.

This means doing two kinds of things at once. First, it means encouraging adequate new investment, taking up new inventions, increasing managerial skill, increasing productivity—in short, it means stimulating progress. Second, it also means tempering the impact of the unavoidable accidents of life, by such social security schemes as unemployment insurance, accident compensation, provisions for old age and medical care—as well as cutting off the tops of nervous peaks of activity and the bottoms of slumps, as by price supports in agriculture (which is something on which we haven't the answer yet). Progress demands *flexibility* in the economy. Security schemes bring *rigidity* to it. Thus there is a truly perpetual struggle between progress and security; and it is sometimes a neat problem to decide where the emphasis should really fall. Meanwhile, we certainly know that our economy has a rather disconcerting record of instability, though in perspective it also shows a constant upward trend in the production of wealth and, hence, in human welfare. The task is to lessen the instability while not stunting the steady growth of the wealth and welfare factors.

The Council's economists are trying, in collaboration with all who have something pertinent to say, to find the answer to this prob-

lem. This means, for one thing, that they must examine the facts and figures about the relationship widely believed to exist between capital investment and the total output of the economy, in search for an exact formula that will tell us the most fruitful relationship possible. It means, too, that they must try to find the proper balance of wages, prices, and profits which will insure both stability and progress to all hands; that they must try to work out a kind of national balance sheet, to be called the Nation's Economic Budget, which will show total income and total outgo, with particular concern for the kind of balance among all the entries which will insure continuous, high-level operation of the economy; and finally, that they must try to find out which among all the many and various suggestions for inducing stability in economic affairs make the most sense and promise most faithfully to serve the general objective. The seventeen economists have plenty to do.

Much that they are doing has influenced and will continue to influence what goes into the semi-annual reports of the Council, though some of it—how much proportionately is unimportant—will be quietly dropped into convenient wastebaskets, and some more of it will come to light only when the occasion warrants. It is altogether probable, for example, that should the United States suffer the misfortune of another depression, many of the economists' suggestions for dealing with it—or heading it off, if it is foreseen—will be offered by the Council on the basis of its continuing studies. If this is true, we shall not again in the United States have the spectacle which we witnessed in the nineteen-thirties of a depression being dealt with hit or miss, as wise guys of unknown qualifications got the Presidential ear. Whether that will guarantee the nation easier or quicker success remains to be seen.

PERIODICALLY the economists must shorten their perspective and help get out those reports. This, too, is done through the informal staff committee system. A report-drafting committee gathers memoranda from the economists and co-ordinates the stuff into a kind of omnibus draft embodying the suggestions. This omnibus draft is always far too long for any practical use, so the document is sent to Mr. Keyserling for editing. He it is who cuts it, usually very drastically, and perhaps rephrases some passages in a tentative way, even inserts some pet ideas of his own. It then goes back to the drafting committee, who once more weld the fragments into a readable story, and the new draft makes the circuit of the three Council members.

Since the document is designedly a composite product, every effort is made to tap the wisdom of everybody attached to the Council as economist: each man has a chance to argue his points before the Council members if he likes. Nevertheless the three Council members must finally sign the report, so the released version necessarily includes compromises, omissions, and even fudgings of difficult issues. For the Council must necessarily take into account the existing national economic scene, including politically determined factors such as farm price supports. They cannot be ivory-tower economists analyzing and prescribing in a self-created vacuum. This annoys purists of all schools. The Council's problem is to find a defensible ground between the ivory tower and the political marketplace. It isn't easy. Critics with sharp noses have been quite successful in ferreting out their lapses from strict virtue, but on the whole there has been less of this sort of thing in the analytical, reportorial parts of the report than in the suggestions for policy for the future.

Yet even with its analysis of what happened to the economy, and what is happening and may happen, the Council has run into difficulties. It is supposed to carry on consultations with interested parties in business, labor, and agriculture; and it has found that many of the older economists, including many from business and journalism, simply will not, or cannot, accept its up-to-date terms of discourse even as a basis for the interchange of ideas. Moreover, there is an ever-present suspicion in some quarters that the Council is one of the houris beckoning us down the road to serfdom (a suspicion definitely not proven), so anything it says meets with resistance. Oddly enough, the members of the Council have found that it is easier to talk to the men actually managing businesses than to their economists, or to those who are popularly assumed to be their spokesmen in journalism, though why this should be so nobody seems quite sure. However, a little

rough treatment in the press can do the Council no real harm, though it would perhaps be useful if the reports were regularly reviewed in more detail than they are today in newspapers and magazines which have financial sections.

V

THERE are nevertheless two phases of the Council's work which seem to me to carry us directly to issues of prime importance. Both are related more to their policy recommendations than to their reporting.

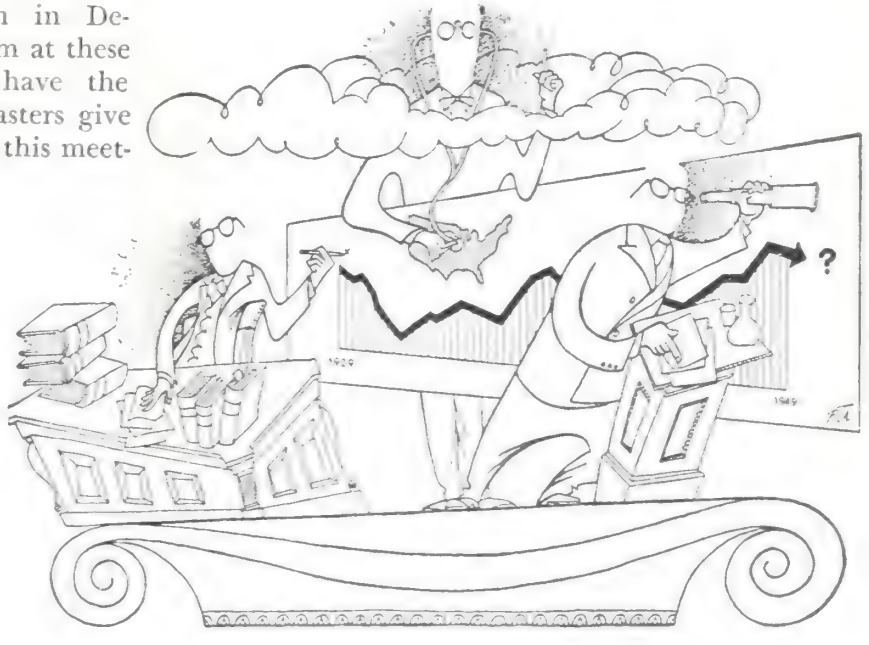
The first in the matter of forecasts of the future course of the economy. Economists have a dubious record as forecasters. Testifying before the Joint Committee in 1947, Dr. John H. Williams said:

> That brings me to the question of how much do we know about forecasting? . . . I believe that as forecasters the economists have made a rather sorry record up to now. I think you can draw illustrations from any business cycle, but the two that have most interested me are, first, the general character of the predictions at the end of 1929; and second, the general tenor of the predictions as we approached the end of the recent war.
>
> I recall attending a joint meeting of the American Economic Association and the American Statistical Association in December of 1929. It was the custom at these meetings—done every year—to have the more prominent economic forecasters give their views as to the outlook. At this meeting the most optimistic forecaster said that the depression was already over, but it would not be recognizable to the layman until February of 1930—it was merely a stock-market crash. The most pessimistic forecaster said the depression would be over about Labor Day, 1930. Nobody present—and very few people, whether present or not, that I can recall—could foresee that we were embarking upon our most serious depression, and that it would last several years. That was the state of our forecasting ability at that time.
>
> We come down now to the end of the war, and we are confronted with another major mistake of forecasting, using this time different methods, new techniques, what is known as "econometrics"—
>
> THE CHAIRMAN [Senator Taft] (interposing). What is that word?
>
> MR. WILLIAMS. Econometrics, not economics—the science of economic measurement, and particularly forecasting. . . . Using those techniques and drawing regression lines to show the relation between total national income and consumption, they predicted unemployment up to 10,000,000 by six months after the war. That prediction was fairly general and was taken up throughout the country. . . .
>
> So my feeling is that we are not now, with our present stage of knowledge, ready to embark upon precision forecasting for any kind of short-run stabilization policies based on that kind of forecasting.

That seems to me a fair warning. It will not satisfy a good many popular economists, academic and lay, but it is sound sense nevertheless.

As Professor Arthur Burns says in the 27th annual report of the National Bureau of Economic Research:

> Today's forecasters have enormous advantages over their predecessors: keener analytic tools, longer and better statistical



". . . . the Council has a monumental task—nothing less than to keep you and me prosperous . . . ."

> records, sounder analyses of past experience. . . . But two serious difficulties are likely to remain in the forecaster's path: first, the imperfect tendency of history to repeat itself; second, the forecaster's own hopes and fears about the future, which tend to insinuate themselves into his predictions, no matter how elaborate their statistical and mathematical scaffolding.

Any predictions emanating from the Council should, therefore, be as well salted before inspection as predictions coming from less exalted quarters. Maybe they'll be right, maybe they won't.

THE second issue touches a central point about the whole enterprise from another angle. For many years it has been said that unless we manage to bring the best knowledge available to the management of public affairs, we are certain to head into disaster. And when we speak of knowledge of that kind we mean, presumably, knowledge of the social sciences. Yet the American public as a whole remains of two minds about the social sciences: they have a mild respect for the learned professors of them, but small respect for those who dare to use their alleged expertness in practical affairs. An institution like the Council is an experiment in bringing one social science—economics—quite near the place where basic national policies are made. It is a step in a direction that conscientious citizens have long insisted that the government should make. For if we don't get expert advice on our problems, we are not apt to be able to keep everyone at creative work in the future; and the appalling alternative is misery for millions of useful citizens. Better a few risks and a running, bitter debate than to do nothing.

Now that the social scientists are there, how should they conduct themselves? As has been pointed out, Dr. Nourse has one answer, Messrs. Keyserling and Clark another. Should the Council aim to deliver the President the best essay in political economy that it can produce, and let the matter rest there, leaving it up to the President (and later the Joint Committee and Congress) to find the political line that seems best to fit the facts as determined by the Council? That, surely, is a highly defensible position. But Messrs. Keyserling and Clark want to do more. They want to follow through, go before the Joint Committee as witnesses at hearings on the reports, offering information about the state of the economy to the Committee and perhaps putting in a plug for the President's program.

Mr. Keyserling would say that there is no reason why the legislative arm should not be advised, but the fact remains that the Council was set up to advise the President, not Congress. Read the Act! And as a practical matter it is, under present circumstances in this country of ours, impossible to establish the point that Messrs. Keyserling and Clark really do give disinterested information when they testify on the Hill. Willy-nilly they will be accused of performing a political chore. However they may rationalize their actions, they contribute to supporting the criticism, often leveled at the Council, that it is, at bottom, nothing but a body to rationalize the President's political policies in economic terms. That is desperately bad for the Council and also desperately obstructive to the development of techniques for bringing expert advice to the President and other responsible administrators.

Of course Messrs. Keyserling and Clark have selected a course which is open to those who choose to follow it. But a friend of mine who has had wide experience as an economist offering advice to politicians (not American politicians), once summed up the problem this way: "Since he knows that it is a political problem to give effect to his economic advice, the economist is apt to become a bad politician; and since the politician increasingly wants the cachet of economics for his political policies, he is apt to become a bad economist. Result: all hands are done in." When that happens, the economist is ruined and the politician is made slightly ridiculous. That isn't what we are looking for at all. What we are still seeking is a way to bring expert advice on technical questions to political leaders in order that the general welfare may be successfully promoted. The Council is one way to do that, but it isn't foolproof by any manner of means.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

EDITOR: *I will put my shoulder to the cosmos again next month but I want to clear my desk of various matters, mostly gripes, that haven't got much relationship to one another. Please slug this piece with decorative paragraph marks to show that it consists of what were called edpoints when you and I were in the newspaper business.*

¶ First, notice that "haven't got." A writer in *College English* recently cited the Easy Chair (with a nice plug for *Harper's*) in support of her contention that the phrase is good English. The event was something of a landmark, if not indeed a climax, in my life, for though I assume that if it's in the Easy Chair it's good English, academic authorities have frequently held otherwise. In fact only a few years ago I was formally named as a ringleader of a conspiracy to reduce good English to a repulsive hash. We seem to have won over the opposition and I like the writer's designation, "the New Rich," for those whom idiomatic writing offends.

¶ Nevertheless, I am bewildered. By the test Mr. Norman Lewis published in the March *Harper's,* I am a long way to the right of English teachers. I think, however, that Mr. Lewis dodged his own issue. He made up nineteen test sentences and asked various people whether they would accept them as correct spoken English. Who cares about that?—people say the damnedest things. I want to know whether Mr. Lewis' guinea pigs would *write* those test sentences. This is to tell him that I will not write his number 3, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, and 13. I will gladly contribute to or help organize a movement to lynch anyone who does write them. Dishonorably slipping over his own line into written English, Mr. Lewis quoted "less pitfalls and booby traps" from an article by a young man whom the local college once hired me to teach the rudiments of respectable writing. I have spoken to him and can assure Mr. Lewis that he will never write that one again.

There are the saved, Mr. Lewis, and there are the damned. I don't think we can do much about the damned: they are mired in predestination. "Different than" is one of the glories of our language (don't ask me to name the language), but a man who writes, who can write, "the reason is because," or when he means "because of" can write "due to," must be denied citizenship papers on the simple ground that he is not fitten. "It is me" is correct, even virginally pure, English but anyone who can write "we only have five left" ought to be in Congress or on the radio, not in print. "Let's not walk any further" makes my stomach muscles contract. Certainly I know what the dictionaries—and now the English teachers—say about *further* but when I was in the Army my major showed me how to handle them. He drew a line through a dictionary spelling that I pointed out to him and wrote his own above it: he knew better. In some contexts where the damned write *further* the saints write *farther* because they know which is right. The light of inner grace directs them and that is what we must hold to. I would split any infinitive that looked good or sounded right when split but I could not be hired or bribed to split the one Mr. Lewis made up. In fact, we do not need any better test of sanctity than just that: what infinitives

does this man split? Nobody needs either grammar books or questionnaires to determine what correct English is. We've got ears, haven't we?

¶ I wish that college teachers of literature and history would exert themselves to end an annoyance that is becoming an outrage. At least twice a month graduate students write to me asking me to make bibliographies for them. Not to criticize or amplify bibliographies they have made, or to name sources I may know about which they have missed, but to do the job for them. What goes on in the graduate schools? The republic of learning imposes obligations on its citizens and a basic one is that they must put their scholarship at the disposal of one another. Any of them is free to call on any other for help and can confidently expect it. But no one needs help until he is in trouble and a bibliography is what you start with. It's your job, you make it yourself. The first step is not to write to someone saying, "I'm beginning a research on this or that; where will I find material?" The first step is to go to the library and wear out shoe-leather and the seat of your pants till you are sure you can't find anything more by your own efforts. The graduate student who asks someone else to do his work is not only revealing a lot about himself, he is revealing something about his instructors too and about this training in research that my betters tell me is so precious.

¶ I had a pleasant phantasy some time ago but my lawyer spoiled it. I laid on his desk the attacks on me that have been made by *Pravda,* the *Daily Worker,* and similar organs of the good life, and a handful of other character references. I had heard of various court decisions which have held that to call a man a Communist in print is per se libelous if he isn't one. I thought that if I entered a suit for a half million dollars apiece against three Wyoming periodicals which have lately called me a Communist, it would be an act of public virtue to turn my take into a fund to increase literacy in Wyoming. Unhappily, my lawyer said no. I might find it difficult, he pointed out, to prove that I could be damaged in Wyoming.

This is just to put me in the clear. I don't intend to say much about the funniest public entertainment of this spring, the rival sideshows when the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions made its pitch, the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace, at the Waldorf, and Americans for Intellectual Freedom quickly set up their own barkers on the other side of the midway. Before the latter organization had a name or was even organized I signed, at the request of one of its founders, a statement saying that the Conference for World Peace was a front organization. I thought that if anyone didn't recognize it as such it was all right to label it for him, though I also thought that anyone who couldn't identify it at sight was too naïve to be allowed out on the sidewalk after dark or, without his pockets sewed up, even in the daytime.

But Americans for Intellectual Freedom looked pretty naïve too. Didn't they know that precisely the acts which were staged at the Conference for World Peace would be staged there? Didn't they know that the hoops which were jumped through there would be jumped through? Of course they did—but just who did they think didn't know as well as they? Did they suppose that the public which the Conference would reach would have any trouble identifying the Charlie McCarthy's of the intellectual front, domestic or imported? Never upstage a star comic; freeze solid when he is reaching a laugh-line. Our boys drew attention away from an act that would have wowed the house if they had let it alone, and would have sent thousands home holding their sides. They looked as funny as the stooges, and that was a mistake.

¶ Which brings us back to the colleges and to the current uproar about Communists on their faculties. Since I have gradually learned to associate with college presidents with at least outward civility, I can sympathize with them in the spot they are on. But college presidents are hired to be on spots and let's be quite clear what this one is.

The spot is this: fuzzy-minded nincompoops and very clear-minded bastards are going to agitate for the dismissal of every college teacher who expresses any idea that would not have made Roscoe Conkling blush for its

conservatism. They are whooping up to assist them the purchasable noise of the scarehead press, the belligerent thick-wittedness of the American Legion, and all the other machinery for converting emotion to the service of practical ends that has been brought to a very high technical efficiency. The term Communist is the most useful tool they have ever got hold of. Everybody is going to be a Communist who holds any social, political, or economic idea that had not rusted into obsolescence by the first inauguration of President Grant. To the nincompoops everybody is going to be a Communist who snickers at the Boy Scouts, has reservations about the genius of William Saroyan, or thinks we ought to live in houses with flat roofs and a lot of glass. But though conducive to profanity, that is essentially harmless. What counts is that the hard-minded boys are going to hang the Communist label on everybody who holds ideas offensive to the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, or the steering committee of the Republican party.

These characters disregard the actual American Communists, in and out of the colleges, with serene contempt; they know they are in no danger from them. But they are in real and deadly danger from indigenous liberal and radical thought—and all the more so when it is permitted expression in the colleges. It is, in fact, the principal danger they face. And now absent-minded Providence has given them this chance to make more ground against it than at any time since October 1929. Professor Doakes addressed a labor union, did he? He lectured to his course about the New Deal? He believes in river-valley authorities—or federal transmission of electric power—or some new system of farm credit? He has got tangled with the inherently seditious alphabet and belongs to AVC or ADA, or attends sessions of UNESCO, or has his students read FAO bulletins, or says ERP ought to get more money? He put Marx and Lenin on his reading list, he quotes Harold Ickes, he has criticized the Committee on un-American Activities or the real-estate lobby, he has served on a committee with Reinhold Niebuhr or is known to have received a letter from Morris Ernst? He is a Communist: for the purity of American youth, start shooting.

This phenomenon is entirely separate from the currently disgusting spectacle of the most powerful nation on earth quaking in terror of the Russian bogeyman and inviting newspapers with an eye on circulation and military men with an eye on appropriations to scare it some more. It is a conspiratorial, seditious, and treasonable attack on free inquiry, free expression, freedom of thought, and the educational system. The conspiracy's only interest in American Communism is the interest of a hunter in a rifle. If it can gag the faculties by saying that they have Communists on them and teach Communist ideas, glory hallelujah.

Being a college president these days is no fun but I can see no way out for college presidents except to refuse to yield to this engineered clamor. Some who refuse to yield will get fired but, again, that's what they're for. And not many of them will get fired. The hard-minded boys are not too bright; it is an open question whether they are any brighter than the Communists, whose domestic activities prove them to be close relatives of the Jukeses. They have guts but, as the history of our times proves, not under fire. The one fight you are certain to win is the defense of academic freedom. You may lose a lot of battles, you may lose all the battles but the last one, but if you keep on fighting you always win. What is ominous today is that too many college presidents seem unwilling to make the fight.

MEANWHILE I want to know just what they are afraid of. All right, President Doe, you've got two or three Communists on your faculty, or a dozen, or two or three dozen—just what are they going to do? Tell me first and then pass the question on to the vice-president of the First National Bank on your board of trustees who is yelling so loud, or to the chairman of the committee of the legislature who has come to kick the Politburo off your campus and save youth from hell or prostitution.

Sure, I know about the Communist underground and the people in it who are working as realistically as they can, handicapped by the necessity of making the facts square with the gospel and by the inertia of a nation that is far more likely to go Holy Roller than it is to go Communist. But the FBI has obviously got more agents in the Communist underground than the MVD has and it seems safe to

let the FBI watch Professor Doakes's campus espionage and take care of the possibility that he may report to someone what the psychology department is up to.

Disregard the fact that the most radical college faculty in the United States is at least two to one Republican as against the New Deal and at least thirty to one against the tepid fantasies of Mr. Wallace. Are you really afraid of the average campus Communist, in or out of the Party? Just why? Most of them are pale neurotics whose sense of insufficiency is salved by the idiotic rigamarole of making the revolution. Their vocabulary alone is enough to exhibit them as a joke, and their hushed high-school-fraternity secrecy, their sedulousness in distinguishing vile heresy from true orthodoxy, and their obsessive tab-keeping on the wholly inconsequential make them a belly laugh to anyone who hasn't been momentarily upset by the fact that the Giants lost today. They are much less dangerous as Communists than they would be if they had joined the Ku Klux Klan instead. Or that other type, very conspicuous on the campuses right now, the great soul whose suffering tells him through his tears that he is being martyred for his beliefs and who loves the cruelty practised on him by his colleagues more than it was ever in him to love God or a woman. Are you afraid of these people, Prexy? Is your trustee or your legislator? Then all three of you are fools, and fools in high places are a worse danger to the United States than the Communist party.

But take the stable, brilliant man who is a convinced Communist and a powerful teacher and who is doing his utmost to advance his cause. What is his utmost going to accomplish on the campus? Is he going to corrupt mathematics, physics, biology, history, economics, or sociology for his students? Are the rest of your faculty so weak that he is going to have it his own way, and are your students too immature to get a driver's license or order a beer on their own? Has he got hold of ideas so powerful that no other ideas have a chance against them? The ivy on your west gate covers an inscription which says something to the effect that truth is mighty and will prevail—what about that one, Prexy? Do you believe it or don't you, are you going to hold by it or aren't you?

Can your college teach young men and women how to use their minds? If it can, what scares you, and if it can't why should we support it? Are your students too frail to stand the challenge of ideas and the rest of the faculty too dumb to make it? If so, what are either students or faculty doing at college? Do you think that the sacred revelations of Communism are certain to prevail if granted a hearing, or if permitted all the agitation that true believers are capable of? It begins to look as if you must be a Communist yourself, or at any rate a man who ought to be lugged before the Committee on un-American Activities as a menace to our native way of life.

But I'm getting away from the point. The point is: I have never seen any blueprints of the danger. I very much want to see some. What are faculty Communists going to do? And don't brush me off by saying they are going to mislead or corrupt American youth; I've read that in a lot of newspapers, where I've read the same scareheads about everything from Oxford bags to the New Deal. But come down to cases, lay it out in concrete, specific words—what is going to happen?

Nothing. Nothing at all. The tenets of Communism have the interest of any other tribal superstition and its domestic intellectual front makes an absorbing study for people who are interested in farce. But American Communism has nothing to do with all this uproar. The people making the uproar are out to kill the freedom of inquiry which, with a good deal of incidental annoyance, sanctions Communists and Jehovah's Witnesses and geoplanarians to have their say—at whatever risk that U. S. Steel may go Marxist or Msgr. Sheen may come out for a flat earth. Freedom of inquiry is a savage danger to the interest of the big-noise boys, and they have found and climbed aboard a magnificent gravy train, and have hung Kill Communism in Our Colleges banners its entire length from the cowcatcher to the caboose.

Emily Post and the Marmosets

Fletcher Pratt

Drawings by Inga

INGA came in with an air of large excitement and a small box, from which emerged scratching noises. "What have you got there?" I asked. "A monkey." She opened the box on a creature about six inches long if one did not count the tail, and marked something like a tortoise-shell cat. It looked at us out of a tiny, intelligent human face and summed up the results of its observation in a high-pitched whistle. "Her name is Ik," remarked Inga.

That was the beginning of our fifteen-year life with a family of marmosets, in the course of which we learned a good deal about the smallest of all primates, and by reflection, a few things about their larger and theoretically more highly-developed relatives.

The first information was that there is very little in any book about marmosets, and most of what there is, is wrong, even when backed by the authority of a Hooton. Taking care of a marmoset is something that has to be played by ear. Ik was co-operative enough; from the first day she was a gay and active little friend, who lived in a cage but came out of it to ride on one's shoulder, and at night tucked herself into a baby-blanket with a small brown hand. She was unfailingly cheerful and thanked us for gifts of egg and boiled sweet potato with a song like a canary's. (Incidentally, one thing the books do not say is that it is impossible to overfeed a marmoset; when they have eaten enough, they stop.) But after a few months in which she established herself as the mistress of the household, she no longer seemed quite so lively, and in her sleep occasionally made little moaning sounds.

Our first reaction was that she must be lonely, so one day Inga bought another marmoset that had been brought from Brazil by a sailor. He was a singularly bedraggled and unhappy specimen who showed obvious signs of mistreatment and had a sore on one leg where he had been chafed by a chain, but in Ik's eyes he was wonderful. She organized a one-monkey parade for him, strutting round and round the small cage in which he had been brought, stiff-legged and on tiptoe, looking over her shoulder from time to time to see how he was taking it. On his part, too, it was love at first sight. As soon as we put them together they touched noses which, we learned later, is the marmoset equivalent of a kiss; and when the untamable Ole got away into the trees of the backyard, it was only for the afternoon. Ik persuaded him to give up his new-won liberty and join her in the cage that night.

But the advent of Ole helped Ik little in the direction we wanted her helped. The trouble seemed to center in her hips. When we consulted pet-store proprietors and even zoo people and veterinarians, they called it

In Personal and Otherwise in February, we ran a photograph of Mr. Pratt and one of his diminutive pets. Here he tells how he began his life with the marmosets and what he learned from them.

"cage paralysis" and suggested that it came about as a result of living in captivity; and out at Frank Buck's zoo on Long Island, we saw a pair of unfortunate marmosets kept under artificial light who were barely able to drag themselves around.

Matters never reached that stage with Ik, but the secondary results were tragic. She became pregnant and was too much crippled to give a normal birth. A vet performed a Caesarian on her which seemed to be successful, but she died of the aftereffects. It was then we really began to learn something about the inner life of the little animals who have been permitting us to share their apartment. For Ole died too.

He had been wild, after Ik's death, he allowed anyone who wished to handle him as they pleased. He had been a hearty eater; now he refused every type of food, even the meal-worms which are a marmoset's equivalent of caviar, and starved himself to death in a week. He paid not the slightest attention to the beautiful and shapely female with whom we tried to replace his mate; didn't object to her occupying the same cage with him, but simply ignored her and died of a broken heart.

II

The affair of the two little captives might have cured us of marmosets—one often feels the loss of a pet more than of a person because the responsibility is personal instead of belonging substantially to all society—but we had the new female on our hands and the zoo didn't want her, so we secured a mate for her. To provide insurance for our feelings against another Ik-Ole tragedy as well as some companionship for the new pair themselves, we added another young female. These were Tommy, Beauty, and Baby.



They had set up a harmonious household when a pet store offered an irresistible bargain in the form of a pair of young marmosets which nobody seemed to want because they had been injured at some time, the female losing a couple of inches of tail and the male two or three fingers from one hand. This led to the second lesson in the social customs of marmosets. Beauty had not in the least minded sharing her home with Baby, but with the appearance of the newcomer there was trouble.

It began with Tommy, who apparently considered that a female with a bobbed tail was exactly what he wanted. He began making monkey-fashion passes at her, with struttings and touched noses. Beauty took cognizance of this intention of infidelity by attacking the newcomer so furiously that we had to get her out of there to save her life. That gave us two cages of marmosets, because we could hardly put the new female—who was tagged Sister—into another home without bringing her partner along. They seemed happy enough in the arrangement, being of about the same age, but Tommy's emotional problem was by no means solved. He continued to gaze longingly across the room at Sister, plastering himself against the bars of his cage and going into a strut every time he could attract her attention until the infuriated Beauty would leap on his back and bite him. The question was not really solved until they had the twins.

This was the indirect result of a visit from a girl we had known some time before. Of course the talk fell on marmosets and we took her out in our pocket-handkerchief of a garden. There was a plague of Japanese beetles that year; we had installed both cages among the leaves of our vanishing shrubs and the monkeys were having a terrific time, twittering gaily as they leaped through the air to clutch a branch with one hand and a beetle with the other. (They saved our plants, incidentally.) The visitor watched their antics for a few minutes, then remarked that they were a healthy crew in that summer

sunlight, but come winter we'd have to give them the pills.

"What pills?"

It developed that she was now a chemist for a firm in Jersey which was putting up Vitamin D in a candied form for dogs and children affected by rickets. They used monkeys for controls—not marmosets, but the larger rhesus—precisely because they were tropical animals and hence susceptible to the rickets caused by a falling off in the amount of available sunlight. If any of those pet-store, zoo, or veterinary people had known their business, they could have told us that and we could have saved that first pair of marmosets. I have always wondered whether we struck an exceptionally stupid lot or whether veterinarians generally don't read after they leave school.



AT ALL events, our troubles with rickets were over and we were rewarded with a pair of baby marmosets about two inches long. Their parents were intensely proud. They have a "language" based on arrangements of four or five sounds, in the comprehension of which we had been making progress that must have gratified them. The first few days after the births consisted almost entirely of a series of summons to come and see the most wonderful pair of children yet produced on the planet. The procedure was always the same. When Beauty considered that the twins had nursed as long as they were entitled to, she bent over and gently nipped them on the back of the head. The babies reacted by making conciliatory chuckling sounds; then as the nipping went on, they began to bawl. Whatever Tommy was doing, he promptly abandoned it and come at once, holding out his arms to take the baby, and urging it to come by licking its face. When both of them were nestled down in his fur, emitting little churrs of satisfaction as they buried their faces, he would go into a prodigious series of struttings, whistling to attract the attention of his human friends. The enchantress was completely forgotten in the pleasures of having a family. It occured to me that history might have been a good deal altered if Josephine had borne children to Napoleon.

The arrangement by which the marmoset husband is proud to take over the care of the children except at meal-times has always highly commended itself to our women friends. But as the newness of the babies wore off, we found there were variations on the theme. Clearly, no one could maintain the peak of ecstasy in which Tommy lived during those first few days. He continued to perform his duties faithfully, but the desire to exhibit his new possessions tapered off and occasionally he even rid himself of them when he felt it was mama's turn. Nevertheless, we were unprepared to see him nip first one and then the other on the head, and as the little arms reached gropingly for someone who did not come, leave both babies hanging to the bars of the cage and bawling their heads off.

Their mother went on placidly eating her breakfast, so in a natural human desire to help out nature I rushed to the rescue—and got myself well bitten on the back of the hand; after which Tommy resumed his charges by fluffing out his fur for them to catch and treated me to an angry scolding. It was not until the proceeding had been repeated two or three times that we realized that the babies were going to school—being taught to climb on bars and branches instead of fur, which is probably the most important single skill a marmoset can acquire. They protested this hard-hearted treatment as energetically as human children might, and an abused marmoset baby can fill a house with noise, but there was never the slightest danger for them. Their father was always at hand to collect them if anyone approached the cage, and if the baby missed its grip and dropped to the bottom, as sometimes happened, the little body was both too light and too supple to be hurt by the fall and one of the parents immediately retrieved it.

By TIME the children were four weeks old they were quite active, climbing around on their parents' fur and making nuisances of themselves by reaching over a shoulder to snatch a piece of food just as it was being conveyed to a waiting mouth. Now another interesting social pattern developed to show us how marmosets, in spite of their diminutive size and general harmlessness, survive in jungles filled with death. So, far from objecting to this food-snatching, the parents would hold the desired tidbit up till the baby had taken all it wanted; and when the children grew too big to be carried on anyone's back, they were allowed to go to the food dish when breakfast was served and help themselves first, while their elders waited politely till they had finished. In return the children would never touch any new type of food until father or mother had approved by taking a bite of it; then beg for and always get the morsel in question.

This explained the fact that earlier the adult marmosets had refused new delicacies unless we first ate some to show they were all right; they regarded our relationship with them as quasi-parental because we supplied the eats. It also furnished the background for the howls of protest that went up whenever we sat down to our own breakfast without having fed them; this was bad manners on our part.

As Tommy's family increased with time, the system became more elaborate. Now the older children were allowed to hold new babies after the first week, and a definite order of precedence at the food dish developed. If she were nursing babies, the mother always had first choice, followed by the youngest children, then the rest in ascending order of age, Tommy himself coming last of all.

Of course, these rules were not bound in iron any more than the etiquette of more elaborate primates. Occasional efforts at out-of-turn pilferage developed into squabbles, and there was some recognition of an emotional right conferred by special preference. One little female's passionate fondness for green beans gained her permission to be first with this delicacy whenever it appeared on the menu. Tommy himself claimed a similar vested interest in artichoke leaves, but his function remained generally supervisory. He watched over things, romped with his children, separated them when rows threatened to become serious, and sternly punished deviations from the order of precedence. It was enough to make one believe in Ortega y Gasset's sportive origin of the state; and the natural marmoset state was a benevolent patriarchy.

OR so we thought until the two young marmosets in the other cage began to have children of their own. The beginning was the same; intense delight over the new arrival (there was only one), the father caring for it, the mother being allowed all privileges while she was nursing it. But when the baby was weaned, a sharp variation took place. Sister, the mother, should have gone back to second place in line at the food dish, in the choice of the most comfortable place to sit, and on the question of who grooms another or is groomed. Not at all. From the moment that baby appeared, she left no doubt on the question of who wore the pants in that family. In the morning she installed herself solidly at the food dish, and if husband or child attempted to approach before she had entirely finished eating, the offender received a torrent of abuse, not infrequently followed by an assault. She con-

tinued to bear children for four or five years, but in her family there was never the slightest trace of the politeness that marked the other. Her cage was a pure matriarchy, and she ruled it like Catherine the Great.

This ultimately had an important effect. When Sister's children began to approach maturity, their mother appeared uninterested in their quarrels and their father had over them none of the authority which easy-going Tommy possessed with his family. Like any group of marmosets, they did a good deal of playing and were generally happy, but bickerings tended to become so serious that they left permanent spiritual marks in the form of active dislike. We had to give two of the children away, and three more were established in a separate cage of their own, two brothers and a sister.

Once again we were surprised. There was no mating in this group—marmosets observe the prohibited degrees as rigidly as any churchman—but the organization of the group differed as radically from the other two as they did between themselves. As near as one could make out, it was a pure philosophic anarchy of the type recommended by Kropotkin. On the key question of who ate first, it didn't seem to matter. There was no rush; all three stood around looking at each other as though inquiring who was particularly hungry that morning. Presently one would step forward to help himself; the others waited without a sign of impatience till the first-comer had made his selection. In the other cages when danger threatened, the father of the family would rush to confront it with a courage wholly admirable in so ineffective a creature while the rest hid; in this cage everybody hid.

When Tommy's wife died we discovered that the range of behavior patterns was not yet exhausted. We provided him with one of the young females from the other family and they hit it off promptly enough to demonstrate that the Ik-Ole tragedy had been the exception rather than the norm. All the same, there was trouble. Tommy's eldest son, Benny, whose relations with his father had been excellent, insisted that the new bride was for him, and started a war.

This was nothing so simple as the case of the young bull driving the old from the herd. The order of precedence remained unaltered, there were no major fights. Benny simply wanted his father to stay away from that girl, and every time the old man went near her, would fly at him, chattering angrily, then pick a quarrel with one of his sisters, as though she were somehow responsible. Still more exceptional was Tommy's own behavior. He was larger and stronger than Benny in every way, but he simply refused to fight his son, leaping away from him with cries of such unhappiness that we finally took Benny out of the family group and installed him in a cage of his own, with another female as a companion.

It didn't work. Benny was not merely indifferent to her, he became actively and violently hostile. He was just as uncompromising with another young bachelor and a different female to whom we tried to introduce him. He had, in fact, become a monkey misogynist and he remains so to this day, living the life of a hermit, cheerful and amiable in his relations with humans, but unable to endure the presence of other members of his own species.

There we have it—a Tristran-and-Isolde love match, a stable patriarchal family, a tyrannous matriarchy, an anarchy, and an anchorite. If we set up another group, I would not be surprised to see them establish a republic and begin experimenting with the Australian ballot. I have no idea what it all means, and I have no intention of arguing the question of instinct versus reason with biologists who know a lot more about such things than I do. But it is perhaps worth pointing out that Hooton considers the marmoset the most primitive of the true monkeys, and that most other scientists agree with him. And when these sub-human sub-primitives, at a level far below barbarism, fall so easily into patterns of organization and even civilized conduct, I wonder whether we do not spend too much time trying to trace the human history of these patterns. I wonder whether they may not develop among us as among the marmosets, out of some interaction of chance and individual personality, as yet but poorly understood.

Behind the Curtain: Hungary

John Gunther

THERE is no such thing as a "typical" city behind the Iron Curtain. Budapest, as we saw it last summer, is a totally different thing from Belgrade. It still shows severe signs of devastation, whereas Belgrade was hardly touched physically by the war, and it seems much less overtly Communized. The people on the streets are better dressed, and the women, who know all about the New Look, are almost as chic as in Paris or New York. My wife kept saying that she hardly dared go out, because she felt shabby in comparison to the enormously pretty young Hungarian women. The cafés are animated, and almost everybody makes jokes—typically Hungarian jokes—within the shadow of broken remnants of gutted buildings. Goods of excellent quality are available in the shops, and although everything seemed inordinately expensive on our terms, we saw little evidence of any privation or want, though this may well exist. There are no massed red flags, no pictures of Stalin and Lenin, no marching parades of young Communists. "Voluntary" labor is unknown. The good restaurants still maintain their gypsy orchestras, and the night life is almost as picturesque—but with certain differences as we shall see—as before the war.

One theory to account for the comparative well-being of Hungary in general and Budapest in particular under a Communist regime is that the Russians want to make the country a kind of demonstration model or showpiece, purporting to prove to Westerners that life behind the Curtain isn't so bad after all, and that Communism does indeed fulfill its "promises" of a better living standard. I would take more stock in this theory if there were more foreigners on hand to be impressed. Tourists are still a rare commodity. The true reasons probably reside not in lenience by the authorities, but in the national character (Hungary, be it remembered, is the only important non-Slav state in Europe under Communism) and in the fact that the country has made better use of its natural wealth than its less-favored neighbors.

One might also note a negative factor in comparison to Yugoslavia. The Yugoslavs have a colossal vitality and capacity to take punishment even when in rags. I am not sure that the easy-going and sophisticated Hungarians have, by and large, anywhere near so much essential stamina—though the handful of Hungarian leaders at the top are certainly tough and adhesive enough.

Up early the morning after we arrived, we took a stroll. We had not told anybody that we were coming; we were looking forward to a day completely empty. In twenty minutes,

This article by John Gunther, who last year visited thirteen European nations on both sides of the famous barrier, will form a part of his book, Behind the Curtain, *to appear next month.*

by pure accident, we ran into two Hungarians whom I knew well before the war, and whom I had not seen since 1939 or earlier. So at once, without choice, we were plunged into this new new world.

Prices were staggering. We dutifully changed some money at the official rate, 11.6 *forints* to the dollar. The price of our hotel room worked out to $16.00 a day on this basis; a breakfast consisting largely of hot water and two rolls was almost $4.00 for two. The hotel was one of those fronting on the Danube that survived the bombardment. The concierge behaved with the elegant proprietariness of all good Swiss-trained concierges; the old man running the elevator bowed with hunched shoulders, murmuring, "I kiss your hand," every time we went up or down; the American bar was lively and full of girls; the fifty-year-old boots boy wore a green baize apron and talked all languages—in a word, we felt that we were back in Europe.

WHAT shocked us most was the amount of destruction. Later we were to see much worse destruction in Berlin, Frankfurt, and above all Warsaw, but this was a preliminary grim taste. We walked down the Corso; every other building is a wreck. We passed the ruins of two celebrated hotels, the Dunapolota (Ritz) and the Hungaria, both of which were gutted; burned bedsprings, lumps of charred furniture, and piles of smashed crockery and other equipment littered the streets. We thought it somewhat strange that such debris should still be out in the open after three years; then we learned that both hotels were being demolished to make way for new structures, and that the old rubbish was in process of being cleared out. Our own hotel shook and trembled day and night; two half-wrecked buildings flanking it were being torn down. Showers of bricks kept cascading in the street—traffic was cut off part of the time—and the whole dust-covered area resounded with explosions. Then we looked out over the river at the ruins of the noble bridges. Once seven of these spanned the Danube, including the wonderfully graceful Szechenyi Chain bridge near the Dunapolota. Several are now rebuilt and are in some sort of service again; traffic on one goes over pontoons, and has to stop in bad weather. Further up on the Pest side we visited the historic Parliament, the oldest in the world; it looks as if a battle had been fought inside. We gazed across to Buda, the old city, where the Royal Palace is a skeleton. The iron work of the dome survives, and all the interior of this majestic old citadel is gone. Looking down toward the St. Gellért we saw one of the loveliest views in Europe—now defaced by a huge liberation statue erected in honor of the Russians on the brow of the slanting hill. There are smaller Russian monuments in many squares, including one directly in front of the American Legation.

When we told people how savage all this devastation seemed to us they replied dryly that we should have seen it a year or two earlier. Indeed prodigies of reconstruction have taken place. In 1945 Budapest was nothing but a brick jungle. Part of the damage was done by American bombing; more by the fighting when the Russians pushed the Germans out of the city almost literally inch by inch. What Hungarians call the "siege" lasted from December 23, 1944 to February 12, 1945. Hardly a building on the Buda side is without terrible scars from this encounter. The damage is worse than in Pest because here the Nazis fought not merely street by street, but house by house. Of the 39,643 buildings in the city as a whole, 47.1 per cent were damaged, 23.1 per cent badly damaged, and 3.8 per cent completely destroyed. In the zoo—a detail in a different but adjacent field—exactly fourteen animals survived out of three thousand.

But life goes on. We strolled up Vaci Utca, the equivalent of Fifth Avenue, and Andrássy Boulevard, which is the Champs Elysées. The shop windows are full of handsomely designed leather goods, women's shoes and sandals, silk haberdashery, furs, perfumes, and so on. Antique shops had Florentine candlesticks and massive Hungarian hand-painted furniture, like the famous *tulipántos láda*, tulip chests. Then at a bookstore I remembered from before the war we saw a considerable amount of Western periodical literature—*Punch, Harper's Bazaar,* the *Illustrated London News,* the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune,* and the *New Statesman.* The place of honor in the window was held by a translation of a new novel by Ludwig Bemelmans. And in addition to the inevitable Upton Sinclairs and Theodore Dreisers, we

saw books by Pearl Buck, Somerset Maugham, Louis Bromfield, Evelyn Waugh. The kiosks told us that a play by J. B. Priestley was a hit, and that you could see both Shaw and Shakespeare.

We turned to sustenance of a different kind. The delicatessens and small groceries, with which Budapest abounds, were stuffed with food; in the cafés nothing is rationed except white bread. At Gerbauld's, one of the most famous confectionery shops in the world, we bought a quarter-pound box of chocolates (price 29 forints, or $2.49). These were, alas, stale. We gave the box away to a girl who had become a familiar sight—a pretty teen-ager with one leg, who limped along the Corso day by day. Even Gerbauld's has been nationalized. Every enterprise in Hungary employing more than one hundred persons has been nationalized.

We walked past the Hangli Kioszk, a café famous as a haunt of journalists, and sat down in the bland sun on what is now called Molotov Square. Around us yawned the dismembered emptiness of buildings half destroyed. But well-dressed people rattled their newspapers on bamboo frames. It was a little like eating a gay meal in a metal graveyard. We ordered coffee. You ask for a single or a double, and even the latter is not much more than a tablespoonful in a small cup. Price: $1.00. Under the sign "Molotov Square" is a small placard dutifully telling who Molotov is, and even giving his birth date and various titles and distinctions. It was striking to hear that this same square was called Hitler Square only five years ago. Nearby is another square still named Franklin D. Roosevelt Square. We wondered how long it would survive.

One day we went to the Gellért, and had tea on the terrace fronting the rococo swimming pool with its famous artificial waves. The old waiters looked very lonely and forlorn. This hotel, once one of the most fashionable in Europe, resembles a warehouse now. Mostly it is used to house visiting Party members; the ornate marble lobby is full of wooden partitions, ticket booths, and the like; it is the most proletarian-looking thing I saw in all Hungary. But the artificial waves are still there. Then on another afternoon we drove out to Margitsziget, the beautiful Margaret Island in the Danube; here too the atmosphere was dreary, and the once-gay old hotel almost empty. But the night-life still boils and sings. Budapest before the war had, as everybody knows, incontestably the finest nightclubs in the world. Think of the fabulous old Arizona, or the Grille Parisienne! These no longer exist, but others have taken their place. They are fascinating to observe, if only because the taxi driver who delivers you to the door walks calmly in and sits at the bar, in cap and sweater, to watch the performance and mingle with the other guests. The texture of the crowd is much like that at the Moscow opera, with the exception that, in addition to all the shabbily dressed workers present, there still remains a sprinkling of the glittering rich. For instance at a place called the Sanghay the table next to mine was occupied by a party not in black tie, but actually in white. But the booth beyond was filled with workmen who, so far as costume was concerned, might have been in overalls. The *Animierdamen,* the ravishingly young pretty hostesses who fill the upper booths, dance with all comers, and then retire discreetly to the bar where they seem to favor equally anybody who can still buy a drink, no matter what his dress.

In Hungary, as in Austria, it has always been the convention to tip three different waiters at each meal, the *Herr Ober* to whom you give your order, the *Kellner* who does the work, and the *piccolo* or busboy. Now that Hungary is a Communist state, tips are—in theory—forbidden. So a percentage is added to your bill. A percentage? Three different percentages! The total amounts to 26 per cent. Atop this there may be a luxury tax, a sales tax, and a music tax. If you go out for a night on the town in Budapest, have your pockets full. But it is important to mention that even staunch adversaries of the regime admit that in several minor directions the town has been cleaned up. Before the war you could tip your way into anything; the whole social atmosphere was built on baksheesh. Now most of the petty corruptions have disappeared.

I will mention one meal simply to indicate that for those who can afford it Budapest still has almost every luxury. A Hungarian friend took us to the celebrated City Park restaurant, in the Városliget, operated

by the equally celebrated Mr. Gundel. American and Hungarian flags and white and red carnations decorated our table, and the gypsy musicians purred and crooned. We drank sidecars, beer, a sound red wine, and brandy; we ate—the memory embarrasses me—a chicken consommé of superlative quality, a soufflé of *pâté de foie gras,* partridge with wild rice, a purée of apples, fresh green salad, and a spectacular *bombe* of mixed ice cream served with a hot, pale, thick eggnog sauce. I hate to think what the bill must have amounted to.

This prompted us to go to the central market the next morning; we wanted to see what the rank and file of people paid for food. The market was indeed overflowing with produce —again what a contrast to Belgrade or Athens! —but the prices seemed very high. We pushed our way through myriad aisles thick with purchasers, in a great shed clean and well lit. It was almost like California. Bacon was 24 forints a kilo (roughly 95 cents per pound), lard 19 (76 cents), and small chickens 15-20 ($1.29—$1.72) a pair. We saw soap, cotton goods, meat, shoes, eggs, oranges, white bread, grapes, peaches, nuts, honey, cheese. Lemons were 1.80 forints (about 15 cents) each, and sugar about 32 cents a pound. Everywhere there was corn on the cob, called *kukorica* (the Hungarians are the only people in Europe who like corn on the cob as we do), paprika, and great heaps of melons and coils of sausage.

One afternoon we visited a factory, the Manfred Weiss works on Czepel, a Danube island. Once this was owned in part by the Horthy family; during the war and Nazi occupation it was called the Hermann Goering works. This very large plant with twenty-three thousand workers produces heavy machinery, drills and presses, structural steel, bicycles, sewing machines, agricultural tools, and porcelain goods. Our guide was a lady who had once worked at the Boeing plant in Washington. The factory is completely nationalized, and operates under a manager appointed by the Minister of Heavy Industry. The average wage, we were told, was 700 forints a month ($60.00) for unskilled labor, and 800 up for skilled. Also a modified Stakhanov system is in operation, with bonuses for piecework. If a worker becomes ill, he is on full wages for the first six weeks; then he gets 65 per cent of his wages for a year. A forty-eight-hour week is worked, with twenty-five days vacation at full pay, and eight holidays, seven of these religious. The workers get free milk, and pay only a token fee for lunch; they get clothes and so on at sharply reduced prices. The plant has, on the Russian model, a theater, free schools, a nursery, clinics for pregnant women, a college for adult education, various clubs and culture "corners," and a large playground and athletic field. We watched two football teams scrambling together, and some tennis matches. Always, visiting a new city behind the Curtain, we would try to keep one question foremost in mind: "Is this regime really doing something for the *people?*" Visiting this factory anyway we felt that the answer was a fairly clear Yes.

II

But this is at the cost of terrible liquefaction of other human values. There are some crazy mix-ups. For instance, the butler at one of the Western legations is a baron, a landowner whose estates have been broken up—a situation that would be trite in musical comedy, but which is startling when encountered in real life. What is going on is a process of invisible—or not so invisible—dissolution. The Communists are hard. A Communist in a position of power in Budapest today knows what his life has cost. Now he extracts a price from softer citizens. Very few, if any, people are taken out, put against a wall, and shot. But an employee who has served a bank faithfully for twenty years will suddenly find himself on the street—with a pension, it is true, but a pension of perhaps 1,800 forints a year—$150. And he may find it difficult in the extreme to find another job. There is no overt "hot" terror, I was told; there are no violent excesses; but instead a relentless steady system of intimidation and discrimination that makes it impossible for opponents to earn a living.

Several Hungarians we talked to gave us the same impression. Non-political people go about quite freely without surveillance; there was little thought of a rap on the door at midnight, and the Gestapo bursting in. A professional man told me, "With my own eyes I saw women and children shot by the

Germans as they ran down the streets in terror, and their bodies picked up like the bodies of dogs and hurled into the river!" Nothing remotely like this, he said, goes on today. But day by day, the behavior of non-Communists becomes a little more guarded; day by day, they feel the shadow of eventual liquidation. Sooner or later the bourgeoisie will be starved out.

The headquarters of the security police, known as the AVD, are at 60 Andrássy Boulevard; occasionally arrests are made which are called "preventive"—the idea being that if you put ten people in jail now, it will save putting a thousand away next year. One recent conspicuous case is that of the journalist Aurel Varranai, formerly the correspondent of Reuters and the *Economist,* who was sentenced to eight months in prison on charges that seem very flimsy. The pretense is made that the press is "free." Folk like the Countess Bethlen, wife of a famous prime minister of the *ancien régime,* still write feuilletons. At the time of our visit there were no fewer than nineteen Roman Catholic papers still being published. But of course in our sense of the term real freedom of the press has long since ceased to exist.

Listen to a statement by Iván Boldizsár, the Hungarian Undersecretary of Information, at a recent Geneva conference. It may be taken as a good sample of the official view on these matters in all the satellites:

> The Hungarian Republic insures the widest possible liberty to an honest and progressive press, but refuses to hand over the press, the radio, and other means of information to the enemies of popular liberty or to those who seek to strangle peace. . . .
>
> The Hungarian press today is not at the service of individual or particular groups. It is inspired by ideals; and editors, journalists, and radio announcers use the liberty granted to them in the service of peace, independence, and democracy and carry out their task of education and enlightenment. Since the liberation, the Hungarian press has become truly free, for with the old newspapers have disappeared their former proprietors, who saw in their publications commercial and political tools.
>
> Obviously there is no freedom of the press for fascists, for the advocates of the former regime, for the defenders of the large estates which have been confiscated, for the prophets of racial and national hatred. A thug who should cry "Fire!" in a crowded cinema and should then justify himself on the basis of freedom of speech would be severely punished. We do not allow our reactionaries . . . to cry "Fire!"

On our last day in Budapest I took note of the following events among others: (a) A newspaperman came for an interview, and asked blandly if we would furnish him a list of all the "reactionaries" we had seen. This request seemed to us to show a naïveté startling in a Hungarian. (b) A lady called and asked us hysterically if, on serious consideration, we thought "it" (*i.e.,* war) was coming right away, because she had a sudden chance to get out of the country and go to Sweden, and should she take it? (c) A journalist I have known for many years telephoned to ask us not to telephone—this sounds demented but it is true—after meeting us in circumstances of the most exaggerated and frightened secrecy. (d) Another friend told us a wild story of a plot against a cabinet minister, and then we had a meeting with the same cabinet minister who was about as worried as a cherub. (e) The porter who put our bags on the train said, "Don't give me a tip. Just tell people what you have seen."

A strange point is that almost all Hungarians maintain their humor. We heard jokes against the government told by members of the government, and even jokes against the Russians. One was that the big Russian liberation monument, known familiarly as the Tomb of the Unknown Plunderer, has its head full of watches—stolen and cached there by the Red Army. Another: the net result of the Danube Conference is that the Russians now have the right to navigate up and down the Danube—and the Hungarians across it.

III

Most people think of Hungary as predominantly an agricultural state, a green and tawny pool of wheat, nothing more. Though this is not the whole truth, nevertheless agriculture is so important that land reform is one of the major activities of the postwar government.

Before the war, 980 Hungarians, representatives of the manorial aristocracy, owned one-third of the entire arable land of the nation; some 1,112 magnates of the landed gentry owned a sixth more. So half the productive soil of Hungary was in the hands of around two thousand people. The aristocrats with their bulbous holdings were a lush and fantastic lot. The glamor of names like Esterhazy, Palffy, Szechenyi, and so on, are familiar everywhere. Not so familiar were the uncomfortable blunt facts, for instance that before the war some 400,000 Hungarians had so little land that they had to sell their labor power as agrarian serfs in order to keep from starvation, and another 400,000 had no land at all.

This was proportionately the largest group of landless agricultural proletariat in the world. Such maldistribution was bound to make a long-overdue social revolution inevitable. I was once a guest on a feudal estate in northern Hungary where the owner's income was several hundred thousand dollars a year; he derived straight out of the era when Hungarian noblemen sent sweethearts bottles of precious tokay by special train, or used Titians as linings for their cloaks. On this same estate were six or seven hundred peasants whose whole livelihood depended on the whim of the master. This issue of land has always burned very deep in Hungary. It is one of the vital factors underlying the Mindszenty case, as we shall see.

As a result of the 1945 Land Reform, 34 per cent of Hungary's arable land has changed hands, and some 642,000 peasants who were landless before the war or owners of the tiniest parcels now have small holdings of their own. The total amount of land distributed was about three million hectares. No giant latifundia exist at all any more; holdings are limited to the modest average of 57 hectares (one hundred acres) though some prewar landowners who could prove an exemplary record against the Nazis have been permitted to retain up to 171 hectares each. Before the war 0.2 per cent of the population owned 43 per cent of the total area of the nation, and 26 per cent of the peasantry was landless.

Today the state owns 16.5 per cent of the total area, none of the very large estates remain at all, and only 6 per cent of the people are without their own plot of land. The process of reform is not yet complete, however. About 100,000 peasants still await allotments. According to UNRRA, "the establishment of a reasonable standard of nutrition in Hungary will depend on the *complete* [italics mine] reshaping" of its agriculture.

IV

Turn now to politics. In theory Hungary is ruled by a "democratic" coalition under a regular parliamentary system; actually the real power is held by Deputy Prime Minister Mátyás Rákosi and the "Muscovites." Rákosi (pronounced *Rack-oshy*) is an extraordinarily able and tough-minded man, and one of the half-dozen most important international Communists alive. A Muscovite is, in local idiom, one of the clique of Moscow-trained Hungarians who re-entered the country under the wings of the Red Army; the term is used in contradistinction to Communists who somehow managed to live out the war in Hungary itself. Most of the leading Muscovites are Jews—Rákosi, Gerö, Vas, Farkas, Verei, Vajda, Revai, and the head of the secret police. It is undeniable—unfortunately—that many citizens of Budapest are fiercely anti-Semitic, partly because they see that most of the visible executors of Communist policy are Jews. László Rajk, the formidably important Foreign Minister, is not Jewish; the joke is that he is a member of the Cabinet only because somebody has to be available to sign papers on Saturday. Nor is he a Muscovite. He is in fact a Catholic.

Rákosi has, as it were, two front men, but both are ciphers. Neither is Jewish nor Muscovite. What is more remarkable, neither is a Communist. The President of the Republic, a man named Árpád Szakasits, was a carpenter's apprentice and later a stone-mason; he was a trade unionist leader for many years and then the leader of the Social Democrats. The Prime Minister, by name Istvan Dobi, is a member of the Small-holders, as were both his predecessors; he is about fifty, a farmer by occupation, and a complete nonentity.

A good many other important officials, it should be noted (as in Rumania and Poland) are non-Communists. One, Iván Boldizsár, is the highly accomplished Undersecretary for

Press and Propaganda. And several ministers, even today, are Catholics. Everything is very mixed up. For instance the present Hungarian minister to the United States, Andrew Sik, was not only a Catholic but an actual priest. He was captured during World War I by the Russians, and became converted to Communism. His brother is today still the head of the Benedictine monks in Hungary, and his sister is a nun. One curiosity—in another field—about the Hungarian political structure is its emphasis on sport. There is an "Undersecretary for Sports Affairs." Hungary took fourth place in the 1948 Olympic Games in London, being exceeded only by Sweden, France, and the United States.

We inspect now the parliamentary and party positions, which are curious. The government, consisting of four parties, has 264 deputies; the "opposition," made up of half a dozen groups, has 95. One of these latter, led by a dissident priest named Istvan Balogh, is a "Catholic" party. Of course the "opposition" skates on thin ice and is very discreet indeed most of the time. Any important person not a Communist is most carefully watched. Even the Prime Minister, if he accepts a formal dinner invitation, will be accompanied by a Party member. If you call a non-Communist minister on a routine question, he will be likely to consult the C.P. before making reply.

Tightening up is, indeed, the keynote of the past few months in Hungary. Mr. Rákosi began to hint strongly about collectivization, forcible if necessary, of the peasantry, with measures against the "rich" peasants; and the pace of the Three-Year Plan (which aims to achieve by 1950 a 14 per cent rise in living standard over the prewar level) was sharply accelerated with a rise in taxes. The Army, courts, and civil service have been purged, and several opposition deputies fled to Vienna or were arrested. Homer Bigart, the correspondent of the *Herald Tribune,* was expelled from the country, as were two Americans representing Standard Oil of New Jersey. A seventy-year-old Hungarian named Papp, head of the local oil company, was accused of sabotage and sentenced to death, on what seem trumped-up charges. Above all, there came the fierce politico-religious crisis of the Mindszenty trial.

V

This aroused the most violent passions all over the world. Nothing quite like it has happened, the church historians assure us, since Napoleon Bonaparte arrested and deported Pope Pius VII in 1809, and some authorities even go back as far as Henry VIII to find a precedent; Cardinal John Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England, was beheaded during Henry's reign.

The bare facts of the Mindszenty case can be outlined as follows. Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary, was arrested on December 26, 1948, together with thirteen other defendants, held in jail for thirty-eight days, tried, and on February 8, 1949, sentenced to life imprisonment, for alleged treason, conspiracy to overthrow the Hungarian government, and black marketeering.

The Cardinal was, and is, a personage of very stubborn will and magnificent conviction. It was no secret before the trial that he was an implacable enemy of the regime; we heard his name on every hand in Budapest as the only important surviving antagonist to Rákosi; several people suggested that we go to see him, because he could tell us the whole opposition side. This is not, of course, to say that he was guilty of "treason" or anything like it.

He was born Joseph Pehm in 1892, of Swabian descent; he took the name Mindszenty from his native village, and was a parish priest for many years. In 1944, during the German occupation, he became Bishop of Vezsprem. The Hungarian Nazis arrested him, and he spent five months in jail. (More than twenty years before he had been briefly imprisoned by the Communists under Bela Kun.) He was a proud man, vain, and a fighter. The Communists make light of the Nazi jail sentence today, saying that Mindszenty would not have been arrested at all except for the fact that he was discovered to be hoarding 1,800 shirts and pieces of underwear in his Bishop's castle. There have been extremely angry polemics about this point. Mindszenty says that this stock of clothing was for distribution to the poor. In any case—it is a strange irony—the Red Army eventually released him and he became a national hero. He was named Archbishop of Esztergom and

shortly thereafter elevated to be Cardinal. Very few people in the whole history of the Church have risen from parish priest to Cardinal in less than five years.

Now back of all such personal details is a basic and inexorable conflict. Hungary is 64.9 per cent Catholic; yet slowly, steadily, the Communist grip was tightening. It was inevitable that Mindszenty should become the spearhead of deeply religious, politically minded Catholicism. Not all Catholics, it should be pointed out, adopted the Mindszenty point of view. For instance, several Catholic groups still co-operate with the government under an "opposition" guise, and one very eminent Catholic, Archbishop Gyula Czapik of Eger (who was a Bishop when Mindszenty was still a parish priest), refused to permit Mindszenty's pastoral letters to be read in his diocese. This Archbishop, it was announced in court—by the Communists—went so far as to visit the Cardinal when he was awaiting trial, warning him that the other Hungarian bishops could not promise to support his position. Be this as it may, Mindszenty and the government came to a preliminary fierce clash on two paramount issues: first, the land reform; second, nationalization of the schools.

The Church was a very important landowner indeed in Hungary; it was the biggest in fact, owning about 900,000 acres. The government set about dividing up the huge estates of the bishoprics. Naturally this struck at the power of the Church as an economic force, and reduced drastically the income which it used in part for support of the religious schools. But though the very large holdings were broken up, the small plots held by individual parishes were not touched. The Communists make a great point of this. They say in fact that the individual parishes gained in the land distribution, though at the expense of the bishoprics. Mindszenty himself was implacably opposed to the land reform. He is widely quoted now in the Communist press for a statement allegedly defending the old feudal system and its lopsided concentration of economic power. "In the old Hungary," Mindszenty said, "the distribution of arable land between small and large estates could not be considered unhealthy." Whether he actually did make this statement hardly matters. All that Mindszenty stood for was pure anathema to the government. The conflict was personal, political, economic, and "theological" all at once. The Communists believed fiercely in their own so-called "faith" and mission. What was at stake was, in the final essence, power.

Almost the same exacerbated situation developed over education. About half the schools in Hungary were operated by the Church, though financially subsidized by the state. The government determined to end what it called this anomaly, and proceeded in the summer of 1948 to nationalize the schools, thus taking them (or most of them—the subject is complicated in the extreme) out of Catholic control. This was naturally an affront that Mindszenty could not tolerate. He fought the government's secularization bill as long as possible, and then took an unprecedented step; when it was finally passed, he excommunicated every Catholic member of parliament who voted for it. The present situation is that priests and nuns continue to teach in the state schools, partly because no other personnel is available. Next the Hungarian authorities, apparently giving up any hope of ever placating this tremendous Cardinal, offered him safe conduct out of the country. They felt they had to get rid of him somehow. But Mindszenty refused to go. How could he possibly have gone? This was not a man to desert his flock and lifework.

Another point of considerable interest—and one that annoyed the government hotly—was that, strange as it may seem, the high Hungarian clergy is supported financially by the lay state. Mindszenty himself is said to have drawn a salary as Prince Primate which was twice that of the Prime Minister. The two Hungarian Archbishops get salaries about 50 per cent bigger than members of the government, and nine Bishops and the Abbot of Pannonhalma are paid at the same rate as cabinet ministers. The reply of the Church to this is that such sums as the Bishops and so on receive are given customarily to a worthy charity. Money is of absolutely no personal interest to a character like Mindszenty.

All this exploded in December with the Cardinal's arrest. A showdown had become inevitable, as his pastoral letters got more frequent. He knew that he was going to be

arrested, and in fact he openly invited arrest. It had to be decided once and for all whether the Communists could rule Hungary unopposed. Also he warned his flock that, if he was arrested and "confessed," such confession would be spurious and extracted as a result of duress and his "human frailty."

Events of the trial and his appearance and remarks in court, before his sentence, are widely known and violently puzzling. Mindszenty declared "null and void" the message just mentioned. Yet it is almost inconceivable that a man of such strength of character could have been drugged or tortured to the precise point where the Communists themselves, in open court, would be safe from the risk either that physical or psychological signs of maltreatment would be easily apparent in the Cardinal to all observers, or that he would recant on the recantation. But remember Communist police methods in interrogation. Ferenc Nagy remarks in his book, *The Struggle Behind the Iron Curtain,* that a Hungarian technique is to make a man *stand,* without food or water, for five solid days and nights, while being ceaselessly quizzed by relays of interrogators. In any case, Mindszenty's behavior was courageous, dignified in the extreme, and honest beyond question. He even went so far as to say that he would like to repay the Hungarian nation for any "damage" caused by illegal exchange transactions. He denied the accusation "of having participated in a plot to overthrow the democratic regime," but he admitted, "I am guilty in principle and in detail of most of the accusations made," thus confirming the written "confession" he had signed while awaiting trial.

THE Catholic line outside Hungary has veered sharply on most of this. At first it was universally stressed that Mindszenty must have been drugged or otherwise maltreated. Perhaps he was. It is certainly more than possible. But the *Osservatore Romano,* the organ of the Vatican, took a different line, that of applauding Mindszenty's behavior as exactly what it should have been. Even the Pope, in one of the most beautifully stirring speeches he ever delivered, carefully avoided any allegations of drugging or torture. The *Osservatore's* statement is, in part: "The Cardinal chose the way of justice and honor; he admitted what was true, and denied what was false. *He never denied any of his work* . . . and he confirmed the supreme principles to which he devoted his life at the cost of life itself."

The procedure of a People's Court, so-called, in Hungary or the other satellites, is totally different from ours. For one thing the person is adjudged guilty *before* he comes to trial, and the purpose of the trial is mainly to set the sentence; for another, the judges are not as a rule professional lawyers. In the Mindszenty case, four out of the five "judges" were representatives of the trades unions and political parties. Yet, within these circumscriptions, the procedure—though farcical as regards any consideration of abstract justice in the Western sense of the term—is carried out with technical correctness.

Following the storm of protest about the trial in the West, a group of Hungarian correspondents of American and British newspapers made a protest—in a different direction—of their own. Among them were the representatives of the Associated Press, the *Times* of London, the International News Service, the London *Daily Telegraph,* and Reuters, as well as Peter Burchett of the London *Daily Express,* who wrote: "If there was any trickery by the Hungarian government, it was done long before the prisoners entered the court. Correspondents sat only ten feet away from the prisoners and about thirty feet from the judges. Every word could be heard and every gesture seen." But of course this does not preclude the possibility that the prisoner had a very bad time before being put on exhibition.

The text of the correspondents' statement, as printed in the *New York Times* of February 6, is as follows:

> In view of untrue reports written and broadcast abroad about the journalists' coverage of the Mindszenty trial, the undersigned foreign correspondents wish to state that we regard these charges as unfounded attacks upon the integrity of our own reporting and we categorically wish to deny:
>
> (1) That censorship of any kind is being exercised upon our telephonic and telegraphic dispatches.
>
> (2) That the translation of the trial from Hungarian to our various languages is

inaccurate; the fact is that the majority of correspondents either speak Hungarian themselves or are accompanied by their personal interpreters, and there have been no complaints, or indications that the ofcial interpreters who are provided in addition are guilty of any kind of sly distortion.

(3) That the only correspondents granted visas or admitted to the courtroom are Communist or Communist sympathizers.

Why, in the last analysis, *did* the Cardinal withdraw his original warning about duress and "confess" his guilt, if indeed he was guilty? Never forget that he was an extremely stubborn, courageous, and above all a far-seeing man. Possibly the answer, or part of the answer, may lie in the realm of promises made him by the Hungarian authorities. I do not mean anything so simple as an offer to save his life in exchange for a confession. To die would not have bothered Mindszenty a whit.

Far more important than his, or any, life, was the perpetuation of his faith. Perhaps he thought that, by confessing what he did confess, he might lift the *future* burden on his flock, and that, alive in jail, he would at least remain a symbol and be useful. Above all, what he did confess to was not, in his eyes, a crime at all. His behavior was, in fact, quite consistent from the beginning to the end.

The following passage from the alleged "confession"—I am quoting the text as given in the Hungarian government's Yellow Book—has points of interest. Mindszenty wrote:

I returned to Hungary from the United States in the middle of July. At home I had secret political talks and I only reported to the monarchist leaders I convened in secret . . . I wrote a letter to Mr. [Selden] Chapin [the American Minister] . . . on Sept. 20, 1947, in which I recommended "that the United States should buy up all Russian assets in Hungary, and one of the demands that would be a condition of the purchase would be the complete withdrawal of Soviet troops. In this way the United States, which is anyway interested in oil, would . . . acquire an economic and political basis in Central Europe." After dispatching this, as far as I can remember, I soon got an answer saying that they had sent my letter to Washington. Jusztin Baranyai [another defendant] had exact knowledge of this correspondence but wider Catholic circles also had heard of it and this aroused a hope that the time for a change in the system of government was not far off. It was this that prompted Baranyai to prepare his memorandum on a provisional government and his list of the people who were to be its members.

Another section of the Yellow Book (incidentally I do not think that a reasonably full description of this pamphlet has ever appeared in an American newspaper) goes into Mindszenty's alleged black-market dealings. Facts, figures, and names are mentioned, in considerable detail, even to the amount of specific checks made out by very eminent people indeed in several countries, including Italy and the United States. The Cardinal's answer to this phase of the indictment was that he "was guilty of black-market dealings only in so far as lesser Catholic officials had engaged in them with his knowledge." Of course—let us add promptly—practically every living human being in Hungary has at one time or other dealt in the black market. It is necessary to survival.

Shortly after the trial, to the accompaniment of prodigious turmoil, the Hungarian government demanded Chapin's withdrawal as American minister. Duly then he was recalled to Washington "for consultation," and an actual diplomatic break between the two countries was only narrowly avoided. We did not retaliate, however, by ejecting the Hungarian minister to the United States, as might have been expected. Instead the American authorities contented themselves with the expulsion of an officer of comparatively minor rank.

The Hungarians—of course—deny firmly today that religion *per se* played any great role in these events. It is their line to speak of the whole affair as purely a "political" conspiracy.

VI

HERE is a point in parenthesis. Many Americans in general and Mr. Roosevelt in particular have been blamed for the Communists' victory in Hungary, not merely on the ground of the Yalta agreements but because of the general strategy of the war.

To this one might well reply that no strategy could possibly have been devised that would have prevented the Soviet troops from advancing through the Balkans and occupying Hungary. If anybody is at fault, it is Hitler. Suppose for the sake of argument that the Anglo-American offensive *had* taken place through southeastern Europe instead of France, as Mr. Churchill wished. The result might easily have been an adhesive and continuous advance of the Red Army not only in the Balkan areas, but also in western Europe itself. If we had not fought through France to Germany, the Russians might have fought through Germany to France. And what is going on in Budapest today might well be going on in Paris.

One small item symbolized to me the effect of the new "creed" behind the Curtain. One day before leaving Budapest, I had a lively talk with a young Hungarian Communist, and we happened to mention a mutual friend, a journalist well known for his cynicism and urbane wit. We talked about him, and the Hungarian exclaimed, "But there is something wrong with that man! Do you think he really *believes* in anything? We have no patience here for people without faith!"

To hear the word "faith" in this connection was startling in the extreme. But it underlines the strongest asset that the Communists have in the countries behind the Curtain—their driving belief in their own cruel system.

The Hunted

DON GORDON

The one who walks in the river is the constant man.
He hides his footprint from the dogs:
engraved like a leaf in the black stone,
the fossil is to amaze another time.

Shapeless, duly malignant, blind as a fog,
the epoch is a wild thing intent on the kill
before he gives it form: direction: heart.

The second constant is the border police;
they have business in the mountains.
Someone is always cutting the wire, the shadow
of thought is always at the edge of the forest.

He mentioned Caesar once, or said the earth was round;
he taught the young men in the cypress grove, or listed
the ape's ascending bone; he entered the dream and saw
the indelicate mother, or imagined continents, or found
laws in the lungs of the English weavers.

someone is always being hunted
someone is always walking in the river

The bleak pursuit does not begin or end.
Guilt, the great hound, scratches the doorsill of the brain;
fearful of air, fearful of light, the demented hunter
cannot forgive the hunted:
the man who walks in the river is himself.

Ordeal in Massachusetts

The Vindication of Dr. Van Waters

Arthur W. Hepner

THE snow fell thickly in the streets of downtown Boston, but as it struck the pavement it turned to slush. Near the gilt-domed State House on Beacon Hill the going was rough underfoot. Bostonians hardy enough to venture outside skidded along the steep, slippery sidewalks and the paths across Boston Common; sensible people stayed close to the radiator on days like this. Yet Gardner Auditorium, a large hall in the basement of a wing in the State House, was crowded to the doors for the sixteenth time in three weeks. It contained a miscellaneous audience ranging from Hokinsons and housewives to night-shift factory workers and college students—a cross-section of Massachusetts society that suggested a New England town meeting. These people had come to learn why a state official, Dr. Miriam Van Waters, the superintendent of the Reformatory for Women at Framingham, had been dismissed.

In Massachusetts a removed official has a right to demand a public hearing on the charges against him; this was such a review. It was not a trial in the ordinary sense of the word, for the law requires the department head to sit as prosecutor, judge, and jury over his dismissed subordinate. But at this hearing both parties to the dispute were on trial, in a sense, before the extraordinary number of spectators. The case for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts lay in the hands of Commissioner of Correction Elliott E. McDowell, who had removed Superintendent Van Waters on charges of misconduct in office. Commissioner McDowell, an old hand at departmental regulations but a novice at law, relied on the support of his two advisers. From Assistant State's Attorney George B. Rowell, who sat within whispering distance, the Commissioner got his counsel on legal points. On Deputy Commissioner Frank A. Dwyer, Jr., he depended to build a case against the Superintendent.

Deputy Commissioner Dwyer had worked hard to gather and organize the massive file of material which had led to the dismissal. The table where he sat at the hearings, just below the dais on which the Commissioner presided, was stacked with notes and papers, records and documents, the results of his painstaking study of the Reformatory and its head. A few feet away, in the front row of the auditorium, sat the Superintendent, a white-haired woman of sixty-one. Her face was expressionless, though she listened intently. It was a face familiar to the readers of Boston newspapers, for they had seen it often on the front pages since the morning in January when Commissioner McDowell had announced that

Arthur W. Hepner, who told "The Nashua Story" in our February issue, here recapitulates the series of events that has provided New England with its most recent news scandal and cause célèbre.

he was removing Dr. Van Waters from the direction of the Framingham Reformatory.

II

It was on Monday, November 10, 1947—over a year earlier—that the Reformatory at Framingham broke into the news. A robust girl inmate who had been under a psychiatrist's care at the institution was reported missing and soon afterward was found hanging by a bed-sheet in her room. Both the resident physician and a county medical examiner agreed on a verdict of suicide. It was known that the girl, who had come from the Italian slums in Boston's North End, was given to violent emotional outbursts, especially after visits from her family, who had been to see her a day or two before.

The suicide was reported in a routine fashion by most of the Boston newspapers, except for the Hearst tabloids, the *Record* and the *American*. Suspecting some newsworthy foul play, the *Record* and the *American* (especially the latter) gave prominent display to the death in all their editions. This hint from Hearst quickly awakened the State Senator who represents the North End, Michael LoPresti, to his civic obligation as a legislator; he demanded a reinvestigation of the death of his constituent. Although two subsequent inquiries—one by the District Attorney and the other by the Department of Correction—confirmed the original finding of suicide, neither Senator LoPresti nor the *American* was satisfied. If it hadn't been murder, then it must have been something equally scandalous. They appeared to be convinced that the death had been caused by the girl's despondent and unrequited love for another inmate.

Now homosexuality was worth a crusade. The *American* set to work one of its staff members who was fully familiar with the ways of the Massachusetts underworld. His assignment was to get to the bottom of the "scandals" at the Reformatory, and after months of probing he published his "discoveries." They were the subject of a long series of articles in the *American* all through the spring, summer, and fall of last year, purporting to reveal the sordid homosexual relationships, and other flagrant violations of the Commonwealth's correction laws, at the Reformatory. These articles gave a striking picture of lax morality and total disrespect for the law, and placed the blame entirely on the shoulders of Dr. Van Waters, who steadily and somewhat unpleasantly refused to talk with reporters.

At about the same time, McDowell, after years as Superintendent of Industries at Norfolk Prison Colony, was appointed Commissioner. One of his first official acts was to single out Frank A. Dwyer, Jr., a clerk with some legal training, and appoint him Deputy. Dwyer was ordered to make an immediate investigation of the abuses reported at Framingham, an assignment he accepted with some eagerness. He questioned inmates and former inmates nearly every day and late into the night; in a month's time his zeal was rewarded. On June 4, following a talk with Dwyer, Commissioner McDowell issued a set of directives ordering Dr. Van Waters to run the Reformatory according to the Commonwealth's rules and regulations of 1923, as amended in 1926, and to take no liberties with them.

Dr. Van Waters received the directives three days later. This was the first official indication she had received that her administration of the Reformatory was not satisfactory; the directives called upon her to eliminate many of the practices she had herself developed and encouraged over many years. She was told to bring the Reformatory's procedures into line with the Department's requirements for maintaining order and discipline among the inmates. She was prohibited from continuing the rehabilitation methods which the Dwyer investigation had found responsible for such a scandalous state of affairs.

Parts of Dwyer's written report appeared in the columns of the Boston *Post* and the *American*, including lurid excerpts concerning sexual perversion that horrified many citizens. Senator LoPresti, deeply outraged, demanded Dr. Van Waters' immediate resignation. The legislature instructed a special commission, to which the Senator was appointed, to make its own investigation of conditions at Framingham and to report its findings after the summer recess. The fall political campaigns unfortunately delayed its action. Early in December, the special legislative commission filed a report—saying that it would be unable to report. Meanwhile, Mc-

Dowell had taken matters into his own hands and, on January 7, dismissed Dr. Van Waters.

THE case against the Superintendent was subsequently set forth at the hearing and in McDowell's letter rejecting her request for reinstatement. The general charge of misconduct in office covered a multitude of specific abuses:

It was charged that she had allowed keys to some inmates. She had discontinued the use of prison uniforms. She had engaged released inmates and other persons with criminal records as staff members. She had let inmates hire out on day jobs (a practice known as "indenture"). She had failed to keep strict records. She had allowed inmates to leave the grounds to dine in Framingham, to visit their families, to go to the movies, or to attend church services. She had permitted them to go to Boston for psychiatric care; she had let them leave the Reformatory to attend meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous; she had let former inmates come back to the institution for medical care for themselves and their children; she had failed to handle homosexuals properly. There were in all twenty-seven charges against her, each supported by a file of incriminating information gathered by the persistent efforts of Deputy Commissioner Dwyer.

In McDowell's words: "When women are sent to the reformatory because of disrespect and disregard of law and are there allowed to disregard the rules and regulations of the reformatory and the orders of the courts, it is difficult for me to comprehend how they can be returned to society properly equipped to assume their returned responsibility. If a bad citizen is to be converted into a good citizen, a change in mental attitude to a proper regard for law and order and the regulations of society is certainly indicated."

So a woman was refused permission to see her dying son, as it could not be allowed within McDowell's construction of the regulations and the law. An impartial commission later specifically ruled that such outside visits were lawful and within the discretion of the Superintendent.

To sum up, the charges against Dr. Van Waters fell under three general headings: first, she had indulged in excessive use of indenture; second, she had employed persons of known criminal background; third, she had failed to control and suppress homosexual activities. Because of these sins of commission and omission, McDowell did not consider her fit to head the Reformatory another day.

III

ONLY a few times did Dr. Van Waters' composure break during the hearings, but one morning tears showed on her face. Various citizens were testifying in her defense. First came the Right Reverend Norman B. Nash, Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts; and then physicians, psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers, and staff members of the Reformatory. Finally Claude B. Cross, a Boston lawyer who had temporarily set aside his private practice to defend Dr. Van Waters, put two former inmates on the witness stand.

One was a heavily-rouged woman who had been employed at various state institutions since the end of her term at Framingham. She had worked at a mental hospital and later as a matron at a reformatory in Maine before asking Dr. Van Waters for a job. She was now a reformatory officer on the Framingham staff. With evident emotion, she said: "Dr. Van Waters changed the course of my life. She's the only real friend I ever had. I used to be bitter, but she trusted me and gave me faith in human beings. Now I want to help others to live good lives, too." The other woman was a reformed drunkard whom Dr. Van Waters had rehabilitated and employed. Her voice quivered as she said: "She's a god to me. I don't know what would happen to me without her help."

For seventeen years, under successive political administrations and commissioners, Miriam Van Waters had run the Framingham Reformatory. If her policies and procedures had gone unobserved by most citizens of Massachusetts until the suicide of one of her charges, they had not been ignored elsewhere. Testifying before McDowell, Austin H. MacCormick, executive director of the Osborne Association and an outstanding authority on penology, called Dr. Van Waters the foremost penologist of our time. Under her supervision, he said, Framingham had become the model for rehabilitation programs everywhere, and other exemplary institutions for women usually turned out to be run by her students

or disciples. From one end of the country to the other came tributes to her methods and the example she had provided.

Dr. Van Waters' two books, *Youth in Conflict* and *Parents on Probation,* had become classic reference works for students of juvenile delinquency. During the hearing, she confessed that she had spent a weekend between sessions preparing the article on juvenile delinquency for the forthcoming edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica.* She had been associated with the Wickersham Commission on Law Enforcement and the Harvard Law School crime survey. More recently, she had been the only woman named among twelve Americans on a panel of consultants to the UN's committee on penitentiary and penal affairs. Her assignment was to describe American methods of rehabilitation and to recommend practices for the care of delinquent women. For a lifetime of work such as this, Smith College had given her an honorary L.L.D.

One of the first comments to be printed outside the state about Dr. Van Waters' difficulties with the commissioner appeared in the syndicated column of her friend and benefactor, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt had long encouraged Dr. Van Waters in her work at Framingham. It was due to her interest, for example, that federal funds were made available to build new cottages at the Reformatory. To remove any suspicion of politics, it should be said that Dr. Van Waters is a Republican. Her support has come from Democrats and Republicans alike —Senator Leverett Saltonstall, as well as Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Sayre.

DR. VAN WATERS is a woman of dignity, charm, and aristocratic bearing. She speaks quietly but with authority. She can be self-righteously severe with carelessness and deceit, but she believes with the same fervor in the natural goodness of human beings and their right to a fair chance. Some find her uncompromising and demanding in her standards, intolerant of bureaucrats and blunderers, and uncharitable toward those who block the direct route to what she thinks right. She is very sure of herself. But she evokes tremendous loyalty and devotion in those around her.

Thirty-six years ago she came east from Oregon, the daughter of an Episcopal minister, with a masters degree from the state university. She had won a fellowship in anthropology at Clark University in Worcester, and there she took her doctorate. Her first job after Clark was with the Boston Children's Aid Society; from it came her earliest conviction that delinquents should be treated with science, religion, and understanding, not with imprisonment and revenge. As a special agent in charge of delinquent girls brought before the juvenile court, she consulted the Boston Psychopathic Hospital for diagnosis and recommended treatment. Her experience satisfied her that girls who got outside the law could be brought back with proper psychiatric care, together with proper work assignment, the contribution of religion, use of limited freedom, and ordinary medical aid. Stubborn adherence to this principle won her much praise—that is, until her views came into conflict with those of Commissioner McDowell.

Between this first job and her appointment as Superintendent of the Framingham Reformatory, Dr. Van Waters worked mainly with juveniles in trouble and the adults responsible for their care. Then as head of the Los Angeles Juvenile Detention Home and as referee of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, she treated delinquency as a result of social or psychological illness and attacked the source instead of the symptoms. Eventually she left the referee's bench to advise the Wickersham Commission on juvenile problems. She had been with the Commission two and a half years and had not quite completed the assignment when in 1932 the call came to take over the direction of Framingham. The Commissioner who engaged her was Dr. A. Warren Stearns, a psychiatrist who had been a consultant at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital where Dr. Van Waters brought her delinquent girls for examination.

Her predecessor at Framingham, the late Mrs. Jessie Hodder, had been a pioneer in this field and a good administrator; she had already gambled successfully on a rehabilitated inmate, placing her in a position of great responsibility at the institution. "There was an example before me," Dr. Van Waters testified at the hearing in Gardner Auditorium, "not a theoretical example, but a definite, specific demonstration. Just as the hospital for tuberculosis commonly is served best by doctors and laboratory assistants who

have been hospitalized and understand the problem, so also at a reformatory for women there is no incentive so great as the sight of one who has stood before the world and admitted degradation and shame and is willing to work for the restoration of the human soul. If properly qualified, this person becomes an invaluable member of the staff."

Dr. Van Waters soon surrounded herself with an able group of psychologists and social workers. Inmates were allowed out on indenture to prepare themselves to earn a living after their reformatory term ended. Negotiations were completed with local doctors and the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston to give the inmates medical care. They were allowed to attend community, church, and social functions away from the grounds. Framingham took on more the appearance of a therapeutic center than of a penal institution.

The job was an enormous one, more demanding than the operating budget allowed. Dr. Van Waters needed added facilities and a larger staff. The federal government helped with the former, adding two cottages to the existing buildings. The latter was achieved through an arrangement Dr. Van Waters made with the Thompson Fund, to increase the staff with college-trained personnel. The Fund paid their living expenses and the Reformatory gave them the equivalent of an internship at a hospital.

IV

What really was behind Dr. Van Waters' dismissal? On January 22, the Boston *Traveler,* in one of the town's remarkably few editorial wars, offered one explanation: " . . . it is our belief that it was the Hearst papers which instigated the McDowell hearing and have encouraged and pressed him all along to fire Dr. Van Waters. We believe that Commissioner McDowell was sucked into his present predicament by the Hearst tabloids, and we can only hope that he has the courage, now that he has been led so far down the shadowy trail by Deputy Commissioner Dwyer, aided and abetted by Hearstlings, to say that he was led astray. . . ."

But there was more behind it than the *Traveler's* accusation. For many years, progressive penology in Massachusetts was supposed to be represented by the State Prison Colony at Norfolk. This is an institution for men, with a model physical plant, and one of the finest prison farms in the country. Patience, however, does not seem to have been a virtue of the administration. Nor faith. If a back-sliding inmate threatened to damage the reputation of the farm, the chance was not taken that psychological guidance could help him; he was sent back to state prison. Only those who could be trusted to keep up an appearance of reform were considered worthy of "rehabilitation."

Elliott E. McDowell had been Superintendent of Industries at the Norfolk Prison Colony before he became Commissioner of Correction. There he had been a subordinate of Maurice Winslow, a successful engineer who, approaching retirement, had satisfied a personal interest in penology by accepting an appointment as Superintendent of Norfolk. Winslow has come to be regarded in some circles as an able penologist. His disciples have done well, some of them getting jobs as wardens and McDowell getting the top job in the Department of Correction after Winslow himself had turned it down. But he had an acute distaste for the philosophy of rehabilitation for which Dr. Van Waters had become noted; and his resentment toward her methods, her reputation, and her independence may be considered a starting point in the Van Waters case.

Another is Frank Dwyer. He was a state trooper and later a bodyguard of Governor Charles Hurley. He was appointed Deputy in the Department of Correction—that is, second in command—just before Hurley stepped down for Governor Saltonstall. Dwyer studied law at night. There is some confusion as to whether he was ever admitted to the bar, but he seems to be as concerned with the letter of the law as some sports writers are with batting averages.

During the war, the number of camp-followers who arrived in the neighborhood of Camp Devens and Camp Edwards swelled the seams of Framingham. Supplementary facilities were found at Greenfield, but they did not include the opportunities for recreation that were central to Dr. Van Waters' program. Arrangements were therefore made with the YWCA to permit the inmates to use the Greenfield swimming pool when it was not

reserved for YWCA members or the public; at Greenfield, as at Framingham, the inmates were allowed considerable latitude. Dwyer's policeman's blood boiled. He thought it disgraceful that criminals should mix with decent citizens, especially since many of the women were serving time for prostitution. Dwyer, who has continually boasted of his own horror of homosexuals and likes to describe the beating he administered to one such case, had conceived the theory that prostitutes were also homosexual and that they were further encouraged in this tendency by Dr. Van Waters.

When the investigation of Framingham began, Dwyer's methods were certainly open to question. Many of the inmates on whose testimony he built his case were either mental patients or under observation as such. One of his chief informants, who was herself on the payroll of the Hearst *American,* was a woman known as "Ma" Flynn. Mrs. Flynn was for a time employed at the Reformatory and then was discharged for improper conversation and for passing contraband to and from the inmates. She might fairly be assumed to harbor no love for Dr. Van Waters. "Ma" Flynn, in collaboration with an ex-inmate, Mrs. Jean Parker, who has been described as the "queen" of the Boston underworld, rounded up former inmates and women on parole for Dwyer to interview.

Then there were the Hearst papers. The reporter assigned to the story which ran in the *American,* James Delaney, aided Dwyer by arranging for him to meet Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Flynn. Both women stated in public that they were in the employ of the *American,* and Delaney was a frequent visitor at the unlicensed bar run by Mrs. Parker on Parmentier Street in Boston's North End. Senator LoPresti became their unwitting accomplice when he saw himself as the savior of other North End women who (God forbid!) might fall off a barstool and end up in Framingham. But even the Hearst managers and LoPresti (who is not yet a member of the bar) have had reason to wonder whether the hornet's nest they stirred may not turn and sting them. Several former Commissioners of Correction are among the supporters of Dr. Van Waters, and from the newspaper's point of view the affair has already backfired.

Another curious factor in the situation is the Parole Board. In recent years, the Massachusetts board is known to have opposed the rehabilitation approach. Its members, who are politically appointed, may have been influenced by the fact that the indenture system deprives any political party of a hold over paroled women and their families; indentured women usually work out their problems with the staff at Framingham rather than with the parole officers.

It is difficult to say whether Dr. Van Waters, under so complex an attack, was being accused on personal grounds or because of her principles. Though the attack opened in the Hearst papers, there is reason to suspect that it had its origins further back—in her rivalry with Maurice Winslow for influence over the Massachusetts corrective system, or even in so trivial a matter as Dwyer's preoccupation with the reported homosexual incidents for which he held Dr. Van Waters responsible (during the investigation he is said to have repeatedly boasted that he would "pin her ears back"). But whatever its beginnings, the Van Waters case soon became something much greater than a personal dispute. It became a test of progressive corrective techniques in the state penal institutions. For Dr. Van Waters it became a personal fight to vindicate her own reforms at any cost, and it was this determination that led her to demand a public hearing on her dismissal.

Had Commissioner McDowell foreseen the support that his tactics would win for Dr. Van Waters, it is doubtful that he would have allowed himself to be pushed so far. For the investigations, the Hearst campaign, and the McDowell directives had led a distinguished Boston lawyer, LaRue Brown, to form an organization called the Friends of the Framingham Reformatory. Its sponsoring committee included such distinguished men and women as Bishop Nash, Wellesley's President Mildred McAfee Horton, Judge Elijah Adlow, Herbert B. Ehrmann, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, and the Right Reverend William Appleton Lawrence.

Even before the dismissal, the Friends of Framingham stated their position succinctly in an appeal for a defense fund. For her distinguished service, they said, Dr. Van Waters "has been rewarded with a vindictive attack upon her ideals, her methods, her staff, and

her character. This attack has been suspended. But it will soon be renewed. It is reported that the present Commissioner has even threatened her removal. In any event, Dr. Van Waters is forced to carry on under departmental restrictions which not only hamper her effort but, if not speedily lifted, will destroy it. Her work and her accomplishments therefore remain in great jeopardy."

After the axe fell, the issue could be made even more clear. The problem, the Friends of Framingham then said, "is as simple as it is important. It is whether the Commonwealth will continue to use the resources of science and religion guided by imagination and intelligence to make the Framingham Reformatory a place of salvation and not of destruction." Only where ignorance and prejudice have had they way, the Friends added, is Dr. Van Waters' outstanding achievement threatened.

The League of Women Voters also sounded the alarm. Its Bulletin last December, before the removal of the Superintendent, said: "We know that Dr. Van Waters has been eminent for years as an exponent of a constructive program of rehabilitation for women. This program is being jeopardized by the investigation, and by the 'directives' issued by the Commissioner of Correction, Mr. McDowell, which make impossible scientific treatment of alcoholics and drug addicts, prohibit unmarried mothers returning to the institution for pediatric and child psychological advice, and alter a policy of seventy years which had permitted day work, church attendance, recreation, and other community contacts."

Dr. Van Waters' defense cut across all lines —religious, racial, social, political, economic. A former Catholic chaplain at the Reformatory stood by her; his testimony cleared the air of any suspicion that this was a Catholic-Protestant fight. And with a determination as intense as that of the Hearst *American* against her, the Boston *Traveler* and its morning companion, the *Herald,* sprang to her defense. The *Traveler* assigned Sara White, an excellent reporter with an interest in sociological problems, to the case. Miss White's instructions were to find the facts and let the chips fall where they might, though it was strongly suspected in the *Traveler* office that she would discover that Dr. Van Waters had reason to be confident. Miss White's reports later led her newspaper to repeat editorially that Dr. Van Waters was "one of the foremost penologists of her time," and to demand McDowell's resignation as Commissioner.

In the letters columns of the newspapers, the mail was strongly in support of the Superintendent. From total strangers came such comments as this one: "The conclusion is inescapable that Dr. Van Waters in her every act was motivated by sincere interest in the rehabilitation of those in her charge, and by a desire to return them to society better equipped to take useful places in the community. If this is a crime, she certainly is guilty."

From the fishing port of New Bedford: "The investigation made at Framingham by Frank Dwyer, deputy commissioner, did not seem fair or impartial, but rather appeared colored by his complete lack of sympathy or understanding of the goals of the rehabilitation program. The charges against [Dr. Van Waters] seem petty, political, unfair, and, according to my knowledge as social welfare chairman of the New Bedford League of Women Voters, for the most part unfounded."

Such letters to the press as were not specifically in favor of Dr. Van Waters asked the public to restrain its advance judgment of the case. They acknowledged the recognition paid to Dr. Van Waters' achievements at Framingham and elsewhere, but asked for the same respect to be shown for the efforts of McDowell and Dwyer to run a good correction department in Massachusetts. Most of these "disinterested" letters, it was observed, came from persons either directly or indirectly connected with Maurice Winslow's prison farm at Norfolk. One of them, from the Protestant chaplain who had been there only three months, began: "As a Protestant clergyman ministering to the inmates of the State Prison Colony, I make it a practice to refrain from public statements on controversies involving correctional institutions, except in matters affecting the moral welfare and character of the inmates." The man who had preceded him for many years as Protestant chaplain at Norfolk, however, turned up as a member of the executive committee of the Friends of the Framingham Reformatory.

One disturbing element has been the failure of the *Christian Science Monitor* to join

Dr. Van Waters' defense. A long article explaining Dr. Van Waters' position by Saville Davis, the *Monitor's* national affairs editor, was held up for a week or more prior to publication. It was finally published but not signed. Meanwhile, the *Monitor* continued to run stories picturing the Superintendent as Dwyer said she was—an irresponsible administrator. During this period Maurice Winslow was known to have "advised" the *Monitor's* editors on matters pertaining to the Framingham case. In addition, a former *Monitor* reporter who continued to maintain friendly relations with the staff was during this time the public-relations representative of the United Prison Association, a group of prison executives in which Winslow and members of the parole board have long been active.

But if the *Monitor* played it safe, a small parish priest who had once been an editor of the Catholic newspaper, the *Pilot,* did not. In his parish magazine, the Reverend John S. Sexton wrote: "As one reads carefully the interminable question and answer of the testimony, it does appear that, if this woman erred, it was on the side of the angels, in favor of mercy, in favor of decent, hopeful penology. And isn't it true that Christ told Mary Magdalene to 'go and sin no more'?—He didn't suggest that she be locked in a cell, isolated, and fed bread and water for the rest of her days. In a word, the Divine Teacher suggested rehabilitation and insisted that the sinner get a chance to achieve it."

By the end of the hearings it was evident that McDowell had gone too far, but he was compelled to support his own earlier decision in a letter to Dr. Van Waters re-affirming her removal from office. Some people who have followed the case closely insist that McDowell's letter was characterized by the oratorical style they have come to know as that of Maurice Winslow. (It is odd how this man's name crops up again and again in the progress of the dispute.)

One more round was over; there was still one to go. For the law provided that Dr. Van Waters could appeal McDowell's ruling to the Governor, who must then appoint a three-man commission to reconsider it. Governor Dever named Dean Erwin N. Griswold of the Harvard Law School; Mrs. Roger L. Putnam, an active worker in Catholic organizations and wife of a former mayor of Springfield; and Robert G. Clark, Jr., first assistant district attorney of Norfolk County. For a second time the Dwyer-McDowell team and the Van Waters group began to plead their causes and summon their witnesses.

V

Toward mid-afternoon on March 11, wailing sirens shook the town of Framingham. But those who looked out into the late winter flurry of snow saw nothing. The heavy firehouse doors were shut, the fire siren was silent. The commotion came instead from the southeast, just over the edge of the town, where the Women's Reformatory is located. A few hours earlier, the news had been relayed by phone from Boston that Dr. Van Waters had been reinstated.

As the automobile which brought the Superintendent and a group of her friends to Framingham turned into the Reformatory driveway, the sirens began the welcome-home greeting. Then the staff, gathered at the main entrance, burst into cheers, and finally the inmates themselves joined the demonstration. As the strict rules still in force denied them the freedom they once knew, they had to wait until the group entered the Reformatory chapel. There an inmate elected by the women to preside over the group rose and said: "Let's all kneel and thank God for sending us back our angel!" Exactly two months had passed since Dr. Van Water's removal.

The special commission named by the Governor had considered the case for nearly a month. It gave each side a week to present its arguments. Then the three members studied the data another five days before concluding unanimously that "none of the reasons given constitutes just cause for removal."

The commission's twelve-page report struck sharply at the methods used by McDowell and Dwyer. "There are various episodes in connection with [the Dwyer] investigation," the commission said, "which did not create a favorable impression. Deputy Commissioner Dwyer's report was never shown to Dr. Van Waters. It was not introduced in evidence before this Commission, although a copy of it was in the hearing room. Although it was not made public, substantial portions of it became available to a newspaper in the

fall of 1948. No explanation of how this occurred was made to the Commission."

The vindication was complete. In each instance cited by McDowell to justify his action, the Commission held that Dr. Van Waters was exercising the discretion she enjoyed under the law; moreover, her decisions were held to be instrumental in paving the way for effective return to society by the inmates.

Many of the charges, the Commission said, were "trivial and indeed captious . . . their chief importance appears to the Commission to be found in the light they cast on the general basis of the Commissioner's [McDowell's] action."

Dr. Van Waters had awaited the decision at the office of her lawyer, Mr. Cross; reporters and photographers were also there. When the news of the Commission's opinion came, it brought smiles and relief to the faces of Dr. Van Waters and her attorneys, all drawn and tired from the long fight. While Dr. Van Waters spoke briefly with the reporters and posed for photographers, a messenger arrived with McDowell's letter of reinstatement. In it he expressed his desire for a conference on the principles to be employed in running the Reformatory. The Superintendent read the letter, answered a few more questions, and asked to be excused. "I guess I'll have to go back to jail now," she said with a smile.

THE meaning of her smile soon came clear. Although later Dr. Van Waters, before a Simmons College audience in Boston, described the Commission's opinion as a Magna Carta for penology and reform, freedom to operate according to her own principles was still a long way off. Within a week, Commissioner McDowell announced that the directives of June 1948 remained in effect. Indenturing of inmates was out, as were the other off-grounds activities. Despite her victory, Dr. Van Waters was obliged for the present to run the Reformatory on a punitive rather than restorative basis.

But McDowell now has more than Dr. Van Waters to contend with. For the Friends of the Framingham Reformatory have won numerous adherents who are now intent not only upon restoring Dr. Van Waters to her job but upon establishing her principles, if necessary by law. A bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts General Assembly to insure the elimination of the June directives and the legal authorization for Dr. Van Waters' policies (the measure was introduced by the representative from the town of Framingham).

There is a good chance that it will be passed. For the Van Waters group, feeling that there will always be an antipathy to modern penological methods on the part of machine politicians so long as control of prisoners and their families is regarded as a permissible way to control votes, want to make sure that any future attacks on the principles of rehabilitation can be stopped in their tracks by law; and they have a strong following.

The Van Waters case surprised many of the old hands at politics; they never thought it would kick up so much dust. And it has taught them a healthy lesson: that there is such a thing as enlightened public opinion in Massachusetts and that it can be aroused.

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The Way It Is

A Story by James Jones

Drawings by Robert Greenhalgh

I saw the car coming down the grade and got up from the culvert. I had to push hard with my legs to keep the wind from sitting me back down. I stepped out into the road to stop him, turning my back to the wind, still holding the mess kit I had been scouring. Some of the slop of sand and grease dripped out of it onto my leg.

Then I saw Mazzioli was on the running board and had his pistol out and aimed at the driver's head. I tossed the mess kit, still full, over against the culvert and got my own pistol out.

I couldn't see the driver. It was hard to see the car in the red air of the dusk against the black of the cliff and with the cold wind pouring against my eyes. It was a foreign make, a runabout with strange lines and the steering wheel on the right-hand side. When it stopped Mazzioli jumped off the running board and motioned with his pistol.

"All right," he said in that thick voice. "Get out of there, you."

I knew the man when he climbed out. He used the road every day. He could have passed for a typical Prussian with his scraped jowls and cropped bullet-head. He wore a fine tweed jacket and plus-fours, and his stockings were of ribbed wool and very fine. I looked down at my leggin and kicked off the gob of sand and grease. It didn't help much. I hadn't even had my field jacket off for three weeks, since the bombing.

"What's up, Greek?" I said, peering through the deepening dusk. I had to yell to make it heard above the wind.

"I hopped a ride down the hill with this guy," he said woodenly. "All the way down he was asting me questions about the position. How many men? How many guns? Was there a demolition? What was the road-guard for? I mean to find out what's the story." He looked offended.

I walked over to him so I could hear above the wind. He was a little Wop but very meaty. His father ran a grocery store in Brooklyn.

"What do you figure on doing?" I asked. I thought I had seen the Junker before someplace, and I tried hard to make my mind work.

Mazzioli waved his pistol at the standing man. "Git over there, you, and put your back to the cliff," he said ominously. The beefy Junker walked to it slowly, his steps jerky from rage, his arms dangling impotently. He stood against the black, porous cliff and Mazzioli followed him. "Where's the men?" Mazzioli shouted to me above the wind. "I want a man to stand guard over this guy. You git a man and have him . . . ."

"There's nobody here but me," I called back. "I let them go up to the top of the hill. Two of them didn't get any chow tonight. They went up to number one hole to listen to the guitar a while." I walked over to him.

I could see him stiffen. "Goddam you. You know there's always supposed to be three men and one noncom here all the time. That's the orders. You're supposed to be second in command. How do you expect to handle these men when you don't follow the orders?"

I stared at him, feeling my jaws tighten. "All right," I shrugged. "I let them go. So what?"

"I'm turning this in to Lieutenant Allison. The orders are the orders. If you want to be on this road-guard to do your duty, okay. If you want to be on this road-guard to stop Coca-Cola trucks you can go back upstairs to the position. This road-guard is vital, and as long as I'm in charge of it everybody does like the orders says."

I didn't say anything.

"You're a rotten soldier, Slade," Mazzioli said. "Now look what's happened. I wanted you to help me search this guy's car. Now there's nobody here to guard this guy."

"Okay," I said. "So I'm a rotten soldier. My trouble is I got too many brains." He was making me mad and that always got him. Ever since I went six months to the University downtown in Honolulu.

"Don't start giving me that stuff," he snarled.

The Junker against the cliff stepped forward. "See here," he said. "I demand you stop this bickering and release me. You're being an idiot. I am . . . ."

"Shut up, you," Mazzioli snarled. "Shut up! I warned you, now shut up!" He stepped to meet him and jabbed the muzzle of his pistol into the Junker's big belly. The man recoiled and stood back against the cliff, his beefy face choleric.

I stood with my hands in the pockets of my field jacket, my shoulders hunched down against the rawness of the wind and watched the scene. I had put my pistol away.

"All right," Mazzioli said to me. "The question is what're we gonna do now? If there's nobody here but you and me?"

"You're in command," I said.

"I know it. Keep quiet. I'm thinking."

"Well," I said. "You could have the guy drive you up the hill to the lieutenant. You could keep him covered till you turned him over to the lieutenant. Then you would be absolved," I said. Big words always got him.

"No," he said dubiously. "He might try something."

"Or," I said, "you could search the car and have me watch the guy."

"Yeh," he admitted. "I could do that . . . Yet . . . No, I don't want to do that. We may need more men."

It was dark now, as black as the cliff face, and I grinned. "Okay," I said, telling him what I had in my mind all along, "then I could call Alcorn down from up on the cliff and he could watch the guy."

"Yes. That's it. Why didn't I think of that before?"

"I don't know. Maybe you're tired."

"You call Alcorn down," he commanded me.

I WALKED toward the cliff wall that reared its set black face up and up in the darkness several hundred feet. The wind beat on me with both fists in the blackness.

"Wait a minute," Mazzioli called. "Maybe we shouldn't call Alcorn down. There's supposed to be a man up there all the time."

"Look," I said. "I'll tell you what I think. Before you go ahead, you better get the lieutenant's permission to do anything with this guy. You better find out who this guy is."

"I'm in charge of this road-guard," he yelled into the wind, "and I can handle it. Without running to no lieutenant. And I don't want back-talk. When I give you an order, you do it. Call Alcorn down here like I said."

"Okay," I said. I leaned on the culvert and called loudly, my face turned up to the cliff. There was no answer. I flashed my light covered with blue paper. Still no answer.

For a second I couldn't help wondering if something had got him. The Japanese invasion of Hawaii had been expected every day since Pearl was bombed. It was expected here at Kaneohe Bay on the windward side where the reef was low and there was good beach. Nobody doubted they would get ashore.

"What's the matter?" asked Mazzioli sharply from the darkness. "Is Alcorn asleep?"

"No," I said. "It's the wind; it carries off the sound. The light will get him." I picked up a handful of pebbles and threw them up the cliff with all my strength, trying to make no noise the Greek could hear.

Sixty feet up was a natural niche and the BAR man was stationed there twenty-four hours a day. It was a hidden spot that covered the road and the road-guard. In case of surprise it would prove invaluable. That was Lieutenant Allison's own idea. The road-guard was Hawaiian Department's idea.

Alcorn had stayed up there alone for the first four days after the bombing. In the four days he had one meal before somebody remembered him. Now he and the other man pulled twelve hours apiece.

The road-guard was part of the whole defense plan. It was figured out in November when the beach positions were constructed. The defense was to mine the Pali Road and Kamehameha Highway where it ran up over this cliff at Makapuu Point. It was planned to blow both roads and bottle them up in Kaneohe Valley and force them north, away from Honolulu. They were great demolitions and it was all top secret. Of course, in December they found maps of the whole thing in the captured planes. Still, it was very vital and very top secret.

A rock the size of my fist thumped into the sand at my feet. I grinned. "You missed me," I called up the cliff. "Come down from there, you lazy bastard." I barely caught a faraway, wind-tossed phrase that sounded like "truck, too." Then silence, and the wind.

The machine-gun apertures in the pillboxes up the hill all faced out to sea. Whoever planned the position had forgot about the road, and all that faced the road was the tunnels into the pillboxes. To cover the road the MG's would have to be carried up into the open, and it was a shame because there was a perfect enfilade where the road curved up the cliff. But they couldn't rebuild the pillboxes we had cut into solid rock, so instead they created the road-guard.



The road-guard was to be five men and a BAR from up above. That was us. We were to protect the demolition when the Jap landed. It was not expected to keep him from getting ashore. We were to hold him off, with our BAR, till the demolition could be blown behind us. After that we were on our own. It was excellent strategy, for a makeshift, with the invasion expected truly every day. And the road-guard was vital, it was the key.

Every man at Makepuu volunteered for the road-guard. The five of us were lucky to get it. The job was to stop and search all vehicles for anything that might be used to blow the demolition. The Coca-Cola trucks and banana trucks and grocery trucks and fruit trucks used this road every day to go to market. We stopped them all, especially the Coca-Cola trucks.

In a couple of minutes I heard a scrambling and scraping and a bouncing fall of pebbles and Alcorn came slouching along the sand at the road edge, blowing on his hands.

"The Greek wants you, Fatso," I said.

He laughed, low and rich and sloppy. "I think I'm deef from this wind, by god," he said and scratched inside his field jacket. "What's he want now?"

"Come over here," Mazzioli ordered. We walked over through the blackness and the wind and I felt I was swimming under water against a strong current. The Greek swung his blue light from the Junker onto us. Alcorn's clothes hung from him like rags and on the back of his head was a fatigue hat with the brim turned up that defied the wind. He must have sewed an elastic band on it. Beside him I looked like I was all bucked up for a short-timer parade.

"Where's your helmet?" Mazzioli said. "You're supposed to wear your helmet at all times. That's the orders."

"Aw now, sarge," Alcorn whined. "You know the steel band of them things gives a man a headache. I cain't wear one."

I grinned and gave the brim of my own inverted soup-plate helmet a tug. Alcorn was a character.

"When are you men going to learn to obey orders?" the Greek said. "An army runs by discipline. If you men don't start acting like soldiers, I'll turn you in."

"Off with his head," I said.

"What did you say?"

"I said, coffee and bed. That's what we need. There's not a man on this position who's had three good hours sleep since this bloody war started. Putting up barbed wire all day and pulling guard all night. And then putting up the same wire next day because the tide washed it out."

Alcorn snickered and Mazzioli said nothing. The Greek had had charge of a wire detail that worked one whole night to put up three hundred yards of double apron wire on the sand beach below the road. In the morning it was gone. Not a single picket left.

"Alcorn," Mazzioli ordered, "get a rifle and keep a bayonet against this guy's belly till I tell you not to."

"I don't know where the rifles are down here," Alcorn said.

"I'll get it," I said.

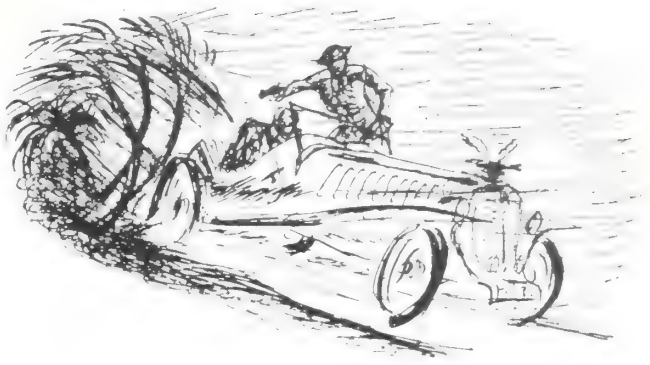
I walked to the culvert and climbed down around it. The wall made a protection from the wind and I felt I had dropped into a world without breath. The absence of the wind made me dizzy and I leaned my face against the concrete. I felt the way you feel when you look out the window at a blowing rainstorm. All our blankets and stuff were down here. Against the wall of the culvert lay four rifles with bayonets on them, wrapped in a shelter-half. I pulled one out and made myself climb up into the wind again.

ALCORN took the rifle and kept the bayonet against the Junker's paunch. Every time the Junker moved or tried to speak Alcorn japped him playfully in the belly. The Junker was getting madder and madder, but Alcorn was having a fine time.

I knew the lewd nakedness of that scraped face someplace before. I went over in my mind all the people I had seen at the University.

The Greek was doing a bang-up job of searching the car, he even looked under the hood. I sat on the culvert and got my mess kit and put a handful of fresh sand in it from beside the road and rubbed it around and around. The dishwater that got out to us from the CP at Hanauma Bay gave us all the dysentery until we started using the sand.

I tried to think where I'd seen him. It wasn't the face of a teacher, it had too much



power. I dumped the greasy mess from the mess kit and poured in a little water from my canteen. I sloshed it around to rinse the sand out, listening vacantly to the Greek cursing and fidgeting with the car.

Just three days ago a two-man sub ran aground off Kaneohe and the second officer swam ashore, preferring capture. It was expected the sub was scouting the invasion that was coming truly any day.

They said he was the first prisoner of the war. I got to see him when they brought him in. He was a husky little guy and grinning humbly. His name was Kazuo Sakamaki. I knew a girl at the University named Tsuneko Ogure. I almost married her.

It seemed like the wind had blown my mind empty of all past. It had sucked out everything but Makapuu and the black rocks and blue lights and the sand-choked grass. The University with its clear, airy look from the street, its crisp greenness all hidden away in a wind-free little valley at the foot of rocky wooded Tantalus, it was from another life, a life protected from the wind, a life where there were white clouds in the sun but no wind, just gently moving air.

I wiped the mess kit with the GI face towel I kept in it and clamped it together and stuck it back in my pack that lay by the culvert, wanting to go down behind the culvert and light a cigarette.

Maybe the Junker was one of the big boys on the University board. The big boys always sent their kids to Harvard or some school on the Mainland, but they were the board. The only white faces you saw were the instructors and the *haoles* who didn't have the dough to send their kids to the Mainland—and an occasional soldier in civvies, looking out of place. Only these and the board. And the tourists.

Then I remembered the scraped face, coming out of the main building on a hot still August day, wiping the sweat from the face with a big silk handkerchief.

"Couldn't find a thing," Mazzioli said, coming up from the car. "I don't know what to do. This guy looks like a German. He even talks like a German."

"Listen," I said. "No German who looks like a German and talks like a German is going to be a spy. Use your head. This guy is some kind of big shot. I seen him at the University."

"To hell with you and your University."

"No," I said. "Listen."

"Why would he ask me questions about the number of men and guns and pillboxes?"

"Hell. I don't know. Maybe he wanted to write an editorial for the *Advertiser*."

"I can't let him go," he said.

"All right. Send Alcorn up for the lieutenant and let him handle it. You worry too much, Greek."



"Yeh, I could do that." But he was dubious. He walked back to the car for a moment and then went over to Alcorn. "Alcorn, you go up and get the lieutenant down here. Tell him we got a suspicious character down here." He turned to me. "Slade, you watch this guy and don't take any chances with him. I'm going over this car again."

Alcorn handed me the rifle and started off up the road. Through the darkness Mazzioli hollered after him. "Double time and jerk the lead," he shouted. The wind carried it away. The wind carried everything away.

To me Mazzioli said, "If he tries anything, shoot the bastard."

"Okay," I said. I set the rifle butt on the ground and leaned on it. "Take it easy, mister," I said. "Remember there's a war on. The lieutenant's coming down, and you'll be on your way home in a little bit."

"I am not accustomed to such treatment," he said, staring at me with flat eyes, "and I intend to see somebody pays for this indignity."

"We're only doing our duty," I said. "We got orders to stop all suspicious persons. This is important to the defense plan."

"I am not a suspicious person," he said, "and you men . . . ."

I interrupted; it was probably the only chance I'd ever get to interrupt a big shot. "Well," I said, "you were asking suspicious questions about our position."

". . . and you men should have something better to do than hold up citizens."

Mazzioli, looking harassed, came over from the car. "What's that?" he snarled. "What's your name?"

The Junker stared at him. "My name is Knight," he said, and waited for it to sink in. When Mazzioli's face was blank he added, "Of Knight & Crosby, Limited." His voice was cold with rage and hate.

Above the wind we heard the voices of Lieutenant Allison and Alcorn on the road.

I looked at the Greek but he showed nothing. Nobody could live in Hawaii without knowing Knight & Crosby, Ltd. The Big Five were as well known as Diamond Head.

Lieutenant Allison put one hand on Mazzioli's shoulder and the other on mine. "Now," he said paternally. "What's the trouble?"

Mazzioli told him the whole tale. I went back to the culvert and listened to the wind playing background music to the double tale of woe. After both stories were told, Lieutenant Allison escorted Mr. Knight to his runabout with extreme courtesy.

"You can appreciate, Mr. Knight, our position." Lieutenant Allison put his foot on the running board and rested his hands on the door. "You can understand my sergeant was only doing his duty, a duty conceived to protect you, Mr. Knight."

Mr. Knight did not speak. He sat with his hands gripping the wheel, staring straight ahead.

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Mr. Knight," Lieutenant Allison said. "These men were carrying out orders we have received from Hawaiian Department Headquarters."

Mr. Knight made no sign he had heard. He gave the impression he was suffering this association under duress and was fretting to have done and be gone.

"A soldier's duty is to follow out his orders," Lieutenant Allison said.

"All right," the lieutenant said. He took his foot off the running board and dropped his



hands. "You may go, Mr. Knight. You can rest assured such a thing won't happen again, now that my men know who you are."

"It certainly won't," Mr. Knight said. "Bah!" He started his runabout with a roar and he did not look back.

I watched from the culvert and grinned contentedly. "Now there'll be hell to pay," I told Mazzioli.

After Knight was gone, Mazzioli called the lieutenant over to the other side of the road and spoke earnestly. I watched the excited movement of his blue light and grinned more widely.

Lieutenant Allison came over to me with the Greek following close behind. "Alcorn," he called. Alcorn shuffled over from the base of the cliff.

"I've been having bad reports about you two men," Lieutenant Allison began. "Where's your helmet, Alcorn?"

Alcorn shuffled his feet. "It's up the cliff. I cain't wear one of them things more'n a half hour, Lootenant," he said. "I get a turrible headache if I do. When Corporal Slade called me down, I clean forgot all about it."

"You're all through down here," Lieutenant Allison said. "Get back up there and get that helmet on. I'll be coming around inspecting and I don't want to catch you without a helmet. If I do there'll be some damned heavy details around here, and if that don't stop your headache, by god, maybe a court martial will.

"You're no different than anybody else. If I can wear a helmet all the time, then you can do it. I don't like it any better than you do.

"Now get the hell back up there."

Alcorn saluted and started for the base of the cliff.

"Alcorn!" Lieutenant Allison called after him in the darkness.

"Yessir?"

"You don't ever go to sleep up there, do you?"

"Oh, no sir."

"You'd better watch it. I'll be inspecting tonight."

I could hear the scrambling and falling of pebbles and I thought it was a very lonely sound.

"Come over here, Slade," Lieutenant Allison said. He walked away from Mazzioli and I followed him, pleased the calling-down would be in private instead of in front of the Greek. It was a luxury.

"I'm going back up the hill," Lieutenant Allison said. "You walk part way with me. I want to talk to you." The two of us started up the road. "I'm going to send those men back down here when I get to the top," Lieutenant Allison said. "You won't need to go up."

"Thank you, Sir," I said.

"Why did you let those men go up the hill tonight, Slade?"

"They didn't get any chow tonight, Sir," I said. "I felt sorry for them."

"You're not supposed to feel sorry for anybody. You're a soldier. You enlisted in the Army, didn't you?"

"Yes, Sir," I said. "But it was because I couldn't get a job."

"A soldier's job is to feel sorry for nobody."

"I can't help it, Sir," I said. "Maybe my environment was wrong. Or maybe I haven't had the proper indoctrinization. I always put myself in the other guy's place. I even felt sorry for Mr. Knight. And he sure didn't need it."

"What happened with Mr. Knight was the proper action to take. It turned out badly, but he could have been a saboteur with a carload of TNT to blow the demolition."

"What will happen about Knight, Sir?" I said.

"Mr. Knight is a big man in Hawaii. The Big Five run the whole territory. There may be some bad effects. I may even get an ass-eating. Nevertheless, Mazzioli acted correctly. In the long run, it will all turn out all right because we did what was right. The Army will take that into account."

"You believe that?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "I believe it. You don't realize how important that road-guard is to the whole war. What if the enemy had made a landing at Kaneohe tonight? They'd have had a patrol on you before you knew it. The very thing you did out of kindness might be what lost the war for us. It's not far-fetched: if they took this road and cliff, they'd have this island in a month. From there it'd be the west coast. And we'd be fighting the war in the Rocky Mountains."

"All for the want of a horseshoe nail," I said.

"That's it," he said. "That's why every tiniest thing is so important. You're one of the smartest men in the Company, Slade. There's no reason for me to explain these things to you. There's no reason why you shouldn't make OCS, except for your attitude. I've told you that before. What would you have done? Alone there with the men up on the hill?"

"I knew who he was," I said.

Lieutenant Allison turned on me. "Why in the name of Christ didn't you tell Mazzioli!" He was mad.

"I did," I said. "But he didn't listen. Orders is orders," I said.

Lieutenant Allison stopped. We were halfway up the hill. He looked out over the parapet and down at the sea, vaguely white where it broke on the rocks.

"What's the matter with you, Slade? You don't want to be cynical about this war."

"I'm not cynical about this war," I said. "I may die in this war. I'm cynical about the Army. It's a helluva lot easier to be an idealist if you're an officer. The higher the officer, the higher the ideals." To hell with it, I thought, to hell with all of it.

"Slade," he said, "I'd like for you to buckle down. I wasn't kidding when I said you could make OCS. I'd like to see you go to OCS because you're smart. You could do it if you'd only buckle down."

"I've been an EM too long," I said. "I'm too cynical."

"You know, you could be shot for talking like this in the German Army."

"I know it," I said. "That's why I don't like the German Army, or the Japanese Army, or the British Army, or the Russian Army. I could get ten years in the American Army if you wanted to turn me in."

Lieutenant Allison was leaning on the parapet. "If I didn't like you, by god I would."

"Trouble with me," I said, "I'm too honest. They didn't have indoctrinization courses yet when I enlisted," I said.

"It's not a question of briefing," he said. "It's a question of belief."

"Yes," I said. "And also of who manufactures it."

"We have to be cruel now so we can be kind later, after the war."

"That's the theory of the Communist Internationale," I said. "I hear their indoctrinization courses are wonderful."

"They're our allies," he said. "When the enemy is defeated why it will all be set."

"I could never be an officer," I said. "I've not been indoctrinated well enough."

He laughed. "Okay, Slade. But you think over what I said, and if you want me to, I'll recommend you. You know, an intelligent man who refuses to use his intelligence to help win the war is a bottleneck. He's really a menace. In Germany he would be shot if he didn't use his intelligence to help win."

"Japan too," I said. "And in Italy and in Russia," I said. "Our country we only lock them up as conchies, as yet."

"Do you think I like being an officer?"

"Yes," I said. "I would like it. At least you get a bath and hot chow."

He laughed again. "Okay. But you think it over."

"I'll think about it," I said. "I'll think about all of it. But I never find an answer. Sometimes I wonder if there is an answer. The Greek is the man you ought to recommend."

"Are you kidding?" he grinned. "Mazzioli is a good sergeant."

"He believes the end justifies the means," I said. "He's been properly indoctrinated. I couldn't turn a man in if I had to."

Lieutenant Allison stood up from the parapet. "Think it over, Slade," he said.

"All right, Sir," I said. "But I can tell you one thing. It's damn fine I can talk to you. But I always remember you're not all officers and I'm not all the EM," I said.

"Thanks, Slade," he said.

I WALKED on back down the road. I stopped every now and then to listen to the sea's attack against the cliff. It would be nice to be an officer. The sea and the wind were like two radio stations on the same dial mark. You could even have a bed-roll and a dog-robber. The old Revolutionists in Russia, I thought, they really had it all figured out; they really had the world saved this time. I kicked a pebble ahead of me down the road.

I must have gone very slow because the three men from the top were on my heels when I reached the bottom.

"Hey, Slade," one of them said. He came up. "I'm sorry we got you in trouble tonight. Nobody guessed this would happen."

"Forget, it," I said. "All I got was a ass-eating."

Massioli was sitting on the culvert. "I'm going to roll up," he said belligerently.

"Okay, Greek," I said. I sat on the culvert a while, facing the wind. I liked to sit there at night alone, defying the wind. But a man could only do it so long. After a while a man got stupid from its eternal pummeling. A man got punch-drunk from it. Once before it made me so dizzy I fell down on my knees when I got up.

It was a wild place, the roaring sea, the ceaseless wind, the restless sand, the omniscient cliff.

I said good-night to the men on post and rolled up myself. When I went under the wall it took my breath again. I lay in my blankets and listened to it howl just over my head.

It was three o'clock when the messenger from up on the hill woke me.

"What?" I said. "What is it? What?"

"Where's the Greek?" he said.

"He's here."

"You gotta wake him up."

"What's up?"

"You're moving back up the hill. Lieutenant's orders."

"Whose orders?" I said. "What about the demolition? What about the road-guard?"

"Lieutenant's orders. The road-guard is being disbanded. Altogether."

"What's the story?" I asked.

"I dunno. We got a call from the Company CP; the Cap'n was maddern hell. He just got a call from Department HQ; they was maddern hell. Told the Cap'n to disband the road-guard immediately. The orders'll be down in a couple days."

I laughed. "Orders is orders," I said.

"What?"

"Nothing," I said. "Is the lieutenant still up?"

"Yeh. He's in hole number one, with the telephone. Why?"

"I got to see him about something," I said.

"I'm going back," he said. "This wind is freezin' me. You sure you're awake?"

"Yes," I said. "You take off." I got up and woke the rest of the detail. "Get your stuff together, you guys. We're moving out. One of you call Alcorn down."

The Greek sat up, rubbing his eyes. "What is it? what's up? what's wrong?"

"We're moving out," I said. "Back up the hill. The road-guard is disbanded." When I stood up the wind hit me hard. I got my pack and kicked my blankets up into a pile. I slung my rifle and pack and picked up the blankets.

"You mean the *road-guard*?" Mazzioli's voice asked through the darkness and the wind. "For *good*?"

I climbed up around the wall and the wind caught at my blankets and I almost lost them.

"That's the way it is," I said.

After Hours

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has its troubles, I'm sure, what with the difficult problem of disembarrassing itself of a derelict Long Island subsidiary without calling attention to the family quarrel. The Long Island, since it merely carries passengers and not the coal and steel that the railroads believe to be their main business, is obviously a losing proposition. But I am surprised that the Pennsy should be so hard-hearted. A sentimental attachment to the ancient customs is the only explanation I can see for the fact that it continues to carry passengers at all. A recent trip of some four thousand miles has confirmed my long-standing suspicion that a meal on a PRR diner is carefully planned to build up business on the New York Central and permit the Pennsy to dispense entirely with the annoyance of having to cart around human beings.

The dining car in which I was trapped—named, as I remember it, the *Allegheny Deadfall*—was a fine old relic of the Early Days. Since the antique springs had long since hardened into a permanent cramp, the waiter served my tepid beef broth with a warning that I had better keep a spoon in the cup at all times. This helped, but not enough to keep soup from jumping out on my shirtfront at every bump in the PRR roadbed—of which there are many, and justly famous. The main course consisted of lukewarm string beans, fresh from the can; a blob of sodden fried potatoes; and a pair of the most dispirited lamb chops ever pried off a dead sheep. The repast, with ice cream and leaping coffee, cost three dollars and five cents.

If such a meal were served to any red-blooded truck driver on the sixty-five-cent Blue Plate Special in a roadside diner, he would plaster it in the cook's hair. Since Pullman travelers are too cowed and spineless a lot to reassert the privileges for which they are supposed to be paying, the only alternative is to carry a shoebox full of sandwiches or ride another road. The Central does provide somewhat more edible food at less outrageous prices, but if you want a really palatable meal for something like a fair sum you will have to travel in the West—preferably on the Santa Fé or the MKT. I know that this phenomenon has been reported before, but it bears repeating and I have never seen it satisfactorily explained. The West may be a colonial economy exploited by Eastern finance, but if there has been a basing-point system set up for food it certainly doesn't operate in Texas.

For the sake of comparison, I ordered another brace of lamb chops on the Katy run between Austin and Dallas. They turned out to be plump, tender, and properly cooked—and they were accompanied by an excellent avocado salad, hot cornbread, fresh vegetables, plum pudding, and coffee that sat still in the cup. Indeed, the car not only had springs that worked, but also fresh flowers on every table, fluorescent lights, comfortable chairs, and a management that didn't regard the customers as inferior substitutes for a load of coke. This meal cost only $2.50 and was very nearly worth it.

Pat. Pending

PRINTER'S INK, a contemporary of ours that is published for the advertising trade, printed an item recently about a mousetrap. The Crosby Research Foundation, which is run by Bing and his brother Larry, has devised what they consider quite definitely to be a "better mousetrap." According to *Printer's Ink* the trap, which is called "Trip-Trap," "features a setting and springing invention which makes it virtually incapable of snapping a person's fingers." Customers, it appears, are *not* beating a path to it. Perhaps the trouble is in that mealy-mouthed word "virtually" as it applies to getting one's fingers snapped, but Larry Crosby, evidently a man of his era, says it is a failure of advertising.

It seems to me that Mr. Crosby has missed a bet. He should drop Trip-Trap and call his gadget quite simply "The Better Mousetrap." He will need a slogan, of course, since he has found that Mr. Emerson's theory didn't pan out, and I suggest he use "*Mice* Beat A Path To It." Like everything else in *Harper's* this is copyright. I'd be glad to discuss a deal with Mr. Crosby, if he's interested.

At Home, Five to Seven-Thirty

HOUSE-WARMINGS are preposterous. Their purpose, ostensibly, is to make a general gesture of hospitality, and at the same time to give one's friends an opportunity to say amiable things about what one has just amassed, created, borrowed, or rented. What happens follows a sort of dismal pattern. The newly housed, by this time exhausted from getting themselves sheltered at all, run through their address book and make two lists: those they honestly would like to have come to the party and those they know they ought to ask. The first list is short, compatible, and easy; the second is long, miscellaneous, full of conflicts, old animosities, nearly-forgotten faces, and almost certain unannounced separations. After an evening in which the wife makes and remakes lists and her husband gives her nothing but negative advice and ends by saying, "This is your party; do just as you please," the cards go out. A case of gin is ordered, and a week of nervous dusting, curtain hanging, silver polishing, cocktail-glass borrowing, and constrained conversation culminates in the quiet, dark moment before the door bell rings.

This particular brand of self-torture is not confined to the domesticated aspects of our lives. Automobile manufacturers must go through much the same sort of indecision, flurry of activity, and moment of pre-party panic when they launch their new models. Every artist goes through it when he plans an exhibition, and every dress, house furnishing, and machine-tool designer before he opens a show of his wares. Nearly everybody, it would seem, is periodically on the verge of being a debutante.

I went to such a coming-out party in April. It was a house that was making its debut, not a house for people to live in, merely a house for people to look at—a model house in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art. When I got there the party had come to the spilled-drink stage. The smoke was heavy against the ceilings, and half the guests wandered aimlessly, no longer looking at things or at each other, but letting their eyes slide along over brand-new surfaces and indistinguishable faces, rarely pausing to recognize or examine—a period of blank flux.

The party was given for the people who had contributed to the house, the makers of plywood and sheathing and plate glass and furniture, the landscapers, and fixture manufacturers, and a host of others. They had given their services and materials to put together this one-family dwelling, "a moderately priced house for a man who works in a large city and commutes to a so-called 'dormitory town' on its outskirts where he lives with his family." It was commissioned by the Museum and designed by Marcel Breuer, who may or may not have been at the party. I didn't meet him. I have a very clear impression of what Mr. Breuer's house looks like when it has ninety people in it, sticking their heads into roped-off bathrooms, rubbing their hands along the surfaces of bright new furniture and shelves, rapping on the plywood panels of the walls with their knuckles, easing themselves distrustfully into molded chairs covered with foam rubber. I fingered the curtain that separates the master bedroom, which is a sort of balcony, from the living room, and speculated on the conjugal habits of people who live in

"dormitory towns." I walked down the outside steel staircase from this same bedroom into what would be the garden, and noticed that there was a place for a barbecue, neatly set into a fieldstone garden wall, a concession to man's desire to get thirty feet away from it all and rough it. I kept moving.

Back into the living room from the garden through a door in a plate glass wall, across to the kitchen, then through the utility room (furnished with a washing machine and a single bed) to the second bedroom, which like the master bedroom also had a double bed in it. No choice here, I thought, and went outdoors again through another plate glass wall, around a corner and back in by the way of the children's playroom, where I sat on a great big building block and drank a martini. I read the catalogue which had been handed me when I arrived. Everything had a logical explanation—all thought out ahead of time, so that when the two children got too old to sleep in the same room, the mother and father could then afford to add another bedroom (that was the one in the balcony—a preconceived afterthought) that raised the roof. Someone dropped his glass and it tinkled on the floor. I noticed then that it was bluestone flagging. "A surface that is easy to keep in presentable condition and that never wears off," the catalogue said. Nice for a child to crack his skull on, I thought, and realized I had been there too long.

Out in the garden again, I could see the house as a whole. It looked a great deal bigger than I expected, and its roof which rises like a shallow "v" with one end lopped off was graceful. Architectural heresy tugged at my mind. Could Mr. Breuer have designed this house from the outside in? Could he have made the function fit the form? Could it be that if you make a handsome exterior it is easy enough to devise a completely logical explanation of the "functional" interior? No, too many people at the party. Better go home.

I went back again a few days later. The party was still going on, or an extension of it, and it will be going on until the end of October. It was a bright, spring day, and sun flooded into the house. There were no drinks, but the faces of the guests looked much the same as they would at any house-warming—skeptical but not unfriendly, peering at the new surroundings without wanting to make too much show of their inquisitiveness or to betray too lively an interest in how much it all cost. It was as though the whole party were made up of those nearly forgotten faces, with the muted reactions of trespassers, who had come to see how their old acquaintance, modern architecture, was making out after all these years. There was an air of unreality about it, though—a house without a hostess that could be built for an imaginary $27,000 on an imaginary acre in an imaginary suburb. Nobody is at home here, nobody ever will be; but every day is house-warming. Admission thirty-five cents.

Smellies, Pebbles, and Protelgram

SOMETHING is happening to the media of communication that stimulates curiosity but eludes description. The onrush of mechanical improvements has finally produced a state so close to unmanageable chaos as to defy generalization, but I find that after putting together a file of tantalizing news items I am unable to restrain the impulse. Somewhere in here there is a trend, and the man who spots it will be favored above all others by the Fortune that smiles on account executives, fashion editors, and other discerners of change in taste. That this is an international development was brought home to me forcefully by a statement made in Bucharest by Grigori Alexandrov, a Russian movie director. The Soviet film industry, according to Mr. Alexandrov, is very near to producing smelling pictures. "We want to look through the screen as through a window," he said. "We want to hear, to see, but also to smell the breeze of the sea, the perfume of flowers and of green pastures." Just as the talkies emerged from a dream twenty years ago, he added, so will the smellies.

This went into my file along with several other clippings, and since what we are looking for is synthesis I will pass some of them along just as they stand.

Item: An Associated Press dispatch from London—"European Radio Falls Into Ways of U. S. Cousin." In America, where broadcasting is a competitive business, the programs

consist largely of crooners, jazz, give-aways, quiz programs, and soap operas. In Europe, where broadcasting is a government monopoly, the programs consist largely of crooners, jazz, give-aways, quiz programs, and soap operas.

Item: According to the *U. S. News and World Report,* there has recently been a notable expansion of advertising in Moscow. "Food merchants . . . use the newspapers, billboards, street kiosks, and radio to extol the virtues of Moscow bread, or adding ice cream to the diet, regular use of vitamins, and sometimes to say a good word for champagne." At the Stratenka Gate, two neon signs face each other: one for a 3 per cent government loan and the other for caviar.

Item: Mr. Wayne Coy, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune,* March 12, 1949, says that with the coming of television the radio industry faces a loss of advertising revenue not only to television but to all other media. He added, however, that FM stations last year showed an operating loss, and that the fifty television stations in operation showed an income just a little over a third of their expenses. Radio officials said they were optimistic but would be satisfied if sales revenue in the coming year dropped only five per cent.

Item: Another *Tribune* quote, this time from Mr. John V. L. Hogan, president of Radio Inventions, Inc. Mr. Hogan pointed out that FM stations wanting to get out of the red have a very simple alternative—facsimile. With an added budget of no more than one thousand dollars a week, existing FM stations can publish four five-page newspapers a day over the megacycle band in which they now operate. "At last the time has come," he said, "when it no longer requires millions of dollars to go into the newspaper business."

Item: "New Video Set Projects Image 4 Feet by 3 Feet." The North American Philips Co. has developed a television projector that uses a small tube but blows the picture up to the same size as home movies. The gadget is sold directly to manufacturers, twelve of whom have now signed up to use it in their sets; it can be produced to sell at about $550. So said the *Tribune* on March 8.

At this point it seemed to me that I could see glimmerings of light in an otherwise dark future, a coming age of enormous, bankrupt radio corporations turning out sweet-smelling soap operas that no one will listen to because they will be too busy reading the facsimile newspapers that can be published by any idiot with a thousand a week to spare. So I went around the next day to the North American Philips showroom to look at their engineering model, and must now report that the new day really has arrived. This is it; at any time before this television might have been stopped, but it's too late now.

What the Philips company has contrived is a very small tube with a very bright light inside it, which shines into a spherical mirror and projects back out onto a screen. The screen can be any size suitable to an indoor scale, but by the time you reach four-by-three-feet the ideal viewing distance is already greater than that permitted by most living rooms—briefly, you can have it as large as you'd ever want it at home. The image—and this is personal and altogether skeptical observation—is sharper, brighter, less distorted, more contrasting, and less wearing on the eye than that of any ordinary tube receiver I have ever seen. This device is called Protelgram and is not on the market yet, but it will be before long and the consequences are beyond calculation.

I have only one item left in the "mass media" file, but perhaps it will put the others in perspective. It is a news release from Harvard University to the effect that Dr. Hallam L. Movius, Jr., Curator of Palaeolithic Archeaology at the Peabody Museum, has announced the discovery last summer, in the La Columbière rock shelter in eastern France, of a twenty-thousand-year-old pebble. The pebble is a piece of limestone about the size of a very large potato, covered on both sides with several hundred fine lines. It is, in fact, an engraving—"one of the finest ancient engraved pebbles ever brought to light," according to the release. Its discoverers were able at first glance to distinguish one or two prehistoric animals among the maze of lines, but it puzzled them that on closer inspection

they found nearly a dozen drawings—rhinoceros, horse, ibex, bison, deer, and so on—superimposed one over the other. What prompted the Upper Aurignacian artist to apply himself time and again to the same canvas they could not imagine, unless the stone "had some religious or magical significance." I think I know.

After all, the same problem will have to be faced someday by the Curator of Capitalistic Archaeology dispatched to smell out the magical significance of the mid-twentieth-century sprouting of metal masts on the dwellings of the North American continent. Social realism will be of no use to him, for by then the perfume of the flowers, the green pastures, and the breezes of the sea will have evanesced. He will have to report the only possible deduction from the facts: that the people of the time wanted to see everything, over and over again.

—*Mr. Harper*

Instantaneous Time Exposure

(for Wystan Auden)

BRIAN HOWARD

NOT REALLY a picture, and not even a map.
And not wholly in focus; its message slight, even
For those photographed. People who happened to be
Walking about on a rock, having bathed in a sea.

It's true that this scrap of shadowed paper
Contains a face which, afterward, may
Spur someone to say: "That one, the nearest
Made poetry mean things again. For us. In his day."

In fact, there's a second poet. And even a hero, there
With a hand missing. But he who caught
This ordinary moment, sees, in the furling print
Proof that what might be, is. In a summer world.

There, on a timeless coast famous for friendship
I see the timelessness of friends. I hear
As if my curled paper were an Ischian conch
That noon-dark echo which can silence fear.

A little behind the rest, with calm, loose arms
And hair which, though gray here
Is like a hustling harvest, stands the youngest
Of all. Sea-polished. Love is also there.

Under the limestone cliff, breathing their own air
That smells of salt and figs; with crinkled eyes
They turn to face the sun, and my machine.
Where they have always been. They always will be there.

NEW BOOKS

Einstein, Freud, the Polls, and the Bomb

Jacques Barzun

IT MUST be some peculiar property of the air in Princeton, New Jersey, that enables this small and tight-knit community to house both the Institute for Advanced Study, where Albert Einstein—though emeritus—continues to practice cosmic science, and the American Institute of Public Opinion, where Dr. Gallup polls and repolls without rest. If the antithesis between the two Institutes is not at once apparent (for both claim science as their function) Professor Lindsay Rogers' new book, ***The Pollsters*** (Knopf $2.75), makes it perfectly plain in a fashion both humorous and carefully reasoned.

His object is not to attack America's new major sport, but to show what false assumptions it implies, and what dangerous results follow from the growing habit of announcing to the electorate what "it" thinks. Mr. Rogers is quite willing to have the pollsters continue their research into the housewives' preference in soap flakes or any comparable choice involving the satisfaction of tastes. But he cries "halt!" and waves a warning flag as soon as the statistical inquirer approaches the democratic citizenry with questions affecting public policy.

The reasons for Professor Rogers' alarm are diverse but interlocking. He shows that what Public Opinion polls actually test is not public opinion but merely answers such as people are willing to give to strangers; that no count of such answers will disclose the "intensity of the yeses and noes" which is so decisive a factor in democratic action; that the pollsters' so-called "measurement" of their imagined substance is illusory and unscientific, and their techniques faulty besides; finally and most important, that the testers assume the existence of a political state different from the one under which we live.

It is this last argument which arouses the author's good-natured passion, and brings into play not only his wit, logic, and learning, but also his seasoned practical sense as a political arbitrator in domestic and international affairs. The fallacy of the samplers, he points out, is that they believe in direct democracy rather than representative government. To them the ideal state of the union would be its transformation into a huge town meeting voting on each national issue. Hence they boast that in predicting accurately the proportions of our pros and cons by sudden dips into the reservoir of opinion, they are getting closer to the political realities of the moment than Congress and our other elected representatives. Mr. Rogers easily shows the error of this view, as well as the practical limitations upon direct democracy and the advantage of frequently escaping majority rule.

In short, where the pollsters naïvely see a multitude of noses pointing in various directions and waiting to be counted for ascertain-

ing where we should all point, the political scientist sees a nation composed of groups unequally concerned with policy, unequally energetic in pushing their views, unequally situated with regard to power, but all having a chance to participate in government if they bestir themselves. What, after all, can we do with mere "answers" to such questions as "Would you repeal the Taft-Hartley Act?" when only 61 per cent of those asked admitted having heard of the law, and three quarters and more of this group could not think of any provision in it as being particularly good or particularly bad? Practical politics can obviously not rely on such gossamer convictions. Rather, we must wait, without benefit of pollsters, for the leavening of the mass by a determined minority, for or against. Campaigning shifts these areas of popular ignorance as events or persons dramatize issues, and the process is at once too subtle and too real for the pollsters' vague abstractions to cope with. The danger is that by believing in their results and extending their dubious referendum, we shall let go the substance of a remarkably adaptable form of government for the shadow of empty statistics.

This is serious enough for every genuine citizen to take the trouble of reading Lindsay Rogers' book. He has made it wonderfully easy and not at all solemn. Each of his chapters deals with one point, adroitly illustrated from current events or familiar American history. His prose is lightened up by anecdotes and by excellently ironic quotations from the masters of political theory; and his polemic is always on the fairest plane of documented argument. The book having been finished before the pollsters' upset in the Truman election, their critic can act the veritable Galahad in not using that weapon against them: no use haggling about the rightness or wrongness of predictions when it can be shown that the polls do something other than they pretend to do. To buttress this basic demonstration, the author borrowed the wisdom of the late Carroll Mason Sparrow, a physicist who dealt a death blow to the myth that in the social sciences insight into phenomena can be replaced by measurement. The sixth chapter of Mr. Rogers' book paraphrases Mr. Sparrow and makes clear what he calls "pseudo-measurement"—the attempt, so frequent in the social sciences, to measure something that does not contain natural units by creating them arbitrarily and counting the dubious product.

Einstein and the Giant Blue-Point

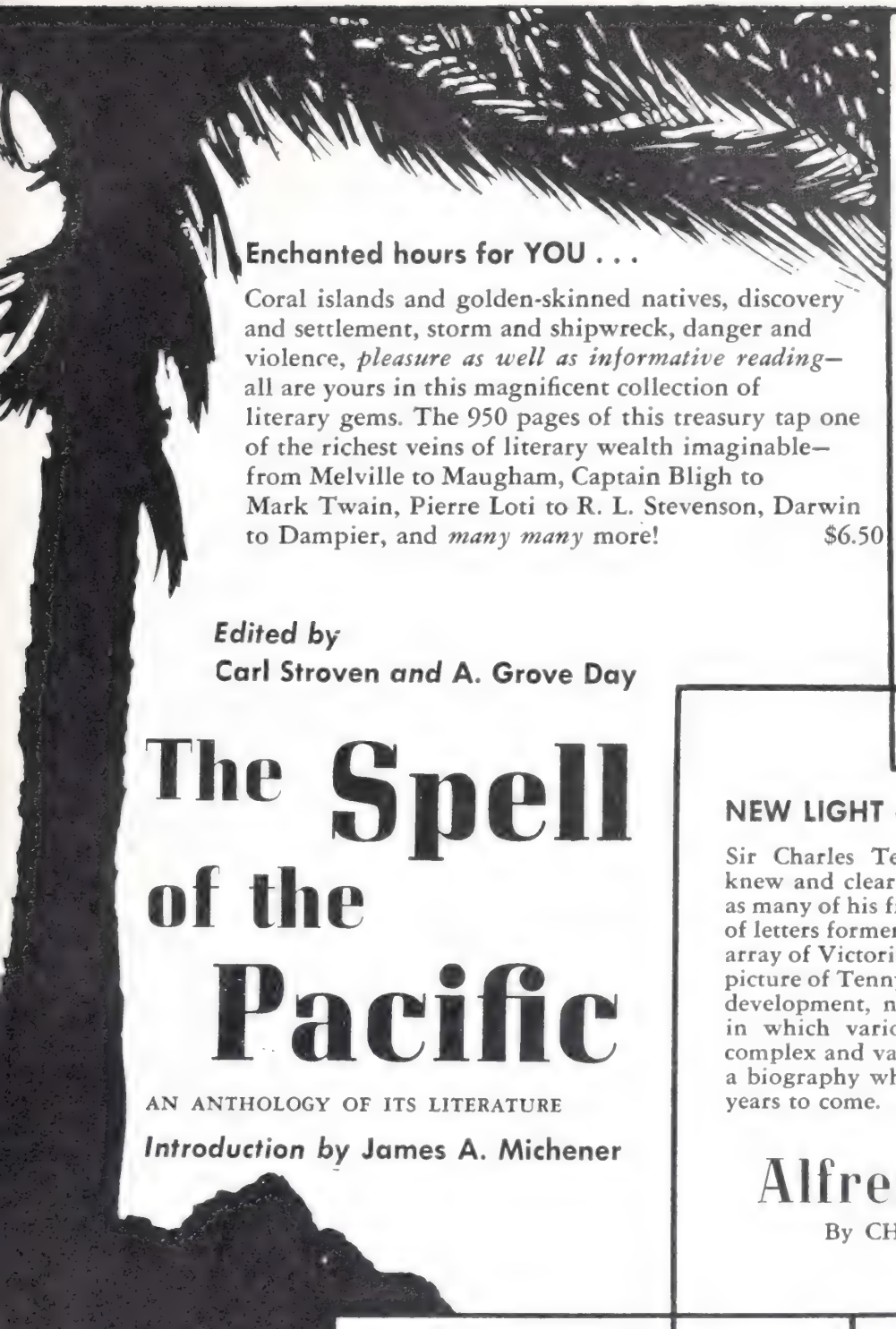
THERE is no doubt that those who are drawn to the ritual of polling begin by forsaking insight, hypnotized as they are by the magic of science. They speak like the old-time physicists and say: Give us time to perfect our methods and we will predict human behavior. One might retort in the manner of Ogden Nash:

If the pollsters had not been so incurably viewy
They might have cut loose in time from Mr. Dewey.

But this is unfair: the insidious influence of pseudo-science upon all our thinking remains to be described by the cultural historian, and when this is done the pollsters will seem only the youngest and brashest of the bad brood.

Meanwhile it would be desirable for the self-same citizen whom Professor Rogers has just inoculated to read another admirable book about the works of the other Princeton Institute: I mean ***The Universe and Dr. Einstein*** by Lincoln Barnett (Sloane, $2.50). Even if the essay were not authenticated in a Foreword by Einstein himself, I should recommend it for the purely aesthetic enjoyment which the text affords. I can understand the enthusiasm which led the jacket inditer to wax tautological and say: "The clearest, most lucid account of the structure of the universe as science sees it today."

But the book is more than a beautifully organized and impeccably written recital of the steps by which that stern mistress Physics left the arms of Newton and settled on Einstein's lap, to his embarrassment and our dismay. Mr. Barnett's narrative is at every point philosophical, which does not mean abstruse but reflective; and the reflections which his brief and sober comments give rise to are so numerous and far-reaching that only a few can be mentioned here. In the first place every word he says emphasizes the terrifying lag that exists between the ideas common to Einstein and his peers and those of the public. Worse, mechanistic views of the nature of science continue to prevail in medical and other supposedly scientific circles, just as if the acceptance of Relativity and Quantum Theory made no difference.



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The Spell of the Pacific

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ITS LITERATURE

***Introduction by* James A. Michener**

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By DAVID SPITZ

MACMILLAN

ALL BOOKSTORES

The sad truth is that whereas Newton had the greatest men of the Enlightenment as his popularizers, and Darwin had Tyndall and Huxley and Haeckel and Fiske, twentieth-century science has had no comparable interpreters. Granted that the subject matter is more difficult, the previous background and new will to worship should have greatly facilitated the task. Mr. Barnett shows what can be done in 125 pages, and I have no hesitation in saying that he makes Eddington and Jeans and nearly all his other predecessors look like muddle-headed talkers-down. His only rival of recent years is the late Selig Hecht, whose book on the atom, published two years ago, had the same power of making science one of the humanities.

What is needed of course is the ability to write, coupled with the ability to conceive, and this the various scientific journals—whether addressed to semi-professionals or to lay readers—seldom exhibit. Their contributors are convinced that science and the results of science are the same thing, and so they communicate their facts and formulas in an indigestible suet of bad prose which ends by dulling their minds and senses along with ours. Certainly they do not know what it is they do as scientists while as garrulous technicians they run on about "results."

Mr. Barnett represents the other way, and with not the slightest tendency toward rhetoric or false drama. He shows, for example, how every one of Einstein's inspired ideas has come from the imagining of a fictional situation molded on a newly observed fact and defying some accepted scientific dogma. The utter simplicity of each poetic vision is as remarkable as the tenacious reasoning which followed, so that the reader who sees how those repeated acts of mind revolutionized orthodox physics understands more about science than the third-rate physicist trained to be handy around the lab.

Einstein's faith in the cosmic harmony—*i.e.* the consistency of physical laws, or as it used to be called, the uniformity of nature—has been the great motive power behind his research. He is now at work on a Unified Field Theory which will bring under one set of formulations the gravitational and electro-magnetic laws enunciated so far. This desire for unity is of course "unscientific" in the sense that there is no warrant for it ahead of time. It is a form of religious hope; and being aware of this, Dr. Einstein and Mr. Barnett make some curious remarks about the nature of science and of the human mind. On the one hand, modern science has become "inhuman" insofar as it deals with entities remote from experiences. the electron, the field, time, and space do not exist, or are not real, in the same way that Johnny's marble, the baseball field, my wasted time, and this magazine space are real and exist. The heavens are no canopy studded with kindly lights but an unimaginably curved and bumpy something which Einstein has likened to a great mollusc—feeling doubtless that no one could say so justly that the world was his oyster Yet he also keeps speaking of man's feeble faculties, of man imprisoned in his senses, and seems to resent not being able to see the infrared and ultraviolet rays that science has discovered.

I submit, with due respect to my betters and a Falstaffian alacrity to retract, that this is pious nonsense. In the first place, man "sees" directly or indirectly all that he knows about Science is nothing but a tremendously ingenious effort to extend the sense of sight, whether by photographing a White Dwarf thousands of light years away, or getting a black band on a spectroscope No one really trusted Einstein's propositions and formulas until it was empirically possible to see something or other, such as a light ray bending around the sun Now if man's senses can pull themselves up by their bootstraps in this fashion, and if in this process ordinary reality vanishes, yielding place to imaginary entities that gibe with numbers, and if finally the combination of concepts and gadgets leads to a unified theory, then it is falsely modest and downright Uriah Heepish to call the human mind dull and feeble. For notice: man's faith in the harmony of nature is not justified ahead of time, so that Dr. Einstein makes it depend on some tremendous creative power—God; from which it follows that the moment man reaches a Unified Field Theory (or any other complete description) he will have proved his mind proportionable to that of God. If contrariwise this order does not exist and man has imposed it on an otherwise irrational chaos, that is godlike too (and a great credit to our sensible senses). In either case the chest-beating should cease, together with the uneasy questioning where reality lies, in science or in common experience. It is perfectly obvious that the two are far apart but on a continuous line: the atom bomb speaks on the level of experience like a planet in Einstein's universe of fields: "Look out!" it says, "or I'll distort your geometry." If man can devise machines and learn to thread his way among them, he can certainly learn to handle the thoughts upon which the things are built. But he is now far behind on his intellectual itinerary and needs help of the kind that Mr. Barnett gives him.

The Sphinx Within

Nor can he stop there. Einstein tells him very plainly that the endless mystery outside (even after it is charted) reflects the mystery inside. At which point the best thing he can do is consult Einstein's great contemporary, whose overthrow of orthodoxy in psychology coincided to a year with the Special Field Theory, namely Sigmund Freud. The last considerable work that Freud set his hand to before his death was an ***Outline of Psychoanalysis,*** just translated by James Strachey (Norton, $2.00). As a translation (with excellent notes) it is perhaps the best that Freud's sinewy prose has ever received, and though the small book is unfinished, the text is as fine a piece of exposition as Freud ever performed.

Seen in retrospect and in short compass as we see it here, Freud's internal universe of man seems a feat of observation and ratiocination even more remarkable than Einstein's, for the physicist has the double advantage of a checkup by mathematics and a charming docility on the part of his patients: if he misstates the number of electrons in an atom they do not rise up and call him names. He takes a recount and

goes ahead. The psychiatrist on the contrary deals with explosive individuals, whose links with outside forces such as the conventions of society create a chain reaction likely to blast him out of his study. Freud in fact never got over the persecution he endured from his medical colleagues, from the community, and after a time from his disciples.

What he taught was and is still supposed to be unpleasant, yet I doubt whether any fair-minded person could say after reading the present *Outline* that Freud is not in the highest tradition of European moralists and thinkers. But is it science? Well, he makes his initial pair of assumptions explicit and uses the least number of concepts that will fit observed facts in order to explain actions, dreams, tendencies, and disorders that have puzzled mankind since the beginning of recorded history. If this is not science it resembles it very closely. Psychoanalysis began as a method of cure, and generated a psychology which in turn modified the therapy. This again corresponds to the rise of other sciences. Finally, Freud's construction of myths or events (*e.g.* the Oedipus relation) to arrive at general formulas bears a striking likeness to Einstein's way of imagining elevators falling from the top of infinitely high buildings.

The difference of course is that psychoanalysis does not measure. But this turns out to be much less of a difference when we know that in modern physics what can be measured is the statistical probability of action of a great many units. The single electron is as flighty and unpredictable as the compulsive neurotic in Freud's office—perhaps more so.

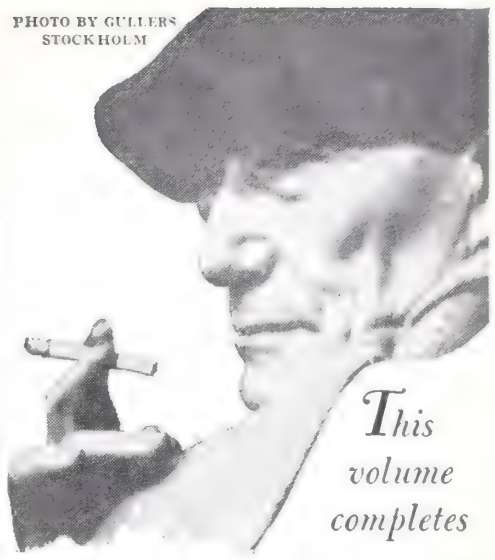
At any rate, what Freud tells us about the human mind is that it must cope with powerful urges which know nothing of social necessities, at the same time as it must conform to these necessities in order to insure the well-being of the creature. In the resulting adaptation lies all the conceivable meaning of normality—which is sufficiently to say that normality is not a pattern nor an average but a thousand forms of equilibrium.

Among the urges that Freud stresses more than ever in this posthumous work is the urge to self-destruction. By this he does not mean merely suicidal impulse but a destructive bent, the wish for the end of the tragic struggle outlined above—in a word, the death-wish. This reminds us of Samuel Butler's wonderful notion that the organism dies when it is too much bewildered and no longer remembers what to do next. But Freud's idea also put me in mind of Einstein's scientfic universe going farther and farther away from experience and—as we saw in scientific man himself—repudiating the senses. May not this ever-increasing abstraction be a sign of the disintegrating urge? Very few people can stand even the bare idea of galactic systems flying about the dark nowhere at astronomical speeds; and even fewer can stand the actual discharge of atomic energy over their heads. Certainly it was better for the health to have a man-size firmament. Can it be that science as we know it in modern physics is but the result of a coup d'état which in the old age of the race has put the death-wish in control of the conscious mind?

Practical Politics—or is it?

It will not do to think of such things. Or rather we are forced to think of them in more immediate contexts. On this account one would incline to be grateful for Mr. P. M. S. Blackett's ***Fear, War, and the Bomb*** (Whittlesey, $3.50). Mr. Blackett is also a physicist; he received the Nobel Prize in 1948; and now he preaches calm and factuality to guarantee a future without *the* bomb. His promise is not, of course, absolute but contingent: if we understand Russia's position, if we bargain honorably, if we stop demanding perfect security, we shall get the relative security of a bilateral disarmament.

The trouble with Mr. Blackett's elaborate analysis is that it deals with political things as if they were algebraic symbols, and with war as if rational self-interest were its only trigger mechanism. Mr. Blackett might be excused as a novice in political science if he did not also show some of the innocent-indignant duplicity of the pollsters. In the


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early part of his book, for instance, he goes to great pains to show that Hiroshima was uncalled for, except perhaps as a diplomatic move to exclude Russia from the conquest of Japan. He shows likewise the folly of much that Great Britain did in the early part of the war, including the strategic bombing of Germany's civilians. So far we follow him; but all his later calculations of peace and self-control about using atom bombs rely on the likelihood that there would be no good reason, no cheapness, no military advantage in taking the steps we fear.

He casually admits that here and there a city or two might be wiped out, for tactical or other benefits. But since he has read a great deal in the literature of the next war he echoes its tone of mass results—a city more or less is an item in a statistical total. Then why grow hot about Hiroshima? Though it is truly scientific to use phrases like "gain of lethality," it will not reconstruct Dresden nor resuscitate the hundred thousands needlessly slaughtered there. No, Mr. Blackett's case is an elaborate ignoring of the proposition he chose to prove. The author should read Freud, where he would find the irrational, and so might come to understand that in human affairs one must reckon with anger, lack of imagination, despair, and the plain urge to destroy. Add these to the blunders he himself recounts as characterizing the last war, and we have plenty of menaces to keep us anxious.

As for the bargain he deems practical for the United States and Russia to enter into, namely common disarmament on the basis of one bomb equals so many land divisions, one wonders first whether Mr. Blackett is not joking, and then whether he was not overwhelmed by his own epigram, "More chess playing and less nuclear physics might have instilled a greater sense of the realities." Realities are of all kinds, and there is no need to sneer either at nuclear physics or at chess in order to point out which kind the writer of a political tract should study. The appalling thing is not that an intelligent and educated man should be in error on this or that point, but that after four hundred years of boastful science, which has produced the most awesome dilemmas, those trained to the prevailing mode of thought should wander about matching recipes for a reality which lies under their noses—as thoroughly cooked, perhaps, as our collective goose.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

His Human Majesty, by Kay Boyle. When a book has basically as worthy a moral seriousness as this one, it seems small to quibble that its literary tediousness—its lack of any sort of humor, intrinsic or extrinsic—comes close to making a caricature of its intent. Miss Boyle has taken for her cast of characters several men in a band of ski troopers training on a lonely Colorado mountainside during the winter of 1944. Their individual problems of love and loyalty to their absent women and to each other are, one feels, meant to illustrate the large world problems in the same area. But the threads of her argument are, for this reader, spun out so thin and fine that the whole idea becomes tenuous and vanishes in the clear air of the superb mountain scenes. There Miss Boyle excels. The pictures of the men on the mountain ascents in the uncompromising cold will remain long after their interminable, over-characterized conversations have been forgotten. As for Fennington, the moral and intellectual strong man of the group, the man with no woman—he it is who "betrays" a friend for a woman and finally after a period of black guilt finds expiation, somewhat inexplicably, with another woman when she too has been emotionally destroyed. In losing one's self in another's sorrow one is reborn? It is hard to believe it in these particular terms. I could follow the physical struggles of Miss Boyle's men in the mountain snows, and with fascination every step of the way. But somehow I could not breath in the rarefied air of their spiritual strivings. Whittlesey, $3

The Big Secret, by Merle Colby. A red-headed young physicist from

a small Maine college goes to Washington to hear an important speech in his field, "Quantitative Calculations of Certain Fundamental Nuclear Constants." The speech is canceled without real explanation but during the following weekend Dan Upstead, the physicist, discovers that pressure is being put on the President to issue a directive "drastically limiting publication of scientific discoveries." He stays in Washington to fight it, and struggling almost single-handed through the political maze, by sheer doggedness he wins his fight—and his girl . . . It is an amusing and clever satire. The parlous ways in which undigested and dangerous ideas can turn into law in the hands of politcal job-holders who know "channels" are admirably demonstrated, as well as the way such shenanigans can be short-circuited when conviction and determination cross up the wires. It is, however, primarily a novel of ideas. There are provocative passages on the place of the scientist, what he wants of life, what climate he flourishes in, his paradoxical yet logical ineptitude at producing and maintaining that climate. The reader can fall in love with the ideas but finds difficulty in understanding how the scientist can even tolerate the girl he's supposed to love. It is an intellectual novel full of large concepts beside which the rather wooden characters have tiny, tiny stature. Literary Guild Selection for June.

Viking, $3

Point of No Return, by John Marquand. It has become increasingly difficult to write about Mr. Marquand's novels. They have been so uniformly able, witty, and almost atomically devastating in their perspicacity about whatever group he chooses to satirize. If there was any criticism of them it was only that their steady perfection was a little bloodless. Their emotion was as tempered as their venom was well bred. They were for laughter and intellectual appreciation, never for tears. Now it is all different. Here, in Charles Gray's struggle with himself over the way of life he has chosen—to be a banker, with all that it entails in the way of social discipline and social conformity—are all the best qualities of Mr. Marquand's previous books. But there is a richer quality, too, as if this particular young man and his wonderful family in Clyde, the Boston suburb where he grew up, meant something special to the author. There is no lack of the usual clinical dissection of the various strata of society both in the small town and in the city and suburbs where Charles later has to move. Indeed Mr. Marquand's operational knife is even more keen and sure, but this time the good red blood flows freely and everything is real. The relationships that surround Charles' growing up are *Penrod* and *Life With Father* tied together with something richer and more human than either. The social distinctions existing in Clyde are crystal clear, for the reader sees them not only through Charles' young love for a girl on the unattainable Johnson Street, but also (mirrors within mirrors) through the eyes of the sociologist, Malcolm Bryant, who writes a book about the town and is himself satirized in the process. So Charles leaves Clyde and goes to New York. And it is in showing how the cold poison from the New York bank breathes into the suburban lives of all who work there, as they jockey among themselves for power and prestige—all such very nice people—that the book gains nearly tragic stature. All the characters, Charles and his wife particularly, are capable of goodness and honest happiness. But they are trapped by their ability to succeed in the accepted pattern. At the point of no return one weeps for the good that might have been.

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The Twelve Seasons, by Joseph Wood Krutch.

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of HARPER'S MAGAZINE
published Monthly *at* Albany, N. Y.
for October 1st, 1948

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[SEAL]
(My commission expires March 30, 1951.)

as a nature-lover and as a philosopher, rather than as a householder with certain proprietary feelings for any certain part of the country, and perhaps for that reason his book is more stimulating and amusing reading than Mr. Gannett's. All life is here, reflected in nature and interpreted through the witty mind of the author. The publishers have excerpted some of the best quotes from the book and they serve to give it quality:

> Nature is cruel to the rabbit put into the mouth of the fox but kind to the fox's cubs to whom she has given a dinner. That child who wept over the picture of the Christian martyrs in the arena because she was so sorry "for that poor lion over there who hasn't got any Christian" was a true philosopher.

And again, after a night snowstorm:

> A dead, white earth; a perfect stillness; and a strange abnormal moon. At such a moment anything might happen. Or, even worse, nothing at all might happen—ever again.

There is one amazing chapter on a beetle whose chances of survival are so remote one can't believe nature ever meant him to survive at all. And the first chapter—"April"—a discussion of the Spring Peeper, is a fascinating piece of writing indeed. No one brought up in the atmosphere of this book will make the civilization-minded mistake of my four-year-old son some years ago. It was during the war when he was still for the most part subject to an English nurse to whom the radio news was everything. One night I was trying to lure him to sleep with the unlikely story that the baby birds were even at that moment putting their heads under their wings, preparing to sleep, and he'd better go and do likewise. His only answer was to look at me and remark briefly: "But first they have to listen to Gabriel Heatter." Mr. Krutch has a line or two on just such city-bred folk.

Sloane, $3

Thank God For My Heart Attack, by Charles Yale Harrison

The whole tone of this book is, like the title, both surprising and engaging. Mr. Harrison is a professional writer and his story is as dramatic as any suspense thriller and even more satisfying for the lack of a corpse. Even after as severe an attack as one can have and still live, Mr. Harrison is not only living a normal life but finding it more worth living than ever before. He doesn't belittle his adversary, our No. 1 killer, or take it lightly, but gives a sane, sensible, and cheering review of his own changing attitudes which should give comfort to many. Holt, $2.50

The Situation in Asia, by Owen Lattimore.

Edgar Snow, in a reasonably long review in the New York *Herald-Tribune,* complained that it was impossible to do justice to Mr. Lattimore's logical exposition of a thesis as carried out in his book. It is even more impossible to do it here. It will have to be enough to say that in a carefully documented book he is explaining that (non-Russian) Asia is a continent out of control, and that "in an Asia out of control two forces are at work—nationalism and revolution." We must realize, he points out, that this nationalism is in itself revolutionary in that it marks a stage between dependence and independence, and that it is a third force in world power politics which may be stronger than either Russia or the United States. He says:

> Throughout Asia today there prevails an atmosphere of hope, not of despair. There is not a single country in Asia in which people feel that we are entering on an age of chaos. What they see opening out before them is a limitless horizon of hope—the hope of peaceful constructive activity in free countries and peaceful co-operation among free peoples. There will be disillusionments along the way as these hopes unfold. They should not come from America, or as the result of American policy. A great part of Asia's hopes, however, will be fulfilled, and should be fulfilled with American co-operation. We have everything to gain by being on the side of hope.

Military activity, he demonstrates, is no longer practical in a continent expert in cheap guerrilla warfare. His final chapter explaining the activities America can encourage and the ways she can get Asia to participate in our policies and thus be "on the side of hope" is very illuminating indeed.

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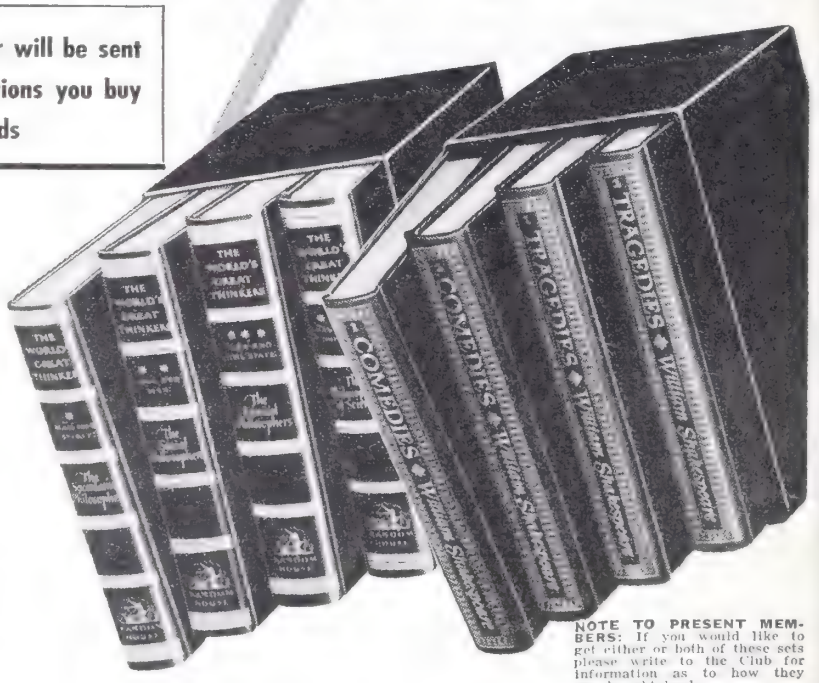


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